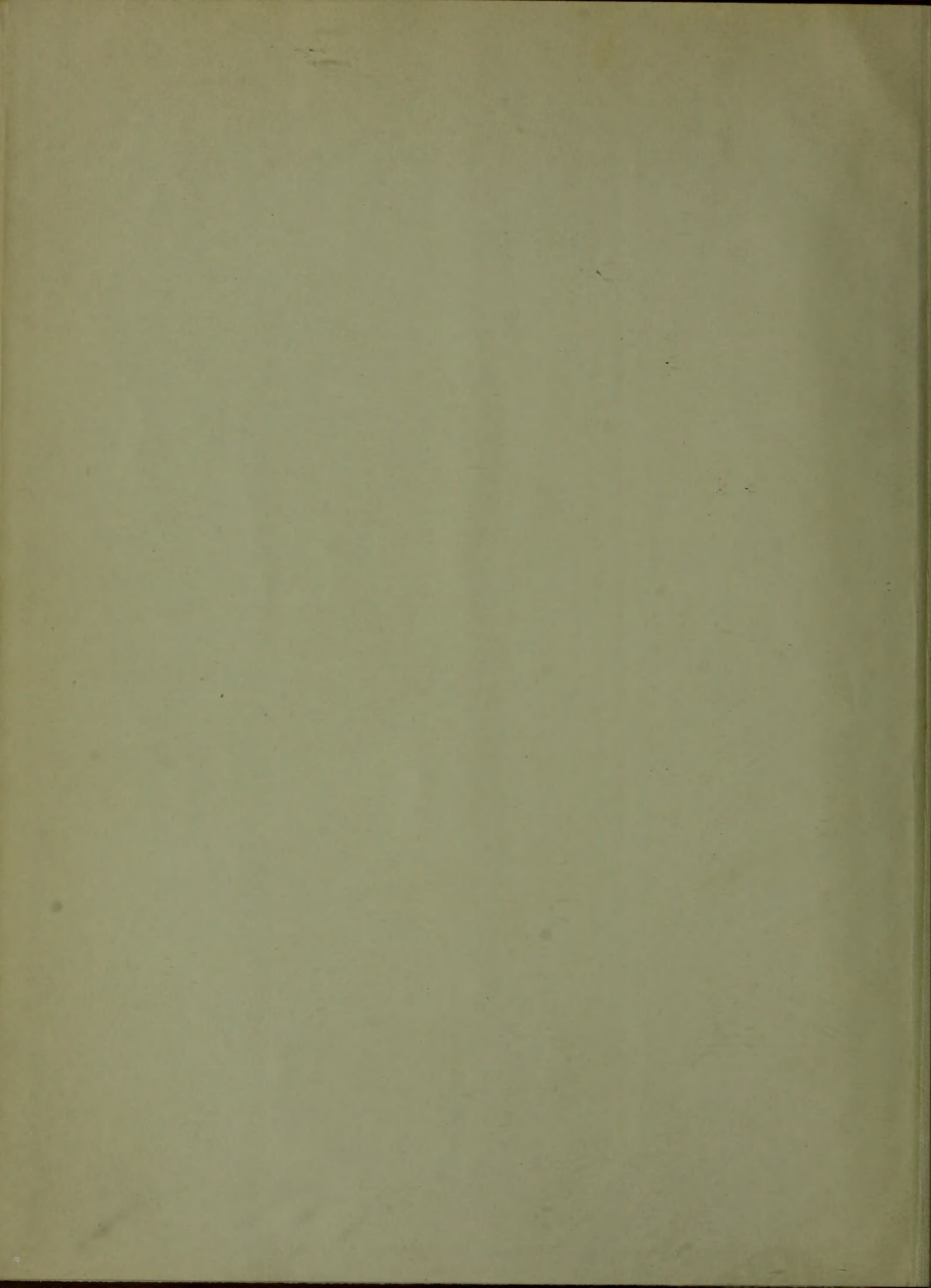


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JANUARY 4, 1928, TO JUNE 27, 1928

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LINDBERGH IN MEXICO is more than the "ambassador of good-will" which he has been called in the Rotary Club phraseology of the day. To use another bit of commercial jargon, he is selling the United States below the Rio Grande more successfully and comprehensively than any diplomat or business man in a quarter of a century. The effort of Obregon and Calles, of the modern movement in Mexico, has been to put the country on its own legs—and on a different kind of legs from those which support the United States. The hope has been to avoid some of the pitfalls of our civilization, of materialism and privilege. This, in turn, has meant a certain degree of isolation. But *voilà!* Lindbergh has landed and is hailed by the same Calles who has shot or deported a dozen persons less dangerous to the aspirations of a Mexico for the Mexicans. Roads are to be built for automobile travel and "tourist aid is planned." Is Mexican isolation at an end and with it some of the dreams of the last decade? It looks as if there were a breach in the border through which presently would roll our whole automobile-radio-jazz-band-five-and-ten-cent-store civilization. For better or for worse? It's as you like it.

COLONEL LINDBERGH IS WARNED to watch out for pot-shots from Nicaraguan rebels as he flies over Nicaragua. The "bandit" General Sandino—who is, in reality, leader of the opposition forces—it is explained, has a disconcerting habit of shooting at airplanes flying over his head. At this point our inquiring schoolboy has a perfect right to rise in his chair and mildly wonder what makes General Sandino so mean to nice airplanes that are doing nothing in the world but occupying some of the air he isn't using anyway. And we must answer that maybe General Sandino remembers certain planes from Managua, that flew over him last July doing considerable damage to his adherents—in fact, not to be too polite about it, killing a few score by dropping bombs on them. The British in India have already demonstrated that bomb-dropping is a very effective way of reducing recalcitrant villages to speedy surrender; our marines were quick to learn the lesson. General Sandino has reason to be suspicious of the sound of an airplane engine, and he has probably reasoned that it will be more healthful for himself and his followers to shoot at the plane first, before ascertaining whether it be friend or foe, marine or "Ambassador of Good-will."

CHINA CONTINUES its murderous chaos, but since the latest and bloodiest violence has been directed against the radicals and the Russians the Western world has temporarily stopped its sermon on law and order. The Soviet Vice-Consul in Canton was killed in the course of the triumphant return of General Chang Fak-wei, and seventy-five Russian consular officials have been deported from the Yangtze Valley. Others are still in prison. The Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Chicherin, declares that "English imperialist reaction must be recognized as the chief moving power responsible for Cantonese bloodshed and for the murder perpetrated on Soviet citizens." One need not accept M. Chicherin's theory at par to feel certain that the intense anti-Russian propaganda campaign conducted by British interests in China is bearing its fruit. While the Nationalists are ousting the Russians and closing labor-union headquarters, their generals are again moving forward. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is invading Shantung from the West, and the Japanese are considering relanding the troops they withdrew last September. Such military movements, while spectacular, are of less permanent importance than the ups and downs of the labor and peasant movements, and it is significant that Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the father of Chinese nationalism, has telegraphed from Moscow to her brother-in-law, General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the reorganized Nanking Government, that if she returns to China it will be to aid those movements.

ON DECEMBER 20, 1927, Robert E. Olds, Acting Secretary of State of the United States of America, informed the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, that moneys due to the Russian Government were to be paid to Serge Ughet, financial repre-

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sentative in America of that Kerensky Government which fell one hundred and twenty-odd months ago. And accordingly the clerk of the court made out a check for \$984,104 to the account of Serge Ughet, being the damages due to Russia in connection with the Black Tom explosion of 1916—which had been paid into the custody of the court by the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The theory is that Mr. Ughet, after paying counsel fees, will now turn over the balance on account of the Kerensky debt to the United States Treasury. But in the first place, we should like to see an accounting of those counsel fees; and in the second place, what right has the State Department to order money paid to a ghost?

NOTHING LIKE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT at Christmas time! Here is our Secretary of War, who ten years ago was shouting hosannahs for the war to end war, announcing, on the day after the holiday dedicated to the Prince of Peace, that Congress must at once take steps to revive the war-time munitions industry. He wants to place "educational orders" for the munitions each private plant might be called upon to make in war time, so that the "educated" plant will keep some machinery on hand and have some experienced workers. Secretary Davis appends a note to the effect that the Director of the Budget does not find this proposal contrary to the budget plans of the President, but he fails to give the slightest estimate as to what it will cost or how many thousands of plants will be favored. Of course this is a plan to give to private persons much of the work now done in government arsenals. It is an opening wedge, for, if it is a good thing to give "education" of this character to munition-makers, it will also be a good thing to give that education to makers of every one of the hundreds of thousands of articles which a modern army needs—field stoves, range-finders, special cots—heaven knows what all. Part of the educational process Mr. Davis asks of Congress is the right to award munitions contracts to other than the lowest bidder—all this in the name of preparedness for war. With whom? Either England or Japan; no other foe is in sight. All of this simply emphasizes the utter hypocrisy of the Coolidge Administration when it talks of peace.

NOBODY BELIEVES for a moment that Senator Borah or Heflin or Norris or La Follette ever took a penny from the Mexican Government, either as a bribe or otherwise. But Congress should not be concerned only about the threatened honor of some of its members. The honor of the Mexican Government is as much at stake, and our Government should be as staunch to defend it as we have shown ourselves eager to defend our own citizens. An American citizen has traduced a friendly—more than that, a neighbor nation. A nation, moreover, with whom our relations have been strained from time to time, with whom we are anxious to preserve peaceful and amicable intercourse, and to whom, for that very end, we have just sent a new ambassador, Dwight Morrow, because he is a tactful and intelligent man, and a visitor, Charles A. Lindbergh, because he brings friendship with him wherever he goes. We want to be friends with Mexico. We have shown as much in the plainest possible manner. And at the moment, the best way to be friends with Mexico is to clear Mexico's good name. It is the duty of the Congressional committee investigating Mr. Hearst's "Mexican documents"

to probe the matter to the very bottom, to smell out these "documents" from their birth.

GRECO AND CARILLO have been acquitted. Unfamiliar names, these; but they threatened to become as well-known as Sacco's and Vanzetti's. Two obscure Italian-American clothing workers, intensely anti-Fascist, they were arrested, with other anti-Fascists last July, on a charge of killing two Fascists on Memorial Day, and they passed more than five months in the Bronx County, New York, jail before the jury's unanimous verdict set them free. The peculiarly sinister feature of their case was that their arrest, apparently, was not due to ordinary police activity—indeed, there was never any evidence worthy of the name against them—but was the direct result of an intimate collaboration between Fascist organizations operating in this country and one or two detectives whose interest seems to have been deeper in Italian politics than in the detection of crime in America. This is not the first occasion when American officials have seemed to act as agents for Mussolini; nor is it likely to be the last. But it is encouraging that a jury of twelve average citizens refused to be made tools of the Duce.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA and in Gary, Indiana, tolerance and sanity have triumphed over militaristic censorship and racial bigotry. President Trotter of West Virginia has resigned; he will be remembered for his edict last November banning from the West Virginia campus a lecture on Intolerance by Kirby Page. Student officers of the R. O. T. C., the Ku Klux Klan, and local branches of the American Legion and of the Daughters of the American Revolution had protested against the pacifism of Kirby Page. The meeting did not take place; but subsequently some of the faculty and students, and a local paper, the *New Dominion*, criticized the university's restriction of free speech. It was the ensuing controversy, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, which resulted in Trotter's resignation. In Gary the colored citizens have won their fight against the introduction of a Jim Crow high school. It looked at first as if the strike of last September, in which 300 white students walked out in protest against the attendance of twenty-four colored students, might achieve its purpose. The city council rushed through a bill providing a fund of \$15,000 for the erection of a temporary high-school building to be used only by Negro students, and plans were made for the construction of a permanent high school. Now, however, Gary, to its honor, has repealed the ordinance and its action has been upheld by Judge Grant Crumpacker of the Porter County Circuit Court. The outcome of these controversies provides a graceful and encouraging exit for the year 1927.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is a queer place. Secretary Kellogg has just appointed Arthur Bliss Lane, a "foreign-service officer," as chief of the most important division of the State Department—that of Mexican affairs. "Foreign-service officers" are paid a higher salary than "drafting officers," who spend all their time in Washington; and the law says that they may not spend more than four years in the capital. Last year Mr. Kellogg asked Congress to give him an increased appropriation in order to pay a sufficient salary to a "drafting officer" who could become permanent chief of the Mexican Division.

The Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Carr, testifying before a House committee on December 13, 1926, said:

The Secretary finds it very inconvenient in handling questions such as those we have to handle with Mexico, which continue under discussion for years, to have a new chief of division once in every three or four years; and that is what occurs if a foreign-officer is detailed there as division chief. At the end of three or four years, under the law, he must go to the field, and then some new man has to come to the vacant place. The Secretary finds it a very inconvenient arrangement, especially in the Latin-American and Mexican divisions, where the questions are discussed over long periods of time and it is disastrous to have men in charge of the negotiations who are not familiar with the negotiations for several years in succession.

So, Mr. Carr concluded, "the Secretary lays very great stress" upon "bringing someone into the Department and paying him about \$6,000 a year and trying to keep him there indefinitely." Congress passed the increased appropriation. On December 12—one year minus one day later—Secretary Kellogg announced the appointment of another foreign-service officer as chief of the Mexican Division—a gentleman who, after serving his three or four-year period of note-writing to Mexico, will be transferred to Poland or Persia.

THERE IS RESENTMENT in Providence, Rhode Island, because the United States Attorney there has induced the local gas and electric company to issue an order to its employees who read meters to report any stills which they find while going their rounds. In behalf of this order it is argued that it is the duty of any citizen to report a violation of law coming under his notice. So is it, for that matter, his right to make an arrest, and perhaps it is his duty to do so in the case of the prohibition law for fear that otherwise the enforcement officers might be bought off and the culprit go unpunished. But it is also true that whatever the duty of a citizen may be, it is no business of his employer to order him to do it, and tale-bearing is an occupation which from their school days up Americans are taught to abhor. It may prove of little advantage to cure Providence of drunkenness if thereby it is converted to snooper. There is danger also that victims of the Volstead Law, once laughed at by their friends, shall be set up as martyrs. If prohibition does not succeed in the United States, it may be due less to a taste for rum among our citizens than to a distaste for lawless and indecent conduct by enforcement officers.

SUBWAY SUFFERERS who have shrunk from the grime of the New York underworld or peered vainly through windows opaque with dirt will be heartened to hear from James S. Doyle, superintendent of car equipment for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, testifying at a recent hearing. The I. R. T. had discovered, Mr. Doyle confided, that the oil and dust collected on the cars through years of travel through the tubes really acts as a better protector against dust than paint; so the fact that some of the cars have for ten years gone unpainted is really all for the best. In time, possibly, the coating will be thick enough so that layers of it can be scraped off and sold at a handsome profit to manufacturers of automobiles or other conveyances. When questioned about the purity of the air in the subway, Mr. Doyle stated that subway

air was purer and better for breathing than air five or six feet above the sidewalks. He admitted that air in the subway was full of dust, but suggested that it was the sort of dust that did not carry many germs. At this point in the hearing Mr. Samuel Untermyer remarked ironically that the witness evidently considered the New York subway a "first-class health resort."

OUR INTEREST IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM is kept alive by new specimens arriving in the mail every week or so. Now we are looking at the *Critical Review*, which is the literary supplement of the New York University *Daily News* and which is constructed on what we suppose to be a fresh principle—that of mixing faculty with students on the list of contributors. Beyond this point we are not impressed. The magazine is large and well-printed—indeed it is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the *Saturday Review*—but with all its attempts at maturity it does not touch us as we are touched by our old friend the University of Kansas *Dove*. The *Dove* is printed much more modestly, on paper which varies its degree of pinkness with each issue, and completely lacks the dignity and suavity of its Eastern contemporary. It is stimulating, however, from beginning to end. It loves fights and keeps several of them going at a time in its columns. For this reason, as well as for the reason that its editors are intelligent and unafraid, the writing is good; at least we like it. And we note with pleasure that our opinion is shared by the following whose letters are quoted on one of its pages: H. L. Mencken, William Allen White, Upton Sinclair, Egmont Arens, Bruce Calvert, Sinclair Lewis, Bruce Bliven, and Norman Thomas. This is a list of which any journal, undergraduate or otherwise, might be proud.

THE SALE of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the first penny paper published in London, now believed to be one of the richest papers in the world, to Sir William Berry and his brother, James Gower Berry, makes them the largest newspaper owners in England. They now possess twenty-two morning, evening, and weekly newspapers, and eighty-eight weekly, fortnightly, and monthly journals, as well as circulating libraries and book publishing enterprises. They have become, with Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Rothermere, the chief owners of British newspapers and periodicals. Thus, three groups of very wealthy men control 90 per cent of the publications and through them the public opinion of Great Britain. What would happen if they should merge their interests? Would there not be a power created thereby so vast as to menace government itself? Naturally they are all extremely conservative in their political views and they are closely affiliated with highly conservative Big Business interests. Thus, a third Berry, Lord Buckland, is said to be a director of more companies than any other individual in the world, his interests being chiefly coal mines, iron, and steel. What chance is there for liberal and radical opinion to obtain a hearing in the press of the Berry brothers? Precious little. On the other hand, the growth of the liberal and labor press of England is negligible. The *Daily Herald* still struggles for existence with the aid of large trade-union subventions, and there is no other Labor daily. If Labor progresses under these circumstances, it is certainly a testimony to the righteousness of its cause.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1927

WE give below the names of certain Americans who have in 1927 distinguished themselves and their country. As before, we ask that during the coming year our readers aid us by nominating candidates for the 1928 roll of honor.

Inevitably and outstandingly first in 1927, defying all classification and description, stands

CHARLES AUGUST LINDBERGH.

Others we list, as last year, in their respective fields:

Literature

CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY BEARD, for continuing, in "The Rise of American Civilization," to reveal to the United States its own human past.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, for the artistic honesty of his fourth volume of fiction, "Men Without Women."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, for "Tristram," a book which proves that poetry can be both good and popular.

MARK SULLIVAN, for showing us, in "Our Times," that it is possible for a middle-aged generation to look upon itself with the perspective of youth.

CARL SANDBURG and SIGMUND SPAETH, for writing in "An American Songbag" and "Weep Some More, My Lady," the history of America through the words of her old songs.

Drama

EVA LE GALLIENNE, for intelligence and resource displayed in maintaining a repertory theater.

MORAN and MACK, for the creation of a new folk character.

EUGENE O'NEILL for "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed," two enduring additions to America's dramatic literature.

GILBERT MILLER, for bringing Max Reinhardt and his company to the United States.

The THEATER GUILD, for the beauty and originality of its production of "Porgy."

Music

DEEMS TAYLOR and EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, for the creation of "The King's Henchmen," a long step forward in the production of American opera.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, not yet eleven years of age, for proving that musical genius of the highest quality still lives in this mechanistic age.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH, for fifty years of devoted unselfish service to the musical art and a life-long aid and inspiration to struggling musicians the world over.

Art

JACOB EPSTEIN, for the strange beauty of his creations.

Journalism

The *Springfield Republican*, for daring, in the heart of Massachusetts, to expose the class prejudice of the President of Harvard University.

THOMAS H. ADAMS, editor of the *Vincennes (Indiana) Commercial*, who, beginning almost single-handedly, roused his State to deal with the bestial corruption that had usurped its government.

BOYD GURLEY, editor of the *Indianapolis Times*, who carried to effective completion the brave work that Adams began.

DON H. MELLETT, editor of the *Canton (Ohio) Daily News*, whose campaign against the criminal element of his home city brought him national honor, too late, and death.

J. B. POWELL, editor of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, China, who maintained the American tradition of fair play in an un-American community despite overwhelming business pressure.

VICTOR H. HANSON, of the *Birmingham (Alabama) Age-Herald* and the *Montgomery Advertiser*, for the superb service rendered by those dailies to the effort to purge Alabama of organized lawlessness connived at by high authority.

Science

The hundreds of workers in a score of laboratories who step by step have been carrying telephotography and wireless telephony from the realm of the miraculous into the domain of everyday utility.

Business

HENRY FORD, for creating Model A and teaching the advertising experts what national advertising can be.

The Cause of Justice

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, FELIX FRANKFURTER, ALDINO FELICANI, and MRS. GLENDOWER EVANS, who spent themselves in the effort to save their Commonwealth of Massachusetts from the blackest stain in its history.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MCCALL of Alabama, for his determined efforts to stop Klan outrages in a Klan-ridden State.

Public Service Abroad

DWIGHT W. MORROW, who, leaving one of the thrones of the banking world for a minor seat in diplomacy, applied his dramatic imagination to the creation of friendship, and gave new meaning to the phrase "Ambassador of Good-Will."

WILL ROGERS, for serving as Assistant Ambassador to Mexico.

Public Service at Home

Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS, for abusing, and earning the abuse of, Mr. Hearst.

Senator JAMES A. REED, for his exposure of the degradation of Pennsylvania and Illinois.

JOHN COLLIER, secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, for his fight in behalf of the first Americans and his respect for the more ancient American culture.

UPTON SINCLAIR, for the courage and imagination with which he combated the pruderies of Boston.

CARLO TRESKA, who repeatedly risked his own life in his successful effort to save fellow Italian-Americans from the long arm of Fascist vengeance.

Heroism

NICOLO SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, for the calm, uncompromising, yet forgiving spirit in which they faced a frock-coated lynching.

Abolish the Submarine

ONCE more a submarine disaster has shocked the entire world. If there is anything more horrible than the fate of gallant men slowly asphyxiated in a steel coffin, although able for a time to communicate with their fellows, we do not know what it is. To our lay minds the rescue operations were a disgrace to the navy as to whose boasted efficiency we have long been skeptical—how can a navy be efficient that is headed by men like Daniels, Denby, and Wilbur? We shall, of course, await an inquiry by Congress before forming our final judgment, but why a rescue fleet should connect one airline to the sunken submarine and then have to go back to Boston for a second when that snapped; why the mother-ship should have been at anchor in a nearby harbor without steam up; why a patrol-boat should have been going at 18 knots in restricted waters; and why the navy has persistently refused to attach lifting rings to submarines and acquire the right kind of a floating derrick after the fate of the S-51, are beyond us. The navy will have to answer satisfactorily these and many other questions if the tombstones of the dead on the S-4 are not to be inscribed: "Murdered by the incompetence and red tape of the navy to which they belonged."

Well, we can only reiterate the demand for the abolition of all submarines which we have voiced so often. Strongly urged at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, the proposal to do away with this weapon of war was there blocked by the French, who next to the English had suffered more from the German submarine than anybody else. It was widely hinted that they preferred not to give up the submarine in order, curiously enough, to have a new and most dangerous means of attacking their late allies, the British. British suggestions that the English were in favor of doing away with under-water boats were met with the scornful remark that of course the English had everything to gain by abolishing the greatest menace to their carrying trade in time of war. The Americans were not ready to force the issue; they were content to rest upon their oars, believing that they had achieved a great deal by checking the production of battleships. So the submarine stayed—to be a menace to its crew in every navy of which it is a part.

Now the facts which made the submarine such a despicable weapon of war in the hands of the Germans are unaltered by the years that have elapsed since the armistice. Naval men everywhere admit that it cannot be handled so as to avoid the danger of sinking women and children as well as men passengers on liners, not even when the commanders have the best of intentions. For to identify a ship running without lights at night, sometimes in high seas, is an extremely difficult task for the commander of a little ship, itself bobbing about on the waves and in danger of being sunk by a single shot. It is no wonder that hospital ships were sunk by accident and that other mistakes occurred which lent color to those charges of submarine atrocities which Admiral Sims declares to have been practically nonexistent. Even when a passenger ship is captured in broad daylight on a smooth sea, the submarine obviously cannot perform the functions of a cruiser and remove the passengers to safety. It was formerly alleged that the naval use of the submarine would lead to its commercial development, but the fact is, of course, that no one cares the least bit

about the possibility of a commercial submarine, or wastes five minutes of time in discussing it. It is as a weapon of war alone that the submarine has any use.

As such it should be barred by a concert of nations. Certainly there can be no question of ratios or preponderance of strength in submarines if that form of vessel is barred. This would simply put all navies on an equality. This, obviously, is a matter that the League of Nations ought to take up, and, if it is not able to move, either the United States or Great Britain should take the lead. No one can rightly charge us with desiring an unfair advantage if we seek to outlaw a weapon which had best never been invented. It is one of the subjects which should have been taken up at the unfortunate tripartite naval conference in Geneva. Mr. Coolidge seems to think now that because that failed we must build up an enormous fleet. On the contrary, the failure of that undertaking should be the clearest incentive to attack the evil of naval armaments from another angle. It can be done by direct communications from Washington to the other governments. Enlightened statesmanship in any of the great countries could make the move and save the world the horror of these recurring tragedies.

The Miracle of Life

THE great majority of us have so definite an expectation of death by our eighth or ninth decade—provided even that we are spared so long—that we cannot but look upon centenarians with awe, as if they represented a mystery. And they do. Bernard Shaw, impressed by the ineptitude of most men in human affairs, wrote "Back to Methuselah" around the idea, which no one could be sure was whimsical with him, that sooner or later the race should produce biological sports in the form of persons who would live not merely one century but three, and eventually an almost unlimited number of millenniums—and so become wise. In Shaw's play "the miracle happened." Even in our own day it happens occasionally, though in most cases we have instances merely of remarkable physical survival and few or no instances of inordinately wise men being spared.

The country was recently agog over the Kentucky mountaineer John Shell, still able-bodied at 131—a contemporary, that is to say, of George Washington as well as of Calvin Coolidge. More recently we had occasion to congratulate Miss Emily Howland, who was a teacher before Lincoln was a well-known lawyer and who since long before the Civil War has been interested in the improvement of the Negro's lot, upon her hundredth birthday. And now we may be amazed at the report of Dr. Cyril Popoff, director of the statistical department of the Bulgarian Government, that Bulgaria, whose whole population is less than that of New York City, has 3,139 centenarians, or 58 (we have only 4) in every 100,000 persons. We may well ask if anybody in Bulgaria knows why it is so. This is what a commission of doctors reported after visits to the homes of the long-lived:

Virtually all showed that their lives were characterized by a placidity of disposition, freedom from worry, and a contemplative bearing. All were of friendly disposition, optimistic, fond of singing in their youth and in their old age. As a rule they play some musical instrument, drink only mild alcoholic drinks prepared in their own homes, and these only in small quantities and at mealtimes. They sel-

dom smoke. They eat mainly vegetable food and milk products, usually sour milk and buttermilk. They are all industrious, early risers, and sleep uncovered as long as possible. Their domestic life is characterized by moderation; they have married late, usually after thirty, and have had from five to ten children. Almost all of them live in the open and are farmers.

We shall refrain from sermonizing, although the passage contains a hundred texts. We refrain because we are not sure after all that any of these habits is a cause of longevity in itself. A German physiologist has declared that longevity is some freak of the individual constitution which cannot be explained; and some months ago Dr. Logan Clendening circulated his belief in America that the number of years we live is more or less predestined—depends, indeed, upon the shapes of our bodies, and certainly is not to be increased by such simple means as fresh air, abstinence, exercise, and sleep.

It is to be hoped that serious study will be made henceforth of centenarians wherever and whenever they can be examined; for valid generalizations in this field would be of the first importance. Meanwhile we take pleasure in a survey of Some Famous Centenarians made by J. V. Nash for the *Open Court*. Mr. Nash begins quite properly with "Old Parr," the English peasant who was born in 1483 and who died in 1635 of high living in London, whither he had been brought as a curiosity for Charles I to see. Tom Parr had worked on one farm for more than 100 years, had married twice, at 80 and at 120, and was said by a contemporary versifier to be covered over with a thick growth of hair. The great Harvey, performing an autopsy on Parr, found the brain hardened and the blood "dry," but pronounced the body in other respects very much like that of a young man.

Then there was Thense Abalva, a woman of the Caucasus whom a Russian newspaper reported in 1904 as being 180 and as eating principally barley bread and buttermilk. One Drakenberg, a Norwegian who was known in the eighteenth century as the "Old Man of the North," was active as a sailor for 91 years and lived to be 146. About the Hungarian farmer Peter Zortay, said to have attained the age of 185, we unfortunately know no more than that—if indeed we know that.

Mr. Nash produces several instances of men and women who have survived serious handicaps for more years than most people live altogether. Nicoline Marc, a little crippled French woman, died in 1760 at the age of 110. A Scotch dwarf, Elspeth Wilson, was only two feet high but lived 115 years. And, as indeed our own newspapers are always telling us when they can, individuals here and there get along very well in spite of the fact that they have violated every supposed rule of health. Metchnikoff, who incidentally believed that many people could live to 150 if they avoided the foods which lead to intestinal putrefaction, recorded the case of a man who lived to be 140 and during more than a century was habitually drunk. Elizabeth Durieux of Savoy drank 40 small cups of coffee a day, and seems to have subsisted on that beverage, yet she was 104 when she died.

It is the convention to be amused at such persons as we have described, and there are those like Jonathan Swift who grow angry at the thought and create a race of Struldbrugs to show how little worth living life would be if we had this much of it to undergo. But secretly we may be envious and, if Dr. Clendening is right, pray to be possessed of one of those bodies predestined to last almost forever.

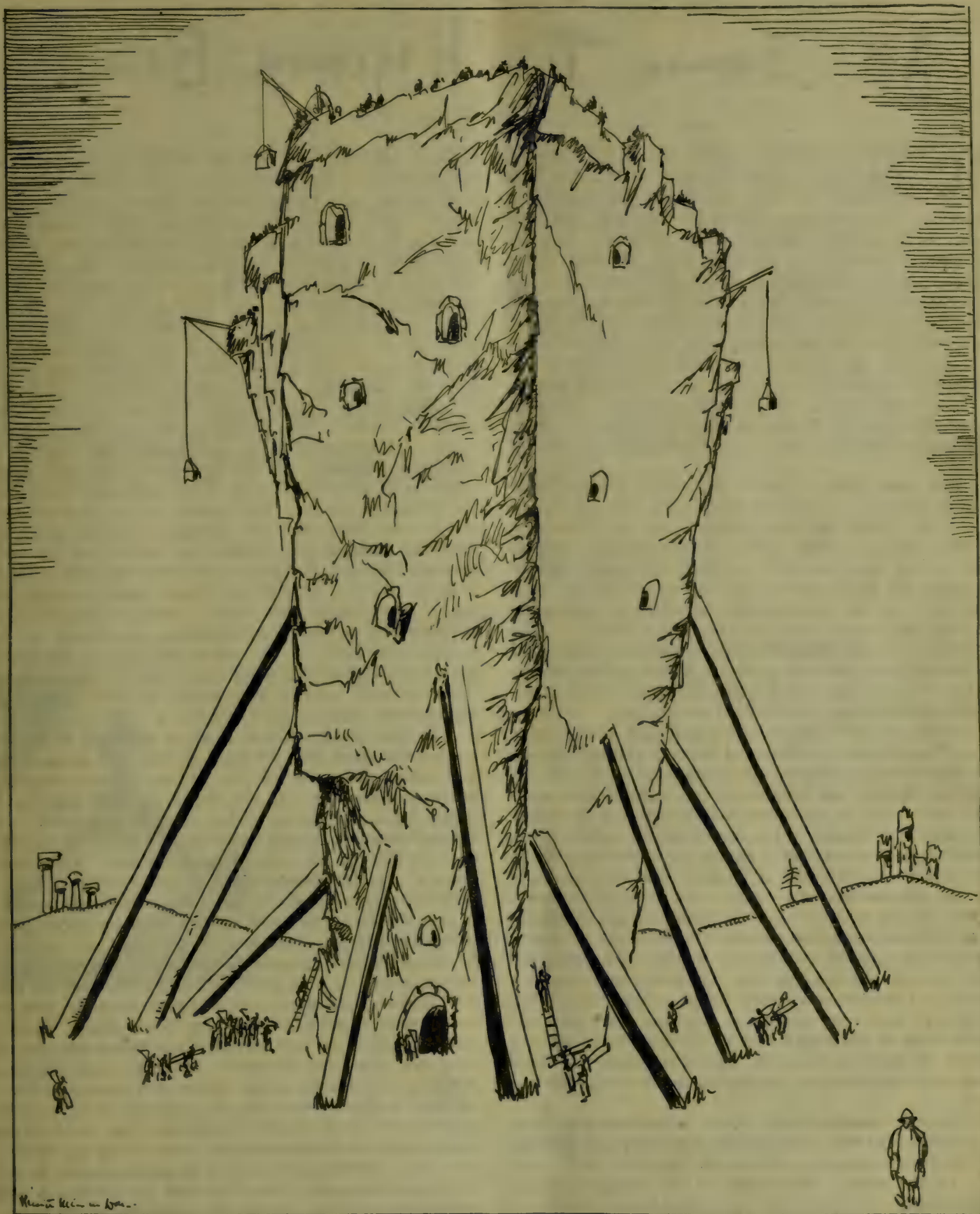
Temperance?

A RECENT issue of the *New York World* printed two strongly contrasting stories. In one Dr. Charles A. Perelli, trustee of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, urged those New Yorkers who insisted upon buying Christmas liquor to have it tested by a chemist before trusting it to their stomachs. In the other James M. Doran, United States Prohibition Commissioner, issued a warning to all companies employing chemists in the course of which they were threatened with revocation of their alcohol permits in case they should presume to permit the analysis of liquor to be made for any who had obtained it through illegal channels.

Both Dr. Perelli and Mr. Doran are supposed to be working in the interests of public health; both knew perfectly well that unnumbered gallons of liquor would be drunk during the holiday season; but while the one hoped to make that drinking as harmless as possible the other forbade the only persons qualified to do so to separate the wholesome from the poisonous. Dr. Perelli is alarmed to consider that the number of alcoholic cases treated at Bellevue during the first ten months of 1927 was practically equal to the number for the whole year of 1926, and he would consider that something had been done to abate the liquor evil if he could decrease the number of deaths during Christmas week. Mr. Doran on the other hand looks forward to a jolly se'nnight of fatalities. The more people who die from poisonous liquor over the holidays the nearer, apparently, he will consider himself to that "effective enforcement" of which he speaks.

In more thoughtful days prohibition was urged as a humanitarian measure. Its purpose was to afford protection to those too weak or too foolish to protect themselves; in a word, to take poison out of the mouths of those who continued in spite of all warnings to the contrary, to drink it. But since the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted this humanitarianism seems with many to have disappeared, and some of the very people who protested against allowing the drinker to harm himself with relatively wholesome tippie now resent any effort to save him from bad and wash their hands of that brother of whom they had been previously so anxious to proclaim themselves the keeper. The consumption of any alcoholic drink may be evil, but no other crime defined on the statute-books deprives the man who commits it of the right to be protected in life and limb. The law will protect the burglar against blackmail; no opponent of gambling has ever yet suggested that that vice be discouraged by the circulation of loaded dice and marked cards in order that he who indulges it may be cheated and fleeced as thoroughly as possible. Does he who raises a glass of alcoholic liquor to his lips put himself outside the reaches of mercy?

The truth of the matter is that in the bitterness provoked by the efforts to defy and to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment its original purpose has been lost sight of. On the one hand, many of its opponents take a perverse delight in its violation; but many of its protagonists too, forgetting their humanitarian purpose, have allowed their zeal for good to pass the proper bounds. There was a sanity in the early temperance movement which seems to have disappeared.



Civilization 1928

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN: *Of course the building is not as good as it used to be, but with a little repairing we can fix it up so that it will last another year.*

It Seems To Heywood Brown

WHENEVER anybody suggests that a foul prison be replaced by a structure more modern and more sanitary a cry goes up against the coddling of criminals. Men who have studied our laws and jails must expect bitter criticism if they advise reforms. And this criticism takes invariably the same form. To ask for any change in a faulty system is to become a sentimentalist. All of which is topsy-turvy, for it is in the vast and muddled mass of herd opinion that sentimentality distorts decent judgment. The men and women who freed George Remus very probably represented an accurate cross-section of the community in which the case was tried. The jurors desired, as one of them explained, to give the prisoner a Christmas present, and so they brushed aside the evidence to decide that the bootleg king was insane at the time he shot his wife.

And here again is popular psychology revealed as an illogical process. A hundred times each year we read in newspapers bitter editorials against the interference of psychiatrists in criminal cases. The average man will tell you that he takes no stock in these newfangled notions. He pines for the good old days before dementias, when hangings were less complicated. Indeed he is prepared to say that the alienist is both a fake and a deceiver. It is not easy to defend all medical testimony, since much of it divides so sharply, and yet after the Remus verdict there is reason to believe that the popular conception of what constitutes irrationality is often far from perfect.

From now on we shall hear a good deal of the necessity of curtailment or abolition of the jury system. Always the effort tends to achieve the impossible. Some still believe that the law and its practice can be better and wiser than the intellect of the community for which it is framed. But there is soundness in the theory that no code can long prevail except in so far as it represents the will and desire of the people for whom it is framed. And so it seems to me that progress lies not so much in reforming the criminal element of this country as in the education and enlightenment of those we call respectable. It would not be utterly fantastic to signalize each theft or murder by selecting ten solid citizens and sending them to prison to expiate the offense. If only we were wise enough to trace each crime back to its source we should find in almost every case that the conduct of the culprit had an inherent logic and that among the ranks of the godly there dwell many who have been quite unconsciously accomplices before and after the fact.

Suppose Hamilton County, Ohio, house some other irate and violent husband: if he goes abroad today and kills the object of his displeasure will the guilt be wholly his? I say, no. In that event it would seem to me entirely just that every member of the Remus jury should stand trial with him.

William Jennings Bryan was fond of saying that intellect was of little worth and that the quality necessary in a perfect state was goodness. It is a commodity not easily

defined, and perhaps there can also be debate about the condition which may properly be spoken of as intellect. At least we can agree that neither the American public, nor any other, is very largely afflicted with it. This conclusion does not lead by any means to the decision that popular government must give way to Wellsian Samurai. Not unless we are all to be elevated to that happy state. Imperfect as the popular mind seems to be in many a crisis it is the best we've got. We must muddle through with it and in the years to come it may get better. A beginning may be made by washing out some slogans which have proved their worthlessness. Personally I want to hear very little more about "common sense." Mere prevalence of an opinion does not make it weighty. Also I wish to point out that the advocates of prison reform are hard-headed folk who try to introduce factuality into the processes which now obtain. There is no sense of any sort in the methods which we use in criminal procedure. Twelve men may be good and true, but it is not likely after they have been subjected to devices carefully designed to simulate the movies and the melodramas. Much of our justice has been reduced to trial by combat. Jurors become drunk upon irrelevant oratory. The art of cross-examination certainly produces confusion and misstatement. The most elementary knowledge of the human mind ought to convince us that there is not inevitably a gulf between glibness and a guilty conscience. A "good witness" may be least worthy of belief among the entire crowd which comes to testify.

If there is any wisdom at all in leaving a decision to the popular mind then we ought to allow the average men and women chosen for the jury to function in as natural a manner as possible. If you and I sit down together to thrash out a problem we seldom orate at each other. Our talk will flow in plain and simple words familiar to us. Over every courtroom door should hang the sign "Kindly omit flowers." It is preposterous that attorneys should be allowed to bellow or to croon at any jury. The code should prescribe a tone of voice for pleaders, and the instant a lawyer raises a handkerchief up to his eyes to stem the tears he should be disbarred from practice altogether. I have not yet appeared in any criminal action but once I was sued for libel. The problem was simple. I said that an actor gave the worst performance I had ever seen on any stage. The only question before the jury was as to the limitations upon the utterance of a critic invited to witness a play and make report to his readers. But before that trial was done I listened to the attorney for the plaintiff go through the greater part of all the best literature in the world. Byron was dragged in, Shakespeare and Plato. And my own lawyer, I must confess, drew a most poignant analogy between my own situation and that of the late Dred Scott. A problem which could have been settled in twenty minutes dragged out two days.

As witness in my own behalf I was asked if it were not true that I had once reported prize-fights and baseball games. I am still puzzled to know just how it touched the

issue but the judge sat supine while the counselor shook his fist in my face and demanded hotly that I confess I had also been to football games. None of this is set down in malice, for the jury after an hour's deliberation set me free—although it was not Christmas nor even Easter.

Again I do not see what end of justice is well served by permitting the small children of accused persons to come to court and snivel in full sight of the jury. It would not be unreasonable to standardize by statute the costume to be worn by women facing the penalty for first-degree murder. Something of proportion is lost when a wife who has murdered her husband comes to trial arrayed in heavy mourning.

And this reminds me that the sentimentality in the matter of capital punishment is all upon the side of those who favor it. What could be more ridiculous than the assumption that there is a deterrent influence in a penalty which serves to dramatize to the fullest possible extent the person standing trial? Some of the blame belongs, properly, to the newspapers, but the headline writers are gravely tempted just so long as it is possible to write "Alice Fights For Her Life." The very best thing that can be said for Governor Smith's plan of a board to determine the sentence is that this system is utterly undramatic.

Foes of reform shake doleful heads and call the proposition maudlin. We are asked whether or not we approve

of women who coldly murder their husbands. I don't. I am much against a wife's killing her husband under any provocation. Ruth Snyder, for instance, seems to me in no way an admirable person. Capital punishment should be abolished not for the sake of those who kill but for the rest of the community. Already the tabloids are full of gruesome details about the expected execution in New York State. One of them reported gleefully that the executioner had been observed pricing new Ford cars. We shall have faked pictures of the scene in the death-chamber and autobiographies and interviews. Your child and mine will bury his nose in all this dreadful stuff.

If it were hateful to us all I should raise less objection. I have said that I am in favor of having the community suffer for the crimes of others. But, God help us, human nature is such that there is an unholy pleasure in contemplating tales of blood and cruelty. A great literary artist could hardly have fashioned any grotesque more likely to capture the imagination than the electric chair. Even though some of us profess horror at the whole business we shall not all refrain from reading when the dread details are printed in the papers. Lindbergh went to a bullfight but through the kindness and devotion of our papers we will sit, each one of us, in a front-row seat and watch the writhing of a body as a human spirit passes.

What a Navy!

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
December 26

IT used to be our proud boast that our navy was small but efficient. Now, it seems, it is neither. After all the pious gestures at Versailles, Locarno, Geneva, and the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament, the close of this year of Calvin Coolidge finds us spending approximately three times as much for the "national



defense" as we did before we went to war to end war.

And what are we getting? If the experts are to be believed, the American taxpayers are being bunkoed as never before in history. Notwithstanding a military budget nearly as great as the whole cost of government prior to 1912, our navy has been permitted to lapse into a third-rate affair—an expensive form of disarmament. Through our ineptness in diplomacy, aided and abetted by the penny-wise economy of the Coolidge Administration, plus the naive conception of naval policy of that matchless bedtime story-teller, Curtis D. Wilbur, American sea power has been weakened to such an extent as to send the Budget Bureau rushing frantically to Capitol Hill with a program calling for additional expenditures of \$800,000,000 to put it back on a footing with first-class nations.

As if the evidence of this shattered condition were not already sufficient, one more appalling disaster was added during the past week to the long list which has well-nigh demoralized the navy under the Wilbur regime. All the characteristic tragedy of a wreck at sea was present in the sinking of the S-4, with the additional agonizing feature of men entombed alive a hundred feet beneath the surface and dying a tortured death while the richest nation in the world cried out in anguish at the navy's deplorable lack of salvage facilities.

Then followed the explosion on the Langley, our first great airplane-carrier, killing one man, injuring four others, and putting the vessel out of commission. There will be more imposing ceremonials in the way of courts martial by admirals in lace and tinsel, and perhaps a Congressional investigation, but only the most incurable Pollyanna would hope for changed conditions. The O-5 sank in the Panama Canal owing to a collision and three lives were lost.

The S-4 is not the first of our submarines to be wrecked. The F-4 was lost in Hawaiian waters with all on board. The S-5 foundered in shallow water off the Delaware Capes. All hands were saved after thirty-seven hours of thrilling rescue work. The S-51 was sunk off Block Island when hit by a steamer. All but three of her crew perished. Small wonder that those who man the submarines at \$1 per dive refer to them as "the fleet of floating coffins"!

One of the seamen whose body now lies in the battered hull of the S-4 at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean wrote just before he left on the ill-fated trip:

This economical business has just about wrecked the navy. We have a lot of jobs which are necessary, but they

won't do them as they have no money. After they lose a couple of boats they will fix them up. If they don't want to keep them in good condition they ought to junk the whole navy.

Therein he compressed in the simplest possible language an accurate description of conditions in the navy and sound policy as to the future. An ineffective and inefficient navy should be scrapped. It is nothing short of monstrous for a government to detail men to submarine duty without providing them with a decent chance for their lives.

The lessons of the S-51 disaster in 1925 went for nothing. Although it spent nearly a year in raising the wreck of the S-51 from Long Island Sound, the navy apparently benefited not a particle by that experience. Seemingly, it was still badly unprepared as ever for such emergencies. It was, in fact, entirely helpless when the flash of the S-4 wreck came over the radio. Not a single new device was ready for the rescue of the men trapped in the dark and freezing torpedo compartment below. All the navy could do was to send up prayers to heaven, and heaven apparently was deaf.

Congressman C. L. Gifford, of the Cape Cod district, voiced his indignation after a trip to the scene of the disaster.

"The navy is going to say there wasn't buoyancy to raise the submarine," he said. "But they didn't even attempt it. Why didn't they try? The accident never would have happened at all if the tender, supposed to have been over the submarine at all times, hadn't been in Provincetown harbor, miles away, at the time." Newspaper reporters add that the tender did not even have steam up.

The Navy Department has spent \$400,000,000 in developing its submarine fleet. And yet, as that celebrated jingo Congressman Fred Britten of Illinois impulsively exclaimed at a recent hearing of the House Naval Affairs Committee, "We have not six submarines worth a damn."

"We have spent hundreds of millions on submarines in the last fourteen years," commented Mr. Britten dismally, "and as near as I can tell they have been a complete farce and failure. Speaking as one member of the committee, I am thoroughly disappointed in what the Navy Department has accomplished in the direction of submarines."

Admiral Eberle, former chief of naval operations, now a member of the Navy General Board, is authority for the statement that the navy was so short of proper types of submarines that it was necessary to use the S boats for fleet service, "a function for which they are in no way fitted." After all the hundreds of millions of dollars expended, the latest available figures show the United States lagging far behind Japan and Great Britain in the number of up-to-date submarines in commission. According to last reports to the House Naval Affairs Committee, the United States had 121 submarines in all, only 80 of which, including those of the second line, were actually in commission. The immense investment has been wasted.

To lift the United States up to the 5-5-3 ratio fixed at the Washington Conference 36 more submarines would be required at an estimated expenditure of \$110,000,000. Stated in another way, having spent more than \$400,000,000 on submarines, we must spend still another \$110,000,000 to fit them to cope with those of other Powers.

No serious effort has been made to do more than advertise disarmament. Following the fiasco of the ill-pre-

pared Geneva Conference the Administration now asks \$800,000,000 for its naval building program. It wants more fast cruisers; more aircraft; more airplane-carriers; more improved battleships. Mr. Coolidge says we will not be moved by what other nations may do, but it is difficult to understand what he meant by that. Unless the murderous inefficiency revealed by the S-4 disaster rouses the nation to protest Congress will undoubtedly vote all the navy asks amid a mighty roar of patriotic huzzas, and then wonder a couple of years hence why it does not get even fifty cents' worth for its dollar.

National defense already costs us something more than \$700,000,000 a year. In 1914 the army spent \$173,000,000 and the navy \$139,000,000. During the present year the army's expenditures will be \$392,000,000 and the navy's \$371,000,000. On top of that we are now asked to embark upon a new \$800,000,000 naval program. That is disarmament for you!

Where does the money go? It is difficult to locate all the knot-holes. Admiral Magruder recently got himself well disciplined by charging that the navy was top-heavy with high officers and burdened with too many wasteful navy yards. His heresies promptly led to his removal as commandant at the Philadelphia navy yard. Apparently, the guileless sailor didn't know that the United States navy is primarily a mutual-admiration society. He broke the rules.

It was bad enough for Magruder to attack the stars and bangles of the navy, but it was much worse to suggest the abolition of useless navy yards. The Admiral apparently didn't know how firmly buttressed the navy yards are behind the venerable "pork barrel." Just faintly breathe an intimation that one of those yards should be eliminated, and the local chambers of commerce, Lions, Rotarians, Kiwanians, and other evangels of Coolidge economy shriek to high heaven. And the powerful bipartisan log-rolling clique is always on the job on both the House and the Senate naval-affairs committees to see that appropriations for all the yards grow bigger and better every year.

In fixing the final responsibility for the condition of the navy, Secretary Wilbur, of course, cannot be entirely overlooked, despite his diminutive intellect. He is, in fact, a worthy successor to Denby, who still clings to his child-like belief that he, not Fall, dominated the naval oil-reserve leasing transaction. You get the measure of this Wilbur person when you find him helping Fall and Denby and Doheny to perpetuate the absurd myth of a Japanese war scare as justification for the oil corruption.

A Friend's Departure

By IDELLA PURNELL

Before I opened my eyes to see you, you were gone.
I hear the echo of your laugh in the wind.
I know that you were here, because the dawn
Comes like a blast of trumpets. But how thinned
The moon is growing every evening now!
And under the banana-trees, the dove
That sang a happy song becomes somehow
Too pensively alone to think of love.

The Abdication of King Coal

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

BUSINESS is bad now in the districts where anthracite coal is mined, every kind of business, including that of coal itself. Christmas crowds surged up and down the main streets of the cities of the mining districts these last few weeks quite as usual, but they did their shopping in the five-and-ten-cent store. The lavish spending for things longed-for all year which constitutes a miner's Christmas was conspicuously absent. And the shopkeepers with shelves full of merchandise who have been waiting all year for these few weeks and the creditors who have been holding their breath and withholding their bills are taking inventory to learn if misfortune is become catastrophe.

There have been hard times in the hard-coal country before, conditions so appallingly bad that no man cares to look back on them. There was the dreadful winter of 1925-1926, too recent to be anything less than a nightmare. But this new condition is different, and it may be infinitely more serious. Strikes eventually come to an end. For the business man that situation resolves itself into a matter of patience, of holding out. But this time is different; there is no strike. Men are at work in the mines now, some weeks only two or three days, other weeks five or six, barring "button" strikes, holidays, and mine mishaps. There is sporadic employment, with the overhanging dread of no work at all, and it forces families to forego all thought of spending for anything except bare essentials, to put whatever is earned into the bank against a terrible day of no work at all. Calamity, unspoken, uncomprehended, lies in the offing.

Something has happened to anthracite. It has lost its importance. Its markets are crumbling. King Coal has been forced, like a great many other modern monarchs, to abdicate. It is now just one of many fuels, not *the* fuel. Even its spokesmen, the heads of the great coal companies of Pennsylvania, have begun to admit this fact. The great monarch has had one tantrum too many, and the worm of many disputes between capital and labor in the coal-field—the downtrodden public—has turned. Forced in the last big coal strike to turn to the use of coal substitutes, the public has learned to know and to like those substitutes and to dislike the arrogance of the King of Fuels. Thousands of furnaces that once knew only anthracite are heated today by coke, bituminous coal, oil, gas, and electricity.

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania rests upon the bedrock of coal—bituminous in the western part of the State, anthracite in the east. The annual coal output of Pennsylvania exceeds in value all the coal mined in all the rest of the United States. Nearly one-half million men are employed in the hard and soft coal mines and when work is steady and wages high, as they were during and immediately following the war, everybody makes money, not only the saloonkeeper and the grocer but the furrier and the piano dealer. It follows then that when work is slack in the mines everybody suffers. Eighty-five per cent of the population in Wilkes-Barre, for instance, consists of mine workers and their families. There are other industries, notably silk, in the anthracite regions, but their contribution to the economic stability is relatively slight.

Thus the mine breaker, dark and spectral, lies like a menace over whole communities. A menace at all times. The piercing shriek of the breaker whistle carries to the harassed wives of the workers the threat of death and mutilation. And when the breaker is quiet it bears the even more grisly threat of starvation.

A few weeks ago Anthracite Sunday was observed in the churches of eastern Pennsylvania, and the pastors and their congregations prayed for a revival of the industry. This was one of the first public acknowledgments of a situation that has been whispered about since the peace pact was signed after the last strike. Since that Sunday of prayer there has been held a very significant meeting of representatives of the miners and operators and the business men of the State at Mt. Carmel. As might have been expected, the Mt. Carmel meeting accomplished nothing except an airing of the difficulty. The anthracite publicity bureaus today are busy churning out reams of booster material. Committees and clubs are being formed to urge a return to the use of hard coal. But so far this is merely whistling in the dark. In one of the Wilkes-Barre newspapers the other day there was a report of the organization of a committee which was to urge Philadelphia society people to use hard coal in order to "help their friends"—the operators—in the anthracite region.

The settlement of the long-drawn-out struggle between the operators and the miners, it would seem, has proved to be a Pyrrhic victory. The public froze, the miners starved—despite the fact that the trusting grocers of Wyoming Valley lost a million dollars in credits extended—profits vanished, and the peace that came when everyone was exhausted satisfied no one. The union remained distrustful, the operators unsure, the public suspicious. Yet even when work was resumed, and in spite of the fact that the bituminous strike followed the anthracite peace, it was found that the thing was not working out. The bottom had dropped out of the anthracite market. Even in the coal-fields they are using oil burners. They made a political issue of an oil burner in the last Luzerne County elections. The fact that a candidate for public office had one in his house was considered adequate to bar him from election in a community of miners.

The old autocrat Coal is being these days brought to his senses. He is discovered to be less than indispensable. To maintain any degree of prestige he must compete vigorously with other fuels. What has happened in the anthracite industry today is not catastrophe but change of status. There is every indication that the industry will eventually stabilize itself, when the anthracite operators have learned that they have a commodity and not a necessity and that being a commodity it must be merchandised like automobiles or washing machines. The public is no longer merely to be sold coal. It must be sold on coal.

Here and there one can find optimists in the gloomy coal-fields. They profess to see prosperity ahead when the readjustment comes. What direction this readjustment will take is a matter of much conjecture. That it will take the

form of government control seems the remotest possibility. That there will be a reduction of consumer price seems the most likely solution. If reduction of wages follows there is bound to be trouble again. This was indicated in unmistakable terms by John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, in his speech at the Mt. Carmel meeting. Certainly there will be changes within the organization of the coal companies. The mine owners have much at stake. They have at stake investments in their railroad properties as well as their mine properties, and their eagerness to reconstruct the prestige and power of the industry is second only to that of the chambers of commerce.

If anthracite is mined and merchandised as a commodity there is every reason to believe that the change will redound to the benefit of the worker. The old arrogance and paternalism will have to go. The intelligent employer (and necessity may even in time force a number of mine operators to become intelligent) is fully aware of the importance of cooperation with his employees. He knows that it pays to keep them satisfied. He realizes that high wages

are a spur; that employees' welfare schemes—even such little things as dance halls and gardens—help to make reasonably contented workers. He is forced to offer the best possible working conditions to assure himself of some degree of loyalty. With immigration checked, he will realize that he has to deal with a working class of constantly increasing literacy, with men who will know what they want and know how to get it. There is little that the operator can do beyond what he is already doing to remove the ever-present menace of mine-damp explosion or cave-in, but there is much that he can do to mitigate the hardships of living, to make the trade worth the hazard. And that the mine owner will have to do when he begins to learn the first principle of modern big business. Another drastic departure from the old policy will be in internal management. The sales-manager is going to take precedence over the engineer, for merchandising anthracite has become a vastly more difficult problem today than mining it. But whatever happens in the trade, the worker has, as usual, nothing to lose but his chains.

Manufacturers as Educators

By MRS. FRANCIS D. POLLAK

What can the schools do to attract a better type of children to factory work?

THIS astonishing question is asked in a pamphlet recently published by the Junior Education and Employment Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, entitled "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions Regarding Employment and Education of Children." It is one of several pamphlets published in the last few months by the manufacturers dealing with the public schools, with children in the public schools, and with children in factories. These pamphlets give evidence of much research into educational theory and into statistical problems such as the number of children in the schools and their distribution, the number of children in industry, and the trend of child labor. They include a statement of the manufacturers' conclusions as to the value of the public school and the program which the association will attempt to embody in legislation for the "further protection of employed children."

The chairman of the committee is Howell Cheney of Cheney Brothers, Connecticut silk manufacturers. It is an aggressive committee backed by the national organization and ultimately by the vast capital of the manufacturers throughout the country. It is spending time and money in collecting facts, compiling statistics, and, to quote it, "charting the field of public education." For it is a committee with an avowedly double purpose—a junior education committee and a junior employment committee. Its concern is with the schools and with the factories: with the schools because they are the gathering places of the millions of children of the nation—potential workers; with the factories, because they are the destination toward which the manufacturers hope to see the children move.

One of the pamphlets published by the manufacturers is called "Facts About Child Labor as Shown by Actual

Government Statistics." It contains a series of finely executed charts, based on census reports, by the chief statistician of Cheney Brothers and an article entitled *What the Charts Reveal* by Howell Cheney himself. Two of the charts deal with *The Trend of Child Labor* and demonstrate, as we would unhappily expect, the general increase in numbers of working children from 1880 to 1910. But between 1910 and 1920 we find the number of child laborers, as shown by the figures and the charts, cut in half. In North Carolina, for example, child labor is shown to have dropped from 45.9 to 16.6 in ten years. Unfortunately Howell Cheney's chief statistician must have omitted to turn the page of the census volume from which he got his facts, for preceding the figures for 1920 (Vol. 4, p. 475), the census itself warns the reader regarding the interpretation of its own figures:

To the extent that this decrease relates to children, it is believed to have resulted primarily from the change of the census date, from a difference in the basis of enumeration, and from increased legal restrictions against child labor. . . . The change of the census date from a very busy farming season in 1910 (April 15) to a very dull farming season in 1920 (January 1) undoubtedly resulted in a smaller number of children being returned by the census enumerators in 1920. . . . To a considerable extent the great decrease from 1910 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations, especially in the number engaged in agricultural pursuits, is believed to be *apparent* only. . . . The decrease between 1910 and 1920 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations *doubtless* resulted to some extent from increased legal restrictions against child labor, better compulsory school-attendance laws, and more efficient enforcement of these two classes of laws. For example, the marked decrease from 1910 to 1920 in the number of children employed as mine and quarry operatives probably was in large measure the result of *increased legal restrictions against such employment*. It is probable also that the greater popular dis-

approval of child labor decreased the tendency to employ children. [Italics mine.]

Of these same census figures the Children's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor says:

In the first place most of this decrease is apparent rather than real. Most of it (84.5 per cent) is due to the reported decrease of the number of children engaged in farm work—which is directly explicable by the change of the census date since 1910 from April 15, a busy season for farming, to January 1, the duller possible season. In the second place January, 1920, marked a period of general industrial depression. . . . And in the third place, in January, 1920, the Federal Child Labor Tax Law was still in effect.

This then is what the charts chiefly reveal: the practical way in which the National Association of Manufacturers deals with statistics. There is "greater popular disapproval of child labor." Therefore lessen the odium attached to employers of child labor by appearing to reduce the number of children employed; use census figures, but carefully avoid looking at the census page that urges caution in their use; compile elaborate charts on these same census statistics, then draw the conclusions you wish; publish the conclusions and circulate them widely. The manufacturers do not count money in this cause, and the public is too busy and careless to study colored charts and go back of government statistics.

If this is the way the National Association of Manufacturers uses figures in the face of official warning, what shall we think of their conclusion that the schools are wasteful and ineffective and the factories desirable training places for children? In a speech in Chattanooga before the convention of the National Association, Howell Cheney severely criticized the public schools for their defects and challenged the school authorities in these words, as reported in the *New York Times* of October 28:

Why can't you come into the factories, work with us on the construction of curricula, define the conditions of a progressive training which entitles employers to use the labor of children, and carry this mass forward with a creative ideal of accomplishment in place of the ideals of idleness which you are instilling today? [Italics mine.]

To use the labor of children—there is the explanation of all this elaborate propaganda. The National Association of Manufacturers employs a staff of statisticians to make and chart researches in the public schools with the object of demonstrating the superiority of the factories. They assert (I quote from "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions"):

1. Industrial employment does not cause physical or mental slowing-up.
2. Increased schooling does not increase earning capacity for the large majority.
3. Employment in industry does not cause either moral delinquency or mental or physical degeneration.

An entire pamphlet is given over to an elaborate analysis of school mortality, school attendance, length of school term, cost of education per capita, State wealth and expenditure for education, and a number of other questions of vital interest to school authorities and to the public. But again the statistician, in composing his charts and tables, uses without correction the misleading census figures of 1920, and so what might be interesting conclusions are vitiated. In the text accompanying the charts Howell Cheney accuses educators of being "far more con-

cerned with seeking new fields of public education than in making good past losses." Above all, he opposes "the rapid and enormous extension of the field of public education" and makes frequent references to "the enormous burden of taxation." By clear implication he suggests that the States are paying too much to educate their children and that the factories could educate them cheaper and better. In the Chattanooga speech, mentioned above, he put it in these words: "Here [referring to the factories] is an educational power that is at your command and without the investment of a single cent." This is dangerous doctrine in a democracy which must take its own quality from the quality of its growing citizens; and it is a sinister argument from manufacturers who have factories to fill with cheap child labor. No wonder the workers for child welfare feel that a danger long threatening the community has taken a more ominous form. No more daring assault on public education has ever been attempted.

On the basis of these studies the National Association of Manufacturers has drawn up its "National Education and Employment Program" which it is pressing for adoption through its State associations. Many of the regulations embodied in the program would prove helpful in States lacking minimum provisions for the protection of children. In the progressive States these same regulations would often mean a serious backward step. For example one of the provisions would limit working hours not to exceed 48 per week, with a prohibition of night work before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m. Of the entire program the Children's Bureau at Washington has in part this to say:

In many States the putting into effect of this program would mean a lowering of standards rather than further protection. Seven States have a higher minimum age than fourteen; the sixth-grade educational requirement advocated is below that now in effect in sixteen States; the eight-hour day now in force in thirty-seven States is not included, and the night-work standard permitting work until 9 p. m. is lower than that in thirty-five States.

If the manufacturers called their program a measure "for the further protection of employed children in backward States" there would be less reason for criticism or apprehension. But this is a national program. Presumably it includes the important industrial States, most of which already have better laws than those proposed. New York, for example, has a definite eight-hour day and a 44-hour week. But New York is apparently not to be omitted in the manufacturers' campaign. On December 12 a short notice in the *New York Times* contained the information that "John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, has requested the New York State Manufacturers' Association to consider the program of its Committee on Junior Education and Employment with a view to its application locally." Similar "requests" were, according to the National Manufacturers' Association, sent to the State associations in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Virginia, in each of which the legislature meets this year. That the association guarded itself by suggesting that the program "be considered in the light of existing educational and economic conditions of the particular States" does not eliminate the danger to standards which have been laboriously achieved, usually in the face of bitter opposition on the part of the organized manufacturers.

An article in the *Survey* for October 15, by Wiley H. Swift of the National Child Labor Committee, discusses this program of the Manufacturers' Association in terms of general approval. Nevertheless, he says:

Many will question what its effect will be in those States which already have or wish to enact standards higher than those of the Manufacturers' Association. Does the association regard its program as embodying the *maximum* standards for child protection beyond which opposition will be forthcoming or the *minimum* which the welfare of children demands? The former would constitute the greatest chal-

lenge to child-labor efforts since the days of child exploitation in coal mines and cotton mills.

By pressing the association's program in New York, Mr. Edgerton has put the issue squarely: Are the manufacturers attempting to improve the lot of working children in the States which lack such minimum measures of protection, or are they planning to drag down existing standards in the States which have adopted progressive laws? Who are being "further protected"—the children or the manufacturers?

The New Indian Constitution

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

IF any party has been conspicuously sympathetic to the growth of nationalism in India and to the satisfaction of that spirit it is the Labor Party, and there is therefore a grim disappointment in the present division of opinion between the party and the spokesmen of Indian nationalism. I have been reading some American accounts of the matter, and as in none of them thus far do I detect an understanding of the real points of difference I hope that an explanation of them may be welcome and useful.

Most of these accounts proceed upon familiar anti-British lines. Great Britain is crooked and self-seeking in all its ways, and its proposals regarding the Indian inquiry which has now been set up assert once more the offensive superiority complex of Englishmen; the Indians are therefore quite right in refusing to cooperate in the present plans of the British Government. So run the argument and the tale. Whoever has been inside the deliberations and the negotiations of the Labor Party knows that, so far as it is concerned, this is nothing but a travesty of the facts. I can go further than that. When the Prime Minister made his first announcement of the intention of the Government to set up this commission and so begin the inquiry into the Indian constitution, he did so in words that conveyed the maximum of suspicion and the minimum of confidence. But his proposal of itself was good, and that is why the Labor Party has striven to disentangle the Baldwin statement from the government proposal and get the latter impartially presented to the Indian people.

When Labor was in office, in 1924, some thought was given as to how to appoint the committee of inquiry into the Indian constitution which had to be set up under the act carrying out the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. The old-fashioned mid-Victorian method of a royal commission was seen to be the least satisfactory if one had any regard for Indian liberty and self-respect. No Indian body would have selected the Indian representatives and, though certain views are so well organized in India that they would have to be represented, the manipulation of the commission would have been easy at the worst and it would have been the creation of a bureaucracy at the best. It is most surprising that today Indian leaders, some of whom have been advocating a boycott of everything British, and others who have been emphasizing the authority of the Indian legislature as a representative body of Indian opinions, should complain because the Indian part of the inquiry is not to be conducted by Indians selected and appointed by a British

bureaucracy reigning in Whitehall, but by a committee appointed by the non-official and elected members of the Indian legislature.

The natural position would have been that if a royal commission had been selected by us here, Indians would have regarded it as such an insult to the Indian legislature that they would have refused to serve on the commission and would have boycotted a body which owed nothing in its creation to India itself. That would have been intelligible, and the strange irrationality and inconsistency of vociferous Indian opinion causes no little wonder here. It is a most important fact that no Indian champion here of any importance or with any parliamentary or administrative experience or capacity is supporting the Indian demand for a royal commission. Everyone in this class of administrators instinctively thinks of the Indian Parliament as the representative of Indian opinion, especially, as is proposed, when no official or non-elected member shall take part in the business. When one brushes aside the many obvious misstatements and misunderstandings that are embodied in the various manifestos and declarations that have come from India regarding the mind and intention of Parliament, and tries to get at the principle upon which objection is based, one has to admit that it is really the emanation of a political mind that has been untouched by new ideas for a generation. A royal commission is the antiquated form of India Office control criticizing itself through a body of men whose majority report is secured and who can ease the minds of dissenting minorities by allowing them to put in as many valueless minority reports as their hearts desire. When the commission is taking evidence the minorities will use their examining privileges for propaganda and, afterward, employ their reporting powers for popularity. The whole method belongs to the days of talk and pointless discussions. The history of royal commissions is just such a history, and because some of us want action we had turned from the discredited method of royal commission—even before the Government made its announcement.

On a superficial view it seems as though that precious quality or equality is better secured by a royal commission than by the method that has been adopted. The Indian member of a commission sits on terms of equality with his colleagues and discusses points with them, and had that means been adopted Indians would undoubtedly have sat upon it. The parliamentary device adopted does appear to be faulty in this respect, but that is solely owing to one of

the habitual blunders of which the Prime Minister is guilty. There are to be two committees, one appointed by us here and the other by the Indian legislature, and the question of equality arises only as regards the relations between the two committees. For the moment there cannot be constitutional equality because, whatever the new India constitutional act is to be, it is this Parliament of ours that must pass it. Everything has been done, however, to render that constitutional inequality (which would be even more emphatic had we to deal with the reports of a royal commission) innocuous. Critics of the scheme forget at this point what it is. This commission which we are now discussing is not to produce the constitutional act, it is only to report to Parliament the results of its inquiries. That will take two years, and then the report will be referred by the new Parliament to a joint committee of the Lords and Commons who, possessed of the report and all that is said in India about it, and with the representatives of the Indian legislature acting with them, will proceed to produce the instrument that is to give India its new constitution. This second stage, by far the most important, has had curiously little attention paid to it. In fact the complete scheme has been lost sight of in a rush of not very substantial condemnation.

The only question that need concern those who are approaching the problem of how to redraft the Indian constitution is the one that has been giving the Labor Party much concern—what is to be the relation between the committees representing the British and Indian parliaments? Unfortunately, upon this the Indians have given us no guidance. A political policy of boycott is like swear language. It

shows poverty of resource whatever else it may express. The Labor Party, however, has been trying to get a declaration from the Government (or from the chairman of the commission which will have to settle the details of the matter) that in two essential respects equality will be the spirit. The first is that in inquiry and consideration of evidence from stage to stage the two bodies will have full consultations and exchanges of views; the second that, in the examination of representative witnesses, the two bodies may sit together. The Indian committee would present a report to its legislature as ours presents its report to us, and the former, properly discussed in India, would then be brought for the joint discussions in the second stage here.

When the full scheme is considered the injustice of much of the criticism directed against it will be seen. It is a pity that so many Indians condemned it before it was, in point of time, possible for them to have become familiar with its scope and machinery. We know here how statements of old truths are prejudiced by new forms, but it is a disappointing experience to find that so many Indian leaders let go their grip of the bone in order to snap at the shadow. The idea underlying the Labor Party's handling of this Indian constitutional problem is that it is a matter of very little concern for the bureaucracy but of much concern for the parliaments, and the reason why we have come to our decisions is that we are sympathetic to Indian nationalism and believe in representative democracy. In any event, no accusation against the good faith of the country can be justly based upon new machinery set up to pursue this inquiry.

Americans We Like President Neilson of Smith College

By JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

THERE are liberals and liberals. There is the sectarian liberal, as John Stuart Mill might call him, who heedlessly follows his own crowd and accepts every novelty which comes stamped Made in Liberia. There is the restless liberal or radical, who rolls from side to side like Dante's sick woman, seeking comfort and finding none. These are not the true liberals, for their choices are not free. And there are the liberals like Mill's countryman President Neilson, who are sold neither to things as they are nor to change for its own sake, but in this fast-changing world are alert toward salutary adaptations in their part of it, and who combine sympathy with a zeal for justice.

A Scot, with the traditions of the most distinguished of the Scottish universities, no one was ever more eager than he to throw himself into the interests of his adopted country and its college education. Though he came with the philosophical and critical leanings of his intellectual countrymen, when he went into advanced study of English at Harvard he chose the exact philological side of it in which the most distinguished instruction was found then, and proved that philology does not kill but only disciplines criticism. In calling him to Bryn Mawr, President M.

The Ninth in a Series of Personality Portraits

Carey Thomas showed her usual uncanny ability in picking out "coming men" and getting their help in making bricks without

straw, the task of every college without enough endowment. As professor at Columbia and for longer at Harvard, his great achievement was training teachers of English for the colleges of the country, in which his success was almost equal to Professor Kittredge's; a head of an English department who comes to Harvard shopping for professors is still likely to take one of Mr. Neilson's making. Humane and critical like his teaching, combined with the spirit of historical accuracy which Harvard fosters, was his original scholarly work, culminating in his new text of Shakespeare. To produce a successful revision like the Shakespeare strains every critical nerve and scholarly sinew. In planning his own literary work and in initiating series for cooperative scholarship, he has shown unusual skill in selecting both the technical requirements and the men who could meet them.

Mr. Neilson became president of the largest and almost the oldest of the women's colleges in that most difficult year 1917, and threw himself and Smith College into national service; students were trained as assistants for war-hospital laboratories, for the mental rehabilitation of

soldiers, for the Food Administration, and even in automobile repairing. In the next autumn, to protect them from the influenza infection and to relieve the shortage of labor, students even helped the farmers of the Connecticut valley to get in crops. A far cry from the old idea of the sweet girl graduate! As with some other ably planned war-time schemes, out of this grew a permanent institution, a summer training-school at Smith for college graduates as social workers, in general community service, and in medical and especially psychiatric social work, in which dozens are now annually graduated with a master's degree.

Likewise in his administration Smith began to admit students only by examination and to limit its numbers to two thousand students only, which means picking the intellectually best. The day is past when level-headed college administrators plume themselves on the size of their institutions. Our colleges have not the resources to receive everyone who has a fancy for one or another of the pleasures or advantages of college life; so far as higher education goes, it is all very well to talk about educating our democracy, but with this goes the danger of democratizing our education. Higher education on a dead and low level is a contradiction in terms.

Smith College was founded at a time of incredible skepticism about higher education for women; dangerous and wicked it was called, "abnormal and perilous." And for years in some women's colleges the emphasis was laid on what was called "culture" and "Christian womanhood," rather than on intellectual achievement; this sounded very fine, but often ended merely in the genteel. Artificial piety degenerated into studied charm, and culture served purposes of conversation. The training in art and music which was a feature of this older ideal President Neilson has retained and promoted, on the sure and certain ground that the great defect of our education today, higher and lower, is that it is too purely bookish and mental, and neglects the eye and hand. But he has made very sure that this art and music are on a vigorous and scholarly basis. The same broad combination of scholarship and "humanism" shows in one of his most original devices; certain picked students of French are sent to Paris for their junior year, to attend lectures in one of the higher institutions and to see French civilization with their own eyes, returning to Smith for their final year. Again, even in his inaugural address he came out boldly for a liberal and progressive attitude toward the ancient classics. He frankly recognized that a mastery of the Greek and Latin languages is gone forever except with a select few, yet he recognized more ardently the permanent value of those literatures, more and more needed for a high and strenuous ideal as the world grows away from a purely Hebraic ideal. He branded the "linguistic fanaticism" of professors of classics, who have insisted "that no one shall enter these fair domains save through the one door of language," who indeed in the past have hung themselves and their interests with their own rope. The classics can be saved to modern culture by giving a broad knowledge of their chief writers through translations in the time that would give only a smattering of the languages. If we have always learned the Bible in that way, why not Plato and Cicero? The vivid intellectual curiosity which is the motive-power of youth and the chief reason for higher education must not be balked by putting up any needless bars. Nor by hurrying along a beaten track past inviting openings. Mr. Neilson

was one of the first and most successful in introducing the most important college innovation of the last generation, the honors course. Students in the upper classes who are exceptional in ability and ambition are released from routine requirements, and under such guidance as they need from members of the faculty are turned loose to grasp for themselves the essentials of their chosen subject, to follow their own curiosity.

The tendency of Smith College, so far as its president can determine things, is to lay stress on the solid, the genuine, the calm. The feverishness of the war and post-war years has abated, but young women are still prone to be restless and superficial. Smith has limited to very few in each year the week-ends in which a student may be absent from the college. The motor-car is a serious problem in most colleges. It produces much aimless and often dangerous rushing about. Mr. Neilson has met the problem by prohibiting the private motor-car except for good students at the end of the senior year. The greatest duty of our colleges is to promote that side of rounded perfection which the extremes of the day neglect. A man of hair-trigger wit and vivid personality can afford to preach the power of quiet and even of that ideal so strange to us moderns, the contemplative life.

The only way to produce a perfect college president, said one who ought to know, is to improve the breed of archangels. With all his intellectual and humane ideality, he must be a shrewd man of affairs. Institutions of learning are necessarily economic parasites, dependent on the great power of the day; they produce no wealth, but as for consuming it, the daughters of the horse-leech are abstemious in comparison. In the Middle Ages universities depended on the church, in earlier modern times on politics. Today no one will deny that the great power is business, and on the wealth produced by business our institutions of learning depend for the vast expense of education and research. Happily large-minded men of affairs as a rule recognize that they must leave these institutions free to tell the truth as they see it, and are ready to contribute to this desirable end. Mr. Neilson has many warm friendships among such men, as among all kinds of people. His success in what the old theologians would have called the carnal side of college administration was proved just after the war, when the surprising sum of four million dollars was raised for the college.

When all is said and done, his greatest strength is with the personnel of his institution. It is none too easy for a college head whose long-standing associations have been very different to attain a spirit of comradeship with a lot of American young women; but a lecturer from another institution well remembered an evening at this president's house with scores of students sitting about on the floor while the president read Burns to them. He stands loyally by his professors even when an occasional lapse of worldly wisdom on their part may produce a flurry; he merely protects the college by stating the simple facts if called for, which is the best method of sending sensation-mongers about their business. He realizes the faculty makes the college what it is, and that the chief problem of a college executive is the personnel problem; but he realizes also that his older colleagues will do their best work if he respects their judgment and does not wish younger coworkers on them against their will.

No man ever liked people more warmly, not so much

by conviction as by nature. When he arrived in New England, an inexperienced young stranger from Canada and Scotland, he found at first the emotionless faces, the unseeing eyes, the cool brief replies with which we New Englanders often welcome the stranger. "Some of the new students from the West," he used to say, "complain of the coldness of the Harvard climate. I don't put up with it, I just go up and talk to people; I don't find them standoffish." He is interested in politics, and still more in international relations. He takes part in causes and movements throughout the country which look toward peace and justice and help for the underdog. But humanity for him is not a sum-total or an abstraction, rather this and that human being whom he knows.

Smith College is happily situated in a smallish place where the college people can set the standard; and its president by his sincerity, insight, and humanity is making a college which every student may leave with as much in her mental bucket as it will take. Distractions are removed up to the point where liberty would be infringed, and stimulus is offered to sail out through the Pillars of Hercules with Bacon's motto: *Plus Ultra*—More Beyond.

In the Driftway

IN WRITING last week of the Fishermen's Cup races between the New England and Nova Scotia fleets, the Drifter suggested that an ocean contest over a longer distance would be better fun and less provocative of wrangling than the competition as it has been over a short, buoyed course inshore. The Drifter had been reading an account in the *Sportsman* of England of the recent Fastnet race, and could not help wishing for something like that as a test of the Down East fishing fleet and its able sailors. The Fastnet race has barely weathered its third season, having been initiated in 1925, but it has already established itself as a tip-top trial of seagoing craft and crews. Last summer's contest was a slang-whanger; only two out of fifteen starters finished.

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ONE of the two was La Goleta, an American entry. Indeed this sturdy schooner of thirty tons was the first to sail over the finish line, and would have won but for having to give five hours' time allowance to Tally Ho, a splendidly staunch cutter slightly smaller in size. La Goleta was built in England just before the race for Ralph St. L. Peverley, an American business man, who sailed her with a crew made up mostly of his countrymen. La Goleta entered the race without any tuning-up or seasoning. In the wild weather encountered, her decks leaked and she was an uncomfortable vixen below, but she won the affections of her crew because of her seaworthiness and sailing abilities. Besides La Goleta there was one other American contestant, Nicanor, a thirty-six-ton schooner which was sailed across the Atlantic for the race by a Harvard University crew. She had to give up the Fastnet competition when a gaff snapped in the Irish Sea.

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THE course for the race was from the Isle of Wight through the English channel and across the Irish Sea to the Fastnet light, on a pile of rocks off the southerly

shores of Ireland; thence back to the harbor of Plymouth. There was little wind when the yachts got away on August 13, last, and in the first three days they covered only about 200 of the 615 miles of the race. Then, when most of the craft were off Eddystone Light, a breeze began to pipe and the glass began to fall. Before night a gale had come roistering out of the west, which compelled La Goleta to heave to under a reefed foresail. Seven of the fifteen yachts were so buffeted that they ran for nearby English ports and gave up the race. Most of the others except La Goleta sought temporary shelter. Even La Goleta was started toward Falmouth; then a council was called. As Alfred F. Loomis, son of Charles Battell Loomis, tells the story in the *Sportsman*:

On deck there was discussion and then agreement. In America, perhaps, we could run for port because the sea was high—but what would the English say? What, in fact, did Boyd say? He said it would look bad to put in. What did McOnie say? In his Scottish burr he agreed with Boyd. What did all of us say? That in an ocean race we mustn't avail ourselves of shelter merely because shelter happened to be available.

* * * * *

SO La Goleta hove to and rode out the gale off the Lizard. Next day she got under way again but rains and tempests pounded her all the way across the Irish Sea to Fastnet. Nor was the return trip to Plymouth much better. For a few short hours the sun shone and there was a glorious breeze.

The topsail was set, and the balloon fisherman, and the reaching jib, and then La Goleta began to travel. Who, we asked one another, had said that ocean racing was a virulent form of idiocy? It was, in point of fact, the most glorious of sports. Log turning nine and then ten knots, and for one hour when it underwent a spasm of joyous delirium, eleven and a quarter knots!

* * * * *

BUT this was not to last. It came on to blow again, gale strength, and that night sail had to come in. Skipper Peverley, taking the wheel, undertook to hold La Goleta dead before the wind while the crew doused the reaching jib. Mr. Loomis writes:

When at last the word came to furl the jib, I confess that for me, at least, the race had reached its zero hour. Boyd and I made protesting Rawle tie a line under his arms, and as he lurched out along the bowsprit and I wrapped my legs around its middle, I thought of the two major possibilities. If Peverley, steering a gambler's course, let her yaw half a point too much to leeward, he would jibe and take the sticks out of La Goleta. If she got away from him in the other direction when there was no headsail on her, she would come on the wind like a bat out of hell, plunge into green water, and perhaps sweep Rawle, Boyd, and me into the night.

But there was little time for such gloomy reflections. "Down jib!" I called. Boyd let go the halyard and passed the word. Mac, awash in the lee scuppers, loosed the sheet, and the sail went flying, dissipating its strength in resonant shaking. Down it flopped and in it came—Boyd least secure of all of us as he staggered about on deck receiving the sail as Rawle unhanked it—and in less than three minutes we were back on board again. The jumbo went up, two men to the halyards, and the zero hour was past.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Only a Human

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heading your correspondence column in a recent issue was a sentimental letter titled *Only Dogs*. The physiologists at Western Reserve University (who published the record of Dog No. 1137, quoted in part by your Vermont correspondent) have been experimenting for many, many years in an endeavor to find a cure, a remedy, or any aid in the identification and treatment of the as yet incurable Addison's disease, which results from a deficient functioning of the adrenal glands. My father, it happens, has an advanced case of Addison's disease. From recent developments in the Western Reserve physiological laboratories it may be inferred that a solution is close at hand. My father is still living. Dog No. 1137 furnished details which are giving us hope that all will be well. Dr. Julius M. Rogoff has developed in the Western Reserve laboratory a fluid which, hypodermically injected into adrenalectomized dogs, prolongs life considerably. If this fluid can be purified enough to inject into humans without harming them (as it would do now, since it is not protein-free) my father is due for a long life, but this is a hope which can only be strengthened by such little martyrs as Dog No. 1137. True, she was only a dog—but my father is only a human.

Chicago, December 1

MICHAEL IRVING

Rabindranath Tagore Says:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came to know from the advertising columns of your paper that Miss Katherine Mayo's "*Mother India*" has been lauded by Arnold Bennett as "a shocking book, in the honorable sense." Unfortunately, for obvious reasons, there is a widely prevalent wish among the race that rules India to believe any detraction that may bring discredit upon India, and consequently the kind of shocks that Miss Mayo has manufactured offers them a delicious luxury of indignation. The numerous lies mixed with facts that have been dextrously manipulated by her for the production of these shocks are daily being exposed in our journals; but these will never reach the circle of readers which it is easy for Miss Mayo to delude. Along with other Eastern victims of lying propaganda we in India also must defenselessly suffer mud-besmeared from unscrupulous literature; for your writers have their machinery of publicity which is cruelly efficient for raining slanders from a region usually unapproachable by us, shattering our fair name in an appallingly wholesale manner.

I happen to be one of those whom the writer has specially honored with her attention and selected as a target for her midnight raid. Difficult though it is for me completely to defend myself from such a widespread range of mischief, I must try through your organ to reach the ears of at least some of my friends who are on the other side of the Atlantic and have, I hope, the chivalry to suspend their judgment about the veracity of these shocking statements, made by a casual tourist against a whole people, before lightly believing them to be honorable.

For my own defense, I shall use the following extract from a paper written by Mr. Natarajan, one of the most fearless critics of our social evils. He has incidentally dealt with the incriminating allegation against me deliberately concocted by Miss Mayo out of a few sentences from my contribution to Keyserling's "*Book of Marriage*"—cleverly burgling away their true meaning and shaping them into an utterly false testimony for her own nefarious purpose. Mr. Natarajan writes as follows:

Tagore sets forth his own ideal of marriage in five long pages at the end of his paper (Keyserling, pp. 117 et seq.). "Let me," he says, "as an individual Indian, offer in conclusion my own personal contribution to the discussion of the marriage question generally." He holds that the marriage system all over the world—and not only in India—from the earliest ages till now, is a barrier in the way of the true union of man and woman, which is possible only when "society shall be able to offer a large field for the creative work of women's special faculty, without detracting the creative work in the home."

If Miss Katherine Mayo was not a purblind propagandist but an honest inquirer, and if she had not the patience to read Tagore's essay, she might have asked any one in Calcutta what the age of marriage of girls is in Tagore's own family. That she was determined to discredit the poet is evident.

Let me ask some of your readers to read my paper on Hindu marriage in Keyserling's book and challenge, in fairness to me, Miss Mayo to prove that it was my own opinion, as she asserts, that child marriage is "a flower of the sublimated spirit, a conquest over sexuality and materialism won by exalted intellect for the eugenic uplift of the race," implying "the conviction, simply, that Indian women must be securely bound and delivered before their womanhood is upon them, if they are to be kept in hand."

Let me in conclusion draw the attention of your readers to another amazing piece of false statement in which she introduces me, with a sneer, as a defender of the "Aruvedic" system of medicine against Western medical science. Let her prove this libel if she can.

There are other numerous witnesses who, like myself, if they find their access to the Western readers, will be able to place their complaints before them, informing them how their views have been misinterpreted, their words mutilated, and facts tortured into a deformity which is worse than untruth.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Santiniketan, India, November 9, 1927

For Prisoners in Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his cable from Moscow to the *Times* of November 12, 1927, describing the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime, Mr. Walter Duranty informed his readers that on the subject of political freedom the Communist Government remains adamant. The spokesman for the Government, Mr. Bukharin, told the representatives of the foreign labor delegations, "that to accord liberty of speech or the press to adversaries of the Soviet regime was simply playing into the hands of enemies without a compensating advantage. Regarding imprisonment Bukharin was equally categorical."

The Socialist prisoners, ten years after the revolution which was to usher in liberty for all the people of Russia, are struggling against great odds. If liberty means anything to you you will help us feed these brave warriors. Every dollar will buy a week's food for a torch-bearer of liberty. Every dollar from America will be a token of friendship and so break the isolation of the prison. Make checks payable to the Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia and mail to Mrs. Fredericka Baranoff, 9 West 110th Street, New York City.

New York, December 6

MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

Gifford Pinchot
on

The Boulder Dam Controversy
in an early issue of *The Nation*

Books, Music, Art

Announcement of Night

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

East the stones burn with sunset,
the wind thuds like a distant locomotive,
and the darkness joins together
like the folding of a robe.

Homeward the sun goes from his pasture;
no longer the bees loiter at the inn-flowers;
light passes from the cliffs which by day
were like the bared teeth of contented laughter.

Running night preys from the East.
Heavier is the sound of the wind and it moves
like one dragging rivers up and down.

The lover holds toward the twilight the face of his beloved
like a lapidary with a shaped jewel.

Beyond Life

Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE accidents of time and circumstance have played strange tricks with the soul of Eugene O'Neill. That he should have shipped himself to sea and fancied he might find in some unfamiliar latitude a land where life would answer to the needs of his spirit was perhaps inevitable as a stage in his development, since youth, mistaking inquietude of mind for restlessness of body, must always find out for itself the truth of the proverb "Coelum, non animus mutant," etc.; and by the time he had come to write "Beyond the Horizon" he had evidently come himself to realize that the longing for far countries is but a symptom of a different longing which no country is far enough to satisfy. But that we should ever have thought him, or that he should ever have thought himself, a realist is an error of a more unnatural and monstrous sort for which only the prevailing atmosphere of our time can account. Growing up with a generation which expressed the disgust it felt for the tame compromise of its elders by a naturalistic revolt, he accepted its general direction and seemed to fancy he might express his reaction to life in naturalistic terms when, as a matter of fact, the tendency of his mind was toward a mysticism no less foreign to the realism of his contemporaries than to the romanticism of his father's generation.

Since he has actually enriched our dramatic literature with several realistic plays which are quite the best things of their kind America has produced, it would hardly be accurate to call his efforts in this direction unfortunate; but they did represent, so far as his own development was concerned, no more than progress up a blind alley, and it has become more and more clear that he approaches nearer and nearer to his own spiritual center as he puts the methods of his contemporaries further and further behind him. The various odd dramaturgic devices which he has employed—the expressionism of "The Hairy Ape," the masks of "The Great God Brown," and the voluminous "asides" of the as yet unpublished "Strange Interlude"—are symptoms of his impatience with the limitations of the realistic method, and in "Lazarus Laughed" he has, for the first time, entirely abandoned it in order to create for himself a form dictated wholly from within instead of one which represents merely an effort at adaptation.

This form, that of a "mythological" drama in four acts, has an obvious relation to the form of Greek tragedy—the chorus and the masks are prominent features—but it is no less obviously not a mere imitation of the method of Æschylus and Sophocles since, far from slavishly following such a method, it departs from tradition wherever tradition would cramp expression and since it is also quite clearly adapted to modern methods of spectacular production. The result is that Mr. O'Neill seems to move here more easily and more freely than in any of his other full-length plays because he seems to find fitter occasion to say what he has to say. That gauche violence which shocks one again and again in his finest scenes is gone and it is gone, one realizes, because it was the violence of a man baffled by the fundamental ineptitude of the medium through which he was trying to express himself.

According to the fable of the play Lazarus returns from death with the fear of death gone from him and can laugh as no man ever laughed before because no man before ever knew he knows that death is an illusion. All men know that life goes on when the individual dies, that if men are ephemeral yet Man endures, but Lazarus alone, through his experience with extinction, has learned how to accept and digest that fact. What is mere words to others has become real to him, and whenever he is present people catch his gladness though only this presence can transform a formula into a faith; and when Tiberius burns him in an amphitheater the meaning fades from his words the moment that he, the only man who can witness their truth, ceases to be.

Now this central idea is one which appears again and again in modern religions, and it is one which Mr. O'Neill has struggled to express in more than one previous play. It is the heart of Cybel's speech: "Always spring comes again bringing life again. Spring again! Life again! Summer and fall and death and peace again" in "The Great God Brown," and it furnishes the theme for the rather jejune romantic play "The Fountain." But like all mystical formulae it seems now to mean everything and now to mean nothing because the importance which it can be made to assume depends not upon the intellectual clarity with which it is perceived but upon the emotional significance which it can be made to have. Mr. O'Neill has symbolized this fact in the present play by making the formula meaningless except in the presence of Lazarus himself, and it is effective here as it was not in the other two plays because the author has succeeded in conveying an emotional ardor whereas, in the previous instances, he merely stated a thesis. Here the whole play is built around what was before only a gloss written upon the margin of a tale, and here the idea takes on a vitality which it never had before. The play may be for us what its hero is to its other characters, it may be, that is to say, only the effective cause of an illusion; so that when the book is closed or the drama finished the words of its formula become mere words again—but that formula is so effectively bodied forth that it seems true as long as the play endures, and it is meaningful within the framework of the action however little we as individuals may be able to carry it beyond these limits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Portrait of a Militarist

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. His Life and Diaries. By Major General Sir C. E. Callwell. With Preface by Marshal Foch. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$10.

IF we were to take Sir Henry Wilson's "Diaries" at their face value we would believe that he had a very sorry time during the World War. Nearly every entry contains complaints and curses. The Cabinet would not follow his advice; the French

were doing this foolish thing, the Italians that; and as for the Irish and the Bolsheviks—the note is, of course, familiar to any reader of recent military memoirs.

It does not, however, evoke any sympathetic response, for it is quite clear that the World War was a picnic for Sir Henry. It was the crowning-point of his whole career; *der Tag*, for which he had prepared as earnestly as any German. In 1914 he was fearful lest the Liberal Government should render his work fruitless by remaining neutral. He rallied his friends of the Opposition to bring all pressure to bear. His object attained, and the word given, the Expeditionary Force moved across the Channel in accordance with plans carefully laid years before.

From then on he held a series of high positions, mostly on the General Staff. In the last few months of the war he obtained the adoption of his plan for a Supreme War Council, and became the British Military Member of this body. His diaries describe busy days spent in elaborating strategical plans; in innumerable conferences; in constant journeyings between London, Paris, and British Headquarters. That is the way the big Brass-Hats play the war game. Of the actual fighting there is little mention. Sir Henry was as remote from the soldier in the trenches as the Wall Street banker is from the steel puddler whose destiny he controls.

The end of the war and the beginning of the peace negotiations are marked in Wilson's diaries by signs of increasing irritation. There had been bad enough interference by the politicians during the war and now that it was over they wanted to run the show entirely. Their dithering over the peace terms was appalling. Their vacillations over Russia made him furious. Instead of demobilizing the army in order to appease popular clamor he would use it to wipe out the Bolsheviks.

Naturally he fell foul of his American namesake, whom he described as "only a super-Gladstone—and a dangerous visionary at that." The Fiume dispute in April, 1919, provoked this entry: "The Italians have to guard the American Embassy in Rome. All this is due to the miserable frocks [i.e., frockcoats, politicians] who tried to build on a rotten base of small nationalities and of the League of Nations. President Wilson was guilty of a flagrant act in rushing into print and appealing to the Italian people over the head of the Italian Government."

And then there was Ireland. Sir Henry as a loyal servant of the empire had no use for home rule and still less for republican movements. Besides he was an Ulster man with bright orange family traditions. The last year or two before the war his chief anxiety, apart from preparing to deal with Germany, was the threatened Home Rule Act. His contempt for politicians was extreme, but he dabbled in politics himself perhaps more than a soldier should. From his post in the War Office he was, early in 1914, aiding and abetting the Ulster Volunteers. He was in constant touch with the leaders of the Opposition, giving them counsel on the best way to defeat the intentions of the electorate.

Wilson's antagonism to Irish disloyalty grew rather than diminished with the war. In 1920 and 1921 entry after entry in the diary expresses his fury with Lloyd George for not crushing Sinn Fein with a strong hand. The Coalition government was hopelessly weak, he thought, pandering to every subversive movement. Some of us at that time thought Lloyd George reactionary enough, but to the die-hard Wilson he was the Kerensky whose weakness was hastening the ruin of the empire. In July, 1920, he warned Winston Churchill "that if the Government did not govern we should lose everything; that apparently Downing Street's answer to outrage was to build a fortification round the place, whereas they ought to arrest the Council of Action (i.e., the Trade Union Emergency Committee), kick out Krassin and his vile brood, declare martial law in Ireland, and stamp the vermin out."

The treaty which made Ireland a Free State naturally seemed to him shameful beyond words. He sums it up: "The agreement is a complete surrender. . . . The British Empire is

doomed." A chance to represent an Ulster constituency in Parliament led to his resignation from the army. At Westminster he joined the die-hard faction in its fight against the Irish treaty. He was also active in organizing in Ulster defenses from the invasion of the Free Staters that he confidently expected. His hatred of Sinn Fein was repaid with interest; in June, 1922, he was assassinated by two ex-members of the I. R. A., a crime more harmful to the cause it was intended to aid than injurious to the one it was intended to weaken.

KEITH HUTCHISON

A Sheltered Son of the Press

Splendor. By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

MR. WILLIAMS courageously discards in this book the fictional conventions applying to daily journalism. His unheroic hero scores no sensational beat as a cub, does no amateur detective work, and uncovers no news which must be suppressed because the central figure is an important advertiser. A plodding New Englander, tilling a corner of what has been called our newspaper poor farm, Henry Beeker's life is the life of a million such plodders, inside and outside the press.

The story, although laid in Boston, is intended to portray the changes which took place in all the urban United States during the period when the frontiers were being pushed farther back and after they were obliterated. It is concerned specially with these changes as they affect transportation and the press, but it moves too placidly to give an adequate notion of the acceleration which came to both of them. Henry Beeker begins as an office boy for the Boston *Tribune*, serves for a while in the "Morgue," or reference department, and becomes successively reporter, bicycle editor, copy reader, State House reporter, Sunday make-up man, and copy editor of business-office promotion matter. Then he completes the cycle, an aging man, back in the "Morgue." Certainly not a successful man, neither is he a conspicuous failure. His children are successfully married, at any rate; and if he has suffered frustrations, made compromises, he has at least lived a far fuller life than his blacksmith father.

Mr. Williams, whose story begins in the seventies and moves up to the present, had an opportunity to picture those changes which came to the press, but did not avail himself of it. Neither has he let us see the effect upon life of a tempted, exposed, and ruthless newspaper career. Henry Beeker is protected consciously, by request, from participation in the exploitation of private suffering; we find him maneuvering time and again to suppress news when his friends and family are concerned. And we emerge from a somewhat syrupy narrative of his domestic and journalistic fortunes only with a consciousness that he has been severely disappointed in the business he chose. When his grown son wishes to enter this work, Beeker advises him sagely:

A newspaper isn't interested in the fine, normal ways of life. It's only interested in the freaks, the deformities, the abnormalities; and newspaper men are a cynical lot, anyway. . . . I don't suppose there is a profession so well calculated to captivate the imagination of a young man. . . . But as a matter of fact it just permits him to be a looker on, a spectator at the plagues which sweep the world. . . . I've seen a lot of good men in the newspaper business, Dan. . . . But they've all had to compromise, sooner or later. . . . If they've kept their ambitions, they've been as like as not to end in a sanitarium.

One of the characters in this book does indeed end in a madhouse, a fate which lies in wait as frequently for newspaper men, I suppose, as for stockbrokers and clergymen. Nowhere in the 570 pages of "*Splendor*" could one see it ahead of

Henry Beeker. He had none of the adventurousness, the passion, and the skepticism which make successful reporters, and he had not the reporter's special limitations. He would have followed a humdrum circle wherever Mr. Williams had set him down, meeting his domestic responsibilities manfully, dealing honestly with his fellows, and accomplishing nothing in particular. One does not feel that journalism has cheated him. It has done as well by him as might have been expected of any other business. Thus we miss any adequate realization of what the daily newspaper is doing to thousands of its practitioners, and what they in turn are doing to those around them. The ironic implications in the title of the novel are not fulfilled.

SILAS BENT

An Outline of Christianity

Christianity Past and Present. By Charles Guignebert. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE name of Charles Guignebert, professor of the history of Christianity at the Sorbonne, is already well and favorably known to specialists. Next to his older and more picturesque contemporary, Alfred Loisy, probably he occupies the most conspicuous place among Frenchmen today as a critical student of Christianity. This English rendering of one of his most popular books will serve excellently to widen the circle of his friends.

"Christianity Past and Present" is not just one more outline of the history of the Christian church, yet it may be read with full understanding by one who has no previous acquaintance with the subject. There is enough statistical information to insure a sense of reality, but the carrying power of the book lies in the dominant display of the author's own independent judgments. It is primarily a study in interpretation, not an epitome of statistics. Yet we are led along the usual highway followed by previous writers on the history of the church. The familiar scenes are everywhere in evidence. The work of Jesus and of Paul, the rise of an organized Christian society with its emphasis on dogma and discipline, the conflict with the Roman government, the growing power of the papacy, scholasticism, the "Babylonish Captivity," humanism, the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic reformation (often called the Counter Reformation), the Enlightenment, Liberalism, and, finally, the "Triumph of Romanism" are representative subjects treated. These are the old signboards. But the eye of our new guide often catches fresh vistas of landscape, and when the journey is finished one finds that the observations gathered along the way have been woven together into a unified interpretation of the total experience. One cannot follow this line of inquiry, under the direction of a leader who so well knows how to discriminate between the incidental and the essential in historical records, without gaining new insights into the process of Christianity's history and a new conception of its real meaning.

The outlook for the future is, however, distinctly pessimistic. Living in France and concerned primarily with the intellectual element in the history of culture, it was perhaps natural that Professor Guignebert should have halted his story and formulated his retrospect under the shadow of the modernists' defeat within the Roman church. In the rigid subordination of mental freedom to the dogma of papal authority is seen the doom of Romanism; an "unavoidable fatality" weighs down its destiny. Its hearth still glows with smoldering embers, but the fire is expiring and the chill of death has fallen upon it. While Protestantism has escaped the two fatal ills of Romanism—a deadly formal ritual and "clerical psychasthenia"—its future is scarcely more promising. It too is thought to offer little if any prospect of coming to terms with modern ways of thinking. Thus "all religions end, religions which, like living organisms, are born of a need, nourished upon death, die day

by day of life, and finally lapse again into the eternal crucible." With these words Professor Guignebert lays down his pen.

If only one could be sure that mankind in future would elect thus consistently to follow the intellectual trail! But this seems not to be the verdict of history. The human quest is far too complex to permit this simplification of the religious issue even for many an individualist, to say nothing of the rank and file of men. The historian of Christianity, or of any other religion, knows only too well the relatively insignificant role played by strictly intellectual interests in the great pageant of religions. Are not the appeal of the mysterious, the momentum of social heritages, the aesthetic values of adornment and ritual, the desire for emotional stimuli to offset human frailties, the idealizing impulse, and like interests altogether too powerfully entrenched in human life to permit the visualization of an early day when even Roman Catholicism with all its anti-modernism is likely to lose its popularity? To speak paradoxically, Guignebert's pessimism seems far more optimistic than his study of the past would warrant. Unquestionably he is a reliable historian; as a prophet he is less convincing.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Middle-Aged Philosophy

The Companionate Marriage. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THE author of "Companionate Marriage" is convinced through long court experience and wide human contacts that marital happiness is contingent on easier divorce, free dissemination of birth-control knowledge by qualified experts, and greater tolerance and freedom within the marriage relation. He differentiates between family marriage, in which children are to be part of the union, and companionate marriage where children are not to be expected. During the companionate relation the parties entering into the marriage are to be free agents, economically and socially, free to dissolve the union when the relation is no longer satisfactory. To emphasize the reasonableness of the companionate marriage Judge Lindsey claims it already exists, but without sanction of law. He wishes to make such a relationship possible and available for all, poor and rich alike. He wants to abolish "bootleg divorce," and all the hypocrisy and fraud necessary to secure divorce in our country.

Unfortunately Judge Lindsey overstates his case. One can but feel that only literal subjects of the Roman hierarchy need so naive and repetitious a defense of birth control and of what is generally regarded as the modern interpretation of marriage. A suspicion enters and refuses to be downed that the emphasis in this case is on terms rather than on content. Judge Lindsey himself suggests that the book treats of the revolt of the middle-aged. To me there is a disillusioned middle-age flavor to the work that takes it far out of the revolutionary category in which the author places it.

We need no prophets of disillusion in marriage. Deep within people of all ages is a desire for enduring happy relationships, for the peace and harmony that properly mated and adjusted people occasionally find and always grope toward. Birth control and easy divorce are of course not to be questioned, but they are a scant contribution on which to build a new philosophy of marriage. A tolerance that tends to concentrate so largely on the possibility of marital happiness coincidental with extra-marital relationships is middle-aged. It is a makeshift for the next best, it is the acquiescent and conciliatory mood, not the pioneering.

A philosopher of marriage will do more than coin new terms for current practice. He will dig deeper and aim to offer that which may spell the hope of enduring love in a chaotic age.

REBECCA HOURWICH

The Diary of Puritan Boston

Samuel Sewall's Diary. Edited by Mark Van Doren. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. \$2.50.

VERY likely a taste for old diaries, like a taste for Gorgonzola cheese, must be acquired; yet it is a taste worth acquiring for it purveys some delightful flavors. To one who likes to poke about, there is a sense of adventure in following the homely entries not unlike that which comes from ransacking an old garret. It is a dusty business but fascinating. Glimpses of out-of-way places, odds and ends of reality saved from oblivion, casual revelations of hearts curiously like our own, daily life stripped bare in its pettiness and its tragedy, a sense of cheating mortality and living in a world long since dead—these are some of the rewards to be got from the bald entries if one reads them lovingly. And if not lovingly, then one would scarcely care to read them at all.

Of all American diaries Sewall's is far the most fascinating in its minute and homely jottings that picture Puritan New England in the days of transition from the old theocracy to a royal colony. It is a faithful account of nearly sixty years of a busy life at the center of New England activities, and its entries reveal not only Samuel Sewall—judge and magistrate and money-lender—as a friend and counselor to all Boston; but more important, they preserve the curious pattern of life, with its jostlings of weddings and funerals, its squabbles and jealousies and heart-burnings, its godliness and grasping thrift, that pattern was woven in the twilight of primitive Puritanism. Its pages, to be sure, offer no such feast of gossip and scandal, no such comment on great events and picturesque figures, as is spread in the pages of Pepys's diary. Boston was not London, and the pirate hangings on Nob Hill—though the "screech" of the women spectators was heard a mile—are less exciting than the Great Plague or the Great Fire or the coronation of Charles II. Yet the chatty Pepys who recorded these larger happenings was fashioned of the same stuff that went to the making of Samuel Sewall. Both were capable, middle-class Puritans who desired to serve God while filling their purses, and the clash between conscience and self-interest which runs through their pages was the inevitable clash between two hundred pounds of Adam's flesh and the duties taught by an ascetic religion. No doubt their theology was grotesque and their emotional and intellectual life narrow; certainly the Boston of Sewall's day was more notable for pious professions than for a generous social conscience. Middle-class Englishmen were still middle-class Englishmen for all their psalm-singing and meeting-going. Yet they were sound at the core and later Boston magistrates might learn something from Samuel Sewall, whose honest soul could not rest under a wrong done, but must confess publicly his unhappy fault in the witch matter. Here is a passage in somewhat the same vein that suggests the homespun yarn of which his cloth is woven:

Note, this morn Madam Elisa Bellingham came to our house and upbraided me with setting my hand to pass Mr. Wharton's acco to the Court, where he obtain'd a Judgmt for Eustace's farm. I was wheedled and hector'd into that business, and have all along been uneasy in the remembrance of it: and now there is one come who will not spare to lay load. The Lord take away my filthy garments, and give me change of Rayment. This day I remove poor little Sarah into my Bed-chamber, where about Break of Day Decr. 23. she gives up the Ghost in Nurse Cowell's Arms. Born, Nov. 21. 1694.

The three volumes of the diary, tucked away in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, have been lost to the general reader. There was need of an edition to make it more generally available, and this careful reprint of perhaps a quarter of the whole, retaining the dramatic and illuminating

passages, is more than welcome. Mr. Van Doren has done his work with loving care. He has given us an authentic text that carries one back pleasantly into days that a later generation has too carelessly forgotten. The great diary is still worth any one's time to read.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

India Defended

The Hindu View of Life. By S. Radhakrishnan. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN appeared in England and America last fall as a defender of his native land. He did not tell us in as many words, but his utterances on the platform and in this book make clear that he felt he had an opportunity to justify India to the world; and he took that opportunity with eloquence. We must confess a sympathy with him. For 130 years Occidentals have been telling India how immeasurably superior our culture is to hers, especially our religion, and it is only right that a Vivekananda or a Radhakrishnan should now and then have a voice on the other side. Would that we had more of them and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers, whose vapid maunderings are even now heard from the mouths of a Mrs. Annie Besant or a Krishnamurti.

The defense Professor Radhakrishnan makes is in many points effective. With a forceful repetition that becomes almost brutal he points out that Hinduism has always been tolerant of all shades of opinion. Let me quote a few sentences.

It [Hinduism] brought together into one whole all believers in God. . . . Hinduism is wholly free from the strange obsession of the Semitic faiths that the acceptance of a particular religious metaphysic is necessary for salvation, and non-acceptance thereof is a heinous sin meriting eternal punishment in hell. . . . It did not regard it as its mission to convert humanity to any one opinion. . . . Those who love their sects more than truth end by loving themselves more than their sects. . . . Hinduism does not support the sophism that is often alleged that to coerce a man to have the right view is legitimate as to save one by violence from committing suicide in a fit of delirium. The intolerance of narrow monotheism is written in letters of blood across the history of man from the time when first the tribes of Israel burst into the land of Canaan. . . . The spirit of old Israel is inherited by Christianity and Islam, and it is for you to say whether it would not have been better for the Western civilization if Greece had molded it on this question rather than Palestine.

There is a reverse side of this picture which Professor Radhakrishnan does not make us see. While Hinduism is thoroughly tolerant in regard to the metaphysic of religion, it is the most intolerant faith in the world concerning the social life accompanying religion. Herein Christianity and Islam have an advantage; for they have not developed a cardinal feature an implacable caste system. The fact is that all three religions are intolerant; they merely happen to be intolerant on different matters.

The rest of the book is given to an apology for the metaphysically indefensible doctrine of Karma (Retribution for the Act in Rebirth) and the biologically and socially indefensible order of caste. His efforts to rationalize these must in the end be adjudged failures, as is the case with all religious rationalization, whether Hindu or Christian. What he finally succeeds in giving is not so much the Hindu view of life as his own confession of faith, and a noble faith it is. The book is evangelistic as well as philosophical; yet it contains so much of the philosopher that anyone ought to be repaid who will read its 130 small pages.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

- Autobiographies. By William Butler Yeats. Macmillan.
 The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Harcourt, Brace.
 The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.
 Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. Doran.
 The Journal of William Maclay. A. and C. Boni.
 Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.
 Fire Under the Andes. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Knopf.
 The American Caravan. Macaulay.
 Cities of the Plain. By Marcel Proust. A. and C. Boni.
 Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.
 The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
 The Black Douglas. By Donald Douglas. Doran.
 Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
 The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
 Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.
 The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green. McBride.
 The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
 The Women of Point Sur. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni & Liveright.
 Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
 Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. Doran.
 The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
 Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.
 The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.
 Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
 Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
 The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
 Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
 Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
 America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace.
 The Human Body. By Logan Clendening. Knopf.

Books in Brief

Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds. By Leila Stott. Edited by Caroline Pratt. Greenberg, Publisher. \$2.

The school hours of a group of twelve-year-olds through the year, described by their teacher at the City and Country School in New York City. The children are shown busy in the shop and the classroom, engaged with toy-making or with the composing of original stories and poems or a dozen other tasks. Through the narrative the idea that school is drudgery is entirely absent from the minds both of teacher and of pupils. The latter are ready and willing to suggest activities for themselves, nor are they at any pains to choose a task because it seems simple—rather the contrary. These children are busy, happy, and engaged in endeavors that in some way express themselves. The preponderance of boys in this particular group—eight to four girls—seems to result in an overemphasis of activities which boys do better, so that, as in a much less conventional school, the girls are frequently reduced to the role of handmaidens. But this is perhaps inevitable. And if activities which are more strictly utilitarian than otherwise are stressed, perhaps that, too, is inevitable in a revolt from the routine of the old classroom, and perhaps, too, it is a fault that may be remedied with time and experience.

Montaigne. By Irene Cooper Willis. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A pleasantly readable account of the more obvious ideas of the master essayist. Miss Willis manages to make clear Montaigne's opinions on education, moderation, women, the classics, etc., by a careful and clever use of quotations from his works. There is a very sparing employment of biographical data. The author's moral bias and her affection for Montaigne's moral ideas prevent her from devoting more than a page or two to the magnificent and conscious art of the essays. A useful introduction to an artist who has not yet been accorded no proper critical treatment.

The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas. By Charles Edward Russell. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Thomas, one reads, created the audiences for orchestral music, the orchestras to perform it, and standards of performance. He began by introducing America to Schubert's C major and Unfinished Symphonies, to Mozart's in G minor and E flat, to Haydn's Oxford and Surprise; he ended by introducing it to every modern work of consequence, exhibiting a range of sympathy and interest equaled only by Montoux in our own time. Mr. Russell pays what is, therefore, a deserved tribute to the competence, energy, and personal and artistic integrity of a great pioneer and educator.

Footprints and Echoes. By William H. Crane. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

Mr. Crane's autobiography is neither less nor more distinguished than the reminiscences of most actors. He writes easily and gives a huge amount of theatrical information without taxing the patience or intelligence of his readers too heavily.

Music

Some London Impressions

THERE is always a decided advantage in hearing a conductor on his native heath, because there he is at home with both his audience and his orchestra, and under no special temptation to "impress" either. Hearing Sir Thomas Beecham in this way was therefore a great piece of luck, for the friendly, easy atmosphere of Albert Hall will undoubtedly be lacking when he stands on trial as a guest conductor of the Philadelphia and Philharmonic Orchestras. The result of this trial will doubtless surprise many, as we have heard more about Sir Thomas's eccentricities than about his qualities as a conductor. And yet in seeking to compare these qualities one inevitably turns to Toscanini and Muck. Like the former he has a fabulous memory, never using a score even to accompany. Like both he is equally the master in opera and in symphony. And like both, too, he obtains his musical and orchestral effects through phrase and line and tone color rather than through piling up opaque blocks of sound. The heavy architectural solidity affected by some of our modern conductors to express "depth"—especially in the German classics—are as absent from his Wagner as from his Handel. Yet this plasticity of line and transparency of tone must be as orthodox in the one as in the other, for they were the outstanding features of Muck's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth this past summer, and Muck is the acknowledged guardian of Wagnerian tradition. It is to this classic school then that Beecham essentially belongs. Elegance and refinement and sweep of line rather than crashings and thunderings mark even his most passionate utterance. As for his so-called "eccentricities," they seem very mild indeed after the vigorous "daily dozens" now so much in vogue. Certainly it is refreshing to see a conductor smile occasionally at his concert-master instead of continually shaking his fist in the man's face.

London has also had the advantage over New York of

having had for several seasons now the guitar-playing of Andrés Segovia. As Segovia is soon to make his first American tour one must, in duty bound, tell his new public not to miss him. To tell more than this is a little difficult, because all the superlatives in the dictionary—which he justly deserves—could never give an adequate idea of what he actually achieves. As a man he looks—in spite of being a Spaniard—no little like Franz Schubert. As an artist he is as perfect, as satisfying and as unique as that other artistic unity, The English Singers. His musicianship is equally great and, one suspects, comes first with Segovia. The first half of his London program, for instance, was devoted to Bach; and Bach, under his magical fingers, sounds like the most beautiful playing of a fine harpsichord. On the other hand a little Schubert "Moment Musical" was like a voice to stringed accompaniment. But it is when he comes down to present-day classics, especially in his native music, that he shows the full gamut of his mastery, for then he gets not only actual vocal effects of line and portamento and tonal nuance but even orchestral color. All this he accomplishes with the utmost ease and simplicity. The guitar seems to present for him neither difficulties nor limitations. Not, however, until one hears Andrés Segovia can one comprehend what all this means.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Art Since Clive Bell

IN his new book, "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting,"¹ Mr. Clive Bell maintains that he has not changed his theory of art. In fact his doctrine of the complete separation of Art from Life, of the artist from the social man, appears in the following typically pat paragraph taken from his hilarious discussion of the rise of the camera and the consequent Victorian debacle among the honest academic painters.

"I suggested," he says, "that the gap between art and life has for a century been growing wider and wider because those intermediate activities, half artistic and half useful, those impure arts which lean heavily on life, have been steadily devoured by the machine. The pure, self-conscious, self-critical artist . . . concerned solely with expressing himself through form, perceives intellectually or feels instinctively that the machine's activities and his have, and can have, nothing in common. . . . Machinery has just as little, or as much, to do with pure art as it has to do with love or religion; artists, lovers, and mystics may or may not find motor cars and telephones useful; there the matter ends." Indeed it does—for Mr. Bell.

Now the most fundamental blind spot in Mr. Bell's notoriously agile mind can be discerned through the characteristic grace of this tabloid. A variety of attacks upon his doctrine, upon the isolated aesthetic emotion, upon his trump term "significant form," led notably by Mr. Ivor Richards in England and Mr. Thomas Craven in New York, have all made clear the enormous injustice which Mr. Bell is doing to art in pressing his theory. But no one that I recall has indicated the correlative and preposterous injustice he does to life. And it is his inadequate notion of life which, more than anything else, has led Mr. Bell to alienate and esotericize art.

The astonishing thing is that Mr. Bell denies the ideal artist who expresses himself, who may achieve "pure significant form," a connection with Life (capital L) and hence with the life (small l) which he lives. How Mr. Bell can deny a generic, a causal, or even a representative connection between the personality expressed by the artist and the life he leads is only, and then easily enough, understood if one considers life as humdrum. And it is clear enough that Mr. Bell does really

consider modern industrial and social life to consist in humdrumery. The ideal artist is removed from the forces of our age because art has nothing to do with our crass concerns, creeds, and creations; and these are crass because they are not art, which is "significant form." This circular logic recalls Mr. Whistler's Ten O'clock Lecture, delivered in London in 1885; and, to be sure, it was easier then to separate industry and art, by looking at a few facts, than it is now. Anyone can see today that the pure artist is quite irrelevant to industrial society, but that this awful society is irrelevant to him, to his personality, or to his art one cannot so easily comprehend.

Young artists with whom I have happened to live, some more and some less "pure," and all "self-conscious," have suffered the effects of the machine city in a variety of ways; but to none of them has it been irrelevant. One reacted to it with a desperate depressive dypsomania and so hung up his art. Another furiously defied it, turned inward, and exploited through form (scarcely "pure") his egocentric misanthropy. Still another was lured from pure art into commercial craft. He has renounced Wagner, D. H. Lawrence, and Vincent Van Gogh, the gods of the previous misanthrope, and is successfully adapting Cézanne to posters. And finally, a fourth—and the most successful—took the daughters of industrial captains to teach in his own studio and by thus capitalizing his friendship for a famous French sculptor paid his rent. That he goes beyond these tricks to expression through form does not divide his personality. The discrepancy, so far as his soul is concerned, between the daughters of industry who pay his rent and the pure art which doesn't is merely financial.

All these young artists have found love in a subway, drunk and eaten out of a tin can, and whistled to the tune in a Victor box. These things, captioned by Mr. Bell under the double header of "motor-cars and telephones," may once have been merely useful; they are now inevitable; they have sunk into our primary essence. The self which the real artist has to express is shaped by these humdrum activities, through interference or connivance with them. It is just this real relation of personality to actuality that the great artist achieves and expresses through form, and it is this which romantics who have failed with expression try to supply when they add titles to frustrated attempts, such as "Love on a Scenic Railway" or "A Paltry Nude Starts on a Spring Voyage."

Furthermore, when Mr. Bell says that the "impure arts which lean heavily on life have been swallowed by the machine," he betrays his confused impression of what goes on, for he implies that the machine has developed a brain. But the machine has only replaced the whittling of the hoe-handle which the former artificer also designed. The new, gargantuan, Industrial Art is constantly demanding real craftsmen who can conceive the designs for the new buildings, furniture, textiles, draperies, perambulators, pots, and posters. Moreover, the vitality, charm, humor, the "significance" of much design for the machine product is more than noteworthy when compared with the trite, repetitious, and weakly executed design of the modern hand product. Although our mob does rise to the expression of stale personality—The Magazine Cover, The Chesterfield Girl Friend, The Camel Babbitt—this is not great proof that vivid personality, in so far as it can be expressed through the compromise which applied art demands, is not being expressed in our mechanistic art. And for this I call the skyscraper, the costly motor car, the fabric with the motive of the derby hat to witness.

Since Clive Bell bowed gaily to the demise of handicraft, a new art of machine design has excited the anticipation of those who have kept seeing the "significance" in life. And these, artists some of whose names actually appear in "Since Cézanne," and critics whose minds are not so remote as Mr. Bell's, get the kick into and out of modern art because they express and perceive this significance.

HENRY LADD

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International Relations Section

Feminism in Germany

By MARGARET GOLDSMITH

THE feminist movements in Germany and the United States have little in common at their present stage of development. The two feminist organizations in America may have entirely different platforms, they may believe in quite different tactics, and one may be more "radical" than the other, but it is none the less true that both these groups have the same primary interest: women, women's jobs, legislation affecting women as such.

Before the war this attitude held also in Germany among the various *Frauenvereine* and other women's organizations. In those days German women were united by their common fight for suffrage, for the position of women in public affairs. They looked forward to the day when, as members of the Reichstag, women would show a united front, when there would be a group of women in Parliament who would stand firmly together against their male colleagues in the championship of their rights as women.

Now eight years after the drafting of the Weimar Constitution, which says that "men and women have the same rights and responsibilities as citizens" in the republic, it seems evident that it was the common fight which held these women together and not their ideal of feminism itself. "I never see my friends in the suffrage movement any more," an older woman official at the Labor Ministry complained to me. "I suppose what really united us before was the fight itself. And I miss this fight very much," she added. "It was the process of getting suffrage which I really enjoyed, and for some of us the goal was reached too suddenly after the war."

Class-consciousness and class-struggles, inevitable in any new republic, have been more vital to German women since the revolution than their consciousness of sex. The allegiance of the women in the Reichstag to their parties far outweighs their feeling of solidarity with other feminists. One member, a woman who was one of the most ardent and active feminists in Germany before the war, remarked to me recently that "after all politics are neither male nor female. I cast my vote in a way which I hope will serve society as a whole, and I try to be of help to women as much as I can, but they are not my prime consideration."

The party and class-feeling among women in the Reichstag has been so strong that some of the women members hardly know each other personally at all. As a matter of form, and because of their solidarity in the past, most of them nod at each other as they pass in the Reichstag lobby, but many of them have their pet antipathies among the other members of their sex. One prominent member said recently that of course she knew all of the other women—except Frau X, whom she has never even spoken to because "the politics of her party are really too disgusting."

All this is sometimes difficult for us to understand, for we still have certain ideals of sex solidarity. Once an American woman naively gave a luncheon for a number of "prominent" German women, most of them members of

the Reichstag. The American hostess thought her guests would all be friendly, if not intimate. As it happened this luncheon took place at a time when the Nationalists and Socialists in the Reichstag were very much at loggerheads. Two of her guests, one a Socialist and one a Nationalist member, disagreed so heartily on every political issue, including questions concerning women, that they had ignored one another for weeks. Two of the others, not in the Reichstag, harbored such an old-time difference about illegitimacy and sex freedom for women that they had not spoken to each other for nearly twenty years. This is a serious article, so I cannot describe that luncheon, but I shall never forget it!

There is, of course, no club or association including all the women members of the Reichstag, and during the nine years since they have been in Parliament there have been relatively few bills which they have sponsored in unison. It is true that they have all voted in favor of certain laws concerning child welfare, such as the bill passed last year prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages to children under sixteen years of age. In contrast to the women of the United States, it is interesting to note that all of the women in the Reichstag are in favor of protective legislation affecting women in industry. This question has never even been discussed in the Reichstag, and except for two or three radical feminists, such as Lyda Gustava Heymann and Anita Augspurg, whose attitude is quite exceptional, there are no longer any women in Germany who sponsor the relinquishment of protective legislation.

As a general rule bills before the Reichstag are voted on by the women according to their party or class-conviction. In 1926 legislation was brought before the House according to which unmarried mothers were to be dismissed from the government service. The bill was eventually passed by the Reichstag, but the preceding debates clearly showed the difference of opinion among the women members. Socialist women were generally opposed to this bill, while the Monarchists and Nationalists were shocked beyond speech at the very thought that the bill might not pass. A prominent woman member of the Democratic Party favored the bill on the ground that if unmarried mothers were not dismissed from the government service men might feel even fewer inhibitions, as they would be sure that the state, through the woman's salary, would be assuming his responsibility for her during her period of pregnancy.

One of the questions affecting women that is most widely discussed in Germany is the famous Paragraph 218 of the German legal code. According to this paragraph, abortions are illegal and punishable by long imprisonment for both the physician and the patient. Last year Paragraph 218 was again before the Reichstag, and the sponsors of its abolition were able to have the sentence mitigated to confinement in a prison instead of in a penitentiary. It was very interesting to study the different attitudes of the various women members toward this question. Catholic women, such as Frau Weber in the Center Party, were of course bitterly opposed to any change of Paragraph 218, but even among the Democratic and Socialist women there was no solidarity. As a whole the Socialist women were not opposed to any change in this paragraph on

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"moral" grounds, but they differed on the questions of health involved and as to whether effort, energy, and funds should not be spent first on the greater distribution of birth-control propaganda.

Many German women, especially those in the Reichstag, have been so busy emancipating their minds from pre-war ideas that they still look like *Hausfrauen* par excellence, but the fact that problems like Paragraph 218 are so frankly discussed shows what a tremendous change has occurred in the attitude of German women generally since the war. Before the war there were only a few remarkable personalities, such as Dr. Helene Stoecker, who were courageous enough to face these issues and to discuss them openly as social problems.

One of the chief differences between German and American feminists at the present time is their attitude toward home versus jobs. Among the older generation there are many feminists in Germany who seem to believe that a woman must choose between a career and a home. In other words, they do not face the fundamental problem of how a job and a husband can be coordinated. I do not know why this is, but I have sometimes suspected that many German women, even feminists, still harbor a profound awe for their *Herren der Schöpfung*, a sentiment which we Americans, perhaps, do not share, at least to the same extent.

Some of the older German feminists are very much discouraged about the women of the younger generation. The older women, who spent much of their life energy in bringing about suffrage, are somewhat bitter over the "casual" manner in which the younger women take their privileges as a matter of course. Many of the older women feel that there will be a reaction as far as women's rights are concerned, just as there has been a general political reaction in Germany during the last few years. These older women fear that the younger generation is not preparing for this fight to come, but I do not quite agree with them, for I feel that the younger women are doing their share toward maintaining the privileges which women now hold in Germany. I believe that these younger women are training the men of their generation to a modern conception of a woman's place in society, and after all one of the chief functions of any feminist movement is the education of males.

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ENTERS 1928 with the solemn blessings of Messrs. Hoover and Mellon and their positive assurances that our superlative prosperity (starving miners please take notice) will last throughout the year, while 228 Americans whose income is a million, or more, dollars a year apiece, rise up to call them blessed. Appears the usual weekly report that President Coolidge will accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency if it is tendered to him on a golden platter, and the familiar dispatch that Hoover is now so far in the lead for that same nomination that no one can overtake him. From Nicaragua comes the usual news, that the "bandits" are still being put down; from the Philippines that the wretches over there still wish independence of us. Appears a new Chevrolet car at reduced prices to give Henry Ford's new creation a run for its money, and two new murder mysteries to prove that 1928 has started according to Hoyle. Abroad, the usual prophecy of death, misery, and destruction. All but two of the German soothsayers announce wars, revolutions, earthquakes, terrible fires, floods, and crime waves. Part of England is to be destroyed by a tidal wave; there are to be two political murders in Rumania; and two seeresses behold England

and Russia beginning a war to last seven or eight years, with Russia profiting most. As to America, they see nothing. That is where our politicians can give them cards and spades. They can even read relief for the farmer.

THE "BANDITS" OF THE HEADLINES have been transformed into "rebels" by the death of six United States marines in the mountains of Nicaragua. This change in phraseology at least is one step toward honesty, and honesty might be the first step toward decency. When marines fight "the biggest battle in which American troops have participated since the World War" it is time to stop pretense and admit that they are fighting Nicaraguan patriots. The rebel leader, Sandino, an ex-miner, is the one Nicaraguan Liberal who refused to be bought into peace by President Coolidge's emissary, Henry L. Stimson; but it is plain that he represents something infectious in Nicaragua. Three times at least the marines have "wiped out his forces"—at Ocotal, near the battlefield of the New Year, the marines killed 400 of his followers last July. But new forces flock to him; munitions trickle in to his mountain stronghold, battle follows battle. With the aid of bombing planes and unlimited equipment, the marines may in time crush Sandino's army, but they can never crush the spirit that sustains it. Once upon a time a tide of warm sympathy for his gallant movement would have swept the United States; but today . . .

TEXAS BANKERS evidently have more money than they know what to do with. The Texas Bankers Association has decided to dispose of some of its spare cash by offering it in chunks of \$5,000 as a reward for apprehension of "each dead bank robber—not one cent for 100 live ones." Dead men—even bank robbers—tell no tales. It is not surprising, therefore, that three Mexicans who had been invited to come to a certain Texas bank the other day were suddenly shot at outside the bank's premises; two of them were killed and their attackers, two police officers, came forward handsomely to claim the award for a pair of bank robbers. The overzealous officers, who, the third Mexican charged, had invited the three men to the bank in the first place, on the pretext of offering them work, have been arrested and indicted for murder. Meanwhile the reward stands. Bank robberies have not ceased in Texas, but the lives of innocent citizens—or especially innocent aliens—are less secure than they were.

MURMURINGS HAVE BEEN HEARD faintly for some months from the little group of coral-reefed, palm-fringed islands that blink under the blinding sun of the South Seas about 1,500 miles north-east of New Zealand and were once known as German Samoa. The murmurings have been as faint as those from the S-4 not because they were actually subdued but because they had to travel thousands of miles over expensive cable and telegraph wires. The islands were acquired by Germany in a division of spoils with Great Britain and the

United States in 1899, doubtfully validated by native consent. Great Britain seized them in the World War and in 1920 the League of Nations gave a mandate to New Zealand to govern them. The government set up conflicted with the old patriarchal-democratic system of the Samoans and there has been trouble, just as in American Samoa where the arbitrary rule of our naval officers has been described in *The Nation*. A Royal Commission was appointed to investigate. It upheld the Administrator and he in turn ordered the deportation of three Europeans instrumental in bringing the charges against him. But before exiling the men the Administrator, admitting his own powerlessness to function, took the extraordinary course of appealing to one of the trio, O. F. Nelson, to urge his followers not to resort to force but to present their grievances through "proper channels." In a meeting on Christmas Eve Mr. Nelson obtained such an agreement against much opposition. The outcome remains to be chronicled. The worst of the White Man's Burden is that generally it is as bewildering and unsatisfactory to the burden-bearer as to the burden.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES appearing in the New York *World* recently seemed to indicate that certain interested nations had, through the League of Nations, suppressed publication of damaging facts concerning the traffic in women and children known as the "White Slave Trade." A complete denial of the charges has been made by Bascom Johnson, Director of Investigations of the commission which inquired into the traffic. Mr. Johnson denies, in the first place, that Part II of the report was suppressed by the League; he says that, as a matter of routine courtesy, it was sent to the governments involved for necessary corrections before its publication on December 5 last. The changes made in this second—and more sensational—section of the League's report, Mr. Johnson says, consisted merely of

1. Additions to the report of laws, regulations, or statements of policy adopted since the report was first printed in February, 1927;
2. Restatement of paragraphs which were susceptible to misinterpretation;
3. Deletions of unnecessary repetitions of names of countries or cities.

In no case, Mr. Johnson assures us, were the charges significant or damaging to the essential truth and validity of the report, nor did they detract from the truth of the ghastly picture presented. Without the League, he rightly points out, this international inquiry into a loathsome but unfortunately not yet archaic trade would almost certainly never have been made.

HOUSES FOR WORKERS are traditionally dark, crowded, and cheerless. New York's first tenements, built in the old "dumb-bell" style, contained rooms without any windows at all, rooms opening on a narrow "air"-shaft, rooms unheated, unlighted except by flickering gas-light, rooms without running water or toilets—and rents for these hovels were and are still high. Most of the attempts made by philanthropists, by civic bodies, by business organizations to build and rent better houses for workers have produced nice houses for the middle class. But in the Amalgamated Cooperative Apartments in uptown New York the families of union members will delight in large, light, sunny rooms; in white kitchens with stove, and sink,

and refrigerator; in bathrooms with showers; heat and electric light and hot water. The rent will be \$11 per room and the rooms can be purchased for \$500 apiece (apartments varying in size from two to five rooms). The purchase money can in large part be borrowed from the union's Amalgamated Bank. The worker, therefore, becomes owner of a comfortable, healthful home; and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which holds a first mortgage on the property, is assured 5 per cent on its investment. There are, of course, only 1,185 rooms in the group of houses; only members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers can become tenants and owners. There are still many thousands of workers doomed to live in dark and sunless rooms. But here is a way out. It is significant that organized labor found it.

IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL SOUTH some people have a curious pride in low wages. In *The Nation* for December 7 we quoted "facts and figures about labor in Tennessee" which were advertised in the *Textile World*, showing that textile operatives, male and female, receive an average weekly wage of \$13.63. Now comes South Carolina advertising itself with figures that are even lower. The New Industries Commission of Richland County boasts in a recent issue of *Commerce and Finance* that the "annual wage averaged by persons engaged in the textile mills of South Carolina is \$631"—about \$77 below Tennessee. Or, to go further north, \$323 below the average in Massachusetts. The Commission asserts in bold type that "It is conservatively estimated that in South Carolina fifty thousand whites (native-born—of Anglo-Saxon origin) desire industrial employment"—at the \$631 wage, of course. It adds, quaintly, that "The typical rural attitude, which they bring to industry, is particularly appreciative; and cooperative with their employers. In all of South Carolina's textile plants there is not one labor union." The advertisement might have added that there are virtually no restrictions on the hours that men and women work in that State; that women work at night; and that South Carolina is one of the five States which have no accident compensation laws. Matter-of-fact business men, however, appreciate these conditions; a survey made by John M. Hagar, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, shows that between 1914 and 1925 the manufacturing output of the Southeast trebled, while industry is now developing in the Southeastern States one and a half times faster than for the country as a whole. But apparently the new industrial South is only the old industrial story.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GLOZEL has new shell-holes, and the cannon are still rumbling. French scientists disagreeing, an international commission of paleontologists visited the field in central France where Stone Age tablets, a prehistoric alphabet, and post-glacial reindeer drawings were said to have been discovered. They dug with their neutral trowels; they debated at night; and finally they—or most of them—issued a report. They did not agree with Salomon Reinach that the Glozel collections revolutionized the prehistoric history of man; nor with Camille Jullien that the inscriptions, instead of being ten thousand years old, were late Roman; nor with M. Dussaud, who insists that the Glozel "relics" are twentieth-century fakes. Instead, this galaxy of international wisdom produced a new theory, which does credit to its creative imagination. No one now living faked the relics, the com-

mission reports, but they are none the less fakes—faked by some practical joker of the middle of the last century! This story seems to laymen to belong in a class with the announcement of a boastful Englishman that he had staged the entire farce. The whole episode is a smashing blow to the prestige of palaeontology. Apparently patriotism mastered the common sense of some French scholars; in their eagerness to give France credit for the invention of the alphabet they rivaled the Nordic nonsense-artists who claim Nordic blood for every Mediterranean genius. No one who has discussed Glozel has yet displayed what used to be known as the scientific temper.

EZRA POUND has been given the *Dial* Award for 1927, and in the January issue of the magazine attempts are made by T. S. Eliot and others to say just who and what Mr. Pound is. The task is admittedly difficult, for, as Mr. Eliot points out, the ideas of this lively man are a compound of "medieval mysticism," "Mr. Yeats's spooks," "Dr. Berman's hormones," and "Confucian rationalism." Mr. Eliot, whose instinct for unity is well-known, is a little bothered by Mr. Pound's lack of intellectual order; but he generously gives him credit for an immense influence upon contemporary poetry and criticism. And that should be enough. Mr. Pound is certainly one of the finest American poets. If in addition he has encouraged younger authors, edited magazines, contributed literary letters to the reviews, fought conventionalism in thought and style, and—since he went to Europe to live—been a constant thorn in the flesh of our complacency, all that is further reason why he should be given money by the *Dial*. But we are sure that his poetry is the man. And he seems to agree, since he sends the *Dial* these characteristic if exaggerated words: "It wd. be stupid to make the award on prose-basis as my prose is mostly stop-gap."

ASWEET AND GENTLE SPIRIT left this world with the passing of the old year. Algernon S. Crapsey liked to call himself the "last of the heretics" because he was tried for heresy, found guilty, and dismissed from his Episcopalian pastorate in 1906 after 27 years of service in it. As he himself stated it, "I asserted that Jesus was born as we are born, that He lived as we live, that He died as we die, and that the story of His miraculous birth was unknown to Him, to His mother, and to the early Christian church." That was the sum and substance of his offending. Not unnaturally he lived to behold some of his judges coming to him, begging him to reenter the church, and admitting that he could not today be ousted for such views. That is why he called himself the "last of the heretics"—but he was wrong. Since then Bishop Brown of Ohio has been deposed, chiefly for his radical social doctrines, and there will be other social and economic heretics to be expelled unless the Protestant church dies wholly at the top. What it needs is not fewer rebels but more "come-outers" who will take their stand and demand that the church stand with them or break them. Dr. Crapsey, it is needless to say, was one of the most benign and saint-like of men—naturally, for of such material are heretics made. In his life he was everything a genuine priest should be and after his dismissal he was more than ever alert to changing economic and social conditions.

Sazonov

WITH a shock one reads that Sergius Sazonov has just died. One had supposed him dead long since; he belonged so thoroughly to a dead pre-revolutionary Russia.

He was only forty-four when he became Russia's Foreign Minister in 1910. But, except in France, the generation with which he worked has passed irretrievably from the stage. Hindenburg is still President of Germany, a symbol of the solidity of the old order persisting into the republican era; but the men who actually govern Germany are young men whose names were unknown in Sazonov's day. Bethmann-Hollweg and his colleagues are dead, as are the men who determined Austrian policy. Sir Edward Grey and Asquith are retired old men; only in France do pre-war statesmen still hold the helm.

To say that Sazonov willed the war would be an exaggeration; he was too weak for that. But he was one of the little men who must bear a chief responsibility for the calamity of Europe. He did not want war; but he was too much a fatalist to struggle against it. He believed war inevitable; he thought it his task merely to arrange the combination so as to give Russia the best chance when war came. Izvolsky, his ambassador in Paris, was a more ruthless personality; Poincaré was another man of iron will; and Sazonov was putty in their hands. "Sazonov must be firm, and we must back him up," Poincaré said to Maurice Paléologue, the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, on July 21, 1914. Sazonov wavered; but Paléologue and his British colleague, aided by the wild men of the Russian army staff, kept him firm. His only doubt was England; once sure that England would come in, he was ready for war.

"There is no longer any human will capable of withstanding the automatic mechanism of the forces set loose," Paléologue wrote in his diary on July 27. But the diplomats had created the dreadful automaton. Sazonov had abetted two Balkan wars, which left one of Russia's proteges, Bulgaria, defeated and sullen, and another, Serbia, swollen and ambitious. He had wanted those "local" wars; he dreaded a European conflagration not because the loss of human lives appalled him but because his combinations were not quite ripe.

In Czarist Russia Sazonov was considered a near-liberal. "I personify the alliance with the Western democracies," he said; he believed a semi-independent Poland necessary; he was ready to cooperate with a modest Duma; he hated the Rasputin clique. But he could cynically bribe the entire French press; he wanted Russia to annex Constantinople, and was ready to toss Persia to England as the price; his "democratic" sympathies were merely a sop to make realization of his imperialist dreams possible.

A vanished generation, his; yet are the younger men so different? There is the League of Nations, which, for all its weakness, is certainly an improvement over the tortuous diplomatic instrumentalities of 1914. But Poincaré at least belongs to the unreconstructed old school; Austen Chamberlain swaps territory in Africa as cynically as any pre-war "statesman"; Mussolini is even worse than the Italians who bargained with both sides in 1914. What did the war teach us?

It Pays to Advertise

DWIGHT MORROW, Will Rogers, and Charles August Lindbergh have been carrying on perhaps the most effective international advertising campaign in history. They have advertised friendship; they have been "selling" the United States to Mexico. To an amazing degree they have succeeded in erasing suspicion and substituting a spirit of cooperative good-will. That the advertising has paid seems to be proved by the responsive action of the Calles Government in passing legislation substantially modifying the petroleum law which had so long been the boggy of the State Department.

It is a record of which Mr. Morrow may well be proud. He arrived in Mexico City on October 23. On November 17 the Mexican Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring the two most offensive articles of the petroleum law unconstitutional. On December 26 President Calles asked the Mexican Congress to amend the moot clauses. On December 27 the House of Representatives passed the desired bill. On December 28 it passed another measure giving the President extraordinary power to modify the agrarian legislation. Representatives of the oil companies have expressed their satisfaction. What a contrast to the muddling, bungling, bullying policy of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg! A couple of ham-and-egg breakfasts; a lariat-throwing humorist imported from California; an aviator winging his friendly way over the desert where once Pershing hunted Villa—and two nations which had been thumbing their noses at each other for a decade, which had at least thrice been on the brink of war, discovered new springs of friendship.

We are not sure that behind the enthusiastic good-will of the Lindbergh pilgrimage and the Morrow ham-and-egg breakfasts Mexico is not conceding too much of what the State Department has asked. It is of course better to have the laws changed as an act of good-will than as a response to bullying; but the suspicion remains that Mexico is reshaping her legislation rather because she needs American help, for which this is the price, than because the amended form seems just to Mexicans.

It happens that this readjustment coincides with certain other negotiations. The partial moratorium on Mexico's foreign-debt payments ended on December 31, last, and Mexico, under her agreement with the bankers' committee, is obligated to pay during 1928 9,500,000 pesos a month—42 per cent of her total budget. Unless concessions are made by the bankers, or unless new sources of revenue can be tapped, Mexico will have to suspend her program of road-building and irrigation, cut salaries, and close schools. Mr. Fernando de la Fuente, chief of the Mexican Government's Department of Credit, is now in New York negotiating with the bankers' committee. He will, naturally, point out that good roads and irrigation are likely rapidly to increase the national wealth out of which Mexico must pay her debts; and it is obvious that the change in the oil laws, if it leads the great oil companies to extend their drilling and to pay the oil taxes which constitute the bulk of Mexico's internal revenue, will have a mollifying effect upon Mr. Morrow's former associates in the banking world. Were the oil laws changed in the hope of winning concessions from the bankers? If so, perhaps they were necessary; but even if so,

the change is a dangerous precedent in international relations. It is bad enough to have Wall Street determining policies in the United States; the world has a pretty problem to solve if American financiers also direct the course of legislation in other countries.

The actual area of conflict between the Mexican Government and Washington has always been small, despite the large amount of steam generated; and these amendments cover only a part of that territory. The oil companies, it will be recalled, protested against the provisions of the Mexican law which, after announcing the principle of nationalization of petroleum deposits, provided that, if the companies or individuals applied within one year's time, concessions of fifty years' duration would be granted for rights arising from

1. Lands in which works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1, 1917;
2. Contracts made before May 1, 1917, by the surface owner or the successor in title, for the express purpose of exploitation of petroleum.

Most of the American companies refused to register their titles, which were accordingly subject to forfeiture. The modified law provides for another year within which they may register their titles, but still requires registry; and it removes the limitation of fifty years upon the new concessions; they may have indefinite duration.

These seem small changes indeed; but around precisely these provisions—which the American Government had hotly declared to be retroactive and confiscatory—has raged the most acrimonious controversy in our recent diplomatic history. The Mexican Government has as vigorously defended its right to shape its own legislation. It has denied the retroactivity of its law, asserting that a law is not retroactive "as long as it does not infringe upon any right which has not already been put into effect."

The question is more important than appears. The United States has surplus capital: Mexico—like Colombia and Venezuela and other undeveloped countries—has not. Americans can buy, for what seems to them a song, vast tracts of land and hold them for later development. In such a way Mexico lost control of the enormous sub-soil wealth which has made her the second oil-producing country of the world. The profits of her own territory have gone to aliens. In one of her best years she collected close to \$2,000,000 in taxes on the oil which one American company extracted from her soil; but the United States Government in the same year collected \$5,000,000 from the same oil after it had entered our territory! Mexico's oil and land laws were an effort to retain the profits of her natural wealth for her own people, and similar efforts are sure to be made in other countries as they rise to a similar degree of national self-consciousness. Shall those countries be permitted to shape their legislation according to their own needs? Or must they find themselves handicapped, bound forever to concessions and privileges granted in a period when they had not awakened to the meaning of their national heritage? Small as is the change made in the Mexican law, we fear that it may be a sad precedent in the coming decades for the newer oil-companies of Colombia and Venezuela.

Rebellion in Colorado

ACCORDING to the newspapers there is a strike in Colorado—a small and, on the part of the workers, a remarkably peaceful strike. But according to the law it is a rebellion. So it stands, doubly certified: once when the Industrial Commission declared the strike illegal, thereby depriving the strikers of their civil liberties; again, when a court refused even to citizens who were not strikers that last protection against tyranny—the writ of habeas corpus. It is important that those who seek to preserve the processes of the democratic state should understand the process by which the Colorado strike has been transposed into a rebellion.

To begin with, Colorado has its Industrial Commission Law, part of the aftermath of the Ludlow massacre, and a by-product of the famous "Rockefeller Plan," the company-union device which was to prevent strikes in mines and mills of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. This law gives an appointed commission jurisdiction in industrial disputes, requires employers and employees to give to each other and to the commission written notice, thirty days in advance, of any intended change in conditions of employment, and forbids strikes or lockouts until after investigation by the commission—except in vaguely defined industries "not affected with a public interest." The penalties are heavy, especially for encouraging or aiding the declaration or continuance of strike or lockout.

An I. W. W. miners' committee gave due notice before the present strike, but the commission held that, since the I. W. W. was "an outlaw organization," its committee was not a committee of employees, within the meaning of the law. This decision made it unlawful for anyone anywhere in the State to speak in support of the resultant strike. Almost automatically there followed the ghastly sequence: the temporarily reconstituted State police were called out, ostensibly to protect property but in reality to suppress meetings; and in due course their machine-guns shot down strikers at the Columbine mine.

A committee of the Ministerial Alliance of Weld County attended the inquest of the dead miners and reported: "We find that the present devices of our State to prevent discordant strikes have broken down. . . . This commission [of Industrial Relations] . . . has forfeited the public confidence in its effectiveness." The ministers noted its failure to give a hearing, declared that the I. W. W. committees obviously did represent the miners, and asserted that the use of the military to enforce the commission's policy was "prejudicial to any amicable settlement." And now the commission is giving a hearing to the very committee which, before the men were dead, it refused to recognize.

After the shooting the militia were called out in earnest. They suppressed meetings wholesale. "I'm not going to let the 'Wobblies' meet under my nose," said one commander, when asked for his authority. They searched homes without warrant, even at night, and refused women called out of bed time to dress. They extended the policy of the State police in arresting and holding strike leaders incommunicado, and in jailing sympathizers whose sole offense was criticism of the military officials.

The Adjutant General of Colorado advised the Governor that unless he would proclaim military law and so

suspend habeas corpus, men arrested by the military could not be held. The Governor declined to act, and nine strike leaders were released. Then more were arrested. The military officers, on appeal, let some go but insisted on holding others. The American Civil Liberties Union went into court asking a writ of habeas corpus, and found two things. First, a statute of 1921 which in certain emergencies authorized local militia commanders, in conjunction with local civil authorities, to proclaim a state of insurrection and act accordingly, notifying the Governor later. Next, a decision of the State Supreme Court in the Moyer case in 1905, holding that when the Governor has declared a state of insurrection and called out the militia, they may without process of law hold any persons aiding and abetting the insurrection until its suppression. In such cases habeas corpus does not apply. Such prisoners must finally be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, with their offenses specified.

The court held that this decision applied to the present situation, despite the fact that the Governor had proclaimed neither martial law nor a state of insurrection. Military commanders in certain areas, desiring to be free from civil authority and beyond the reach of habeas corpus, had made such proclamations on their own authority.

Thus does military usurpation by a political-industrial faction become law. Thus are defenders of civil liberties turned into outlaws and rebels. Thus does a law suspending the right to strike become magnified on the American scene until it wipes out all civil liberty and establishes a new form of slave state.

The Better America

EZRA MEEKER, who in 1852 spent six months traveling behind oxen between Omaha, Nebraska, and Portland, Oregon, and who in 1924 retraced that route in an army airplane in thirteen and a half hours, has reason to think that we have improved our ways of communication. He also, as appears by reports of a speech he made the other day to the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, believes that we have improved in more subtle respects. "It is a slow process and it takes time," he said, "but things are better even today. Intellectual and artistic opportunities are, of course, much more plentiful." They are indeed. Since 1852 we have had a Johns Hopkins, a new Harvard, and a new Columbia, not to speak of a University of Chicago and of many State universities with thousands enrolled in each. We have seen researches conducted in physics, chemistry, bacteriology, astronomy, and medicine of which our great-grandfathers never dreamed. We have more or less learned how to write history, and we have created an enormous reading public for books of all sorts from the best on down.

But perhaps it is not sufficiently realized how many kinds of opportunity we have. There exists a "Who's Who in Occultism, New Thought, Psychism, and Spiritualism," edited by William C. Hartmann for the guidance of those seeking to elevate themselves in the universe. A copy of this work having come to us, we have learned that here in our own country one may seek understanding from graphologists, phrenologists, astrologists, magnetic healers, metaphysical practitioners, chromatists, numerologists, palmists, Rosicrucians, sexologists, mesmerists, theosophists, and anthroposophists, among others. Or, if one wants company in

the new life, one may join the Ancient and Mystical Order of Melchizedek, the Ancient Order of Illuminates, the Confraternity of the Mystical Life, the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, the Imperial Order and Council of the Magi, the Philosophers of the Living Fire, the Sacred Order of the Blue Flame, the Triple Order and Grand Temple of Eulis, or simply the Faithists.

If these offer too meager a program, one is advised to seek entrance into the American Academy of Astrologians, which originally was limited in membership to thirty chosen persons, but which reserved the power to add others later:

The fellowship restriction to this particular number was, for Hermetic and Kabalistic reasons, in consonance with its mystical character and aims. It is the perfect number (10) tripled in a ratio of fruitfulness (3), and equates with Arcane III of the Planetary Circles, signified by "Isis-Urania," the generative principle in the manifesting realms. This point is ruled by the cohesive Venus, the Egyptian Isis, crowned with 12 stars, the solar nimbus about her head symbolizing the creative power of intelligence, while the eyes covering the cube on which she sits emblemize the visions of Hermes; her feet rest upon the crescent of the Moon, showing the subjection of matter to mind; in one hand is a globe-tipped scepter, in the other is an eagle posed, its head turned toward her indicating the human soul reverting to its God principle, in which name of Deity the G possesses the kabalistic value of 3. The lesser Arcane XXX, in the fatidic circle of Venus is governed by Jupiter. Thus Love, Judgment, and Fecundity are numerically synthesized in the ground-plan of this Structure.

We ourselves feel tempted to take a train to Roscoe, California, where "Freedom Hill Henry, B. J." conducts the Brotherhood of Bifurcated Jackasses, a society which Mr. Hartmann assures us in a parenthesis is "a serious effort." Brother Henry, who confesses at the head of his announcement that he has sugar-coated his cosmic teachings for those who are not strong enough to take them straight, says:

The Stable will be open to specially invited members of good kicking every Saturday evening. And you are invited. . . . The purpose of this arrangement is to enable you, after having worn your harness all week, to lay off your pack-saddle on which you have carried your burdens of civilization . . . and take a rest by actively becoming your natural jackass self. . . . You will be allowed to bray, sing, kick, yell, recite, dance, play tricks, roll over, laugh out loud, and do other things. . . . Come any Saturday evening with hay and carrots and you will find the Chief with his long ears. He! Haw! Till we meet again.

We recommend the advertisements at the end as literature which should throw light on anyone's personal problems. Not only can you send for gazing crystals, ouija boards, astro-amulets, and "West African drugs"; you can appeal to "human engineers" who will tell "who and what you are," and in desperate need you can drop a line to the Brotherhood of Light, Los Angeles, whose ad begins: "What Do You Want? Whatever it is we can help you to get it."

Our only criticism of this "Who's Who" is that it has been too generous in compiling its list of newthoughtists and metaphysicians. We note, for instance, the names of Alfred Adler, Beatrice Hinkle, C. G. Jung, George W. Kirchwey, Robert Millikan, Michael Pupin, and Margaret Sanger. These were hardly worthy of the honor. They are mere scientists who say that knowledge is still what it used to be, something painful to acquire.

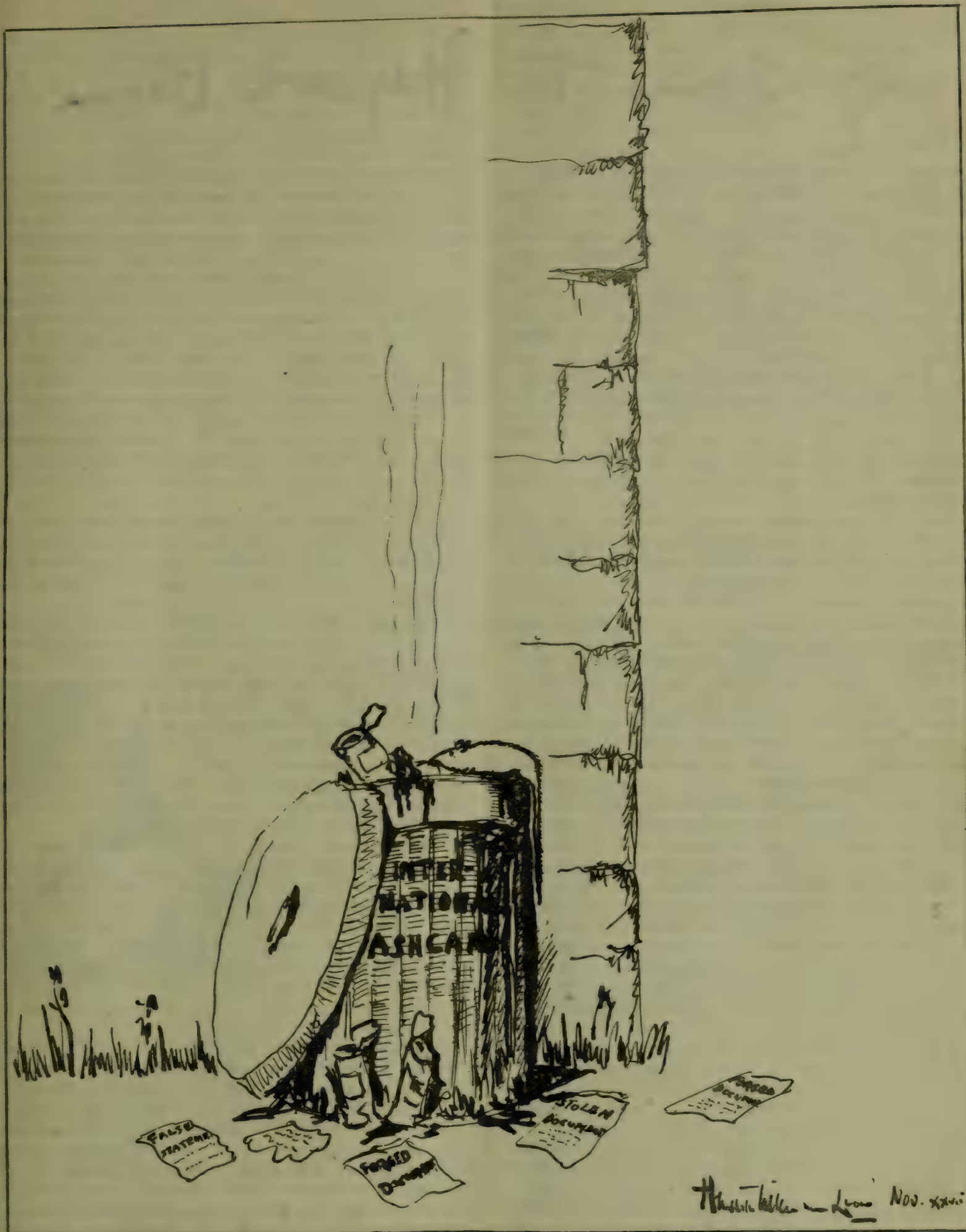
The Cult of Culture

STATISTICS, having been applied to almost everything else, have now been turned loose on culture. It seems a little hard on culture. In so far as culture is anything other than intellectual snobbery or pure pose, it is a matter of mind and spirit; it is a cultivation of the mental and aesthetic side of life as differentiated from the material. To apply the statistical method to the immaterial is like trying to measure the infinite or tabulate the unknown.

Yet there are figures which have a bearing on the subject, among them those collected by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, who has spent a couple of years visiting American cities in the interest of the National Association of Book Publishers. Mr. Potter rates the culture of our cities by their per capita expenditure for libraries, together with certain other considerations, especially schools and bookstores. Per capita expenditure on libraries is a legitimate statistical basis as far as it goes, though it certainly does not go far, and is only a partial indication of the value even of the libraries. Schools and bookstores are important, to which we might add the character of the stage and the press, the state of painting, architecture, and music, the existence of lecture courses, forums, and learned societies, and—most important and intangible of all—the influence of all those upon the individual and their penetration into the home.

But taking the mere matter of expenditure for libraries, Mr. Potter places Cleveland first—among cities of more than 200,000 persons—because it yearly spends \$1.39 per person. Boston is shouldered into second place, Cincinnati ranks high, Chicago and New York occupy a mid-way position, while Philadelphia trails the list. Probably there may be extenuating circumstances in the case of Philadelphia. Certainly with respect to New York, although it may be starving its libraries today—its per capita expenditure is about forty-one cents a year—it has accumulations from the past which make its bibliographic resources more valuable for reference and research than those of Cleveland.

Mr. Potter sends Pittsburgh and Columbus (Ohio) to the foot of the class in culture, but for reasons other than their expenditures for libraries. He disqualifies them because of their blue laws. This strikes us as intelligent. The existence of mere symbols of culture in a community can have no significance unless their influence gets home to the people. Tolerance is the very essence of culture; without it libraries, lectures, and marble statues on the street corners are of no consequence. In Pittsburgh no dramatic or motion-picture performances are permitted on Sunday, nor any other entertainment—not even concerts—to which admission is charged. There are a great many working people in and around Pittsburgh, and perhaps the city's controlling classes don't want these workers to enjoy their Sundays so well that they will find it a strain to go back to their hard and grimy toil on Monday morning. In Columbus—95 per cent of the population of which is native white—Mr. Potter advised the Chamber of Commerce to bring in some foreign-born in order to raise the cultural level. Such sidelights interest us more than the attempt to apply a mathematical yardstick to culture.



Hearst

It Seems To Heywood Brown

HOW anybody can hate Calvin Coolidge is mysterious to me. I would as soon think of hating Mr. Polly of whom Wells wrote a history. Nor is it a contemptuous tolerance which dulls a sharper feeling. Calvin Coolidge in person has not swum across my ken, but enough has been written to make me feel I know the man. One generalization concerning him has been neglected. Here for almost the first time is a wistful President of the United States. If, in some future day, a chronicle is written around his Administration the chief figure should be played by somebody like Charlie Chaplin. Add to wistfulness a rare courage and there results a figure competent to pick at the heart-strings.

The courage of Coolidge requires some further explanation. In a sense his arrival in the White House was grotesque. He was nominated for Vice-President under a misconception and became President through a fluke. By no means the smallest man who ever succeeded to that high office, he was still among the small ones. Unlike the little fellows who preceded him, Calvin Coolidge possessed no delusion of grandeur to bulwark him in a role for which he felt himself unsuited. Not since an understudy sought to drive the chariot of the Sun have reins been held in hands more agitated. But Calvin flew neither too high nor too low. In spite of inner quakings he kept the course.

As it happens, I am against rather more than half the things for which Mr. Coolidge stands, but in looking back over his official acts it is hard to see much discrepancy between what occurred and what he wanted. And he happened to believe in most of the things which he wanted. Judged from any idealistic standard, the Administration of Calvin Coolidge cannot justly be called an unqualified success. It is debatable whether the prosperity to which his supporters point with pride is deeply rooted. Certainly, it has been within his time that America has earned the greater part of its present international unpopularity. Nicaragua is a bloody blot; there has not been, as yet, high wisdom in dealing with either floods or farmers. But, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the country has not gone to wrack and ruin under the guidance of this average man who became our President. Accordingly the cause of democracy has received a needed vindication. Unless the United States can function under the leadership of Babbitt and his brothers we are in a bad way. Obviously our political system is stacked against the choice of great men. More readily might a camel pass through a needle's eye than genius gain the White House. We know, for instance, that neither a Washington nor a Lincoln could possibly be President today if he happened to live in Idaho or Montana. And to this list there might be added all the Southern States as well as Utah and Nevada. There is a theory, too, that a successful candidate cannot be either Wet or Dry, agnostic, Catholic, or Jew. And underneath this lies the fact that a great man has generally too many foes ever to receive a nomination from a major party.

Naturally, I do not contend that Calvin Coolidge rears up as far as the garter line upon the calf of Norris or of Borah, but save in desperation there is no point in mentioning these men since we all know that they are not available. For Coolidge, I contend that few men have ever done so well in the light of their limitations. He seemed a preposterous figure when he took the oath of office. I would not call him preposterous now. Something of luck he may have had. Prosperity, for instance, is only dimly dependent upon Presidential manipulation. Still, I would allow something for the fact that Coolidge has never lost sight of his own deficiencies. A proper ratio has been maintained between his biting and his chewing range. Of hypocrisy I would acquit him. To be sure, he has spoken upon occasion idle and empty words of idealism, but you cannot find the same gap between the phrase and the act as was evident in the reign of Woodrow Wilson or that of Theodore Roosevelt, both of them greater men than Coolidge. Calvin Coolidge has never spoken idealistically and passionately in the same breath. Such flowers as he has flung have been tossed out with a perfunctory gesture and were most obviously proffered as set pieces.

Of late, he has done a great deal to debunk the Presidency. The matter may not be one of gravest moment and yet I warm to him because he decided that one Gridiron dinner a year was ample for a chief executive. Again it was pleasant to hear that he walked out of an official banquet immediately after making his own brief remarks. Something of confidence has come to him in the closing years of his Administration and he has scaled down materially the talking obligations of the office by refusing speeches and messages to many organizations which had come to expect them as their due.

Harding was, I should say, an even smaller man than Coolidge but, apparently, he could never quite grasp the fact of insufficiency and surrounded himself for the most part with individuals even more grossly miscast than himself. Calvin, on the other hand, has made some excellent appointments. He ranks at least an assist in the brilliant play of Morrow to Mexico. His selective wisdom has not been 100 per cent. Specifically there is the navy, but it is an old and tough tradition that a fool shall be called to head that particular department.

Entirely aside from his official acts I find in Calvin Coolidge a personal quality which is appealing. For companionship I would never seek out anyone from New England, but I like the men from that section as locomotive engineers, chauffeurs, and bartenders. They can be trusted with steering wheels and cash registers. Indeed I must say that a Puritan President does not seem to me such a bad idea. In the beginning I liked Coolidge because of a story told to me by a Washington correspondent of liberal tendencies. It was his fate to be invited for a week-end trip upon the Mayflower and he had no stomach for the journey since he expected to be buttonholed and hear dull

talk about "my policies." Besides he had a sprained ankle. He went. On the second day Calvin Coolidge found this particular newspaperman alone upon the deck and sat beside him. "Here it comes," thought the correspondent but, instead of policies, the President began by inquiring about the sprained ankle. Mr. Coolidge listened with great interest to the details and replied with a long story of the manner in which he himself had injured a toe while serving as Vice-President and living at the Willard. Every symptom was recounted and the precise method of successful treatment explained. At the end of this discourse Calvin arose and said "Good morning. Glad to have had a chance to talk to you." The rest was silence.

Again, I find myself moved by a tale concerning a more recent interview. This time the President called in a great man whom he planned to send upon a mission. The caller sat with the President before a window overlooking a lawn on which a collie was frisking. The great man (I refer to the visitor) outlined at length his own conception of the purposes of his mission, the difficulties, and the remedies. Calvin was all attention and when the guest had ended he turned to him and said, "Tom, do you like doggies?"

There was, also, the possibly apocryphal story of the

President, the photographer, and Mrs. Coolidge. According to this tale, Calvin spoke somewhat sharply to his wife when she chose to assume a pose which seemed to him unfortunate. Immediately, upon his comment, she turned and walked away to go indoors. The President smiled at the camera man a little sheepishly and when last seen and heard he was pattering across the White House lawn and calling in placating fashion, "Oh, Mama! Wait, Mama!"

I choose to believe that Coolidge will not run again in 1928. His words seemed plain enough to me and I am prepared to accept them at the letter. If he ran, then, or at any future time I would not be likely to vote for him. Still an opposition ballot on my part would carry with it nothing of remorse or revenge. Nor very much hope. Calvin Coolidge is not a great President but he comes very close to being precisely what the public wants. He has walked on and played himself, which any actor can tell you is no mean feat. A square peg in a round hole is not a tragic figure if the peg happens to be wholly aware of its own corners. And anyhow I would find it very hard to grow indignant at any man who looked so pitiful in cowboy costume.

Good whittling, Cal.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
January 2

NOT in a long while has Washington witnessed a more audacious freebooting foray in behalf of the larger business interests than the proposed retroactive reduction of the federal tax on corporation profits.

The House already has approved the reduction from 13½ per cent to 11½ per cent, making it effective January 1,

1927, so that it will be applicable on the profits for all the past year. That smooth-running combine of standpat Republicans and reactionary Democrats, which always goes into action when revenue measures are under consideration in the Senate, is preparing to follow suit. It will mean a straight-out gift to the big corporations of not less than \$166,000,000 over and above the future benefits of the reduction.

There are still a few intrepid souls who challenge the infallibility of Andrew Mellon's economic dogma, but assuming that he is correct in the theory he has so persistently maintained—that corporation taxes are passed on and paid by the consumer—then the proposed retroactive pruning appears in an even more indefensible light. If Mr. Mellon's logic is sound, the corporations al-

ready have collected their 1927 taxes from the people and are merely holding them in trust for the government until the proper time for turning them over to the internal revenue collector. Unless "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" is mistaken, we are in effect about to say to the corporations: "Just salt that \$166,000,000 away, boys; but remember it will soon be time to pass the hat for the 1928 campaign."

J. E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is authority for the statement that the 1927 prosperity was a somewhat spotty affair and that the great bulk of the profits were made by a very restricted group of the most powerful corporations. If Mr. Edgerton is right, the \$166,000,000 will go largely into the pockets of enterprises already gorged with profits and needing tax relief less than ever before in their history. A concern, for instance, making \$200,000,000 gets \$4,000,000. It isn't hard to figure out some of the chief beneficiaries—United States Steel, General Motors, the Du Ponts, Standard Oil. And what a neat little gift to that needy old gentleman, Mr. Mellon himself!

The only parallel we have seen for this plunder was in 1926 when for the sake of the unfortunate heirs of the tobacco king, the late Mr. Duke, Congress put through a retroactive reduction on the federal-estate tax, amounting to some \$80,000,000, most of which went to certain multimillionaire fortunes which had been maintaining an unseen but effective lobby in Washington. The iniquity of that deed is now to be multiplied by two.

Meanwhile, the White House prattle about the dire need of governmental thrift goes on. We propose to hand over \$166,000,000 to corporations which boast they have



had one of the most prosperous years in their history and then pinch pennies on Mississippi flood control.

* * * * *

THE power trust has just demonstrated more convincingly than ever before that its plants can generate votes in the Senate as well as electric juice.

Few lobbies have ever more impressively proved their value to the interests they serve than did the utilities junta in inducing the Senate to shelve the Walsh resolution under the flimsy pretense of sending it to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. The resolution provided for a searching inquiry into the ramifications, financial, political, and economic, of the interlocking power interests which control public utilities throughout the country. It had been under consideration a long time, but the power lobbyists skilfully maneuvered to keep it from reaching a vote until they had applied the proper pressure to Senators.

Progressive Senators on both sides of the aisle fought to keep the resolution from being sidetracked. The vote was a close one. The power trust won by a vote of 40 to 36. Some of the most ludicrously disguised vote-dodging ever seen in the Senate attended the roll-call. Senators, torn between their fear of their constituents' wrath and their dread of incurring the hostility of the utilities combine, actually hid in the cloakrooms and corridors and could be seen from the galleries furtively peering into the Senate chamber to make sure that the roll-call had been completed before they entered.

Among those who did not vote were both the Republican and the Democratic floor leaders—Senator Curtis of Kansas and Senator Robinson of Arkansas; Schall of Minnesota, Waterman of Colorado, Fletcher and Trammell

of Florida, Harrison and Stephens of Mississippi, Harris and George of Georgia, Caraway of Arkansas, and Reed of Pennsylvania.

Of course, there is still a chance that the resolution may be drawn out of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Jim Watson, chairman of the committee, grows indignant at the suggestion that he is quietly putting it away in moth-balls for the remainder of the session. He is merely trying to have it modified so that the proposed inquiry will not run off into unreasonable channels, he explains. Senator Walsh of Montana promises to make every man toe the mark in the Senate again so that the entire country may know who opposed the resolution and who supported it.

* * * * *

STILL further to augment their power on Capitol Hill, the utilities interests have engaged the services of Ex-Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, erstwhile liberal, whose reactionary tendencies became so pronounced that the good people of Wisconsin were compelled to retire him to private life. Mr. Lenroot, off the public pay roll on March 4 last, has joined the army of "lame ducks" who go into the practice of law in Washington. It is a profitable game, filled with interesting playmates who get by on the strength of the official titles they used to hold.

As an ex-member of the Senate, entitled to the courtesies of the floor and cloakrooms, Mr. Lenroot can sit down and talk it over with the boys, and show them the path to favor with the power moguls. Mr. Lenroot has not been conspicuous in the public eye since he and Reed Smoot went secretly to Albert B. Fall's apartment to help him explain the Teapot Dome deal, but he ought to be able to earn his retainer now with the power trust.

The Vanquished Indian

By JOHN COLLIER

A STORM of defensive efforts for the American Indian began in 1922, through the initiative of the Federated Women Clubs, the Indian Defense Associations, and certain tribal Indian federations. As a by-product there was obtained from Congress an incomplete grant of citizenship to Indians in 1924. Indians, who remained essentially serfs under the Indian Bureau, found themselves at the same time voters. Still excluded from constitutional defenses, they got the ballot, and their vote in several States holds the potential balance of power. The citizenship act has produced mental rather than material effects, but they are measurable in the present Indian crisis. Congress is attending to the Indian problems in a new way, and the Indians are hopeful in a new way, and the intangible value of status—a status apparent if not real—is increasingly felt.

The Indian Bureau has speeded the development of a new consciousness by its efforts, in 1926, to obliterate the rhetorical intent of the citizenship act of 1924, and to broaden its own powers of arrest, fine, and imprisonment of Indians without court process.

In addition, and not accidentally, a changed popular view of Indians has come. The public does not now consider Indians worthless, nuisances, archaisms, savages, or

half-animals. Representative Indian groups have made their case known through speech, song, drama, and dance from coast to coast. Scores of thousands of tourists have visited the Southwest tribes. Zuni and Hopi runners have captured the Marathons. An authentic literature on Indians streams forth in ever-growing volume. When new or chronic outrages upon the Indians are made known, they stir the mind of the public in unwonted ways.

And this growth of a changed realization about Indians is being helped by the Interior Department and the Indian Bureau. An intensified official persecution against Indian religions, and the bizarre pronouncements of the Indian Commissioner against Indian forms of worship, have educated Indians and whites alike. An increased official drive against Indian family life has helped to fan popular indignation, though at heavy cost in Indian misery and death. Cumulative, self-heralded maladministration may yet prove to be the tool which will set the Indians free.

Indian wealth is vanishing under the pretended guardianship of the Bureau. Its yearly diminution is 4 per cent—this in a time of rapidly enhancing values everywhere else. I quote the uncontradicted details, from testimony of

the American Indian Defense Association before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, February 23, 1927 (Printed Hearings on Senate Resolution 341).

The Indian estate—the capital value of the estate held in trust by the government, leaving out of account the fast-dwindling or hypothetical oil and mineral resources—has shrunk through the past four years at 4 per cent each year. The data is exclusively that furnished by the Indian Bureau during successive years when the bureau was campaigning to convince Congress and the public that the Indians were rapidly becoming wealthy. Through padding its totals with estimated mineral and oil wealth, the bureau has created an apparent wealth-increase of 119 per cent for the Indians in four years, from 1922 to 1926; but its tables of the specific classes of Indian wealth tell the fatal truth. The Indian allotted lands held in government trust have shrunk \$69,000,000, or 16.6 per cent, in these four years. The individual Indian moneys in government trust have shrunk 36.3 per cent, and the tribal moneys 18.5 per cent. The total shrinkage over four years has been \$122,000,000, but to this must be added the ever-mounting reimbursable indebtedness.

This reimbursable indebtedness, forced on the tribes by Congress through Indian Bureau initiative or consent, now stands at \$31,000,000. To date more than \$9,000,000 has been extorted from the Indians in payment.

The Indian Bureau has met the above charges by a characteristic device. Its annual report, just published, jumps the Indian wealth, exclusive of oil, gas, and minerals, \$120,000,000 in the last year. It raises the value of Indian allotted lands \$65,000,000. It reports an Indian bank balance (individual Indian moneys held in trust) of \$73,000,000, against \$22,000,000 last year. It increases the appraised value of Indian "homes, barns, and furniture" 68 per cent in one year. The Navajo hogans of the Western Navajo jurisdiction soar in value from \$1,400 last year, to \$50,000 this year. The pueblo mud houses north of Santa Fe are appraised at \$401,000. Statistical joy-riding of this kind should not persuade Congress!

The Indian death-rate in thirty-three States, in the last four completed years of the federal census, increased 48 per cent. The hearings quoted above contain the uncontradicted United States census figures, supported by 5,000 words of statistical evidence:

The Indian death-rate has risen 48 per cent in the registration area in four years, through 1924, the latest year of complete U. S. census tabulation. The rate is now approximately double the rate in the general population. The registration area includes thirty-three States with Indian populations. The Indian tuberculous death-rate in the registration area is six times the white death-rate, according to the census. In the country as a whole the Indian tuberculous death-rate is seven and a half times the white tuberculous death-rate, according to Commissioner Burke of the Indian Bureau. The Indian death-rate under one year is two and five-sevenths the general population rate, according to the U. S. census. Commissioner Burke states that the Indian death-rate between one and three years is higher than between birth and one year. About 21 per cent of the Indians, or more than 60,000, are suffering from trachoma, which causes blindness, according to Dr. Guthrie, medical chief of the Indian Bureau.

The onslaught against Indian culture, Indian tribal morals, religion, and family life continues. The official policy of destroying the aboriginal institutions, down to and including the family and the parent-child relation, is an old

one. It is a product of the sentiment, or judgment, crystallized in General Francis A. Walker's statement as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1871: "When dealing with savage men, as with savage beasts, no question of national honor can arise." The quoted words of the present Indian Commissioner, Charles H. Burke, used at Taos Pueblo, when addressing the Indians in 1924 (testified to by the whole tribal council of Taos), again embody the sentiment, or judgment: "Do you want to remain half-animal?"

Indian tribal life meant, and means, a certain capacity to resist exploitation and to assert dignity and will against bureaucratic manhandling. To "Americanize" Indians, to "Christianize" them, to "individualize" them, is an old and settled official policy. But the present Indian Bureau control has elaborated the doctrine in two practical ways.

It has carried the proscription of Indian religions to sensational, even grotesque limits. And it has cherished the institution most precisely designed to kill the Indianhood in Indians and to mutilate their family life. That institution is the compulsory government boarding-school.

The bureau announces that it has crowded the Indian boarding-schools to 38 per cent beyond their physical capacity. It has pushed down to six years the age at which Indian children are taken from their parents to these schools, and up to 18 years the time when they are set free. It has maintained the "outing" system, designed to save Indian boys and girls from family and tribal contamination during their vacation times. Hopi and Navajo girls are sent to Los Angeles for "protection"; Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo boys are sent to the beet-fields of Kansas and Colorado. At the Tuba City (Arizona) boarding-school in September I found five Navajo boys, and at the Santa Fe boarding-school three more, all stricken with typhoid contracted in the moral and hygienic purity of the beet-fields. They had not received typhoid vaccination, because, as the Indian Bureau physician explained, "30 per cent or more of the Navajo boys suffer from tuberculosis, and typhoid vaccination might work havoc."

These Indian boarding-schools vary in physical details, but their task of effacing Indianhood and Indian family life goes ahead unvaryingly. As for some physical conditions which are tolerated, I quote the Indian Bureau doctor at Leupp, Arizona, whose wire to the Indian Commission, April 29, 1925, reads: "We have had an epidemic of influenza and measles since March 18. Four deaths, one typhus suspect in the hospital, and the dormitories and hospital are foul with contagion." Dr. Warren was practically driven from the Indian service because he sent the above and similar telegrams to the Indian Commissioner alone. Mrs. Nellie Wiegel, State chairman of the Federated Women's Clubs of Colorado, reported about the Shiprock boarding-school on the Navajo reservation:

Everything was covered with flies. While I was in the kitchen the newly baked bread was brought in, loaf after loaf, and placed on long tables; as soon as it was cool enough it was immediately covered, completely covered, with flies.

I watched the little tots coming from religious instruction, and I never saw such dirty, raggedy dresses on a human being in my life. Every one was a misfit, and of all forlorn, lonesome, heart-hungry beggars, they were that. [Senate Hearings, Feb. 23, 1927.]

Indians are United States government wards. Congress has plenary—unconditioned—power over them. Con-

gress can delegate its powers to the executive, and largely has delegated them. Secretary Hubert Work and Commissioner Charles H. Burke rule a domain of 110,000 square miles by personal government.

Guardians over assets totaling several hundred millions, they account to no court—nor to anybody else, since Congress does not make them account to Congress. They sell and lease vast properties under rules and regulations of their own making, which they can change or suspend at will. Their decisions are practically unreviewable by any court. They themselves are removable by no court.

Indian personal life is controlled in the same plenary manner. Regulations by the Secretary of the Interior have the force and effect of statute law. The penal code for Indians, save in the case of eight crimes named in Federal statutes, is made by the Interior Department, is not published, and can be changed or suspended at will. Under that code, or outside it, Indians are arrested, fined, and imprisoned without trial and without court review. Those who trade with Indians are licensed by the Department. Its revocation of their licenses is conclusive. Those who traffic in any manner with Indians on reservations are subject to bureau espionage with unreviewable power to eject them. Those who investigate, preach, or even dig amid ruins on the reservations are similarly subject to espionage.

The bureau leaves the Indian family intact, or physically tears it apart, and its decisions are final and its acts, and the method of them, short of outright torture or killing, unreviewable. An Indian leaves a will; the bureau may heed it or destroy it, and the heirs have no recourse. In 1926 the bureau actually destroyed one-fifth of the Indian wills on which action was taken in that year. Most of the valuable Indian land is allotted under bureau trust to individual Indians. If an Indian possessing allotted land is judged to be "incapable" (by the unreviewable Indian Bureau), he may be ejected and white men put upon his land. If Indian allotted land is coveted by white men, the bureau may, and does, lease it to them in its unreviewable discretion, for no consideration beyond the supposed improvements which the white man's use will bring to the land. Land belonging to the allotted Indian who dies is sold to white men, when and as the bureau may determine, and passes out of Indian ownership automatically; the heirs are made landless.

Congress in years gone by, in forms of treaties and statute laws, has given various protections to the Indians. These protections, especially the statutes safeguarding the indivisible tribal estate as distinct from the allotted lands, stand between the Indians and the fast-developing onslaught against their property.

The Indian Bureau, in a series of adventures since 1922, has sought to break down these protections and wipe them from the books. One of these adventures is now under way, and because it illustrates the others and exhibits the official "father" at his best or worst, and because it is a situation crying for citizen intervention, I briefly describe it.

The Flathead tribe, in Montana, numbering 2,800 souls, are owners of a large water-power site. Its potential exceeds 250,000 of primary horse-power. The tribe's ownership is vested through a treaty seventy years old, and the exclusive enjoyment of the earnings from the water-power is guaranteed to the tribe by the Federal Water-Power Act of 1920.

A \$5,000,000 debt has been placed on the Indian lands since 1908. This debt has purchased an asset in the shape of an irrigation system now functioning to only 31 per cent capacity. Ninety-six per cent of this used capacity is in the possession or use of whites. The whites are finding difficulty in meeting their share of the obligation to the Government. They are morally entitled to relief through a writing-off of their indebtedness by an act of Congress. But the Interior Department prefers that the Flathead Indians shall assume the debts of these white farmers. And the farmers are willing.

The Indian Bureau wasted \$101,000 some years ago in a fantastic tunnel project, never completed, designed to siphon or pump irrigation water. Later the bureau sought to convince Congress that power generated at this tunnel-site could be used for pumping water to an average elevation of 325 feet to fill the irrigation ditches, constructed years ago but still wholly or partly dry. The dead loss of this investment in the tunnel is now admitted by all. The Indian Bureau would like to recover \$101,000 (for itself, not for the Flathead Indians) out of the proceeds of the Flathead power—in other words, out of the Indians.

The Federal Power Commission would like a part of the cash from the Indian power site, to be used for its own operating costs. The Montana Power Company wants the Flathead power site at a rental as low and with competition as restricted as Congress can be persuaded to grant.

These are the elements which have joined in as lusty an adventure as Indian history records. The whole undertaking was put in a written "tentative agreement," at the Indian Bureau February 17 last. This agreement plans the confiscation of the Flathead power, delivering the power site to the Montana Power Company, and delivering the company's payment therefor, first, to the white irrigation district in the form of power at cost; second, to the Indian Bureau in reimbursement for its \$101,000 tunnel fantasy; third, to the Federal Power Commission; and finally, to the amount of one-third or less of the cash rental, to the Flathead tribe. The Flathead tribe, remember, is the exclusive owner of the water-power site and of any revenue which it may yield.

To achieve the confiscation it is necessary to override the treaty and to mutilate the Federal Water-Power Act. The attempt was first made in Congress one week before the adjournment last March, in the form of jokers appended to the second Urgent Deficiency Bill, sponsored by Louis I. Crampton, who is chairman of the Interior Department subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. The rider went through the House in three minutes. In spite of intense activity in its behalf by the white irrigationists, the Montana Power Company and the Indian Bureau, it was defeated in the Senate.

The identical plot, probably altered in some surface details, is to be sprung on the new Congress. Heavy lobbying is under way at this writing. The issue is greater than the figure of 250,000 horse-power suggests, because there are other Indian water-powers, large and coveted, and the legislative precedent insisted on by the Indian Bureau is a precedent for confiscating all of this type of Indian wealth.

Senator King of Utah introduced a resolution last February providing for a Senate investigation of Indian affairs. The bureau fought the King resolution and the

measure was lost in the crush of the filibuster. It has been reintroduced and should pass the Senate immediately. And the appointment of Senator Frazier to the chairmanship of the Indian Affairs Committee should be of the greatest help.

The Institute for Government Research has just completed an ambitious study of Indian affairs. That study will be delivered to the Secretary of the Interior. The several reports on Indian health, Indian property, Indian schools, and Indian agricultural needs without doubt will be subpoenaed by Congress if they can be made public in no other way. Otherwise their history may be that of the American Red Cross Report on Indian Health, which was suppressed absolutely by the Indian Bureau.

No possible reforms, of the merely administrative type, can meet the situation. The Indian is a victim of exploitation through a system that denies him, individually and collectively, status and equal protection before the law. There is no future for Indians save they be granted legal rights. That a complete administrative revolution is called for goes without saying. Our Indian affairs are a systematized, sanctioned, and impersonal wrong. They are not mainly chargeable to the men who are functionaries now, but to history, to Congress, and to ourselves collectively. They can be cured whenever we, through Congress, choose to cure them. If we continue to wait, only ourselves will feel virtuous when we act at last. The Indians, as Indians and as possessors of anything, will have become history.

The Radio Trust Rolls On

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SOMNOLENT public opinion, lulled into that desirable state by pleasant radio programs and a smooth-running publicity machine, has continued in the last six months to keep the air cleared for an obedient servant of the people, the radio trust. This providential combine has gathered in another group of independent manufacturers—at a minimum annual royalty of \$100,000 each; and by deft manipulation, strictly in accordance with the law, has shaken choice plums out of the Federal Radio Commission though that body was created “to maintain the control of the United States over all channels of interstate and foreign radio transmission.” Among these plums have been a number of short wave-lengths, which recently have become exceedingly valuable in the field of long-distance commercial communication. Today the control of the wireless cabal over manufacturing and broadcasting could not be more complete; since July 1 its dominion over commercial communications has been greatly strengthened, despite the gesture of opposition offered by the newly created Postal Federal Telegraph alliance in the far West. Apparently all that remains to make permanent this control is to have the present session of Congress extend indefinitely the life of the Federal Radio Commission.

Early in 1927 several patent suits, initiated by the Radio Corporation of America, were pending in the courts. Later, after RCA had won a preliminary skirmish, the majority of these suits were settled out of court, by which arrangement a number of independent manufacturers were brought into the trust's patent pool. Included among these were Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, Zenith Radio Corporation, Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Crosley Radio Corporation, Radio Reception Company, Inc., All-America Radio Corporation, American Bosch Magneto Company, and Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company. The settlement called for the payment of back royalties at the rate of 7½ per cent on the sale price of all radio devices sold, a sum “considerably more than \$1,000,000,” and the payment in the future of royalties at the same rate. Discussing the agreement reached with the first of these companies, the Radio Corporation said: “Aside from the payment of royalties by Atwater Kent and the freedom which it gives his company to go forward without being

hampered by the lack of basic patents or the distraction of litigation, the licensing agreement will have no other effect upon the radio industry, which is on a vigorously competitive basis.” Considering that most of the basic radio patents have expired or are about to expire and that competition obviously is permitted only upon payment of tribute to the controlling syndicate, this statement appears somewhat faulty. At least that is the view generally held by the independents, and particularly so by the DeForest Radio Company, the Northern Manufacturing Company, the United Radio and Electrical Corporation, the Televocal Corporation, and certain individuals doing business under the name of the Sonatron Tube Corporation, who on November 29 filed suit in the United States District Court in Wilmington, Delaware, asking that the Radio Corporation of America be restrained from continuing its monopoly of the industry.

In the meanwhile the trust has been handsomely aided by the Federal Radio Commission. When the Dill-White bill was before Congress at its last session the General Electric-Westinghouse ring bitterly opposed the plan to set up an independent radio commission. In this it was supported by President Coolidge, who declared that an independent body would further complicate the growing governmental bureaucracy; the President wanted radio supervision placed directly under a Cabinet officer, who would be responsible to him. But Senator C. C. Dill of Washington insisted, and he was supported by the independent radio interests. Eventually the contending forces compromised; Dill and the independents were to have their commission, but its life was to last only a year, no longer; the radio coalition could after that look forward to one-man supervision, which apparently was what it desired. Since the organization of the commission last spring, however, the opponents of the combine have become disillusioned and the trust amply repaid by the compromise. The former had believed that the commissioners would be outstanding, liberal-minded men; instead, so they now allege, the Radio Commission was packed with men either overly friendly toward the General Electric family or under direct obligations to the radio trust. Before the radio law became effective the Secretary of Commerce was under a mandate to issue broadcasting permits to any and all applicants who complied with the minimum mechanical require-

ments; only in assigning wave-lengths was he permitted to use his discretion. Under the Radio Act of 1927 the commission is given the widest possible latitude in granting licenses.

A review of the licenses granted in the last few months shows that almost without exception applications received from the RCA group have been approved, while those from dissentient concerns have usually been listed for future hearing. It is not unreasonable to point out that the smaller applicants can rarely afford to attend these hearings in person, to pay an attorney to be on hand at all times to keep alive the commission's interest in their applications, or to pay the expenses of the large number of witnesses that would be needed to convince the commission that the broadcasting or commercial service contemplated is really in the "public interest."

Lately the Federal Radio Commission has put into effect a new wave-length reallocation scheme, under which as many as 300 of the 685 broadcasting stations in the country may be refused license renewals after the first of February. Already twenty-five licensees have been forced off the air. Most radio experts readily agree that this move may eventually clear away much of the interference in and overcrowding of the available broadcasting channels; but it is nevertheless noteworthy that none of the radio trust's stations has been among those which have fallen by the wayside. But the recusant radio interests have tired of barking at that particular moon; seemingly the trust's grip on broadcasting has become unbreakable. At the moment the conflict is over the control of short wave-lengths. Until very recently the wave-lengths under 200 meters were considered worthless; they were left to the amateurs to play with. But these experimenters soon revealed that they could reach Australia, Japan, and South Africa from the United States by means of fifteen to thirty meter waves. Further exploration disclosed that these short waves have immense commercial possibilities. They have a high trajectory—that is to say, they are lifted high into the air immediately upon leaving the sending device and come to earth again hundreds and even thousands of miles away. Consequently they have little value in program broadcasting, but for the same reason they can easily be adapted to long-distance commercial wireless service carried on between fixed points. Being lifted high in the air, they suffer little from interference or static such as is usually caused by metal objects on the face of the earth or by subsurface ore deposits. Moreover less power is required to transmit short waves. The Atlantic Ocean can be bridged on ten to twenty kilowatts, whereas the longer waves need power to the amount of 200 kilowatts. Less power means a smaller investment; a twenty-kilowatt transmitting plant costs from \$50,000 to \$100,000, while a 200-kilowatt plant may cost as much as \$1,000,000. Appreciating this, the General Electric combine has reached out for all the short wave-lengths made available by the Radio Commission and has succeeded in acquiring half of them.

A total of 119 of these valuable wave-lengths had until December 1 been doled out by the commission, of which number fifty-seven were assigned to members of the trust, thirty-eight to the Mackay-Federal combination, and twenty-four to miscellaneous stations. At its Rocky Point, Long Island, station the Radio Corporation is using fifteen or more of these frequency bands, and at its Bolinas, California, station several more. Many wireless experts have pointed out that the business of the Radio Corporation at this time does not require the forty-four short waves which

have been assigned to it. It has been the position of the corporation, however, that it needs them all for emergencies or for future expansion. In the meantime other present or potential commercial operators are denied the use of these waves. Similarly the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has five short waves for use at its Ocean Township, New Jersey, station, from which point it conducts a transatlantic telephone service, although at present it is operating on only one wave. So far as transoceanic wireless is concerned the trust has frankly taken the stand that such service should be in the hands of a monopoly. James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation, has declared that "it is both inexpedient and economically impractical to have more than one such system for each country on account of the limited number of ether channels available and the large amount of capital required." Nevertheless the Postal-Federal alliance, which has rounded up thirty-eight short waves, seems to be having some success in competing with the Radio Corporation's monopoly on the Pacific. But a cardinal point of the trust's program is no wireless competition with the overland wire services—particularly the Western Union, a related member of the combine. The Postal Telegraph is making a feeble effort to break through this policy, but nowhere else is there to be found the slightest semblance of a threat. The twenty-four wave-lengths for point-to-point use which have been assigned to miscellaneous stations are being used privately by business and industrial concerns including Ford Motor Company, Graham Brothers, Burton Coal Company, Firestone Rubber Company, Elgin Watch Company; by various oil pipe-line companies, airplane transport firms, and others. Aside from the Postal-Federal licenses already mentioned, not one short wave has been assigned to a commercial radio company competing or planning to compete with the Radio Corporation in long-distance wireless communication service or with the Western Union in overland telegraph service.

Clearly, then, it is to the advantage of the trust that the Radio Commission be continued as at present constituted. Judging from the number of measures being prepared at this time, Congress will have plenty of opportunity to decide whether the commission as an administrative body shall be allowed to expire at the end of its year or shall be permanently endowed with the arbitrary power it now holds. It is too early to forecast the direction new legislation will take, although one or two distinct trends are noticeable and may be worthy of comment. The Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, with Mr. Watson of Indiana as its chairman, has been working on a bill which would continue the commission as an administrative body, although when reported out it may also provide that the commission's jurisdiction be extended to embrace supervision of the telephone and telegraph systems as well as radio. Ordinarily an apathetic Congress would permit such a measure to slide through. Representative E. L. Davis, an authority on the subject and minority leader of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which has charge of radio legislation in the House, is understood to be in favor of extending the tenure of the radio commission, but he also wants the commission's power increased so that it would become a regulatory instead of a supervisory body. He would require all telephone, telegraph, and radio companies to file schedules of operating costs and income with this commission and provide for the licensing of these companies by the commission. His plan is to confer on this board the broadest possible powers

of authority over communication by wire or wireless. Another proposal, not yet fathered by any one Congressman, would set up a body to regulate and control all radio services, including peace-time and non-military service of the army and navy. At present these latter systems are not under the jurisdiction of the Radio Commission. The suggested agency would be composed of civil and military personnel, assisted by a staff of technical experts, who would have virtually complete control over all wireless activities in the country. But as this step is not far removed from actual government monopoly, it is doubtful whether it would make much progress in either House, particularly in view of the activities of the "Seventeen-Billion-Dollar Power Industry" lobby in Washington. This lobby is intimately tied up with the radio trust, not only through interlocking directorates and stock holdings, but more particularly because the electricity trust will presently find it necessary to control patents on the devices now being developed for the wireless broadcasting of power.

Quite apart from the question of the future supervision of broadcasting, Congress may be asked to investigate the past work of the Radio Commission. Many of the independent station owners who have been forced to quit the air, claiming that thereby they have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars which they had invested in broadcasting equipment, are threatening trouble and already have lined up several Congressmen in support of a resolution for investigation. This action may bring about a much-needed airing of the domination by the General Electric combine of the American radio field.

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has found scientific backing for one of his pet theories. He has long contended that some day a veritable holocaust would begin among the skyscrapers of New York and other American cities. These gaunt towers and terraces are supported by steel girders which in the process of construction are covered up so that in subsequent years they never are—never can be—examined or renewed. Yet in course of time must not rust and decay set in? Thus forty or fifty years hence the Drifter expects that some bright morning the upper six stories of the Woolworth tower will detach themselves from the column below, do a graceful nose dive, and land on the back of the old Post Office below. For without question the old Post Office will still be there just as grimy and ugly as it is today. The next week a couple of the upper floors of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel will slide out from the rest of it and do a back flip-flop over Fifth Avenue into Central Park. Thereafter a rain of skyscrapers will begin above and a reign of terror below. In Chicago a section of the offices of the *Tribune* will come crashing to the pavement, while in Boston a parlor, two bedrooms, and several shower baths will land in Tremont Street from the upper reaches of the Parker House. Pedestrians will find it as dangerous and difficult to dodge falling skyscrapers as they do today to get out of the way of automobiles.

* * * * *

THIS, the Drifter submits, is a reasonable prediction, but he has found no adequate support when descanting upon it. Those to whom he has outlined the probability

have eyed him suspiciously for a minute and then gone to a telephone booth to look up the number of the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. But hold! Here comes Sir Edwin Lutyens, an English engineer, expressing precisely the same idea though using longer and less understandable words to do it. Sir Edwin cites in support of his—and the Drifter's—idea the corrosion of the steel which was found in the tower of the old Madison Square Garden when lately it was torn down. Of course the next day "New York architects, engineers, and builders united in condemning as absurd" the theory of Sir Edwin. They did not mention the Drifter, for which he is just as thankful because superficially, at least, their arguments carried considerable conviction. It is no business of this column to restate in detail those arguments. Copies can probably be obtained from the renting office of any new skyscraper. But in general it was pointed out that the steel columns were so encased and protected as to guard against rust almost indefinitely and that the girders in various old skyscrapers, lately torn down, had been found to be in perfect condition. The steel in Madison Square Garden was sound except in the tower where faulty construction had caused the trouble. Fairly reassuring, all this, if we can escape anything but a reasonable amount of "faulty construction." But the Drifter's chief comfort is found in the improbability that any of the buildings will be allowed to stand long enough for their steel to rust. In the skyscraper of tomorrow, in all probability, the plaster in the ninety-sixth story will hardly be dry before the first floor is demolished in order to sink foundations for another and higher structure.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

More Winnipeg Humor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your appropriate remarks relative to the joke of the year, played on Winnipeg through the antics of our stalwart patriots. They refused to build the cenotaph on the prize-winning design because the winner was German-born; when a second competition was held the German's wife won it.

It is indeed a joke, especially in the light of the fact that, after paying Mrs. Hahn her prize money, her design also has been rejected. Another design from another source has now been accepted which, thanks to an application of additional purity tests, is said to be "untainted" in every respect.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, December 15

JOHN W. READ

The Class-Struggle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The other day some "class-conscious" pickets were parading in front of Mr. Rockefeller's office in New York. They had put up a sign: "You cannot destroy the solidarity of the workers." A group of workers from a neighboring building under construction tore down the banner and drove the class-conscious workers away.

Old-time addicts of the class-struggle once pictured the coming of an actual conflict between the working class and the capitalist class, in which the fat capitalists would be routed by the sturdy arms of the brawny workers, and labor would return from the battle with flying banners in the hands of laurel-

crowned heroes of toil. The picture has faded in the light of experience. Where clashes of arms have taken place between the workers and the capitalists the organized forces of the capitalists have shot down the workers and the affair was soon over.

The most conspicuous class-struggle to be seen today is the struggle on the part of the workers to become capitalists.

A workingman, in working clothes, stands on the street corner and signals an approaching motorman to stop his car for him. If the motorman is in the least bit of a hurry he looks neither to the right nor to the left but rushes the car past his standing fellow-worker, as though he were not there. On the next corner stands a gentleman, kid-gloved and carrying a cane—the badge of the non-worker. He does not need to lift his cane or a gloved finger as a signal to the motorman to stop—a slight condescending nod suffices. The class-conscious worker on the front platform shuts off the power, applies his strong arm to the brake, and brings his car to a respectful stop. He displays his class-consciousness by showing his recognition of the class to which he would like to belong.

The class-conscious worker on the East Side of New York talks about the brave struggle of the working class in Russia. Who are the working class of Russia? About 85 per cent of the workers of Russia are farmers, petty capitalists at heart, with no sympathy whatever for the economic ideals of the class-conscious worker of the United States—or Russia.

A political party in the United States, calling itself "the Party of the Workers," put up candidates for President and sundry other offices, while the majority of workers scarcely knows of its existence; and the more they know about it the less they appear inclined to support it. The workers elected Mr. Coolidge President.

May the workers have more and more success in their effort to escape from the inconveniences of labor. Let us cease fooling ourselves with ancient slogans.

New York, December 1

J. P. WARBASSE

What Veterans Mayn't Read

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to cite, as evidence of a censorship a bit more asinine than usual, the following excerpt from a letter from the Acting Medical Director of the United States Veterans Bureau to the librarian of a large tuberculosis hospital:

... The following books have been canceled on your recent order as unsuitable for patients' reading: Armstrong's "Tales of Fear"; Carman's "Chickens Come Home to Roost"; Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"; Hecht's "Broken Necks"; Huysman's "Downstream"; Mills's "Aristocrat"; Newman's "The Hard Boiled Virgin"; Norris's "Zelda Marsh"; Sinclair's "Oil"; Van Dine's "The Canary Murder Case"; Wells's "The Sixth Commandment"; Kemp's "Tramping on Life"; Mayo's "Mother India"; Wiggin's "The Next Age of Man"; "The Pharmacopeia of the U. S." (not for patients); Stephen's "Etched in Moonlight."

The following books are not found in the Veterans Bureau catalogue: Marcel Proust's "Sodom and Gomorrah"; H. L. Mencken's "Thwacks from the Mother Land. . . ."

The following have been too recently published to have received sufficiently satisfactory reviews: Cohen's "Detours"; Durant's "Transition"; Faulkner's "Mosquitoes"; Stewart's "Cap of Youth"; Brooks's "American Caravan. . . ."

October 3, 1927

WINTHROP ADAMS,

Acting Medical Director

It is only fair to Dr. Adams to state that he gave reasons for blacklisting two of the above volumes: "Aristocrats" as "a depressing moral tale," and "The Canary Murder Case," because one of the characters spoke in favor of suicide.

No one would ever dream of finding the *American Mercury* or *The Nation* in a veteran's bureau library, but why are the *Yale Review* and *Motor Age* censored?

Fort Bayard, N. M., December 25

CHRISTOPHER SEALE

Gerald Lively's Poems

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some twelve years ago a young workingman sent me a great quantity of poetry in manuscript—I think, the best proletarian poetry that has been produced in America. Gerald J. Lively was his name, and I tried in vain to find him a publisher. He took his family off to South America, and I have never heard of him since. The Vanguard Press judges his poetry worth publishing, but has not the money for the publication. The cost would be about \$500. I have told the story in more detail in my book, "Money Writes!" with some examples of the verses. This publication brings me a letter from a workingman in New York as follows:

I am wondering if enough money could not be raised by popular subscription to put his verse through the Vanguard Press. I will gladly donate \$10 out of my \$23 a week and I have a brother who will give more. Somewhere I became acquainted with Lively's verse and then I lost him. I would certainly be more than willing to do my share toward bringing him to the people.

It has occurred to me that some of the readers of *The Nation* who are earning more than \$23 a week might like to contribute to this purpose. I would be very pleased to receive pledges; or let the money be sent direct to the Vanguard Press, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Let me add that if Gerald Lively sees this, or if anyone knows where he is, I would be glad of the information. If he turns up, he will receive a 10 per cent royalty from the publication.

Long Beach, California, December 24 UPTON SINCLAIR

A Porto Rican Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Hiram Bingham recently wrote to a prominent Porto Rican, Colonel Angel Rivero, regretting that teaching in the Porto Rican schools is not exclusively in the English language. He fears that this method will prevent Porto Rico from becoming a State of the Union. He cites the examples of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, where everybody spoke Spanish when the United States acquired those territories, and today they are English-speaking States.

But those territories, when acquired by the United States, were almost uninhabited; their few inhabitants were mostly Indians or half-Indians. Porto Rico, when the United States took possession, was a country densely populated, enjoying a superior culture equal to that of Cuba, with a European civilization four centuries old. The Spanish language had acquired among us Porto Ricans the same purity as in Spain. In Spanish, our most eloquent orators delivered their addresses before the Spanish Congress in defense of our liberty and rights; in Spanish sang our best poets; in Spanish our journalists fought their greatest campaigns; in Spanish our literary men wrote histories, novels, and didactic works. Can Senator Bingham say that of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico? No. And why does he, then, suggest that the Spanish language, which is the exponent of our history and our civilization, should be eliminated from our schools and be replaced by the English, which can convey to our children only the idea that we are a country submitted to a foreign domination?

This is not loving Spain more than loving the United States, as he says. It is defending what every worthy country should defend: its language, which is the soul of the people and their history, for a country without history is not a country, but a tribe, like the wandering tribes of the desert.

Spain did nothing to win the love of our people; she oppressed us with taxes and was tyrannical politically. Nor

has the United States done anything to win the love of our people. It has brought us material progress, has endowed us with a modern educational system, and has given us laws that guarantee the rights of citizens—but as far as political rights are concerned, we are in the same condition as when Spain left us: with a trimmed autonomy, colonial style, which is far from what we expected from the self-styled "freest and most democratic nation in the world."

Senator Bingham says that we should be, before anything else, *good Americans*. This is the same tin-pan serenade that we used to hear from Spain when we asked her for more liberties and rights. Such sentiments do not come into the soul by means of royal decrees or acts of Congress. If, in order to become a State of the American Union, we must abdicate our patrimony and our love of liberty, it would be better that we constitute ourselves an independent nation and face bravely the consequences of such an act.

San Juan, Porto Rico, December 10 MARIANO ABRIL,
Ex-Senator of the Porto Rican Congress

Contributors to This Issue

The reproduction of Pueblo paintings on the cover is by courtesy of the Corona Mundi International Art Center.

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HENRIETTA STRAUS has been attending the music festivals in Europe.

LECTURE

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SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG

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Newer Trends in the Guidance of Childhood and Youth

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Thur., 8:30, Jan. 12-Feb. 16

ELIAS L. TARTAK

of the Russian Collegiate Institute

Four Russian Writers: Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy,

Chekhov, Plekhanov

Sat., 2 p. m., Jan. 14-Feb. 4

IS JEWISH SOCIAL WORK DIFFERENT FROM GENERAL SOCIAL WORK? "(1) . . . Jewish social work . . . requires not only a thorough knowledge of the general principles underlying social work, but also adequate knowledge of Jewish cultural background. . . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 3.)



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G. F. BECK, M.A., Ph.D., Director

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Course 10. Current Events. Edmund B. Chaffee. Leon R. Land, McAlister Coleman. Every Thursday at 8:30 P. M. No Admission charged.

For further information regarding the above write our office. Registrations may be made in person or by mail at Labor Temple, 242 East 14th St., New York City.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the School will take place at the Aldine Club Rooms, 200 Fifth Avenue, Friday evening, January 20th at 7:00 P. M. Speakers will be Heywood Brown, John Cowper Powys, John Haynes Holmes, G. F. Beck, Edmund B. Chaffee. Tickets \$2.50, may be secured at Labor Temple Office.

THE NEW, THE OLD, THE BEST

Just Published

SOUTHERN CHARM

by Isa Glenn

Author of *Heat* and *Little Pitchers*

The two types of womanhood; the two contrasted feminine ways of life. Laura, thrown out to sink or swim, learned to swim; Alice May knew that some man would always hold her up if she pretended to be sinking. Their mother, who all her life has lived and preached "Southern charm," finds with shocked amazement that she respects the errant daughter and despises the parasite. \$2.50

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Still



he rides

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

by Willa Cather

Published in September, this historical tale of quietly heroic devotion in the Southwest had sold 60,000 copies before Christmas, and at a steadily increasing rate. Many a qualified judge has called it the finest of all Willa Cather's books. Dorothy Foster Gilman wrote of it in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "It is one of the most superb pieces of literary endeavor this reviewer has ever read, regardless of language or nation."

Robert Morss Lovett describes it as a tale "full of happiness and triumph." \$2.50

Two

Modern Artists

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by André Gide

This tremendous novel has brought its author into a position in America as unquestioned as that which he has long occupied in Europe. Clifton P. Fadiman wrote of it in *The Nation*, "All the writer can do is to record his conviction that *The Counterfeiters* is definitely among the great novels of at least our own time." Seventh printing. \$3.00

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Edited by J. Middleton Murry

The full and final revelation of a personality, a life, great in itself, even apart from the exquisite stories. Conrad Aiken says of it in *The Boston Evening Transcript*, "It is, above all, the person who captivates us here, and not the authoress." It is like all Katherine Mansfield's work, beautifully written, humorous, ironical, and tender; and it is full of the pathos of the artist struggling against great odds. \$3.50

European literature

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THE DAYS OF THE KING

by Bruno Frank

Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter

Three tales of one of the great kings of history, in which a panoramic vision of his life unfolds as we contemplate the disillusioned weariness of its closing years. Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Emil Ludwig have welcomed this book with excitement and admiration. With four drawings by Adolph Menzel. \$2.50

The

Individual—the Race

THE HUMAN BODY

by Logan Clendening, M.D.

The publication of this salty and life-giving book was a signal event of 1927. Its increasing effect on the American consciousness will be part of the literary and scientific history of 1928 and many years to come. H. L. Mencken describes it as "by long odds the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America." 100 illustrations. Third printing. \$5.00

THE RATE OF LIVING

by Raymond Pearl

Author of *Alcohol and Longevity*,
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Dr. Raymond Pearl describes his new book as "an account of some experimental studies on the biology of life duration." The experiments, from which he concludes that the length of life depends inversely on the rate of living, are of interest both for themselves and on account of the wider implications that may be drawn from them. Illustrated. \$3.50

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Kentucky Mountain Farm

Rebuke of the Rocks

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Now on you is the hungry equinox,
O little stubborn people of the hill—
The season of the obscene moon whose pull
Disturbs the sod, the rabbit, the lank fox,
Moving the waters, the boar's dull blood,
And the acrid sap of the ironwood.

But breed no tender thing among the rocks.
Rocks are too old under the mad moon,
Renouncing passion by the strength that locks
The eternal agony of fire in stone.

Then quit yourselves as stone and cease
To break the weary stubble-field for seed;
Let not the naked cattle bear increase,
Let barley wither and the bright milkweed.
Instruct the heart, lean men, of a rocky place
That even the little flesh and fevered bone
May keep the sweet sterility of stone.

Mr. Hobson on Industrial Peace

The Conditions of Industrial Peace. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

As an example of incisive, penetrating, lucid, and convincing economic analysis nothing that J. A. Hobson has written surpasses this latest product of his versatile and prolific pen. Primarily directed to the industrial situation in Britain, the argument applies with scarcely less force to conditions in America and other industrialized countries. Diagnosis must precede prescription, and it is especially in diagnosing the causes of industrial conflict that the author evidences an almost uncanny insight. The competitive system which, under a simpler economy, sufficed in a rough way to adjust and regulate the relations of employer and employee, producer and consumer, and to determine the shares in the total product which should go to the various participants in the productive process, has broken down. "The 'invisible hand' of the older *laissez faire* system has been withdrawn and no new organic rule has been substituted." We are confronted with an increasing integration of industry, the great international cartels constituting the latest and most extensive form of industrial combination. Conflict appears along several fronts: between owners and the workers centering in the wage question; between various classes of trades within each country, particularly between protected and exposed, strongly organized and weakly organized, necessary and luxury trades; between skilled and unskilled labor; between national groups of traders, manufacturers, and investors in foreign countries, seeking control of essential raw materials and markets—the conflicts of economic imperialism in a word.

The basic fact in the present system is that it is "a network of interrelated productive processes, each of which embodies a great heritage of traditional knowledge and skill, together with much plant and other material equipment serviceable to each process." Elaborate cooperation and division of labor is an essential characteristic. The fundamental interdependence and

interrelation of the entire economic organization is clearly disclosed. The inevitable corollary is that "value is socially determined." It is the general disregard and defiance of this basic truth that constitutes the underlying cause of industrial conflict, between whatever groups it may occur. The separatist assumption is still maintained that "every business and industry has full right of self-government, and is entitled to all gains which it can make and equally must bear its own losses, irrespective of whether those gains or losses are attributable to its own efficiency or inefficiency, or to external causes affecting the market for its product, over which it has no control." Industry must rather be viewed as "a single complex organism, producing a fund of wealth, divisible into two parts, one required for the wages and profit which sustain the life and current activity of the organism, the other a surplus, over and above these costs of maintenance, a fund of social and individual progress."

It is in distinguishing these elements of cost and surplus that Hobson's analysis is perhaps most penetrating. Wages should include three elements: "a minimum or subsistence wage; some additional payment for occupational skill, disagreeability, etc.; and, where necessary, an individual differential payment." Capital must also receive a return on investment sufficient to evoke its use, which may be analyzed into an interest charge and a "wear and tear" fund, for this analysis does not postulate an abandonment but the continuance of the capitalistic regime; we are not contemplating any transition to socialism. Since, however, wealth is so largely the product of social determinants, we must approach the question of its distribution as a social problem. The pool of wealth represented by the total annual product must, therefore, be divided into two parts, costs and surplus. The parties to the various aspects of the industrial conflict are agreed that costs are a first charge upon this pool of wealth, though they may differ radically in specific instances with regard to what is a fair wage for labor or a reasonable profit for capital.

It is upon the question as to who shall enjoy the surplus after costs are met that the industrial conflict really is joined, all the parties ignoring entirely its essential character of being socially determined. Economic peace is only possible by abandoning the piece-meal attempts at adjusting particular disputes of capital and labor in single businesses or trades. Such a course ignores the basic interdependence of all elements of industry in the present industrial system. A "National Industrial Council in which capital, labor, the consumer, and the government should be duly represented, a body endowed at first with purely advisory powers, is the first essential of that limited industrial self-government needed to secure industrial peace." Through such an agency standards of wages might be established, and return on investments and the limits of profits for capital determined, with reference to the peculiar character of each industry. In emergency situations this might involve subsidies to especially exposed trades. Such an agency would, furthermore, function in determining the element of surplus which would be available for general social uses. To claim for society large portions of this surplus the taxing power should be invoked. Thus Mr. Hobson provisions, as does Mr. Laski, a government of industry, paralleling and interlocking with the government of the state and providing, through a system of functional representation, the elements of democratic social control now so visibly lacking in economic organization.

One additional step must be taken, however, to insure industrial peace. "A policy of sound economic internationalism, based upon equality of access to the resources of backward countries, and a fair treatment of their peoples with a view to the education and supply of their constantly expanding needs, may gain enough authority to break up the new and subtler forms of servitude devised to replace the crude slavery of the past." Whether the League of Nations may become the instrument

through which this ideal will be achieved is difficult to predict, but as long as the selfish greed of powerful economic interests, nationally organized, threatens the peace of the world through their competition for economic control of the natural resources and markets of undeveloped areas, no program of industrial adjustment, confined to the limits of a single state, can offer more than a partial solution of the problem of industrial conflict.

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD

Disarmament

General Disarmament or War? By Rennie Smith. On sale at the National Council for Prevention of War, Washington, D. C. Cloth, \$1; paper, twenty-five cents.

RENNIE SMITH is the kind of earnest evangelist whose conviction gathers strength from the very limitation of his vision. If you believe that the causes of war are so complex and deeply rooted in our economic system that the thing can be eliminated only by the concerted and intelligently disciplined action of those classes in each country which do the bulk of the work and bear the main brunt of war, then this little book of one hundred pages will not kindle you with its contagious faith. But if you are a practical person with your mind turned toward the immediate and not the remote future, if you are an optimist by nature and ready to work for mere next steps, you will find in this book a valuable program adaptable to the United States as well as to Europe.

First, says the author, we require the development of international institutions adequate for holding together the life of mankind and capable of attaining settlements of disputes—obviously the League of Nations, the World Court, the International Labor Office. Second, we need the preparation of minds for the achievement of the work of these institutions. Third—and here is where the author's contribution is really made—we need the adoption and practice, stage by stage, of general disarmament. The book, written before the failure of the recent naval conference in Geneva, records progress to date in this respect in the disarmament of the Central Powers, by duress, at Versailles in 1919; the achievements (such as they were) of the Washington Conference of 1921, and the Central American Disarmament Conference of five small Powers in 1923.

The author then makes very clear and very convincing the moral obligation of the other great Powers to meet, in the disarmament conference scheduled for the League of Nations for 1928, the terms that were forced upon the Central Powers at Versailles—namely, terms which would leave each country able to defend her territory against an outlaw nation but crippled as to aggressive warfare. He makes plain the obligation of Great Britain to take the initiative in naval disarmament, and of France to make the offer to relinquish part of her land and air force if the other countries will meet her proportionately. The vexed question of commercial airplanes which can in an hour's time be converted into bombers he meets candidly with the statement that "the only way to reduce this potential menace is to place civil aviation under an international authority such as the League of Nations."

The rest of the book is concerned with the technical discussion of what would constitute a proportionate disarmament schedule in the exact scale of that which the victors in 1919 forced upon the vanquished with the tacit understanding before the world that at the close of the war to end war they would voluntarily swallow their own disarmament medicine.

Of the feasibility and fairness of these schedules it is difficult for the lay critic to speak with authority, or the expert with disinterestedness. It is easy for the American critic to respond to the author's claim that England has far-flung col-

onies to protect, that the United States has a huge coast line on each of two oceans. The only opinion of demonstrable value on moot points would be that of Olympian groups of disinterested experts of all countries in military, naval, and aviation matters, speaking with the tongues of angels as well as of men. The recent naval fiasco at Geneva suggests that the Anglo-Saxon nations at least have not yet developed experts who are also great statesmen; which does not mean that in time we may not do so, but does mean that the basic premise of the book has yet to be proved.

Yet the book is valuable in the moral force of its appeal to the people of Great Britain to "put the mandate of an unmistakable national public opinion behind Britain's representative on the Disarmament Conference" of 1928 and thus to "justify and cover with the spirit of legality the compulsory disarmament of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria in 1919." Equally, public opinion in the United States will count, be she in or out of the League. The peoples of all nations will have to learn to think in terms of gradual voluntary disarmament if governments are to be persuaded to disarm.

CONSTANCE L. TODD

Wanted—A Literary Tariff

Conflicts. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

WHAT should annoy the literary conscience of sophisticated American readers who find themselves ensnared by those tales is the obviously artificial devices by which two—and the most effective of them—are projected. Both of them are introduced by formalities reminiscent of the age of Washington Irving rather than of Ernest Hemingway. In the first tale, *Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman*, an elderly English woman is moved by an incident at her hotel to relate an episode of her life to one of the gentlemen guests in 100 pages of finished prose—including a complete, breath-taking melodrama, enacted on a gambling table by the telltale hands of the gamblers—a most remarkable piece of writing, but quite a miraculous improvisation for the lady in question. In the other, *Episode in Early Life*, a professor is moved by a presentation from his students to speak a novelette of 120 pages of concise dialogue and description. Yet not a bit perturbed over the stiffness and implausibility of such an opening, the author goes on as if it were the most casual introduction in the world, and before long there is built up in our mind a sense of experience which insinuates itself so subtly into our own backgrounds that we reach the end of the tale with a feeling of having been interrupted in a reverie.

It is enough to set American authors clamoring for a literary tariff. Here are our own story tellers, from the gay advertisement pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* to the arid stretches of the *Dial*, at their wits' end for original ways of floating a story so that it should sound true, so that it should not be suspected of being fiction. If there is anything characteristically American about our literature it is this shamefacedness at telling a story, this fear of being found out, this apotheosis of the "real thing," smacking so suspiciously of the repressed scruples of a street faker. Highbrow and lowbrow have this in common. One will garnish a story with the latest slang, the other will get the indorsement of the newest psychological theory. The important thing is to produce a perfect alibi, to assure the reader that this is genuine and no fake. That, rather than the racial or geographic diversity of the country, has been responsible for the overemphasis on local color and dialect. For this the country has been zoned into a dozen local color areas, each with a school of its own. And contemporaneity has been developed to such a length that our fictional characters are sure to survive as authentic period furniture. With the apparent result that a highly specialized lit-

erary type has been bred, so peculiarly American, so-differentiated from the rest of humanity, that it seems unreal—even to Americans. So that they turn with a sense of relief and recognition to read about Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Scandinavians, Hungarians—foreigners, but somehow so much more like themselves than the most perfect replicas in our novels.

It is this sense of inner reality that holds one in these tales, which take place somewhere in human nature. Quietly unfolding out of a rich store of experience—rather than feverish attempts at snapshotting life—they give one a profound feeling of depth and flux instead of mere likeness. Thus they avoid the error of a realism that defeats its own purpose when it sets us seeing instead of experiencing. The characters of these tales have no identity beyond that which they establish emotionally. They are like marble figures, naked, hard, and uncolored, but the shadowed concavities of their eyes are alive with a life no colored wax can simulate.

It is interesting that the one story executed directly "from the life" is the weak link of the trio. A Failing Heart, the record of the last days of a dying man, is reminiscent of Tolstoi's Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and not to Zweig's advantage. It fails to impair, however, this intriguing introduction to America of an international literary personality.

ALTER BRODY

The Game of Research

Three Essays in Method. By Bernard Berenson. Oxford University Press. \$14.

SCHOLARSHIP, to Mr. Berenson, rather than being a contribution toward the advance of civilization, etc., is a game in which a trained sensibility is pitted against the enigma of the past, and it is the sport of the game, rather than the result, which is of importance. In technique, too, he depends less on shibboleths than on facts. Long ago in his "Study and Criticism of Italian Art" he said that the study of art as of botany could take as its subject the result alone, and in the present volume this remains his attitude: What the work tells you quantitatively to determine the time, place, school, and original author; what it tells qualitatively to learn whether it is an autograph or a copy. While this method has its obvious faults, especially in the second part, no better one seems to have been developed.

The first essay or game is called, whimsically, Nine Pictures in Search of an Attribution. These nine small panels, two of which happen to be in the Metropolitan Museum of New York and one in the Jarvis Collection at New Haven, remained practically unremarked until Mr. Berenson took hold of them. To him they appeared closely related to one another. The problem then was: Were they by the same hand? Where and at what time were they painted, and, if it could be discovered, which painter did them? That they were by one painter Mr. Berenson thinks is shown by the treatment of costume, parts of the body, and landscape, and by the use of architecture in the arabesque of the panels. The landscapes the author quite rightly says are not very similar in detail. In fact none could be less so than those of plates 1 and 7; which is surprising considering the conventionality of landscapes in their day. But anyone would agree that the similarities are more significant than the differences, and that Mr. Berenson is justified in attributing the nine panels to one hand. The place and time he deduces from the types of costume, coiffure, and architecture shown in the panels; the result being Verona between 1480 and 1490. There remains, then, the who? This he decides may be Domenico Marone, because the only other painter of sufficient power to do them, Benaglio, painted in a manner too different from the panels to be admissible, and because these nine, in

conjunction with twelve panels in the Este Collection at Vienna, mentioned by Dr. Suida as being similar to one of these, would fill a lacuna in the known career of Marone. This gap in knowledge is caused by the fact that the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi" (1494) and four works similar in style come between the Berlin Madonna (1484) and the S. Bernardino Libreria frescoes (1503), which seem to be inexplicably different in manner and subject. But these twenty-one panels, the nine originally in question and the twelve of the Este Collection, are similar in subject to the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi," and a detailed examination shows them similar in technique to the works before and after the Bonacolsi period. These being attributed to Marone, his development becomes clear, for it is decided that toward the middle of the eighth decade of the century he came under the influence of Gentile Bellini, and remained there until the middle of the ninth, when he returned to his former style.

The proof is good, but it might gain force if, instead of considering the Berlin Madonna as the latest of the series of five, the André Madonna were given this place and the Widener Madonna placed earliest. Thus the series would go: Widener (fig. 60), Chalandon (fig. 58), Berlin (fig. 61) or Louvre (fig. 59), and finally André (fig. 57). This arrangement would, I think, have three supports: (1) It is difficult to explain why, in an age of naturalism, modeling should change from actualistic to decorative. (2) If the Madonna attributed to Benaglio is, as Mr. Berenson thinks, by Marone, then certainly the relationship between it and the Widener Madonna is too parental to be accidental. (3) If the André Madonna were the latest rather than the earliest, the transition from the monumental style to that of the "Bonacolsi" would be still clearer, for the background is a "veduta" and, as Mr. Berenson demonstrates, almost the simulacrum of the "King Receiving the Youthful Ambassador," one of the known Marones of the "Bonacolsi" period.

In the second essay the author restores to its rightful place a Botticelli of the Florence Academy whose legitimacy was long doubted. But it seems that, the original heads of the Mother and Child being injured, ones of a generation later were grafted. Remove these, regraft those in the "Madonna and Child" of the Lloyd Collection, and we have the Botticelli.

The third and the least enjoyable essay discusses a possible and an impossible Antonello da Messina. In this essay alone does Mr. Berenson rely on the connoisseur's as well as the archaeologist's eye. The principal and collateral results are interesting, but in the second part more evidence than is necessary is adduced.

WALTER GUTMAN

An American Old Testament

The Old Testament: An American Translation. By Alexander R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek, J. M. Powis Smith, Leroy Waterman. Edited by J. M. Powis Smith. University of Chicago Press. \$7.50.

SEVEN years ago the University of Chicago Press published "an American translation" of the New Testament, by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, which was described as an attempt to reproduce in "simple, straightforward English" that common "language of everyday life" in which the Gospels and Epistles were originally written. What was begun thus with the New Testament has now been completed by "an American translation" of the Old Testament, which "tries," says the editor, "to be American in the sense that the writings of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson are American."

This Chicago translation of the Bible, now to be considered as a single work, rivals the scholarly achievement of the famous Revised Version. In addition it attempts the distinctive quality of a readableness in form and content which will commend it to the modern man. The publishers have done their part, in the

case of this Old Testament volume, by putting forth a book of surpassing beauty and convenience. The editor has cooperated by abolishing all the chapter and verse divisions of the traditional text and by arranging prose into paragraphs and poetry into verses, as in any contemporary book. As for the text itself, it is vivid, smooth, clear, not seldom noble and impressive. The antique, artificial character of the King James Version is altogether gone. This means a loss of sonorous dignity, of the great organ tones, as in Job and some of the Prophets. We miss the familiar form of certain immortal passages, as the twenty-third Psalm. But there is compensation in the liveness of the book. The translators have achieved a work of enormous difficulty with great success.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Anthony Comstock. By Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. A. and C. Boni.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.

The Rebellious Puritan. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace.

Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.

The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. Boni and Liveright.

Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.

The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.

The Counterfeiters. By André Gide. Knopf.

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.

Blue Voyage. By Conrad Aiken. Scribner.

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking.

The Place Called Dagon. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.

Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.

Marco Millions. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.

Escape. By John Galsworthy. Scribner.

Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans, Green.

Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University.

Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.

Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.

Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.

Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.

The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.

Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.

Discordant Encounters. By Edmund Wilson. A. and C. Boni.

The Realm of Essence. By George Santayana. Scribner.

The Social Basis of Consciousness. By Trigant Burrow. Harcourt, Brace.

Books in Brief

The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$10.50.

Long in preparation, these volumes constitute the best edition to date of Marvell's prose and verse. Mr. Margoliouth has gone to the manuscripts wherever they existed, and has given us for the first time an adequate commentary on one of the finest of English poets as well as on one of the most conscientious of English politicians. He does not indulge in criticism of Marvell, the best verdict on whose poetry is still the essay contributed by T. S. Eliot to the tercentenary volume a few years ago. It was time that Marvell be honored by an edition comparable to those of other poets of his century.

The Classical Tradition in Poetry. By Gilbert Murray. Harvard University Press. \$3.

In these lectures, the first delivered under the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard, Mr. Murray attempts to show how the great poets have resembled each other. It is true that they have, but Mr. Murray does not very clearly show how or why; and the larger question still—how they can be at once so like and yet so different—he does not answer.

Father Mississippi. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. \$5.

A devoted study, coming on down to the days of the recent great flood, of the greatest of our flowing waters and of the life which has been lived along it.

Annus Mirabilis, The Year of Wonders (1666). By John Dryden. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

This type-facsimile of the first edition of Dryden's first important poem is a valuable addition to the series which the Oxford Press has so admirably kept going.

Music

Haslemere and Baden-Baden

FROM the ancient village of Haslemere in England to luxurious Baden-Baden is a fairly direct journey for the traveler of about thirty-six hours by land and sea. For the musician, however, the route is not so simple. Some four hundred years lie between the two, both in musical ideas and in purpose. Haslemere seeks to revive the past, Baden-Baden to forestall the future; and even their common medium of "chamber music" is common in name only. Chamber music in the little Surrey village is that close communion among a small group of instruments long held as the highest and most refined form of music. Here viols and recorders, harpsichords and 'cellos hold intimate converse in stately "pavanes," grave "ayres" and "fantasies" and elaborately embroidered "concertos"; here, also, voice and lute woo or make common plaint. They are relics of the days when part playing, like part singing, was a regular function in every educated English household; and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the genius of this festival, has endeavored to bring back those days. Seated informally, with his wife and children, on a platform littered with instruments, he manages, somehow, to transform a small town hall into a drawing-room. It is not playing of great skill—except for that of young Rudolph Dolmetsch—but it is chamber music in its truest sense, chamber music as Bach and Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven knew it, and as the world itself has generally regarded it, calling for an exquisite sympathy between the players and from those privileged to listen.

This intimacy of expression and mood, however, has no place apparently in the life of the practical composer of 1927, if one judges by his recent efforts at Baden-Baden. Here, too, one heard brilliant "suites" and "toccatas" and "études" in the name of modern chamber music—but they were written for mechanical instruments! Even the tender and sparkling Mozart was represented first on a reproducing organ, and then repeated on a purely mechanical one to show the equality, if not the superiority, of the latter to any human medium. Other mechanical devices were also exploited—the synchronization of music with the film, known to America as the vitaphone; and a new instrument, the music-chronometer, which claims to measure time in space and was illustrated by timing an orchestral accompaniment to a film of constantly shifting masses of color blocks. On the human side came four miniature "operas" with Kammerorchester: "The Princess and the Pea," by Ernst Toch; "The Abduction of Europa," by Darius

Milhaud; "Hin und zurück," by Paul Hindemith; and "Mahogany," by Kurt Weill. The first was a fairy tale, the second a mythological episode, and the last two were nonsensical vaudeville sketches. There was a certain steely brilliance and charm about the Toch work, and a tremendous energy about that of Weill, and a curious affinity between both with the music written for machines. This last music was, indeed, strangely illuminating, for it fitted perfectly the mechanical instruments for which it was written. This then, apparently, has been the goal of those dull, metallic, grating combinations of sounds that have been coming to us from European laboratories ever since Arnold Schönberg began his search for what he called "a good, new music." We are indeed told that all music will be like this fifty years from now, for by then all music will be performed by mechanical instruments. Already young men, it seems, are turning to these instruments for their inspiration. Is it, then, the last phase of decadence in this emotionally exhausted post-war period of art, or are we to silence the viols and the lutes forever?

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

George Kelly

GEORGE KELLY'S new play "Behold, the Bridegroom" (Cort Theater) is by no means such good theater as either "Craig's Wife" or "The Show Off" and it is not likely to win the popular success which those earlier plays achieved; but it should do more than both put together to lift its author above the motley mob contending for Broadway honors and to place his name on that brief list of contemporary American dramatists who have really proved themselves worthy of the serious consideration of a critic of art.

There are, to be sure, various objections, both technical and moral, which may easily be raised against his treatment of this simple story of a spoiled and empty woman who read contempt in the eyes of the first man she ever really loved and who died of a broken heart when brought face to face with her own emptiness. Undoubtedly it is deficient in dramatic action; perhaps the almost fanatical severity of the moral code which it implies is ethically unjustifiable as it is certainly unmodish; but the curtain has not been five minutes up before one realizes that one is in the presence of a work of which one cannot possibly say less than that it belongs in an entirely different realm from that tawdry one occupied by nine-tenths of even our better dramas. In the bottom of our hearts we despise the shallow vulgarity of most successful plays even while we applaud them, but whatever else we may withhold from Mr. Kelly's latest offering we cannot possibly withhold our respect. Here a passionate sincerity in the conception and a fineness of texture in the writing generate a particular quality which one could hardly parallel in English outside certain of our greater novels. Henry James himself never wrote more subtle or more finely tempered dialogue than that which constitutes some of the pages of Mr. Kelly's manuscript. And Henry James would never have allowed himself to give expression to such passionate moral earnestness.

Austerity is the last quality likely to be thought of in connection with a successful Broadway playwright, but it is the quality which most signally distinguishes Mr. Kelly's mind. Though he happens, in addition, to be gifted to an unusual degree with a talent for mimicry, and though the homely verisimilitude of his plays which results from this gift is chiefly responsible for his popularity he is, primarily, not only a student of character but one who studies it from the point of view of a rigid morality. Probably most people were made a

little uncomfortable by the mercilessness with which justice was visited upon Craig's wife; some even suggested that a more knowing playwright would not thus have pushed retribution so far as to swing the sympathy of the audience around in the direction of its victim; but it was not a mere dramaturgic mistake which was responsible for Mr. Kelly's relentlessness. He is, though not in any debased sense of the word, a puritan and a puritan wishes to understand all, not in order that he may pardon all, but in order that he may know how all may adequately be punished: Craig's wife was struck where she had sinned and the heroine of "Behold, the Bridegroom" suffers a similar fate. She had wasted her emotional capacities on cheap loves, she was not ready when the bridegroom came, and she had forfeited all moral right to the thing whose value she had come to understand only when it was too late. She awakes, not in order to be saved, but only in order that she may know what she had lost, for only thus can the puritan sense of justice be served and the damned must be given one glimpse of paradise before they are plunged into hell forever.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This we have upon the authority of one of Shakespeare's heroines and it may be urged against the conclusion which Mr. Kelly has given to his play, but the most serious of my doubts are not of this naturalistic kind. I can accept the physical features of his conclusion and I can respect the moral sincerity which has enabled him to develop an almost pietistic thesis without falling into mere priggishness on the one hand or into rant on the other, but I honestly doubt that nature is constructed upon any plan so in accord with a puritan sense of moral fitness. Perhaps a spoiled and empty woman should die of self-contempt when she sees herself; perhaps she should feel herself forever unworthy of love if she chanced at last to meet it; but I doubt that she would actually feel so or that there is anything to be gained by trying to make her. We forgive ourselves more easily and it is as well that we should. Artists and moralists both love to contemplate the irreparable—it helps the one to be dramatic and it helps the other to satisfy his sense of justice. But nature is more compliant. Time cannot be called back and what has been physically destroyed cannot be found again, but nothing else is irretrievably lost and there are no sins that ought not and cannot be forgiven, for we are not made of stuff so stern as the puritan conscience would wish.

Two other plays of the crowded holiday season deserve more notice than the exigencies of space will permit. "The Love Nest" (Comedy Theater) is a satiric comedy which gives June Walker the opportunity for some very excellent acting. Though a little uncertain just how Ring Lardner's story is to be expanded into a three-act play and hence a little wobbly in its action, it retains some of Mr. Lardner's biting satire and fills up the rest of the time with effective melodrama. "Celebrities" (Lyceum Theater) tells the story of a pugilist press-agented into fame on the basis of an alleged fondness for books. It is saltily written, amusingly rowdy, and, except for the presence of a little conventional love interest, refreshingly tough-minded in its treatment of the pugilistic world.

The other new offerings may, with less regret, be briefly dismissed. "Los Angeles" (Hudson Theater) starts out promisingly enough as a satire on Hollywood but being unable to decide whether it ought to be a fast, hokum comedy of the "Broadway" variety or a genuine character comedy it gets lost somewhere between the two. "Excess Baggage" (Ritz Theater) dresses up the old story of the broken-hearted clown with vaudeville features and serves it in the manner of "Broadway," "Burlesque," "The Barker," et al. "Springtime" (Bayes Theater) is a sober drama about the soul of an artist born in a village and it does not quite come off. "The Golden Dawn" (Hammerstein's Theater) is an elaborate and well-sung operetta whose chief defect lies in taking a preposterous story a little too seriously.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Cuba's Price-Fixing

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

CUBA hopes to put its sugar industry on a profitable basis by an ambitious and radical price-fixing experiment. If the scheme succeeds Cuba may gain virtual control of the world's sugar market, but more important to the United States, and this frankly is its purpose, success for the plan will lead to an increase in the price which the American housewife must pay for her sugar. Already President Machado's program has alarmed certain elements in the United States: the Democrats, who fear that the American consumer is about to be robbed; the Progressives from the Grain Belt, who see Cuban planters profiting under a government-controlled relief scheme which is being denied American farmers; the American sugar producers and refiners (not including the group that controls the Cuban industry), who believe Cuba under the Machado program is turning to the left, toward a sort of diluted socialism. Only the Coolidge Administration remains unruffled and apparently uninterested.

Briefly, Cuba has, so far as it is within its power to do so, placed the world on a sugar ration basis, restricting not only production, but also the amount of the raw product that may be shipped to any country on earth and most particularly to the United States. Thus, by artificially manipulating the supply, Machado believes he can regulate the demand and consequently the price.

Cuba now produces roughly one-fourth of the world's supply of sugar and, because more than 80 per cent of its potential sugar lands are not yet under cultivation, it can increase its control over the available supply at any time. Another Cuban advantage arises from the preferential tariff rate which Cuban sugar is accorded under the Cuban-American reciprocity treaty of 1902. By virtue of this tariff arrangement the world price of sugar is determined in the American market, being governed wholly by the flow of Cuban sugar through New York. United States producers can charge no more for their product than the price the Cuban product brings in New York plus the tariff duty and the cost of transportation from Cuba; the American consumer would naturally prefer the lower-priced Cuban sugar to the higher-priced domestic product. Similarly foreign producers can charge no more than this price because here again higher prices would attract competition from Cuba, with its unlimited supply, thereby forcing the price down to the American level. Cuba can rush into any buyer's market in the world to take advantage of the rising prices of that market, because of its virtually limitless production capacity, but that very fact prevents Cuba from enjoying continued high prices. The only solution, from Cuba's point of view, is to limit production and to restrict exportation to the United States. Thus when the supply is reduced the demand, which presumably will continue to expand, will inflate the American and consequently the world price; and so long as production is curtailed the Cuban producers will be unable to dump their sugar elsewhere in quantities sufficient to upset the price equilibrium established in the New York market.

Though this plan may boost the price of sugar, yet

when the increase reaches 44 cents per hundred pounds the Cuban producers will automatically lose the advantage they have under the 1902 reciprocity treaty, which is the keystone of the entire scheme. This figure represents the difference between the \$1.76 duty on Cuban sugar and the \$2.20 duty on all other foreign sugar. When the inflated price reaches that point the other foreign sugar will enter the American market on even terms with the Cuban product because the inflation will then be great enough to absorb the 44-cent tariff differential.

The scheme is the brain-child of Colonel José Tarafa, a government finance and economic expert, and is incorporated in the sugar law published in the Official Gazette in Havana on October 5. This act created a National Sugar Defense Commission, which

shall inform and advise the President of the Republic on all problems of the sugar industry, as to the date on which the crop should begin, and particularly, during the months of October, November, and December of each year, with respect to the estimates of world production and consumption of sugar, taking into consideration the carry-overs from previous crops, domestic and foreign, the visible stocks, and so far as is possible the invisible ones; the probable production of other countries, the present and future requirements for domestic and foreign consumption, and, in short, whatever data and information may be necessary to enable intelligent and efficacious action to be taken. Once the commission shall have estimated in tons of 2,240 pounds the quantity of sugar of Cuban production to be required for consumption by Cuba and the United States of America on the one hand, and on the other hand by the countries which require our product in the corresponding year, the President of the Republic shall fix the amount of the authorized Cuban crop for the following year.

This done, the planter will be informed that he may cut so much cane and no more, the amount being apportioned among the planters in proportion to the extent of their cultivated lands. In the same way the mill owner or operator will be permitted to grind a predetermined amount of cane in proportion to the present capacity of his mill. A tax of \$20 is to be assessed for each 325-pound sack of sugar produced in excess of the allotted amount. The President and the commission are further authorized to place a definite limit on the amount of sugar that may be sold in Cuba and on the amount that may be shipped abroad to countries other than the United States, thereby in effect restricting the amount of sugar that can be exported to this country. Last year Machado decreed that only 3,800,000 long tons could be shipped here; this year the amount will not be fixed, but under the operation of the law it is believed that fewer than 3,500,000 tons will reach the United States.

The Tarafa Act also created the Cuba Sugar Export Company to "dedicate itself exclusively to the sale, pro rata and for the account of all Cuban sugar producers, their successors or assigns, of the surplus production of this raw product, surplus production in this case being understood to be all sugar in excess of the domestic consumption and of that to be exported to the United States." All mill owners or operators are required under the law to become shareholders of this company, while planters may also buy shares. The \$250,000 capital of the company has been supplied by the public treasury, which is to reimburse itself

by a tax of one cent on each sack of sugar produced during the present year.

The export corporation alone is authorized to sell sugar in countries other than the United States and the mill owners are obligated to turn over to the corporation for sale abroad sugar in amounts proportionate to their stocks or mill capacity whenever that is decreed by the President and the commission. To insure compliance with this provision of the law certificates of identity are issued to the mill owners and planters which specify the ultimate destination of the sugar stocks they have on hand. The sugar must be disposed of in accordance with the specifications made in the certificates and no sugar can be sold locally, shipped to the United States, or turned over to the export corporation without these certificates. Moreover, by special decree, the mill owner incurs a fine of \$5 for each 325-pound sack of sugar under the amount called for by the corporation which he fails to deliver. The system is further strengthened by a provision which requires a landing certificate for each cargo sent abroad to prevent clandestine transshipment to the United States. Under the American law Cuban sugar when reshipped from a port other than one in Cuba does not enjoy the preferential tariff rate.

Besides the fines and extraordinary taxes already mentioned, the Tarafa Act provides that a fine of not less than \$500 and not more than \$10,000 shall be assessed for each violation of the law or of any of the decrees issued by the President or the commission.

II

"Sugar is Cuba," one writer has said, and if sugar does not pay all Cuba suffers. But the sugar industry of the island has been in a continual state of depression for more than a generation, having shown a decent profit in only one or two of the last twenty-five years. The evil, of course, has been overproduction and this evil was accentuated during the World War when, at the request of the British Government, the Cuban producers threw caution overboard and speeded up production to supply British requirements. During that period the industry went deeply into debt to finance the abnormal expansion of its plants and other physical assets. Since then the interest charges on these mortgages have eaten away the profits.

Immediately after the war the Cuban Government turned to legislation in its search for relief and many laws were adopted and Presidential decrees promulgated from 1919 until October, 1927, looking toward the restriction of sugar exports, toward the stimulation of sugar sales in Europe and Asia, toward the floating of loans to refinance the industry, toward increasing the production of sugar on sterile land, toward the discovery of new industrial uses for sugar, and toward some forty or fifty other means of relief. On April 19, 1926, President Machado decreed that no more land should be cleared for sugar growing; eight days later he was authorized by the national legislature to fix the size of the current crop. On May 3 he signed a law regulating the sugar crops for the two following years and on December 10 he decreed that the crop then about to be harvested should not exceed 4,500,000 tons. The Tarafa Act followed.

Colonel Tarafa was none too hopeful that the measure bearing his name would produce the desired results. He saw the possibility of a "sugar war" on a world scale, with the other sugar-producing countries dumping an increased

output of sugar on the world market. Therefore he had written into the law a provision that it might be suspended by the President at any time for a period of twelve months. Meanwhile he planned to organize, if it was humanly possible, an international sugar combine to prevent a dumping war. President Machado is working along the same lines, principally through diplomatic channels. He hopes soon to convene a world sugar conference in Havana.

But while Colonel Tarafa is busy with these matters, his law is operating to stimulate the demand for sugar in Europe as well as in Asia and Africa. Under the law the Cuban Government is to contribute annually to the export corporation a sum not in excess of \$25,000 for administrative purposes, a part of which sum is to be "employed in work of propaganda and advertising of Cuban sugar in those countries which do not now consume important quantities thereof, or in those countries in which it is possible to increase consumption, distributing in an intelligent manner large quantities of samples among the inhabitants of countries which are not familiar with the use of sugar, or which employ it in a very limited manner." The fines collected from the mills which fail to deliver in full to the export corporation their quotas of sugar are also to be used in this propaganda campaign.

III

The overly ambitious Tarafa-Machado experiment has already aroused two political elements in the United States, and they are busy calling upon the Government in Washington to do something about it. A commercial group has also assumed a critical attitude, but because it is not disinterested it may be dismissed with a word. Speaking for this group, Earl D. Babst, chairman of the board of the American Sugar Refining Company, asserted that in his opinion the Cuban "choice of restriction . . . was like turning 'left' when the traveled road (cooperative export marketing) and signboard said 'right.'"

But it is the Democrats and Western Progressives in Congress who have been the noisiest in their appeals to Calvin Coolidge and the Republican majority. Said Representative Oldfield, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee:

It is significant that, although American consumers will have to pay substantially all the burden of increased Cuban sugar prices, neither President Coolidge nor Secretary of Commerce Hoover have voiced a single word of protest against Cuba's action. . . .

Because of the peculiarly close relations between this Government and Cuba word from the White House or the Commerce Department would have had a marked effect on Cuban action and might have saved America a hundred million dollars in the cost of her sugar bowl during the next year or so. But the Administration that worked itself into a frenzy because France threatened retaliation against prohibitive rates in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill could not find it politically expedient to say a word in protest against increased sugar prices.

Since 90 per cent of the Cuban sugar industry is owned or controlled by American capital, according to an estimate made public by the White House, it should be apparent that this 90 per cent dominates the industry and therefore must have been the real author of the Tarafa Act. In the light of this, is it reasonable to expect that any action against the Cuban scheme will be taken by an Administration dedicated to Big Business?

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“MY SON SURVIVED honorable service throughout the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation,” says John S. Hemphill, of Ferguson, Missouri. His son was one of the American boys killed in the Nicaraguan jungle. Another father, Harold Leavey, Jr., remarked when his son set sail from Brooklyn for Corinto:

The boys are being sent to fight for the Wall Street brokers, not Uncle Sam. I'm only ■ poor milkman, and I need my boy more than they do.

These fathers encourage us. We are tired of sniveling parents who—in public, at least—are proud to “give” their children to their country. These men strike a warmer, human note, and they give us hope that a current of warm, human sympathy for the Nicaraguan patriots as well as for the sons of Missouri and New York will sweep across these United States.

WHAT MR. KELLOGG AND M. BRIAND are doing about a peace treaty one can only guess. The day of open covenants openly arrived at has not yet come. Months ago M. Briand offered to outlaw war between the two nations. Washington seemed, for a time, unresponsive. But after all, election is coming, so Mr. Kellogg started

negotiating. Mr. Borah was indiscreet enough to suggest publicly that it would be nice to agree upon peace with everyone, and accordingly the phrase “multilateral treaty” has crept into the newspaper dispatches. But what are we to be multilateral about? The first dispatches from Washington indicated that we were making another of those familiar long strides toward peace, but the indiscreet French Foreign Office let it leak out that Mr. Kellogg's proposals were a long stride backward from the old Bryan treaty, which provided for methods of conciliation in all disputes. The new proposal seems to exclude the Monroe Doctrine, problems affecting domestic policies, and those touching third parties—and if this be true, it is difficult to understand what is left. Mr. Kellogg has published one amiable letter to M. Briand, but the texts of the proposed arbitration treaty and of the declaration “renouncing” war have not been made public. We should like to see them.

“MILITARIZING OUR YOUTH,” a pamphlet just published by the National Committee on Militarism in Education (Bible House, Astor Place, New York City), reveals in detail the War Department's endeavor to goose-step the minds of the college and high-school students. The pamphlet lists 86 colleges and 20 high schools as still having compulsory R. O. T. C., despite the fact that compulsory training is not required under the National Defense Act or any other federal legislation. Land-grant colleges, notwithstanding propaganda to the contrary, are under no obligation to the government to maintain military training on a compulsory basis. The pamphlet gives an illuminating summary of the deliberate War Department campaign to popularize militarism. It is enough to quote the warning from John Dewey's introduction:

The militaristic movement is well organized, is energetically active, unrelentingly aggressive. It has a definite program and is taking steps for its execution. The nature of the program and the steps in its execution are set forth on the authority of official documents in the pages of this pamphlet.

Single copies of the pamphlet cost ten cents. In bulk they are cheaper; and a small sum will go a long way to help the committee distribute 100,000 copies.

CHARLES SHAMBAUGH, GARAGE-KEEPER of Lafayette, Indiana, goes down on our 1928 list of Americans we like. In the end he may do more to make the nation laugh at the pompous flubdubs we call admirals than ■ dozen congressional investigations. Mr. Shambaugh, bored with selling cars, read about Admiral Brumby's efforts to raise the S-4, and—out of “pure, idle curiosity,” as he put it afterward—wired the admiral that he was interested and wanted a conference. The good admiral, who was so busy that he could not stop to tell newspapermen whether the S-4 prisoners were still alive, wired back a long reply “so downright warm and friendly” that Shambaugh drove to Indianapolis and took the next train for Boston. He had never seen a submarine or a diver or

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been on anything but a river boat, but the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard put him on the naval tug Mojave and sent him to Provincetown. There he dined with Admiral Brumby, spent the night in officers quarters on the mine sweeper Bushnell, inspected—and approved—the diving operations, and returned to Boston aboard a destroyer.

LATER THAT EVENING Boston newspapers were notified that “a civilian expert on salvage operations who has spent all day watching the work of raising the S-4” was returning, and would deign to talk to reporters. A flock of newspapermen rushed to the Navy Yard. Enter Garage-keeper Shambaugh, escorted by a captain of marines and an orderly. A group of gold-braided officers followed to hear the news. “The navy is doing everything possible,” he announced. “I’ve been watching them all day. Say, do you realize those divers have to go a hundred feet down? Gosh, I think I’d be pretty good if I just got down on my feet, with all those weights and heavy shoes, to say nothing of getting up.” Then the reporters started in. Within five minutes they had learned what Admiral Brumby had not suspected in a day—that Charles Shambaugh had been on a boat just once before in his life and knew nothing whatever about submarines, diving, or salvage. “When I saw his two suitcases filled almost to the bursting point I thought they contained data” on salvage, Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the navy yard, told reporters afterward. That, and Admiral Brumby’s welcome, seem about typical. What a navy!

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, as we have already pointed out, has gained in prestige and effectiveness by Mr. Morrow’s friendly and astute gesture in obtaining the help of Charles A. Lindbergh and Will Rogers in Mexico. Now Jacob Gould Schurman, our Ambassador to Germany, has won friendship for us there by starting a subscription among Americans for a building fund for Heidelberg University. Mr. Schurman, who once studied at Heidelberg, has already raised about half of the \$400,000 which it is estimated the university requires. As far back as 1912 the Baden Ministry of Education asked for money for repairs and replacements, but the World War cut the hope short and since then the poverty of the country has led the Diet to postpone requested appropriations. As a preventive of war Mr. Schurman’s modest building fund is worth a hundred times Mr. Coolidge’s billion-dollar naval construction program.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES openly backing the stock-market gamblers? A few years ago that would have been unthinkable, but on Friday, January 6, the statement was issued from the White House that

Although loans to brokers and dealers held by New York Federal Reserve member banks have reached the unprecedented height of \$3,810,023,000 President Coolidge does not see any reason for unfavorable comment. . . . The President, it was said at the White House today, believes that the increase represents a natural expansion of business in the securities market and sees nothing unfavorable in it.

What was the result? On January 8, the *New York Times* reported, “stocks were turned over in huge volume on the New York Stock Exchange yesterday, largely as a result

of enthusiasm aroused by President Coolidge’s statement. . . . The market was the second heaviest for a Saturday in the history of the Exchange.” No wonder the *New York Times* headed the story Coolidge’s Optimism Gives Stocks a Lift. We had thought that the President had touched the bottom in his licking the boots of Big Business, but this open alliance with the stock-market speculators marks a new degradation of the Presidency. It should be a scandal to the country.

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR too late is a winter sport in Massachusetts. When Governor Fuller returned from his European vacation he was confronted with the recommendation of the Massachusetts Judicial Council that the Supreme Court be given the power to review in entirety a case submitted from a lower court. Now in his annual message the Governor makes the same recommendation to the legislature. Since it was not done before, it is proper that Governor Fuller should take this opportunity to suggest a much-needed change in the judicial procedure of his State. But he need hardly have been so churlish. This plan, he says,

will make certain that the Governor will not be compelled to encounter the difficulties which were forced upon him in the year 1927 by the zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder.

Tut, tut! So the Governor was annoyed in the year 1927 by “zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder”? What a shame to bother the chief executive of a great Commonwealth with such an insignificant matter as the guilt or innocence of two ignorant Italian anarchists, who died unconvinced of the justice of government. Why should the fate of such humble men annoy the Governor of Massachusetts? Sacco and Vanzetti are cold in their graves. Forget them, Governor Fuller—if you, who sent them to their death, ever can.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME Senator Norris’s “lame-duck” resolution has passed the Senate, this time by a vote of 55 to 6. And the House is expected presently to defeat it, also for the fourth time. The resolution proposes to advance the date of taking office for executive officers in the government and for Congressmen from the March 4 following their election to January 2 and 15 respectively. As everybody knows, March 4 was originally chosen because in the days of our country’s infancy it took so long to travel to Washington. Now, not even the gentleman from Oregon or from New Mexico needs months to make the journey. Senator Norris’s resolution, shortening the gap between the taking of office by an elected, and responsible, government and the holding of office by a defeated, and therefore irresponsible, one, is eminently sensible. But the House enjoys the little junket provided by those irresponsible two months. Senators, elected for six years, have plenty of time. The two-year member of the House sees things differently. Congress now sits a “long” term and a “short” one. During the short term, from the December after election until the following March 4, it is possible for a Republican House to tie things up so tight that a Democratic House, for example, although already duly elected, can hardly straighten them out in the long term succeeding. Thus the business of government hesitates and bungles and at the same time extra-curricular activities flourish. Everybody is satisfied—except the voters.

THESE ARE GREAT DAYS for automobile buyers, with Chevrolet, Overland, and Star rivaling Henry Ford's low rates, and all the makers slashing prices. What effect it will have on American business in general remains to be seen. Can the United States be made a two-car country? Is there a saturation-point in automobiles? Can the industry continue its amazing expansion, or must it settle down and stabilize? Automobiles have been the shakiest point in the nation's prosperity. Last year we produced three quarters of a million fewer automobiles than in 1926; and an analysis of November's production showed a drop of 50 per cent as compared with the previous year, and of 24 per cent even when the idle Ford plant was excluded from computation. The doldrums of the coal industry are another affair, due in part to mismanagement and in part to the use of substitutes for coal; but if automobiles stumble the whole house of industry will shake. The price war may mark a desperate crisis; it may bring the return to health.

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW has analyzed the families listed by the New York Times in its holiday appeal for the "100 neediest cases." Fifty-one per cent, this journal reports, are needy for lack of knowledge regarding methods of contraception: mothers dead of anemia from the strain of bearing too many children; babies dying for lack of enough food and blankets to go around; fathers attempting suicide after a hopeless effort to support eight children on an unskilled worker's wage. Luckily the workers of the world are not everywhere subject to the legal puritanism prevailing in the United States. In England where the distribution of birth-control information is widespread if not scientifically controlled, the decline in the birth-rate among the working class was as great, between 1911 and 1921, as in the population as a whole. In London the average decrease for four poor boroughs since 1921 has been about 16 per cent; comparative figures in four wealthy boroughs show no greater decrease and in some cases an actual increase for the same period. In other European countries the figures are even more impressive. We quote from the *Birth Control Review*:

The city of Bremen, which has a record typical of many German cities, had in 1901 an average of 1.27 children for the wealthy; of 4.49 for artisans and the poor. In 1925 it had 1.47, a slight increase, for the wealthy and only 1.92 for artisans and the poor. That is, these poorer classes had cut their families more than 50 per cent.

In spite of the stubborn bigotry of opponents of the movement, we cannot believe that it will be long before the workers of the United States insist on a similar right to limit their families to numbers they can decently support without recourse to the charitable efforts of the New York Times and other agencies of casual relief.

BY THE DEATH OF THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE December 9 America loses a pioneer in the field of Romance scholarship, and Cornell University the last survivor of the original faculty in 1868. He was a productive scholar: 1868-1924 are the terminal dates in his bibliography of 331 items, published as an appendix to his last volume, the Pez manuscript of the "Miracles of the Virgin," which he edited and printed at the age of eighty-one. Of these contributions, more than 200 were articles, reviews, and notices of foreign books written for *The Nation*, most

of them before America possessed any periodicals devoted especially to foreign languages or literatures. He was a scholar who loved his work, and who found time for it despite his duties as professor and through all the distractions that came to him as dean and acting president. Besides many useful texts, he edited, while teaching, the "Exempla" of Jacques de Vitry and "Italian Popular Tales," and collected the materials for his monumental work, "Italian Social Customs of the Sixteenth Century." This scholarly volume is but one of the 65 items added to his bibliography after his retirement. His students have lost in this distinguished folk-lorist a critic, counselor, and friend.

Millionaires

VOLUMES have been written about the confiscatory character of the federal tax upon large incomes. Wealth has been pictured as groaning under an impossible burden of oppressive surtaxes, blighting business enterprise and discouraging investment in industry.

But just as Congress is being urged to grant retroactive corporation-tax reduction, the Treasury Department, with an amazing lack of team-work, makes public its preliminary annual report on income-tax statistics. They reveal a pyramiding of wealth beyond all the dreams of Solomon and Croesus. For the year 1926 228 persons reported incomes of \$1,000,000 or more. The total income of these million-dollar-a-year men was \$490,000,000, out of which they paid in income taxes \$81,000,000, leaving them a paltry \$409,000,000 to struggle along on during the year.

In the sacred \$5,000,000-a-year bracket, the ratio of federal tax to income is still more astonishing. In 1926 fourteen citizens pocketed earnings totaling \$101,000,000. The hard-hearted federal government extracted \$17,000,000 in income tax, leaving the fourteen with only \$84,000,000 to pay their expenses for the year!

Time was, and not so long ago, when a millionaire was something of a rarity. It is no longer a distinction to have a million dollars. There are literally thousands of millionaires, according to the Treasury's figures. In order to rise into the charmed golden circle now, one must not merely have a million dollars but make a million dollars income a year. In the antediluvian year of 1914 only sixty persons reported incomes of a million dollars a year. In the prosperous year of the "war babies," 1916, the number of million-dollar incomes rose to 206. There was a falling off in subsequent years, due to post-war deflation and the discovery of more up-to-date ways of evading taxation. But in 1926, the number went back again to 207, and in 1927, the million-dollar-income bracket broke all records with 228, while the number of \$5,000,000 incomes doubled.

It is interesting to compare these figures of the higher brackets with those of incomes ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Incomes between \$1,000 and \$2,000 declined from 1,071,992 to 1,016,153, those between \$2,000 and \$3,000 from 842,528 to 835,711, and those between \$3,000 and \$5,000 fell from 1,327,683 to 1,256,966. There was a corresponding decline in the income reported by all these classes.

Prosperity can hardly be called healthy unless well spread out and these figures would seem to indicate that there is something radically wrong with our distribution system. They ought at least to silence the nonsense about relieving the impoverished rich while we still have an \$18,000,000,000 war debt hanging over our heads.

When Is a War Not a War?

WHY, obviously, our government declares, in Nicaragua. In the very week when our Secretary of State has published his correspondence with France urging an agreement to "renounce" war between the two historic republics, we are sending the major general commanding the Marine Corps, with one thousand more marines and perhaps half a dozen warships, to Nicaragua. They will not, of course, engage in "war." They are sent merely as police to put down an uprising of "bandits." It is no war, although, seven days after the attack upon the American column which resulted in five Americans being killed and twenty-three wounded, the seriously injured could be removed from the scene of the attack at Quilali only by most daring work on the part of Marine Corps aviators. During that week the American public was informed that the country around Quilali had been cleared of the "bandits," yet the dispatches report that at each halt of the airplane to pick up a wounded man "Sandino snipers peppered at the plane with rifles from the surrounding hills," and a fighting bomber circled around Quilali dropping bombs on the hilltops so as to keep down the fire of the enemy. There are obviously "bandits" and "bandits"—the French in Syria who have been killing thirty thousand of the best Syrians also use the word to describe their enemies—but it is a new thing for an American government to be compelled to remove its wounded through the fire of "bandits" and under the cover of a bombing machine, and to admit that the losses have been proportionately as high as in our hardest battles in France.

The truth is, of course, that this is war, nothing more and nothing less, and the government might as well admit it. One does not send a thousand marines to reinforce a force of two to three thousand more if the adversaries are merely bandits. As it happens, there is official report that those who attacked the Americans at Quilali were well armed and equipped, and freshly uniformed. It is even reported that they are being trained by two American captives, which, incidentally, is the first word that we have received that there have been American prisoners in the "bandits'" hands. If further proof that this is a war were needed it would seem to come in the attempt of the marines to blacken the character of General Sandino. The intelligence bureau of that corps declares that Sandino is "a brave man but with a shady record, having served with Pancho Villa in Mexico"—a lie, as Mr. de la Selva points out on another page—and having been convicted "of a violent crime in Masaya." The Marine Corps further reports that this "bandit" carries "many flags, all with a red and black background with skull and cross-bones worked into the red and black." It fails, of course, to add that red and black are the colors of the Nicaraguan labor movement. Doubtless more atrocity stories and bolshevik bogies will follow.

The truth is that we are witnessing deliberate warfare—another case where the American Executive has usurped the power of the Congress to make war, precisely as did Wilson twice in Mexico and also in Haiti and in Santo Domingo. Everybody in Latin America knows that Sandino is not a bandit, but that he is a patriot fighting a madman's fight against overwhelming odds. It may be possible to fool the American people as to what has happened in Nic-

aragua; it may be possible to get the support of the bulk of the daily press of this country on the morally indefensible ground that having got into this mess we must see the thing through, but nobody will be fooled in Latin America. Undoubtedly the effort will be made to prove that the new uniforms and the arms and ammunition are coming from Mexico, and to portray this as fresh evidence of Mexican hostility to the United States. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. We have no right or power in law or morals to forbid the Mexicans to sell arms and ammunition in any direction that they please. We who have financed and made money out of a hundred revolutions in Central and South America cannot reserve to ourselves the right to a monopoly of this sorry business.

So, just as we are appealing to France to end the possibility of war, and endeavoring to define what is aggressive warfare and an aggressor nation, we are carrying on a peculiarly offensive aggressive war against a little neighboring country. The time-honored excuses that we have to defend American property, that if we did not restore order some European nation would do so, are being worked again. But worst of all is the plea that because we have blundered and lost American lives we must refuse to retrace our mistaken steps. Fortunately, there is an awakening public conscience on this matter. We have had a moving protest from one father whose son was slain; and a call has been issued for a conference on the bloodshed in Nicaragua, to be attended by such persons as Stephen P. Duggan, William Allen White, Everett Colby, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Raymond B. Fosdick, and George Foster Peabody. It is a time for mass meetings of protest all over the country, and we hope that they will be forthcoming. Above all we welcome the continued frank speaking in Congress of Senators Norris, Wheeler, Nye, and Heflin and of Representatives Huddleston and Bloom. Even Senator Edwards of New Jersey, who can hardly be called an habitual idealist, has been moved to protest.

It is time, indeed, for Congress to assert its rights as the war-making branch of the government. If there is any clause in the Constitution which is a dead letter it is that reserving to Congress the right to declare war. The failure in that document to define what war is constitutes an essential weakness. As a matter of fact, the Executive can and constantly does invade foreign territory with the armed forces of the United States without authority, and that fact is the reason for the growing Latin-American dread of us. Any President, as things stand today, can maneuver the country to the brink of war and then demand that Congress support him, assert that those who oppose war are unpatriotic and wilful men, summon to his side the press of the country, and appeal to the public to stand by the President and the flag. Every hoary device of the professional patriot to make people rally around the flag and to defend the national honor and prestige, however disgraceful the means by which we got into the fix, will then be used. Nicaragua today marks a disgraceful failure of American statesmanship. The real patriot will say so and will not for a single instant countenance the suggestion that rather than admit our blunder we should continue to fight an illegal and unwarranted war.

Who Is Hearst's Forger?

AFTER several dawdling weeks Mr. Hearst has admitted that his "Mexican" documents are forgeries; John Page, who paid Miguel Avila \$30,000 of Mr. Hearst's money for the papers, has admitted that they are forgeries; Mr. Avila admits it; three handwriting experts hired by Mr. Hearst assert it; and the government experts are equally emphatic. We might add that as far back as our issue of November 30 *The Nation* expressed its disbelief in the papers; and the Senate committee investigating the case is expected shortly to report that it too has its doubts. It is a cautious committee, but we believe it will go that far.

Mr. Hearst, we understand, has retired to California in disgust, leaving his armies of executives to wriggle out of the mess as best they can. They will not, we predict, have to wriggle hard. The Senate committee has shown throughout a scandalous respect for the tender susceptibilities of the Hearst organization; it has acted as if it believed that the Mexican Government was obligated to prove the documents false, and as if Mr. Hearst were merely the dupe of unscrupulous forgers. It has, so far as we are aware, made no really serious effort to trace the source of the forgeries or to discover whether anyone in Mr. Hearst's own organization bore any responsibility for them. It has not asked the telegraph companies to produce the messages exchanged between Mr. Hearst and his agents in Mexico City, as it asked them to produce messages between the Mexican Government and its agents. Having established that the charge that the Mexican Government had bribed, or attempted to bribe, United States Senators, is false, and having thus cleared the honor of that august body, the United States Senate, the Senators seem to feel that their work is done.

It is not. The Senators are not guardians of their own honor alone; the American people have a right to ask of them that, having gone thus far, they dig deeper and expose the whole slimy mess. They have heard, without, apparently, being surprised or disturbed, that the *New York Times* paid a man secretly to copy documents in the archives of a neighbor-government; that a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* obtained the privileges of the United States government diplomatic pouch to transmit a forged document from Mexico City to Washington—though in the end, convinced of the fraud, the *Ledger* honorably refused to publish the document for which it had paid. They have confirmed the fact that the Hearst newspapers foisted upon the American public, apparently in a deliberate effort to foster international ill-will and distrust, a series of totally false documents. They have watched Mr. Hearst, caught printing forgeries, declare unashamed that even though the documents be proved false he believes their contents still, and they have established that Mr. Hearst made no effort to test the authenticity of these documents before printing them. The committee has no right to let such unscrupulous journalism pass unscathed.

Any layman could see the improbability of the Hearst documents. Any graduate of a high-school course in Spanish could see that they teemed with grammatical errors, misplaced or omitted accents, and misspellings. More than one careful observer noted that documents alleged to have been taken from Mexico City archives and others

said to have been stolen from the New York City consulate appeared to have been written upon the same eccentric typewriter. After his publications had created an international scandal Mr. Hearst had no difficulty in getting handwriting experts to inform him that his documents were unquestionably false. He still calls his action patriotic! He held the documents for months without investigation, then printed them; and before the Senate committee he gave as his only excuse the fact that the man who brought them to his agent was a "former member of the Military Intelligence Department" of the United States army, and had been honorably discharged after the war. Miguel Avila must have been in his element in the army's band of secret snoopers, and the fact that he had belonged to the Military Intelligence Department might of itself have been ground for suspicion that he was unreliable. Mr. Hearst's fakes are on a par with the brand of evidence conjured up during the war against thousands of honest men of German extraction, pacifists, industrial radicals, or mere liberals.

John Page, Mr. Hearst's Mexican agent, was the procurer of the forged documents which the *Public Ledger* two years ago refused to print. Avila seems to have been almost a professional purveyor of dubious documents. Who made Mr. Hearst's forgeries? The Senate committee must not let that question go unanswered. And what will the committee say of Mr. Hearst? Will it dare to picture that would-be war-maker as the simple dupe of a semi-literate border adventurer?

Nicholas Murray Butler

AT the time of the World War liberals had several good reasons for distrusting the acts of the President of Columbia University but since those days they have found increasingly frequent occasions to approve of his words. If there is any satisfactory explanation of the disappearance from the Columbia faculty of Cattell, Dana, Beard, and Robinson that explanation has never been given; and under the circumstances it is impossible to banish wholly the suspicion that President Butler's liberalism may be the sort which resounds most boldly when there is nothing to fear. Yet many of his recent public utterances have seemed to have the ring of sincerity in them. He has confessed to no change of heart but he has said so many admirable things and said them so well that one cannot but hope that such a change has taken place.

In particular, his just published annual report is a clear, bold, and vigorous document. In the course of it he defines so clearly the claim of the university to freedom from governmental control and the claim of the scholar to intellectual freedom from the control of his university that we should like to give his remarks on the subject the widest possible circulation:

Columbia University exists and does its public work in the sphere of liberty, not in that of government. All institutions supported by public tax are, and of logical and political necessity should be, controlled and administered directly by public officers. These institutions exist and do their public work in the sphere of government. They are part of government. On the other hand, those institutions, whether eleemosynary, educational, literary, scientific, historical, or other, that grow up in the sphere of

liberty, depend for their vitality and effective continuance upon the strength of the spirit of liberty among the people and upon the appreciation by the people of the moral responsibility which faith in liberty involves. . . . Men speak so much of government; depend, and increasingly, so much upon government; and so constantly seek, and increasingly, to use the power of government, that they quite overlook the fact that among a free people government is everywhere and always subordinate to liberty. Free men have themselves erected government and have given it for domain and occupation a very small part of all that constitutes their activity, physical, intellectual, social, moral, economic, reserving the vast and unlimited remainder for themselves as the sphere of liberty. . . .

One of the scholar's chiefest needs is protection in his becoming freedom and its exercise. The scholar who in sincerity and knowledge criticizes or dissents from some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity, is as much entitled to that dissent as his fellow who defends what this scholar condemns. This is one of the hardest lessons for public opinion in a democracy to learn. The persecuting instinct is so deep and so widespread and the passion for uniformity and conformity is so strong that many a missile will continue to be leveled at the devoted head of any scholar who dissents from a prevailing or a popular judgment. It seems to be forgotten, however, that if he does not dissent, such being his honest conviction, he ceases to be a scholar and falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them and in whose lives passion and quickly flitting emotions take the place of ideas and knowledge as controlling forces.

It has been suggested that the increasingly uncompromising liberalism of President Butler's public utterances is the result of the decline of his political ambitions, that he has indulged more and more in the luxury of sincerity as he has hoped less and less for high office to be won through the sufferance of party leaders fearful of everything except trimming. If this be true, then we wish that President Butler would speak frankly of his past. Did he or did he not during those war days give the scholar that protection which is one of his "chiefest needs"; did he or did he not insist upon the right of the scholars immediately under his control to criticize or dissent from "some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity"; and did he or did he not himself forget that if a scholar so inclined does not dissent he "falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them"? His words seem to imply a confession and a recantation, but mere implication is not enough. He owes those liberals to whom his words seem addressed some more satisfactory explanation than has ever been given of events at Columbia during the period of hysteria, and if there is no such satisfactory explanation to be given then he owes a confession and an apology.

To ask such a thing of a politician would be obviously absurd—a politician who changes front never ceases to hope that he will gain a new constituency through his present words while holding the old one through past actions—but there are signs that President Butler is tired of being a politician. If he is willing to surrender the power which he has and has hoped to have in party politics he has the mind to make him one of the most valuable and influential leaders in those liberal movements which can tolerate sincerity because they work through human individuals, not through machines.

50,000 Words of Fact

G OVERNOR SMITH'S message to the New York Legislature is widely hailed as a campaign document intended for the voters of the nation rather than the citizens of the Empire State. Maybe that's the Governor's purpose; we are not enough in his confidence to say. But the document itself strikes us as notably free from general political flubdub and packed with concrete facts of importance to the citizens of New York. Even more than its predecessors the message reads like the report of the president of a great corporation to its stockholders. To the people of New York and other States the message illustrates how far our commonwealths have outgrown their original political functions—how they have evolved into enormous and infinitely complicated business, educational, and scientific organizations. In a document of 50,000 words Governor Smith gives us a fascinating picture of the ramifications of a modern State government and a renewed respect for the civilian army which in spite of corruption and incompetence here and there nevertheless carries on an ant-hill of activity with industry and devotion. Besides this, Governor Smith shows the stockholders what he has been able to do for the company in eight years, six of them against a hostile legislature. And through it all one sees the astonishing mastery of detail possessed by this remarkable administrator who writes equally understandingly of straightening children's legs and adults' minds, of teachers' salaries and bovine tuberculosis, of prohibition and hydro-electric power.

The weakest part of the message is the few paragraphs in which it strays away from State business into national political controversy. The section on prohibition has no concrete application whatever and says nothing new, although it expresses an old truth neatly in the observation that "the people of any locality get the degree of law enforcement upon which they insist and for which they are willing to pay." It is encouraging to read that "the labor of a human being shall not be treated as a commodity," but one is disappointed to discover that the only protection here offered labor is a law making it impossible for a judge to issue a temporary injunction in industrial disputes without a hearing. The Governor is entitled to the credit he takes for the preservation or restitution of civil liberties, but his only new proposal is to abolish the motion-picture censorship. Of genuine national importance is the Governor's reiterated declaration in favor of public control of hydro-electric power and his new proposal that the legislature should pass on no amendments to the federal Constitution without submitting them to a State referendum. In his reassertion of belief in a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean through United States soil he is possibly swayed more by local patriotism than by wide understanding.

Admittedly Governor Smith is a reformer rather than a revolutionist—above all he is an administrator. His spade does not dig deep into the terrific economic or political problems of the day. If this is not the best of all possible worlds, at least it seems good enough for him. One stumbles with some amazement upon a comment that "of all human agencies government is the slowest to meet new and changed conditions."



In Nicaragua

"What is that?"

"That is the Ambassador of Good-will!"

It Seems To Heywood Brown

"WE have embarked upon a dangerous enterprise, now we must make our way out of it if we can do so consistent with national honor and safety."

I quote not from a staunch supporter of the Republican Administration but from Huddleston of Alabama who rose in the House to attack the Nicaraguan policy of Coolidge and Kellogg. And I must say that the attitude of the Opposition is even more painful to me than that of the ruling majority. It should be perfectly possible for a President of the United States to confess error and scrap an enterprise clearly wrongheaded. Yet my memory includes no such act on the part of any executive.

We need not marvel, then, when a Republican Congressman announces: "I hold that it is the duty of my country to protect my life and property wherever I am in all the world." Begg of Ohio is speaking, and if he ever gets a notion to follow the Roosevelt tradition and hunt lions in Africa it will become the duty of the navy to send a few marines to act as beaters. Administration stuff must follow formula. Apologies, retractions, and withdrawals can be looked for only in Utopia. What puzzles me is the weakness of the Opposition which is at liberty to attack from any quarter. The Democratic doctrine as outlined by Huddleston is just as dangerous as that which Coolidge has put into practice. In effect the minority is saying that the country has made a mistake which is unfortunate and reprehensible but that perhaps it is too late to do anything about it now.

If Sandino, in the remote foothills of Nicaragua, menaces the United States there is no reason in the world why we may not find it necessary tomorrow to land marines in Monaco. Indeed it would be more logical since in that case there would be pertinence in the cry that American property was in danger. Nor have I ever understood this matter of national honor. How can a shining face be put upon a shameful deed by mere persistence in wrongful rubbing? And in the *New York World*, again, I find a repetition of this heresy. With considerable vigor the *World* has fought against America's policy in Nicaragua, but now it seems to feel that because we have persisted in muddle-headedness there is nothing to do but go on. "We are in Nicaragua now," says the newspaper, "and the *World* has no hope or expectation that it will be possible to pull out easily. That blundering led us in we believe to be the fact beyond a doubt. But there we are; we are committed to the guaranty of a free and fair election in the hope that such an election will lead to the establishment of a stable government, and pulling out at the present moment would only make a bad matter worse."

Let me see, is not this the same United States which is wrestling with the problem of Vare and Smith? If we actually have a capacity for guaranteeing free and fair elections it might not be a bad idea to get the marines back from Nicaragua in time to superintend the next balloting in Philadelphia. I am blessed if I can understand it all. If the plan which we set in motion for the Central American republic was a blunder in the first place I do not compre-

hend just what has happened since to make it seem more wise. The very best thing a man can do who has set out upon the wrong road is to wheel about and retrace his steps. How can an election conducted under the shade of alien riflemen be called fair and free? The story goes that the State Department hopes to save face with all the world by reason of its belief that in the next election the Liberals will win. We could not recognize Sacasa because of the feeling that his claim was unconstitutional. Nicaraguans were polite enough not to note such motives in our eyes as the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments.

Indeed, a new reason for our ferocity against Sandino has just come to light. According to an Associated Press dispatch, "Sandino is understood to have established prohibition in territory under his control." This may explain our puzzling policy. Possibly the United States felt obliged to take control because Sandino failed to make enforcement efficient.

I don't quite understand just how the United States will seem less tyrannical to Latin America if Nicaragua eventually puts the Liberal Party into office. This faction was already well on its way toward power when our interference first began. The charge that our influence was once thrown to maintain the Conservatives is not a whit more damning than the accusation which may be made later on that we gave the Liberals a lift. The plain fact of the matter is that the complexion of Nicaraguan government is absolutely none of our business.

Officially Sandino is a bandit. Even the big news agencies, which are supposed to guard against editorialization in their reports, have begun to call him that. Possibly the label fits although America has a habit of always inventing names for its opponents. He is said to be a bandit because he lives off the land as he moves about as Sherman did in his march to the sea. Also there is the charge that he and his men have taken loot. By a happy chance we have sent marines to punish this marauder, for there is in the corps a tradition dating back to Boxer days. Some of the allied soldiers are believed to have come home heavy laden with Chinese possessions, but our marines moved steadfastly and never once stooped for treasures of jade and ivory. Well, hardly ever. Also, the news comes through the Associated Press that Sandino has no friends at all in Nicaragua. The American correspondents say that even his old associates among the Liberal leaders have disowned him. This would seem to one unversed in diplomatic niceties to make the matter very simple. If Conservatives and Liberals alike are arrayed against this fellow why can't we gracefully step down and let his own folk go and get him?

Suppose it be true that Sandino is a brigand, a bandit, a bad man, and even a "reptile" as the *Washington Post* calls him, there still remains the fact that Quilali is a long way from Chicago. After all we have our own bandits, our own bad men, and here and there a reptile. Why can't we focus our attention on them and save time and steamer fare?

Sandino

By SALOMON DE LA SELVA

THIS is the story of General Augusto Calderon Sandino as we Nicaraguans who are in sympathy with him know it. Niquinohomo is a little village in central western Nicaragua, not much more than a thousand souls. It has about half a block of adobe houses with roofs of red tiles and perhaps three or four hundred wattle-cane huts, thatched with palm, shining golden in the sun. It is an ancient village founded by the Toltecs when they migrated into Nicaragua from Mexico a thousand years ago. Sandino was born and brought up at Niquinohomo, of parents born there. He was an illegitimate child, but his birth was not considered shameful in Nicaragua. We are not Nordics. When Augusto Sandino's mother died, his father, grown old enough to settle down, married. His wife, a typical Nicaraguan woman, reared young Sandino as if he were her own son. Other children have been born in the Sandino family, but all privileges of primogeniture are Augusto's. He is now in his thirties.

Sandino's father is an important man in the village of Niquinohomo and the boy received the usual education of his class; he learned the three R's and the catechism at an early age. He also learned to work. While still in his teens he became a produce merchant.

It was his business to buy the grain crops from the small farmers in the villages and sell them in bulk to wholesale dealers in the bigger towns. It was thus, going from place to place, that he gained a knowledge of his people, the real Nicaraguans who live close to their native soil. Nicaragua is agricultural. The professional classes, politicians included, live on the small farmer. Sandino early learned to understand the ways of politicians.

As a trader he prospered. With his earnings he bought himself a little farm. He could have made more money in business, but the land called him. His farm soon became a model. But in 1912, after armed intervention by American marines, American bankers acquired "by request of the Nicaraguan Government" full control over Nicaragua's credit and financial system. Farmers were driven to the wall. Augusto Sandino was ruined; his farm was taken from him.

Under Yankee influence Nicaragua's budget became a pork-barrel; the pro-American Conservatives grew fat as swine; the anti-American Liberals were starved. But twelve years of leanness is more than human politicians can stand. During those years the Nicaraguan Liberals gradually became converted to Jose Maria Moncada's philosophy that it is foolish to struggle against the inevitable, and that Nicaraguan Liberals should offer the almighty Americans more than the Conservatives had ever offered. Moncada was at first hated and called a lunatic. Gradually his views made progress. He has consistently preached submission to the United States. At about the time when Sandino was ruined financially Moncada was on the lookout for promising followers. Sandino left Niquinohomo and went to northern Nicaragua to work in the mines. Known already as an earnest, capable, and attractive young man, with wide influence among the people, he seemed to Mon-

cada a good catch and an easy one. Moncada approached Sandino with guile. The story of his attempt to win him as a lieutenant reads like a troubadour's tale.

Moncada, on a certain evening, arranged a party for Sandino. *Cususa*, a native liquor of fine quality, flowed freely. Guitars were strummed, stories were told, songs sung. At the opportune hour an old woman brought in an untouched maiden.

"This beauty, this veritable pearl, this rival of the Graces," Moncada exclaimed, so the story goes, "I had intended for my delight. But as we are forever friends, and as you shall represent my policies in your Department, I cheerfully give her to you. Take her."

The girl, a frightened child of thirteen, was in tears. Sandino jumped up. "This girl," he said, "is the embodiment of Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away." And with that, he put the girl on his horse and rode off into the darkness. Toward dawn he arrived at a convent of the Sisters of Mercy. The girl has since become Sister Maria Augusta and is, I understand, ministering to the poor in the Philippines.

From that day Augusto Calderon Sandino was a man at whose name the politicians quaked. "This girl is Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away," became a slogan. Sandino was tempted with political honors. He was offered a seat in the Nicaraguan Chamber of Deputies, money with which to recover his lost farm. He resisted bribes of all kinds. Finally the politicians sought to have him murdered. Paid assassins were hired to pick a quarrel with him at the village bar and kill him in a drunken brawl. They nearly succeeded but Sandino, wounding one of his assailants, escaped alive. On that day he swore off alcohol.

Sandino did not have to flee the country nor was he prosecuted. The politicians were afraid to attack him. But life at home became impossible and Nicaraguans were emigrating in hordes. He arrived in Mexico in 1924, months after Pancho Villa had been killed, years after Pancho Villa had settled down to till the soil at Canutillo. Sandino was never near Villa's country. The story that he was a Villa man and a raider of American border towns is a fantastic lie. Sandino went to Tampico and worked in the oil fields. He remained there until the Sacasa revolution was well under way in 1926.

Following an honorable international tradition, the Calles Government contributed arms to what seemed a movement for the liberation of Nicaragua. These arms General Moncada personally received at Puerto Mexico in behalf of Sacasa. Sandino knew of it, as did everyone else. But Sandino feared for Nicaragua. He wrote to a friend: "Mexico, God forgive her, is unconsciously leading us to our most complete national ruin. Moncada will at the very first opportunity sell out to the Americans. We must not oppose the Sacasa revolution but get into it and, as a part of it, save it from Moncada. Moncada will betray Sacasa. . . ."

Sandino went back to Nicaragua and asked Moncada for

arms. Moncada refused them. He was clearly playing a waiting game. Information had reached him that as soon as the American Congress adjourned, the Coolidge Administration would impose peace in Nicaragua. It was enough for him to hold his own and be within reach of Managua when the American pacificator should come. Sacasa, supposedly the head of the movement, cut a pitiful figure. Liberal politicians picked Moncada to be his army chief. Sacasa, in New York at the time, is said to have made a wry face; but he signed the appointment. He has now the leisure to regret. During the fighting Moncada broke off communications with Sacasa and received no orders.

Some of Sacasa's faithful officials gave Sandino forty rifles and a little ammunition. With this he began his career as a soldier. He kept clear of Moncada and Moncada of him, but each watched the other more closely, perhaps, than they watched the common enemy. Soon Sandino made connections with the forces of General Parajon, one of the field organizers for the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor. The federation considered the war no social or economic movement, but a political revolution from which the workers had nothing to gain. Indeed, the Sacasa revolution was not popular, and it became less so when Moncada was appointed its military leader.

With armed intervention by the United States in favor of Diaz, popular feeling swung to the side of Sacasa and Moncada. But the volunteers in the Liberal ranks went forth to battle not as Liberals but as Laborites carrying

Labor's red and black flag. Parajon's and Sandino's men wore the red and black in their hats and even imposed the fashion on Moncada's army. Matters stood thus when Mr. Stimson arrived to impose peace.

Stimson made straight for Moncada. In half an hour Moncada's submission was assured. Diaz had already expressed to Mr. Stimson his willingness to become a figure-head. Moncada outdid Diaz. He said that he could guarantee the surrender of all the generals except Sandino. Parajon laid down his arms, believing that the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor could not wage war against the United States. Sandino held that if one were doomed to be crushed in any case, one might as well go to that doom bravely. Also Sandino trusted that the hearts of plain Americans might be moved by his action. He lined up his men; he knew them all by name. To some he said: "You are heads of families. You must not be sacrificed; I bid you farewell." To the others he said: "If there is any one of you who for any reason should not follow me, he is free to deliver his rifle and go home. You need give no explanations. I know that no one of you is a coward."

Sandino is not a bandit. If Americans read the Latin-American press they would realize that to a growing portion of Latin-American opinion Sandino is of the breed of Bolivar and Sucre and San Martin and Marti. Sandino is looked upon as a liberator. In the Hall of National Heroes at the Pan-American Union in Washington Nicaragua's pedestal is empty. She now has a candidate.

Who Owns Our Rivers?

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE Boulder Dam project supplies one of the most important problems before the present Congress. I would like to lead you to it along a winding trail.

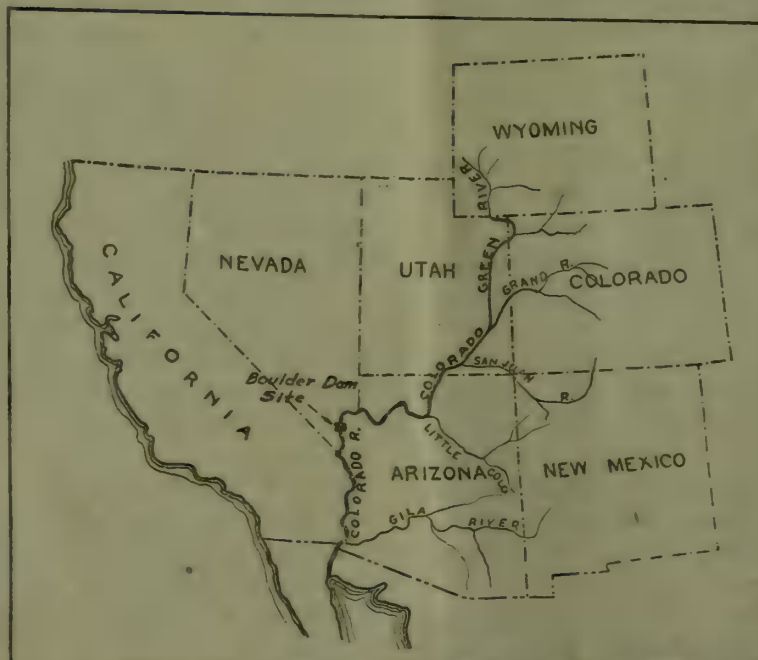
Three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. But when you step off an ocean liner and come ashore you do not leave the water question behind you. The problem changes from salt water to fresh, but it does not evaporate. Of all the natural resources water on land is in one sense the most fundamental and the most clamorous for attention, just as the forest is in another sense.

A great part of man's task on the land is dealing with water, because next to the air we breathe water is the most essential thing in human life. The number of people who can live in the United States is determined not by the available amount of land but by the available amount of water. We have land enough for a far larger population than will ever inhabit the United States for

the simple reason that we lack water enough to make all the land fertile and productive. Millions of arid and semi-arid acres lie out under the sun to prove it. It takes many tons of water to grow an acre of corn. It takes additional tons of water to transform that corn into hogs. Forty acres without water will produce neither a single ear of corn nor a single pork chop.

Water, then, is indispensable, but as with other good things it is easily possible to have too much of it. We are apt to speak of fire as the destroying element, but an excess of water is far more destructive than an excess of fire. The greatest natural calamity in the history of the United States, the recent Mississippi flood, was due to too much water at one time in the wrong place.

The chief conservation problem facing the people of the United States is the control of our river systems. There are three river problems which have become immediate issues before Con-



Territory Drained by Colorado River

gress. One is that of the Mississippi, brought to a head by the great flood of a year ago; another, that of Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee; the third, that of Boulder Canyon. In all three the development of electric power has become a crucial question, and for precisely the same reason. Briefly the issue is, For whose benefit shall the power be developed?

I would not have you understand that the question of electric power is the only one involved in Boulder Canyon. Navigation to some extent, irrigation to a very large extent, and flood control are all intimately involved; and so is the domestic and industrial water-supply for more than a million people in and around Los Angeles.

The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and the Grand rivers in the State of Utah. From its headwaters to the Gulf it flows through or past seven States. There are along it thirteen principal power sites capable of developing three or four million water horsepower. Along its course in Arizona and California, and Mexico as well, are millions of acres of irrigable lands now desert; and near its mouth is the Imperial Valley, partly in California and partly in Mexico, inhabited mainly by American citizens, and redeemed from utter barrenness by water from the Colorado River.

Most of Imperial Valley, moreover, is below sea level, and there is serious danger that the Colorado, which flows past it at a high elevation, will break into this deep hole as it did into the Salton Sink and change a land of fertile farms into a Dead Sea.

In order to prevent this calamity it is proposed to build at Boulder Canyon a dam twice as high as the next highest dam in the world, and create a reservoir a hundred miles long, capable of holding the entire flow of the Colorado for more than a year. This dam will make flood control certain and secure. At the same time it will develop from 600,000 to 1,000,000 continuous horse-power. And that is what the trouble is all about.

If there were no power question involved the Boulder Dam Bill would meet nothing but smiles. The bill authorizes (but does not direct) the Secretary of the Interior to construct electric-power-generating works in connection with the dam, and sell the power for distribution to municipalities or to private power corporations. If the Government makes and sells that power, it can incorporate in the contract of sale such conditions as will insure ultimate justice to the consumer.

That is important to the domestic consumer especially (which means pretty nearly all of us) because the power companies have been making us pay several times as much as we ought to pay. It is important to the companies because they have been, and are now, charging us several times as much as they could afford to serve us for. Which brings us to the essential question: Shall the Government be authorized to build the power works at Boulder Dam, and so get a chance to protect the rest of us from the present extortion? Or shall the Government, having built the dam, let some private company build the works, and so lose the chance to prevent extortion? That is the gist of the whole matter.

There are, of course, complications. So vast a project could hardly be without them. Certain of the States through which the Colorado River flows demand that this great national project shall take second place to the States' Rights theory and the individual interests of the States. Arizona,

for example, proposes to hold up the project unless she can be guaranteed what amounts to the right to tax national property used for the creation of electric power in the Colorado River. As a representative of Arizona said to me, "We propose to make the Government pay just as if it was a private company."

But the more serious danger comes from the electric-power companies, which are also suspected of being behind some of the obstructive demands of the States. The object of the power companies is to prevent the establishment of a government standard by which their own rates to consumers of electric power can be measured. Their objection to the construction of Boulder Dam has nothing to do with the dam itself but is wholly centered in the power-generating works through which the Government, under the Swing-Johnson Bill, is authorized to utilize the hydro-electric energy made available by the dam.

The Government does not propose to go into the business of selling power to the consumer. What it contemplates doing at Boulder Dam is what it is already doing at a number of government-built irrigation dams, namely, to transform into electric current the energy produced by the dam and to sell that current for distribution either by municipalities or private corporations. It does not propose to go into the power business but merely to produce the current, leaving to other agencies its distribution to the consumer.

That this is a proper function of the Government is attested not only by common sense but also by the man who has a better right to speak for the power industry than any other in America—Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company. In a speech on May 18, 1926, to the National Electric Light Association, Mr. Young said:

There is a class of water-powers which, in my judgment, must be separately considered. No suggestion has yet been made which adequately meets their needs. Where vast rivers either on international boundaries or within the United States require development for several purposes, such as navigation, irrigation, and flood control as well as for power, there arises a new kind of question which is wholly unrelated to the old controversy of government versus private ownership. The discussion of this question has been clouded by the old animosities. The private-ownership people feel that if the Government has anything to do with the development of power in these composite situations, it will be merely the starting-point from which the advocates of public ownership will advance their operations. On the other hand, the public-ownership people feel that the privately owned companies which seek to throw dams in these great rivers, and incidentally perforce take over the effective navigation, irrigation, and flood control, are so intrenching themselves in purely public operations as not only to make all thought of public ownership impossible, but to create instruments of oppression rather than of service. While this debate goes on, vast rivers go unharnessed for power, waterways are undeveloped, floods drown us, and droughts devour us. May I not call for a broader view in the public interest from the representatives of both the utilities and the public? . . .

Much has been made of the question as to whether these dams should be built and owned by the Government. If the dams really serve the great purposes of navigation and flood control, which are clearly governmental activities, then it seems to me public ownership of them cannot be objected to. Personally, I prefer that the construction and ownership of such an enterprise be in the hands of a public corporation, the stock of which should be government-owned, with the

provision that that corporation finance the enterprise with its own securities.

Mr. Young favors the public development of the Long Sault rapids on the St. Lawrence and the public construction of the power works there. Where he stands on the Swing-Johnson Bill I do not know, but the electric industry takes precisely the position which he does not take in the quotation above, and has today a great lobby in Washington to defeat the Boulder Dam project.

The power companies have four lines of defense against the establishment of a government standard at Boulder Canyon. The front-line trenches are built to prevent the passage of the bill altogether, thus destroying the Government's power not only to protect the consumers of electricity but also to protect the farmers of Imperial Valley against flood. This first line held at the last session of Congress. If the power companies can persuade Congress to defer action till the several States along the Colorado settle all their differences, and then can keep the States from agreeing, this first line may hold indefinitely.

The second line intends to restrict the Government's action solely to the construction of a flood-prevention dam, which need not be at Boulder Canyon and which would produce either a comparatively negligible amount of electricity or no electricity at all.

The third line is to prevent government-built electricity-generating works from being attached to the Boulder Dam project. The electric interests baldly offered at the last session to allow the passage of the Boulder Dam Bill provided

the authority to construct these generating works was cut out.

But if they are defeated here and Boulder Dam is built with the government generating works attached, then the fourth line of defense of the power people is to saddle the government-made current with every possible or impossible expense, with the immediate hope of hampering the enterprise and the more distant hope of making the Government's undertaking fail altogether.

Here is where the demand of Arizona and Nevada for the right to tax government property fits the hand of the power companies like a glove. If Arizona can add its taxes to the cost of the power produced, if Nevada can do likewise, if later the similar claims of other States can add still further to the burden, then perhaps the power interests, driven out of their first, second, and third lines of defense, may still be able to hold out.

The vastness of the stake for which the power companies are playing must never be forgotten. Boulder Canyon is to them not a question of Los Angeles or California or Arizona or any of the seven States of the Colorado Basin. It is a question of the value to its owners of the gigantic electric monopoly now forming all over the United States—its value measured in excessive rates to the consumer. On no other theory can their nation-wide opposition to Boulder Canyon be explained or understood. And just there lies your interest and mine in what is about to happen at a spot in the Colorado River that very few of us have ever seen or ever will.

Americans We Like Oscar Ameringer

By McALISTER COLEMAN

"WELL, folks, politics has got down to this. Politics is the fine art whereby the politicians extract campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the ground that the politicians will protect one from the other."

It is a farmers' picnic out in the grass roots of Oklahoma and Uncle Oscar is talking. The men slap their thighs and the women smile happily up at the sturdy figure above them. They have known Oscar Ameringer these many years, and they have come miles to hear him tell them what's what in this country of theirs which he knows so well.

Or, again, he is walking up and down the stage of a little motion-picture house in the coal-fields of central Illinois. It is Sunday afternoon and the union miners and their families have packed the place for a grand powwow over the state of the industry.

"They use long words, these highbrow fellows," says Oscar, "they come here and tell you about how economics is the reason why we haven't got work. Well, what is economics? Every one of you boys and girls have all the economics in the world in your right hand. Hold up your hands."

*The Tenth in a Series
of Personality Portraits*

Oscar shoots a clenched fist toward the roof and all over the hall men, women, and children gleefully follow suit.

"Now," commands Oscar, "stick out your pinkie and your thumb." Pinkies and thumbs are thrust out.

"Good," grunts Oscar. "Now, listen, children. What are we all here for on this earth? Why do we go down into the mines and out on the farms and into the factories and work our arms off? Why, to make both ends meet. Isn't that so? Sure! You see my thumb up here? Well, those are the bosses, the big boys. They are the I-eats. Down here where my pinkie is, that's us—the We-sweats. Now it's the job of the I-eats to keep pushing themselves up as far away as possible from We-sweats down here." At this point he raises his thumb and depresses his little finger and from the front rows of the house where all the youngsters sit in goggle-eyed admiration of their hero, clear back to the elders in the rear, there is a grave wiggling. "Every time they go up, we would go down if it were not for one thing," continues Oscar, "and that thing is the lever that we call union; it gives us a lift whenever we have sense enough to use it." Here he makes a lever out of the forefinger of his left hand and up goes the little finger to meet the thumb.

As he walks down the street after the meeting in consultation with some of the local union leaders, miners' urchins acknowledge his approach with the sign of the thumb and the little finger.

Oscar Ameringer is one whose story follows a pioneering home-spun pattern of the sort that will never again be woven in this country. The fire of rebellion, first lighted in the obscure little town of Achstetten, Germany, where Oscar was born in 1870, still burns in him, in spite of disappointments, as brightly as ever. Not long ago he wrote in his *Oklahoma Leader*:

God, is there not enough brains in this great, intelligent country to realize that we are smothered, suffocated, drowned under avalanches of goods and commodities the producing masses cannot purchase with their present income? . . .

What's the purpose of industry? To supply human wants? To aid men in the struggle for life, liberty, and happiness? To relieve men from the fear of want? To feed, clothe, and shelter God's children? To give them time, leisure, and peace to enjoy the only worth-while things in life—serenity, love, beauty, and freedom? Banish the thought! The purpose of industry is industry. It's to make money to buy machines, dig mines, erect new plants, so as to make money to buy, dig, erect until we dig the grave of civilization in a bedlam of speed, noise, racket, rattle, smoke, dust and rust, woe and war.

This is a bit more somber perhaps than Oscar's usual tone but it contains the hard, sure thrust, the rebel slant, the deep hunger for "serenity, love, beauty, and freedom" that mark the writing of this dean of labor journalists.

Back in Achstetten Oscar's father would look up from his cabinet-making ("And how beautifully they made cabinets in those days!" says Oscar), to watch the boy practicing with flute or horn, and conclude that he was the parent of a musician of parts. He taught him cabinet-making and then Oscar went away to Munich to study painting and incidentally to hear the teachings of a new school of rebel economists who were saying strange things about proletarians and bourgeoisie. No doubt all intelligent artists are rebels at heart. But rarely is one found who sees as clearly as Oscar what might happen to the soul of man under socialism. So clearly did he see it, even then at the age of sixteen, and so sick was he of a Europe of strutting drill-sergeants and comic-opera kaisers that he set out for America with little else in his pack than his flute and his books and his cabinet-making tools.

He had no English, no money, no job. But he had mother-wit and an appealing way about him and all through the Middle West in those days were other German rebels who were willing to give the boy a lift. It is characteristic of him that the first thing he did on landing was to join the Knights of Labor, that romantic, mystical predecessor to the "business unionism" of today. Tending bar for some *Landsmann* down a back alley in Cincinnati, traveling with a troupe of jolly Germans under the ironic title of the "Street Pavers of Paris," dropping his tools to march in a workers' parade with the red flags ahead and the fifes shrilling the Marseillaise—always the lad kept the vision of an America where there would be enough love, beauty, and freedom to go around, for poor as well as rich.

In New Orleans the brewers' union waged a lively strike with Oscar on the picket-line every morning, the terror of

the bosses. He was particularly successful in getting out the colored workers. Next he preached socialism in Texas, in the company of a phrenologist. "I would tootle on my flute to get the crowd. Then this fellow would read their bumps and then I would hammer socialism at them."

To Oklahoma Oscar went to tackle one of the most difficult organization jobs in the history of American socialism. With Dan Hogan, who had come over from his print-shop in Arkansas and Dan's capable and courageous daughter Freda, Oscar made Oklahoma the second State in the union in the number of Socialist Party members.

When the war came to smash the dream of a socialized America it did not sweep Oscar off his steady feet. In his paper, the *Labor World*, and later in the *Oklahoma Pioneer* he had been writing editorials' prophetic of just such a calamity. In Milwaukee his old friend Victor Berger was making a gallant stand against the war hysteria and soon Oscar was by his side writing editorials for the *Leader* when he was not answering the numerous indictments for high treason that were showered on him and Berger. While the war never for a moment stampeded Oscar either to the Right or Left, it left its mark on him. He cannot to this day speak of those lunatic days without a boom of anger.

The labor press. Inadequate as it is, it is terrifying to think what it would be without Ameringer's swingeing editorials, his flashing humor lighting up the "miles on miles of desolation" filled with convention reports and the smug pictures of officialdom. The miracle is that he can keep it up week after week. Yet he runs not one but many labor papers in his beautifully equipped plant in Oklahoma City. There, again with Dan and Freda Hogan, Oscar keeps alive what sparks there are in the labor movement of the Southwest and somehow finds time to make the *Illinois Miner* one of the few distinguished working-class journals in the country.

To this day "make-up" remains a mystery to a man who has had many tempting offers from the old-line, "capitalist" newspapers. For the life of him he cannot write a head-line, and his copy has funny little grammatical twists that are the despair of the college men on his staff. Yet this proletarian-musician-painter-brewer-cabinet-maker, with never a day's formal training in the business of writing, has turned out two books, "Socialism—What It Is" and "The Life and Deeds of Uncle Sam," that have sold in the hundreds of thousands. He has written and still writes editorials and articles that are as widely read as the products of the most highly paid American journalists. And all this he does for wages, as often as not long overdue, that a cub on a New York paper would sniff at.

He sits at his desk with the temperature over 100 in the shade and proceeds to skin alive a treacherous governor whom he himself put into office. This perfidy of elected persons is nothing new in Oscar's life, and he knows just how to make this particular Judas wince. He groans a little in the agony of composition and the sweat runs down the ends of his spectacle bows, but presently he is finished (and so is the governor) and he turns to discuss with an engineer from the State university a plan for a giant power-plant in Illinois that will give the coal-diggers of those parts a chance for more work and a better life. Then there is a speech to be made in a little town forty miles away

where the Klan has been cutting capers. So Oscar climbs into the Ford and chugs off. The pockets of many of the men in his silent audience bulge meaningfully. But Oscar merely beams down from the platform as he says:

When did Jews ever do you folks any harm? There's Jake runs the haberdashery. Didn't Jake give you credit in the last strike? Didn't he carry you long after it was bad business for him to do it? Jake's all right. And so are the colored people, the other side of the road. They don't bother you any, do they? And the three Catholics in town. Pretty good fellows, aren't they? Don't let's go off our heads. Come on, folks, take a vote. Are we sensible, decent, warm-hearted Americans or just jackasses in night-gowns? All who are jackasses hold up their hands.

As he leaves that town to drift back home to his work, its citizens are firmly convinced that in some manner they have voted out the Klan.

It is on Saturday nights, with the crowded week behind him and a group of big-muscled young miners or old comrades in the movement lolling beside him, that Oscar bursts into full and luxuriant bloom. Story after story he tells, the story of the America that was, of which he was no inconsiderable part, and which he saw with the shrewdest and kindest and most understanding eyes.

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter had his life to live over again, he always tells himself he would pick out some job more lucrative than journalism. Until lately he has thought that he would choose the profession of millionaire. There seems to be more money in that than in any other occupation of which the Drifter knows unless possibly the career of billionaire. And the circle of billionaires is still so small and select that the Drifter is not sure he could pass the entrance examinations. Recently, though, the Drifter has discovered a better paying occupation than that of millionaire. It is to be a telephone clerk in a New York stock-broker's office. In glancing over the New Year's changes in the financial district the Drifter observes that no fewer than four telephone clerks have bought seats on the Stock Exchange. As such a seat costs in the neighborhood of \$300,000—and as telephone clerks are probably not often the heirs of wealthy fathers—it would seem to be a fair guess that the job itself was a profitable one.

* * * * *

TO return to journalism, billionaires, and entrance examinations, the Drifter recalls a story, doubtless apocryphal, once told of the former Emperor of Germany. Before a gathering of newspaper correspondents he is said to have observed scornfully: "A journalist? Bah! What degree does one have to have to be a journalist?" To which one of the group responded suavely: "And what degree does one have to have, your Majesty, to be an emperor?" To the Drifter it has always seemed that although no degree and no entrance examinations are required to be a journalist the job itself is an elimination race more ruthless and breathless than any other with which he is acquainted. Many are called—or think they are—but few are chosen, and fewer still survive any number of years. Once a

teacher, always a teacher—if one wishes. So, too, in the law and in the church. There are posts positively aching to accommodate worthless or lazy lawyers and clergymen. But there are few openings clamoring for incompetent journalists, and practically none for lazy ones. At least the Drifter can't find any.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not a passionate devotee of the movies, but the announcement of the St. George Playhouse, a new motion-picture theater on Brooklyn Heights, is beguiling. One reads, for instance:

The architecture of the St. George Playhouse is magnificent. Should it prove more profitable, only a few changes would be necessary to convert it into the most elegant gasoline station in Brooklyn.

Our lobby is smaller-but even more intimate than the Clark Street Subway Station.

The seats in the St. George Playhouse were tailored to fit Chief Justice Taft—high, wide, and handsome.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hearst's War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Max Sherover in his "Fakes in American Journalism" cited cablegrams which told the story of Hearst's provocative attitude just before the Spanish-American War. The papers passed between Hearst and Frederick Remington, the American artist.

Long before we, the common people, dreamt of war with Spain Hearst sent Remington to Cuba to produce "pictures that will stir up the blood of the people at home." When Remington arrived, being green at the business, he cabled back to Hearst:

W. R. HEARST, New York Journal, N. Y.

Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return.

REMINGTON

And here is the answer he got:

F. REMINGTON, Havana, Cuba.

Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war.

HEARST

Lackawanna, New York, December 27 ALFRED KIEFER

Whose India?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust *The Nation* will follow Ramsay MacDonald's *The New Indian Constitution* with another article which will lead to a measure of understanding of England's latest manifestation of arrogant superiority, this all-British commission appointed to be judge and jury of England's actions.

Mr. MacDonald has left untouched the spirit underlying what all India regards as an irrevocable insult to the manhood and womanhood of the motherland.

Annie Besant, who has come out flatfootedly against the recognition by Indians of the proposed commission, went to the heart of the thing when (in offering to tear up her Government of India bill, if a better one could be constructed) she said that nothing mattered save that which "aimed at the freedom of India in the shortest possible time."

Indians realize—if Ramsay MacDonald does not—that there is nothing surrounding the appointment of the present com-

mission that can give an iota of hope that England looks forward to freeing India from her chains. Not since the jailing of Mahatma Gandhi in 1922 has India been so stirred from sea to sea; all parties are a unit on the question of "avenging the insult to [their] national honor"; communal differences are, for a time at least, forgotten in the contemplation of an act of supreme injustice and complete indifference to the desires of Indians—and when Americans understand all this, they will take their stand by the side of Annie Besant rather than of her countryman who heads the British Labor Party. Furthermore, not a few of the Labor Party regret exceedingly the presence of two Labor men on the commission, lending their aid to imperialistic designs rather than to human liberty and self-determinism.

Washington, D. C., January 7

BLANCHE WATSON

We Were Wrong

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In ascribing the resignation of President Trotter of West Virginia University to the recent controversy over the appearance of Kirby Page, the American Civil Liberties Union and *The Nation* are evidently misinformed.

President Trotter submitted his resignation several years before Mr. Page's visit, but attempts to find a successor failed. A newly constituted Board of Governors took office in July, 1927, and, after a search of several months, announced the election of a new president. This announcement closely followed the visit of Kirby Page, but could hardly be connected with it. The election of a new president had been extensively discussed in the press of West Virginia during the last year.

As stated in *The Nation* at the time, a few students organized an outside meeting, which Mr. Page addressed. A small admission fee was charged, which may account for the poor attendance. My estimate of the number of students present would be under 150—a poor showing for a student body of over 2,000. This is hardly a victory for tolerance, although it is something to have a few students and a few faculty members with courage to make a protest.

LELAND H. TAYLOR

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Books, Music, Plays

One Reason

By LAURA RIDING

There is one reason only, and my own.
And my own I know by shame
And foolishness, and cannot tell;
Or in shame and foolishness I tell
And am despised for publishing
What all in shame and foolishness know well.
Each has one reason only, and his own.

The Jesuits Indicted

The Jesuit Enigma. By E. Boyd Barrett. Boni and Liveright. \$4.

DR. BARRETT, twenty years of whose life were passed as a member of the Jesuit order, has felt it his duty, now that he is free, to describe the order as he knew it and as its history reveals it. He expressly disclaims any intention of adding to the "revelations" of which the Roman church and its institutions have so often been the subject, and insists that his method is that of criticism rather than attack. The picture which he draws, while less appealing as a piece of spiritual biography than Alfred Loisy's "My Duel with the Vatican," and without the central thread of a great religious controversy which helps to make that book a classic, is nevertheless one of vivid interest, certain to be painful to those who have affected to see in the Jesuit order a model of intellectual ability or religious devotion, and disturbing to such as fear ecclesiastical encroachment upon religious toleration or the practice of democratic government.

Beginning with a summary sketch of the rise and development of the Society of Jesus, Dr. Barrett proceeds to dissect its organization, its methods of discipline and propaganda, and its spirit and achievements, supporting his examination with documentary evidence as well as with his own experiences. The outcome, at almost every point, is destructive. The claim of supreme devotion to the Pope is shown to have yielded more than once to support of temporal rulers with whom the Papacy was at odds, and irregularity and scandal have touched some of the elections of the head of the order. The famous "Spiritual Exercises" which Loyola devised for the spiritual discipline of the members appear in practice as a repellent agent of mental, moral, and nervous strain, especially for novices, producing, in all too many instances, abnormal mental phenomena whose characteristics Dr. Barrett, himself a psychologist of repute, unsparingly describes.

Where the roots are diseased, one must not expect the tree to be healthy. Constant espionage, extending even to the inner circle but exercised with special rigor among the rank and file, keeps the members of the order on edge and generates an atmosphere heavily laden with suspicion and intrigue. "Women," Dr. Barrett declares, "are the Jesuits' best friends," but while the grosser sexual irregularities are rare, the widespread disregard of rules relating to official and personal relations with women make the Society at this point very different in fact from what it is in theory. An antiquated system of education produces neither rational study nor good teaching, and the far-famed scholarship of the Jesuits, when it is not a thin veneer, is entirely incidental. A wasteful use of the personal property of the order, together with wide evasion of the rules against retaining or accumulating personal possessions, goes hand in hand, especially in the United States, with the shrewd amassing of wealth in land, churches, and schools, much of which is

untaxed, and swelling revenues from periodical publications of large circulation, the sale of great quantities of religious objects, and fees for masses and other religious services.

The book closes with a chapter in which Dr. Barrett narrates his own harassing experiences as a student and writer, his treatment at the hands of the universities of Georgetown and Fordham, and the dramatic closing against him of the door of the Jesuit house on Sixteenth Street in this city. The existence of a Jesuit School of Foreign Service at Washington suggests some disquieting reflections on the possible future of the order in American public life. One wonders what reply, if any, the Society will make to the indictment which Dr. Barrett has framed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Steele MacKaye

Epoch. The Life of Steele MacKaye, Genius of the Theater, in Relation to His Times and Contemporaries. A Memoir by His Son Percy MacKaye. Two volumes. Boni and Liveright. \$10.

STEELE MACKAYE was one of those restless and indefatigable projectors who live in a perpetual state of vague elation, who hypnotize their contemporaries by the intransigence of their personalities, and who leave behind them in the records of history little more than a name. Now his son has written a memoir of nearly a thousand pages, and in the course of it filial piety is more conspicuous than a sense of proportion.

In his day MacKaye was the successful manager of various theaters as well as a famous actor, but he had never been content to be merely an actor, or merely a playwright, or merely a manager, or merely an anything else. As a youth he had fallen into the habit of filling notebooks with phrases about the "current of our being" which "flows toward the sea of eternity"; he had approached the stage by means of a series of illustrative lectures "showing especially the connection of the laws of dramatic expression, in the system of Delsarte, with character, morality, aesthetics, and religion"; and whatever he did was somehow connected with what we should now call "uplift." William James remembered him when he was about twenty "effervescing with incoordinated romantic ideas of every description." He inhabited a vague world full of capital letters—Art, Religion, Progress, America, and the like—which lay somewhere between New England Transcendentalism and New Thought. He was always inaugurating, discovering, or reviving something of vast spiritual importance and in some ways nothing was more characteristic than the colossal failure of his "Spectatorium" for the production of a spectacle at the World's Fair, into the construction of which \$500,000 is said to have been sunk before the project was finally abandoned. Indomitably energetic and incurably histrionic, he had the power of making all sorts and conditions of men believe that the world's great age was about to begin anew, but it is doubtful if he actually did much of any substantial importance.

Of the thirty plays which he either composed or had a hand in, only one—"Hazel Kirke"—survives even as a name, and though he is perhaps the father of that whole Civic Theater and Communal Masque idea which has never, in America at least, been much more than a solemn farce, it is probable that his chief tangible influence was the one which he exerted upon acting and the mechanics of stage production. And certainly if this view of him is unjust his son's memoir does little to correct it, for the memoir is too enthusiastically uncritical to carry much conviction. The MacKays were a letter-writing, diary-keeping family, and from the materials thus provided the author draws copiously, presenting the inner details of the family history together with voluminous extracts from the opinions of all the

great and near-great who approved of MacKaye's schemes, as well as anecdotes and characterizations of others in all walks of American life. But there is very little left to support these contemporary judgments and the rhetorical enthusiasm of the son is not wholly persuasive.

Indeed few books have ever been more fatally overwritten. "Prophetically, his dynamic ideal shall yet constructively kindle a future grown more communal in the humanisms of art." This is a fair sample of the author's style, and to it I may add the following incomprehensible sentence from the preface: "Through the warp and woof of these years run threads of a biologic theme, which partly hints and reveals its subconscious designs in the Prologue and Epilogue." Nor is this indeed the worst. In the "Theme" which precedes everything else there is an "orb of dew," a "mystic seed," a "yearning heart," a "bitter fruit," and a "dreamless fen," all of which (inevitably) "beacon" "Onward." If MacKaye has a solid and substantial claim to fame it is from just such rhetoric as this that it needs to be rescued. He was himself proficient enough in that. His son has unfortunately carried coals to Newcastle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Tennessee Epic

The Tall Men. Portrait of a Tennessean. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

TO most readers poetry means the lyric. Whitman was wont to complain in his day that everybody preferred the "piano-tunes" of parlor bards to the authentic but less polite native stuff, and things are no better today. Ask a hundred readers of poetry today what they admire and the answer is likely to be the work of Miss Teasdale, Miss Millay, or Mr. Walter de la Mare. The exceptions are a few hundred fanatics who mostly don't count.

These reflections emerge from reading Mr. Davidson's second volume, "The Tall Men." Mr. Davidson as a poet has directed the force of an inquiring and vigorous mind against this age. And the result is that he has visualized an unsung epic. Unsung, because his people were content to live by brooding on their store of past memories rather than by singing them. And still unsung, despite Mr. Davidson's best efforts, because when those who had lived this epic awakened to its beauty the theme itself had been already snatched from them to be played with and ground to powder by the combined forces of Rotary and Ford.

Yet the epic that began when the Watauga settlers followed Boone's trail across the Blue Ridge and became independent, down to the appropriate conclusion in the battle of Nashville, which Major Woods, the British authority, calls the last decisive battle of the Civil War, is worthy of a Homer. We need not lament that there are few Homers nowadays. The age does not deserve them, and Mr. Davidson does what he can. It is not his fault that he has to see his subject through the blinding dust raised by a million mechanical inventions—short-cuts to that "progress" which is either within the spirit of a man or a race, or nowhere.

Mr. Davidson's epic has three phases. There is the past, seen through the eyes of one McCrory, one of that little company of "tall men who fight with a lazy smile, speaking from long rifles" who beat back the bravest and most desperate attempt made by the Indians to break the grip of the white men, and who founded a new country, battling for it at King's Mountain. The second phase is that of the Civil War: federal scouts in the woods, farmers' boys creeping home to eat and being shot for Confederate spies, a white-faced body in a gray uniform laid upon a farmhouse table. The last phase is that of the late war, in which another McCrory, apparently descendant of the first, takes part, to emerge with appropriate modern doubts and dubieties.

All this has its appropriate dress of an easy blank verse line that has a conventional roll and drawl like the Tennessee speech itself, and that frequently touches the depths of indignation and irony. The material is interspersed with sharp modern comment, lyrics which I think are to be mostly regretted, and subjective broodings from which, alas, no poet of this generation can be ever free. But the tale is worth telling and Mr. Davidson has won his right to be called a major poet. If he has in a sense left too many loose threads, and not entirely confined himself to the tragic but more honorably forgotten past, if he has made one or two mistakes of judgment in his incursions on topics of interest today, he is still eloquent in his justification:

I have come a long way, I tell you. I am attended
(The brain is attended here) by motley splendors,
Dust of battles, creak of wagons, vows
Rotting like antique lace; the smiles of women
Broken like glass; the tales of old men blown
From rheumy beards on the vague wind; silk gowns
Crumbling in attics; ruffled shirts on bones
Of gentlemen in forgotten graves; rifles,
Hunting-shirts, Bibles, looms and desperate
Flags uncrowned. But is this then to be
Dreadfully attended or to have bad dreams? I —
Wherever I go in silent pomp attended
By rivers where I dwelt in good times gone,
The bending Tennessee, the Cumberland
Between high wooded banks, the Father of Waters
Receiving all the westward streams. I go
With speech of the hills, an ancient tongue, on lips
That know no other language.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Gibbon Versus Milt Gross

Commodore Vanderbilt. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.

IT seems clear that Mr. Smith has not as yet chosen a definite Muse. There is no reason, of course, why an author should burn incense before one goddess of style alone; but there is some reason for him to avoid attempting to blend two utterly incongruous styles within the compass of one book. In this book Mr. Smith veers back and forth between the uproarious devil that is Milt Gross and the thundering deep sea that is Gibbon. Throughout those sections that deal with the wholly serious history of Vanderbilt's life Mr. Smith pulls a long face and even longer sentences; but when he is concerned with the lighter phases of his hero's career he performs verbal hand-springs and somersaults galore. He is obviously most happy when, taking his readers into his confidence, he writes in the first person, reports dialogues between Vanderbilt and his wife that certainly were never printed, and even plagiarizes Vanderbilt's own vernacular. When Sophia Vanderbilt mildly chides her husband for his long absences from home, Mr. Smith, without troubling to use quotation marks, puts this reply into Vanderbilt's mouth: "Aw, I can't help it, Sophy. Christ, gal, I got work to do. What? Another kid? How d'ye do it? No, send for Ma. I ain't a midwife. Waall, all right. I'll be down next week, then." The consequence is that there are times when, as Mr. Smith would put it, a criticizin' cuss gits damn' tired of the bizness.

But those who aren't critical will doubtless take huge delight in this book; for here is an up-to-the-minute fictional biography teeming with all those contemporary stylistic tricks that tickle the souls of the blurb-writers and readers. No one, not even a critic, can deny that this "Epic of American Achievement" is vigorous enough to satisfy the reddest-blooded American alive. Old "Corneel" Vanderbilt—he is called just that, of course—slashes, slams, and snorts his hilarious way through more than three hundred pages, spitting threats, curses, fire and brimstone on almost every page. From his ninth year—

"The leetle devil. . . Will ye hark to him cuss—and the milk ain't dry on his lips!"—until his last gasp, he was enormously alive every moment. His wife, driven almost insane by excessive child-bearing, complimented him when he was nearly seventy for being ■ frisky as ■ "colt with a burdock in his tail." Yet despite his phenomenal energy the man differed but little from the other pioneer industrial magnates of the day—the Goulds, Fisks, Drews, and so on—save that he was possibly a shade more honest and powerful than they. When competitors tried to cheat him by underhanded means, he sent them this open defiance: "I will not sue you because the law takes too long. I will ruin you. Sincerely yours." Like most nobodies who have burst into notoriety, he was much worried about the family name. His jealousy of his social peers was forever bursting forth. "Damn 'em, I'm good enough to carry thar goods, 'n help swing thar deals. But not a one of 'em ever says: 'Stop in on your way uptown, Van Derbilt, and have ■ snort of lick.' Dudes, lily-livered dudes! I'm as good as they be. . . ." Indeed, his bluff, outspoken nature was his one admirable trait.

His end was rather pitiful. The various enticements of spiritualism, of Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, and of a dreadful Protestant parson named Deems had worked havoc in the simple soul of this dyspeptic old giant who, save for "Pilgrim's Progress," had never read a book. "Jesus was his friend, Deems said. . . . Jesus was better 'n spooks. Sounded damn' reasonable. But he mustn't cuss." On his deathbed he spoke thus to his son: "Main thing is to keep up the name, Bill. . . . Keep the money together. Keep up the name, hey? . . . Sing . . . hymn." The watchers sang, "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," and two other pieces. "I'll never give up trust in Jesus," he vaguely muttered and died.

R. F. DIBBLE

The Novel Tomorrow

The American Novel Today: A Social and Psychological Study.

By Régis Michaud. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

M. MICHAUD'S clear and sober analysis of the contemporary American novel is instructive largely because it reveals by indirection the artistic limitations implicit in the productions of our most admired literary figures. M. Michaud is an intelligent Frenchman, thoroughly but unexcitedly familiar with the American scene. His remarks possess a coolness, ■ judicious detachment, and it is this very alienation from American passions and prepossessions that lends such pertinence to what he has to say. "May I suggest," he asks, "that a European observer may be better located, ideally speaking, to render American literature full justice than even native critics? He has less illusions and less prejudices. He views the literary revolution in recent years in America as a result of the moral and social advance." The last sentence is particularly noteworthy because it is a forecast of his pessimistic conclusion, a conclusion implied in the very subtitle of his book, a conclusion which is merely a confirmation of the feeling shared by so many young American artists today: that the highly touted and heavily advertised movement which had its origin in "Sister Carrie" is as important from a social viewpoint as it is unsatisfactory from an artistic one.

This intuition is formidably buttressed by M. Michaud's central thesis. He undertakes to explain the American novel today by recourse to a single concept, Puritanism, which he considers to lie at the basis of our national life. By analyzing the psychoanalytic implications of Puritanism he demonstrates what to the European is our most striking single characteristic: the contrast between our general prosperity and our individual discontent. This he decides is due to a series of inhibitions and repressions sublimating themselves in such typical American complexes as Big Business and Mother Love. After summariz-

ing in clear-cut fashion the case against the Puritans he proceeds to show that the modern American novel is merely a function of, in so far ■ it is a revolt against, Puritanism. It is the individual discontent labeled a novel. He traces in Hawthorne the beginnings of this absorption in ■ single problem; passes to Henry James in order to exemplify the first effective literary revolt against our moral and social anemia; discusses the Puritan-Victorian compromise represented by Howells, and is then ready to examine his four major figures—Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, and Cabell. In Dreiser he hears the first crude revolutionary yawp; in him he salutes the first indignant discoverer of Darkest America; in him he points out the inevitable substitution—that of ■ behavioristic biochemical realism for the literary sentimentalism of the Howells epoch. In Lewis he acknowledges another and complimentary discoverer—the discoverer of dulness, standardization, the village pump. In Anderson exploration has taken the place of discovery. In reality it is ■ lyric self-exploration, ostensibly it is the exploration of half-souls, naifs, the groping, inarticulate American peasant. Cabell, the most sophisticated of the quartet and the only one of the four who never had to work for a living, has had the leisure requisite to the development of an ironic imperturbability. His reaction to the spectacle of American Puritanism is ■ complete escape mechanism. He turns his back on the discoveries of his confreres and makes a bee-line for Poictesme.

In this interpretation there is nothing very original or startling. The value of M. Michaud's book lies not so much in its lucid and witty demonstration as in the unspoken conclusions to be drawn from that demonstration. The author sets out to make "a social and psychological study." After he has made it we discover, curiously enough, that that was all there was to make, that he has said everything there was to say about Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cabell, Hergesheimer. His account of their rebellions is pretty nearly a total summary of their work. His statement of their moral and social reactions exhausts the major part of the qualities we have admired in them. When his cool analysis is completed we perceive that our excitement has been based not on the recognition of moving artistic qualities but on the recognition of familiar scenery—frustrations that have been our frustrations, rebellions that have been our rebellions. Our literary excitement has been merely an inverted patriotism—the indignant discovery of the Bad Boy, America. Great art shows us strange faces in a distorted mirror; contemporary American fiction shows us our own distorted faces in ■ smooth and truthful one.

M. Michaud himself tries hard to refrain from making aesthetic and evaluative judgments, as they are presumably irrelevant to his subject matter. Yet when he approaches a really significant figure, ■ man competent in his own narrow field, such as Henry James, he cannot forbear to acknowledge the fact. On the other hand, before he is through with Dreiser he has given us his candid opinion: "Dreiser is not a novelist. He is a historian." In a timid footnote, referring to Anderson's "Tar," he speaks with a sort of hushed wonder of that writer's artistic primitiveness. "One marvels how a would-be artist could save his soul from disgrace out of such ■ muddy and zoological chaos." Finally, at the very end of the book this sober sociological commentator cannot contain himself. After all, he has read Balzac, Flaubert, Proust. He concludes: "I am firmly convinced of the great value of the modern American novel from a documentary, psychological, moral, and social standpoint." But—"from the viewpoint of art and ideas there have never been in American literature works so defiant of the accepted laws of decorum, perspective, and harmony."

Technically speaking, M. Michaud is not talking about the American novel at all. He is merely examining the laudable, the sadly necessary achievements of a group of writers who have revitalized the moral conscience of the youth of America. One really first-class saint might have done as well. Now that that is all over, we are ready to write novels.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

This is the thrill I've been waiting for all my life.

The early chapters of *A PRESIDENT IS BORN* are like going barefoot again with the boys and girls in Illinois. Maybe it's in Ohio or Indiana, no matter. Here is the American front yard, and enough of the back yard to prove to you it's true.

For years I have admired everything Fannie Hurst has written, and I believe I have read every word of her novels and stories. She has never done anything like—anything as good as—*A PRESIDENT IS BORN*. Of course, I know David Schuyler, but until now I never thought Dave would reach the White House. But if all people who like Fannie Hurst's novel vote for Dave, he will be elected by the largest popular majority in American history.

I don't know whether Dora Tarkington is related to Booth, but she is a Hoosier girl I'd be proud to own as a relative. Of course, Dave's big sister Bek is one of those figures that come about once in a lifetime. Your life isn't complete without knowing Bek. — **Don Marquis**

A President Is Born

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By
Fannie Hurst

HARPER & BROTHERS

from THE INNER SANCTUM of SIMON and SCHUSTER

Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . New York

“Best sellers are considered phenomenal if they sell briskly for three months. Some do not last three weeks, though making quite a chaffering the while . . .”

The Inner Sanctum salutes JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, author of *Much Loved Books*, for this observation, first because it brings into use that puissant word “chaffering” and, second, because it gives us an opportunity to cite three best-sellers of our own that have been moving briskly for much more than the allotted three months:

The Story of Philosophy—21st month—
third hundred thousand.
Trader Horn—8th month—second hundred
thousand.
The Cross Word Puzzle Books—32nd month
—the second million.

Among the outstanding items for the Spring, 1928, list will be another *Trader Horn* book—this time with a foreword by WILLIAM MCFEE.

The new title is still a secret.

The Inner Sanctum has concluded publishing arrangements for a number of books which will do in their respective realms what WILL DURANT did in the field of philosophy.

In each case the most distinguished authority has been chosen, first for his scholarship and second for his ability to animate and clarify his expert knowledge.

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The Story of Art—by THOMAS CRAVEN
The Story of Morals—by WILLIAM A. DRAKE
The Story of Adventure—by B*
The Story of Science—by S*
*A world-famous writer, to be announced

None of these books will be rushed, trimmed, “written down” or vulgarized for a best-seller market. Enduring excellence is the prime consideration. Some of the books will be ready in 1928, some two or three years hence, and one or two not for five years.

They will not be “outlines” but books with a biographical emphasis—what JOHN DEWEY and JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON call “humanizations.”

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MISCELLANEOUS



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Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

- Genghis Khan. By Harold Lamb. McBride.
 Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. Doran.
 "Boss" Tweed. By Denis Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
 Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon and Schuster.
 Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.
 The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
 Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
 Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
 Hawkers and Walkers in Early America. By Richardson Wright. Lippincott.
 The White Man's Dilemma. By Nathaniel Pepper. John Day.
 The Youth Movement in China. By Tsi C. Wang. New Republic.
 Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
 Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
 The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt.
 The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
 Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees. By Ruth Sawtell and Ida Treat. Appleton.
 Negro Drawings. By Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf.
 The Magic of Herbs. By Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt.
 The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
 Over the Boatside. By Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Page.
 Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
 The King's Henchman. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
 Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
 Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.

Books in Brief

Man Possessed. Being the Selected Poems of William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

In this copious selection Mr. Benét appears to better advantage than one might have expected who remembered him only as the author of long-lined poems crowded with exotic imagery. Those are his least important pieces, however popular they may have become. He will be seen at his best in the third section here, dedicated to Elinor Wylie. He has warmth, wit, felicity, and form, ■ any reader of the volume will realize.

The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare. With ■ general introduction, biography, and ■ introduction to each play by Frederick D. Losey. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.

Manufactured with surpassing hideousness, this is yet a convenient and sensibly edited book.

God's Drum and Other Cycles from Indian Lore. Poems by Hartley Alexander. Illustrations by Anders John Haugseth. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$7.50.

An ambitious performance, and in some respects a laudable one. Mr. Alexander knows Indian poetry, and Mr. Haugseth has clearly made Indian design his study. But Mr. Alexander begins better than he ends. He begins with pieces very close to the original stuff of Indian life and expression; he ends with "adaptations" and "interpretations" painful in their poetic conventionality. Mr. Haugseth's designs make the same sort of mistake; they grow ever more "interpretative," until we are removed quite definitely out of any world in which we might feel the Indian hand at work.

Music

Two Gentle Arts

A WISE old vocal teacher used to claim that the ideal instrument for a singer to practice with was the violin, as it held all the virtues of bel canto and trained the ear to all its niceties. If this be true then such a model is the playing of Jelly D'Aranyi, for it is like nothing so much as superb singing. Other fiddlers have come to us in recent years with as splendid a tone and technique; but none with such a complete musical equipment. In the short time she has been here she has already been heard as a solo virtuoso, as co-artist in a sonata recital, and in the exacting and self-effacing duties of ensemble; and from all three tests she has emerged as a supreme musician. Her mastery of style and tone color alone make her stand out from other fiddlers, while her tenderness, warmth, humor, and impeccable taste are rare even among so-called great artists. Because of these things, and because, too, of the freshness and high quality of her programs, she is to me the most all-round satisfying violinist before the public. Moreover, in these days of this one's and that one's pupil, it is interesting to note that this great-niece of Joseph Joachim has had no teacher since she was thirteen years old—a fact of which Kreisler also boasts, and which makes one wonder about our generally accepted theories about child prodigies.

Coming back again to singers, Farrar's recent return will perhaps stand out as the most noteworthy vocal event of the New York season. Certainly it is unique in vocal annals as ■ *tour de force* of courage, brains, and human will. When Farrar left the stage ■ few years ago, it was considered as more or less final. Her voice had been impaired by abuse and her artistic reputation by vulgarities. Apparently the most wayward if brilliant of singing talents had gone the way of all flesh and sensationalism. The announcement of her concert this autumn was therefore received by even her most loyal adherents with the utmost skepticism. One can well believe that it was the trying ordeal which she publicly admitted. But what makes one pay unconditional tribute is not this so much as that she made no attempt to come back as an old stage idol; she came as ■ better stage artist. Never has she been more beautiful and fascinating than now, with her white hair and serene demeanor. Never has she sung with such technical and interpretative skill or such beauty of phrasing as now, with ■ voice one-half the size of its former volume. If one feels a little sad at the loss of an entrancing madcap, one cannot but rejoice in this new-found artist. For by some curious paradox of fate, Geraldine Farrar, who won her fame with "Butterflies" and "Zazas," will probably hold it as the last exponent of a great and passing art.

That it has already passed, to all practical purposes, is the theme of a book, "The Gentle Art of Singing," by Sir Henry Wood (Oxford University Press). In this first volume of what Sir Henry calls his *opus magnum* he gives many wise truisms on the vocal standards of today, and other arguments not so irrefutable, perhaps, on means of correcting these standards. His general theme is that vocal technique has been steadily declining these last thirty years in proportion as the technical standard of instrumentalists has risen; and that this is due partly to the "voice producers" of today, and mostly to the public, which usually gets what it wants. While one may not always agree with Sir Henry's ideas on voice production—when, for instance, he stresses rhythmic accentuation in his elementary exercises for tone placement, and a "metallic ring" as a qualification of this tone—nevertheless one can heartily recommend the book to all singers for its sound musical common sense. No one can fail to get something of use from it, practical or otherwise.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

A School for Wives

DESERTING the much-bepraised but commercially unsuccessful "whimsy" of two of his recent plays for the more orthodox manner of high comedy, Philip Barry has written an urbane and rippling little piece called "Paris Bound" (Music Box Theater). His story of a loving wife who forgives her erring spouse just at the moment when she is sure she can never do so skirts the edge of sentiment, but the morality it preaches is that compromise which is the essence of the comic spirit and the whole play has its being in a realm pleasantly illuminated by the shrewd wit of civilized people.

Marriage, says the *raisonneur* of the piece, is too serious a thing to be dissolved for trivial reasons. Doubtless neither husband nor wife should ever stray, but an adultery may be a very unimportant thing, and only an essentially light mind would consider it necessarily destructive of all the values which a hitherto successful marriage has built up. If a husband's extramarital affair affects him so little that the wife does not even suspect its existence until someone tells her, then she can't have lost very much and it is she not he who is destroying the marriage if she clamors for a divorce. The lady in Mr. Barry's play first balks at this doctrine, but when she succumbs to an unexpected impulse to kiss an attractive young pianist with whom she happens to have spent an afternoon alone she learns how little such stray impulses may mean, and in a charmingly executed scene she forgives her husband because he, without knowing how much she knows about him, is so ready to forgive her for an infidelity of which he has reason to believe her guilty.

Now Mr. Barry's thesis is of course not new. The point of view from which it is developed is that which society has always held in those relatively rare periods when it has been neither so crude that it could not imagine any relationship between husband and wife except that of possessor and possessed nor so romantically befuddled as to make a complete identification between the spiritual union of which it talked and the physiological process which it pretended to despise. Obviously the brutality of the peasant and the lyricism of the sentimental lover come to exactly the same thing if both agree in regarding exclusive physical possession as the *sine qua non* of successful marriage, and the best comic writers have always insisted upon this fact. Mr. Barry's point of view is, indeed, the only one from which true comedy (as distinguished from sentimental comedy as well as from tragedy) can be written because it is the only one which makes possible that triumph of the critical faculties over emotional impulses which is the essence of comedy; but true comedy is always rare enough to seem new, and so it is with the present play. We have a dozen playwrights who can write acceptable drama or melodrama about the erring husband and we have a dozen playwrights who can write sentimental plays about the wronged wife who is big enough and tender enough to take back a thoroughly repentant sinner; but we have precious few who could sustain to the end the true comic spirit as Mr. Barry does when he makes the wife in his piece seal her lips, not because she is romantically forgiving (that, as the sentimental comedy says, "is woman's way") but because she realizes that there is nothing important to forgive.

Perhaps, however, I had better confess that nothing in "Paris Bound" amused me more than a comedy within the comedy which is only implied and which, quite possibly, the playwright did not intend. Husbands, as I said, have always been regarded as easily pardonable by all except excessively romantic people and our particular contribution is usually supposed to consist in our willingness to allow women the same latitude as men. This equality of footing is, indeed, quite



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clearly insisted upon in the present instance, yet it is quite worthy of note, first, that the wife does no more than merely stumble while the man falls prone, and, second, that most of the audience (particularly that part composed of applauding husbands) is undoubtedly more comfortable in having it so. Theoretically adultery is no worse for a woman than it is for a man, but most people still prefer to have the proposition remain merely a proposition and to have the woman rest content with either an "almost" or a bold assertion of what she could do if she wished. Undoubtedly sauce for the goose is equally well suited to the gander, but most audiences still shrink a little from seeing the recipe tried. Women are free and the "single standard" has been established, but Mr. Barry is a shrewd enough judge of popular feeling to make a wife's stolen kiss beside the piano roughly equivalent in the play to a husband's two weeks' *à deux* in the mountains. "Paris Bound" is acted with Madge Kennedy's usual charm and Gilbert Emory's usual suavity.

"The Royal Family" (Selwyn Theater) by George Kaufman

and Edna Ferber is a rapid and amusing farce comedy dealing with the foibles of a famous actor family as they are exhibited in three generations. It is written with a good deal of verve and admirably played, especially by Haidee Wright as the representative of the oldest generation and by Otto Kruger as the spoiled idol of matinees and movies. "Bless You, Sister" (Forest Theater) is another of those rather unsatisfactory vehicles for that most excellent actress, Alice Brady.

"Lovely Lady" (Harris Theater) is quite the best of the new musical comedies largely on account of the presence of a delightfully impudent new comedienne named Edna Leedom; and the transcendent silliness of "She's My Baby" (Globe Theater) is redeemed by the always amusing antics of Beatrice Lillie. The much-heralded "Show Boat" (Ziegfeld Theater) is as lavish and expensive as it was alleged to be, but the values of Miss Ferber's novel can hardly be translated into mere spectacle and one's opinion of the whole will depend upon how continuously one can be entertained by relentlessly luxurious stage pictures.

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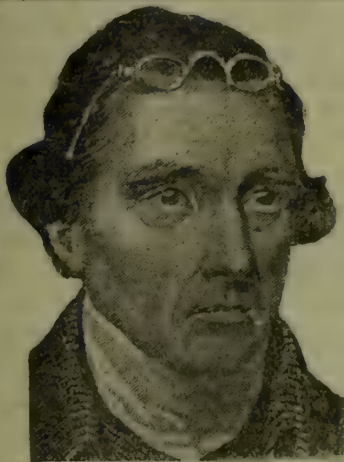
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International Relations Section

Pan-American Union?

By ARNOLD ROLLER

THE most spectacular conference of the American hemisphere will open on January 16 in Havana, Cuba. President Coolidge, President Machado of Cuba, and Dr. Vazquez, President of the Dominican Republic, will meet at the sixth International Conference of American States and make the opening speeches. It is probable that President Calles of Mexico will also attend. President Coolidge's presence is undoubtedly intended to convince the Latin-American countries of the good-will and peaceful intentions of the United States. To complete the demonstration of friendship Lindbergh will fly over Havana at the opening of the congress.

The delegation of the United States will include Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State (chairman); Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy; Oscar Underwood, former Democratic Senator; Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; Dr. Leo Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Morgan J. O'Brien, and James Brown Scott; the new ambassador to Cuba, Noble C. Judah; and possibly Secretary Kellogg.

Among the principal questions to be discussed at the congress as established by the governing board of the Pan-American Union are:

1. Organization of the Pan-American Union as a kind of American League of Nations under the hegemony of the United States.
2. Matters of a judicial nature, such as commercial law and other branches of legislation in which continental uniformity is possible or desirable; maritime law; the juridical status of companies organized in foreign states; legislation designed to prevent the loss of nationality by a woman because of marriage; commercial arbitration; regulation of the international service of checks and postal money orders; regulation of the use of water-power of rivers bordering on two states; frontier police, etc.
3. Problems of communication, such as the international regulation of railway traffic; regulation of international automotive traffic; means of facilitating river communication between the nations of America.
4. Intellectual cooperation, such as the revision of the convention on intellectual property, the establishment of scholarships, the exchange of professors and students, and the establishment of special chairs in the universities.
5. Economic problems, such as uniformity of consular fees, conferences of chambers of commerce, immigration problems, protection of trade-marks, etc.
6. Social problems, such as a Pan-American maritime sanitary code, public-health administration, eugenics, etc.
7. Reports on treaties, conventions, and resolutions.
8. Future conferences.

The program was submitted and signed by Secretary Kellogg, chairman of the Pan-American Union.

The Latin Americans, however, are much less interested in the exchange of professors, in eugenics and consular fees than in resolutions to prevent intervention by one state (i.e., the United States) in the affairs of the other republics. Five Latin-American countries—Argentina, Domini-

can Republic, Haiti, Mexico, and Paraguay—have drawn up resolutions to this effect.

The main points of the resolutions as reported by the *United States Daily*, November 17, are:

From Haiti: Any action carried out by a state, whether by means of diplomatic pressure or by armed force, in order to force its will upon another state, constitutes intervention.

From the Argentine Republic: A state may not intervene in the internal affairs or in the external affairs of another state.

From the Dominican Republic and from Mexico: No state may, in the future, directly or indirectly, or by reason of any motive, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state. The consent given to the occupying state by the state occupied will not legitimize the occupation and the occupant will be responsible for all occurrences resulting from the occupation not only with respect to the state occupied but to third parties as well.

From Paraguay: Intervention or any act of a state within the territory of another state without previous declaration of war, with the intent to decide by force, material pressure, or moral coercion, internal or external questions of the other state, will be considered as a violation of international law.

At the beginning of November a report that at the invitation of Cuba the League of Nations would send an observer to Havana caused alarm in Washington. Washington hastily announced that Cuba had no right to invite an observer of the League of Nations, since such a step could be taken only by the Pan-American Union and there was no time for such action. Immediately after this an assertion came from the Cuban Foreign Office that "it had not and would not invite the League to the conference." The new version was, therefore, that although the League of Nations would not send an official observer the League Secretariat would probably participate in the work of preliminary organization, and Christobal Rodriguez, a Panaman and a member of the League of Nations secretariat, might go to the conference.

Most of the Latin-American countries wish for the presence of a representative of the League of Nations. It is the United States which objects.

The first Pan-American conference was held at Washington in 1889 and the Pan-American Union of today had its origin in the organization created at that time. The United States tried to make the Latin Americans accept an American customs union which would exclude European goods and establish the United States industries in a permanent monopoly in this hemisphere. They did not succeed, but established instead the "Commercial Bureau of the American Republics," with its seat in Washington, which compiled and published a standardized dictionary in Spanish, English, and Portuguese of industrial products to facilitate ordering goods from the United States.

The second conference took place in Mexico City in 1901-1902. At this conference the administration of the Bureau, which hitherto was directed solely by the Secretary of State of the United States, was transferred to a governing board composed of the diplomatic representatives of the American countries accredited to the Washington gov-

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PERSONAL

CALIFORNIAN returning home this month will take charge of child, old person or invalid on the trip, in return for part of expenses. Box 520, % The Nation.

ernment. The chairmanship of the governing board remained with the Secretary of State. Representatives of seventeen countries, including the United States, signed a treaty for the arbitration of pecuniary claims. Other resolutions referred to protection of patents, trade-marks, etc.

The third conference met at Rio de Janeiro in 1906. It conferred greater powers on the governing board, and it enlarged the scope of the organization by giving it new functions such as compiling and classifying conventions and treaties among the American republics. The American Secretary of State, Elihu Root, though not a delegate, delivered a speech to the convention in which he warned the assembled delegates that "no political questions are to be discussed, no controversies to be settled, no judgment is to be passed upon the conduct of any state, but many subjects are to be considered," such as "removing barriers of intercourse, perfecting our knowledge of each other," etc.

The fourth conference took place in Buenos Aires in 1910 and it was there that it was decided to adopt the present name Pan-American Union. This conference provided that the union should compile and publish information on the legislation of the American republics. An important change in its constitution was accepted by the provision that representation might be had on the governing board by a member of the union having no diplomatic representative recognized in Washington.

The fifth congress took place in Santiago, Chile, in 1923. In the meantime the aggressiveness of American policy in the Caribbean and Central America had become quite apparent to the Latin-American countries. Eleven Latin-American republics formed a kind of opposition to the United States and attacked its activity in the Caribbean and in Central America. An unofficial Dominican delegation entered the meeting and accused the army of the United States of murder, arson, and pillage during its invasion of the Dominican Republic. A proposal for the limitation of armaments led to bitter discussions. Resolutions on trade-marks, rights of aliens, publicity of custom documents, etc., were passed, but the conference did not result in the development of a friendly feeling in the Latin-American countries.

Widespread discussion in all these countries has preceded this sixth conference. It is reported that Chile and Brazil urged its postponement on the ground that the time was inopportune. Over boundaries Chile is quarreling with Peru, Bolivia with Paraguay, and Ecuador with Peru and Colombia; and all Latin America feels bitterly toward the United States on account of its Nicaragua intervention and the continuous threats to Mexico.

The *Universal* of Mexico City, on November 4, referred in an article on the Pan-American Conference to the report made by Poindexter, the American Ambassador to Peru, that the Latin-American countries were hostile toward the United States. This he attributed, the *Universal* said, to the "phantastic propaganda of England and of the indispensable Soviet Russia." The paper added: "If this observer had made a tour in Central America and Mexico, he would have had the identical impression [of hostile feeling]. . . . It is, however, a crass error to attribute these sentiments to propaganda of nations who are rivals of the United States. The only propaganda which has obtained a result which is deplored by all men of good-will, in North America as in the rest of this continent, is the policy of the United States."

The Nicaraguan delegation will be headed by Gavry Rivas, inspector general of Nicaraguan consulates in Latin America, an appointee of Adolfo Diaz, who has traveled all over South America in order to make propaganda for the United States and to explain that American intervention was in the interest and at the demand of the Nicaraguan people.

The Chilean delegate, Carlos Silva Villosola, director of the *Mercurio* of Santiago, in an interview given to the Associated Press, on November 12, said that he had always been skeptical about the practical results of the Pan-American conferences and that he believed that the American nations were still as far from having created a Pan-American feeling as at the beginning.

Referring to the proposal of Mexico and the Dominican Republic that no state should "directly or indirectly, for any reason or motive, occupy even temporarily any part of the territory of another state; and that the consent given to the occupying state by the occupied state does not make the occupation legitimate"—the *Universal* of Mexico City writes on November 29: "Undoubtedly such a declaration would compromise in the first place and almost exclusively the United States, because any manifestation of imperialism can be conceived in the American hemisphere only in the work of the powerful republic of the North." The paper then adds that, interesting as questions of public sanitation and hygiene, postal tariffs, etc., may be, the only real questions in which the Latin peoples will be interested are "independence, self-determination, autonomy, continental equilibrium, sovereignty of weak peoples, and territorial integrity."

In Cuba the problem of hostile press comments was settled very simply by an order issued in the name of the dictator, Machado, to the press, on December 15, that no notes, news, or information should be printed during the conference which might injure national susceptibilities. The order pointed out particularly that everything must be avoided which might embarrass or hurt the national pride of any country. Havana dispatches add that the Secretary of State, when giving this order, expressly pointed out as examples the problems of the United States in Nicaragua and Mexico, and the occupation by the United States of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation

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APPALLING EVIDENCE of the way the big-navy mania has taken hold of Congress was given by the action of the House Committee on Naval Affairs in voting 15 to 1 not only to approve the \$740,000,000 proposal of Secretary Wilbur for additions to the fleet, but so to bind the hands of the President that he will not be in a position to stop this construction if, during the eight years it will actually take to complete this "five-year program," he concludes a disarmament agreement with the only two Powers whose fleets approach ours—England and Japan. We do not believe that one Congress can bind another, or limit the President's treaty-making power, but if the House and Senate take the stand that this is possible, then neither President Coolidge nor his successor could possibly take part in a discussion of naval-armament limitation with other countries. Now this \$740,000,000 request of Secretary Wilbur, which has been accepted by the House Naval Committee without public hearings or adequate discussion, is only the first instalment of \$3,000,000,000 at which Secretary Wilbur and the author of the recent Geneva Conference aim. The utter wickedness of this proposal appears from these facts: (1) Having long since distanced the Japanese fleet we are

now building *against England alone*; this is admitted privately in Washington. (2) If persisted in it will unquestionably mean war with our Anglo-Saxon mother country, our ally in 1917-1918. (3) This initial extra appropriation of \$740,000,000 (which is in addition to the regular upkeep appropriation asked by Secretary Wilbur) is almost the exact amount of the *total endowment funds of all our colleges, professional schools, and universities* acquired in the three hundred years of our national existence. This is barbarism but not civilization; paganism but not Christianity. It is militarism pure and simple, of as bad and stupid a type as any German brand we denounced in the war. And it is all born of craven fear and totally unnecessary.

THE BIG STICK is swinging ker-whack and ker-bang in Cuba, where President Machado—notorious for his bloody suppression of labor organizations—is trying to curry favor with the Washington Administration by doing his utmost to keep out of the Pan-American Conference any mention of the topic uppermost in the minds of all—the aggression of the United States. Just as it goes to press *The Nation* is in receipt of the following cablegram, dated Port au Prince, Haiti, from Pierre Hudicourt, a distinguished and responsible leader, who is president of the Haitian Society of International Law:

WENT TO CUBA ATTEND PAN AMERICAN CONFERENCE BEHALF MANY HAITIAN ORGANIZATIONS AND PAPERS WAS ARRESTED IN HOTEL VENUS AT SANTIAGO ON PRETENSE LACK PASSPORT WHILE HAVING LETTER FROM CUBAN LEGATION HAITI STATING PASSPORT UNNECESSARY TO ENTER CUBA WAS DETAINED QUARANTINE AND DEPORTED PROTEST AGAINST SUCH VIOLATION INTERNATIONAL LAW AND VIOLENCE BY GOVERNMENT OF CUBA REQUEST PRESS OF NEW YORK GIVE OPPRESSED HAITIANS HELP TO SHOW SUCH VIOLATION AND VIOLENCE AS ILLUSTRATION MEANS EMPLOYED BY BIG POWERS TO OVERWHELM FEEBLE NATIONS.

As Will Rogers, giving his impressions of the conference, cables from Havana: "It takes quite a sense of humor for these people to understand us shaking hands with one hand and shooting with the other."

THIRTEEN DEMOCRATIC SENATORS made it possible for the Administration forces to sidetrack into the Committee on Interstate Commerce Senator Walsh's resolution calling for an investigation of the power trust by a special committee. The names of these Democratic friends of the biggest business should be recorded. They are Bayard of Delaware, Broussard of Louisiana, Edwards of New Jersey, Glass of Virginia, Hawes of Missouri, Mayfield of Texas, Overman of North Carolina, Ransdell of Louisiana, Steck of Iowa, Thomas of Oklahoma, Tydings of Maryland, Tyson of Tennessee, and Simmons of North Carolina. Interviewed by Mr. Laurence Todd, most of these Senators were non-committal about their reasons for voting against the power investigation. Two

of them, however, were frank and revealing. Senator Edwards of New Jersey said flatly:

I didn't propose to have any fool political investigation ruin the investments of thousands of citizens of my State. In New Jersey the Public Utilities Commission takes care of these companies, and I'm opposed to starting any investigation here that will raise hell with the country.

Senator Ransdell said:

I did not think it necessary to stir up this thing too much. No complaints have come from down my way against the power companies. In fact, there is considerable new development going on, of gas-power to the amount of 120,000 horse-power from natural gas wells. There seemed no reason to stir things up.

WHATEVER THE EXPRESSED REASONS of these and the other Democrats for bringing about the defeat of Walsh's inquiry, substantial economic motives exist. As the Unofficial Spokesman pointed out in our issue of January 11, the power trust maintains an active lobby in Washington; it can chain Senators as it chains rivers. The Du Ponts, General Electric, Insull, the Dukes, and other groups—separately or in combination—have become dominant factors wherever rivers run and power waits to be developed. The thirteen Senators who voted against the prompt investigation of this economic giant will be tested again. Senator Walsh's resolution will eventually be reported out for further consideration; the Boulder Dam question and the question of the operation of the Muscle Shoals plant will come up for a vote. The attitude on these questions of this group of dubious Democrats will be watched closely by the country at large.

THE SENATE has acted wisely in authorizing its Committee on Public Lands to resume the investigation of the Teapot Dome oil-leasing scandal so as to bring to light the transactions of the Continental Trading Company. This company, it will be recalled, was the selling agent for the Teapot Dome oil, and resale profits to the amount of \$230,000 have already been traced to the bank account of Albert B. Fall, ex-Secretary of the Interior. As it is believed that the Continental's total resale profits netted about \$3,000,000, the purpose of the new inquiry is to learn what became of the remaining \$2,770,000. Senator Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, has asked Senator Walsh of Montana to conduct the investigation—a guaranty that it will be sincerely and searchingly done. Meanwhile the retrial of Fall in Washington on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the leasing of Teapot Dome, has been postponed until April 2 on the ex-Secretary's representations that to come from New Mexico sooner would endanger his life. Of course nobody wants to do that, but it is well to reflect that if Fall were a poor man he would not now be out on bail in the South. No matter what the danger to his life, he would be waiting trial in a cold and drafty calaboose in the North.

EIGHT MONTHS after the devastation of last May the question of adequate protection has finally come before the Flood Control Committee of the House. In the discussions so far the main emphasis has been on the issue of finance. On this point the Administration has offered a plan calling for an expenditure of less than \$300,000,000,

requiring that the people of the flood States pay part of the cost. President Coolidge urges the latter provision, not because the federal government is not capable of paying the entire expense, but because he feels that sounder economy will be maintained if the people affected have a personal interest in part of the money to be spent. In contrast to this plan is the bill presented by Representative Reid, the Republican chairman of the House committee, asking the federal government to assume complete responsibility for the expense. At the first hearing of the committee most convincing evidence in support of this view was given by Colonel Charles L. Potter, president of the Mississippi River Commission, the principal government agency in maintaining levee protection. He testified that not only would the Mississippi Valley be unable to contribute further sums to protection but that already the levee districts in the flood zones were, financially, "about at the end of the rope." Will Rogers, too, testified amusingly and wisely to this. Furthermore, in view of the fact that the entire levee system from Cairo to New Orleans is an organic whole, if the Administration scheme is enacted into law, any levee district unable to meet its obligations would to that extent endanger the success of the whole program.

"MOTHER YALE has been publicly dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged in the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." Such is the editorial reward conferred by the *Yale Daily News* upon the members of the Yale Liberal Club who were recently arrested in New Haven. The offending students, it appears, were determined that the people of New Haven should learn of the neckwear strike in that city, of the efforts of two factories, Stern & Merrit and Berkman & Adler, to saddle sweatshop conditions on the New Haven workers, and of the struggle of the United Neckwear Makers' Union to establish a local. Since the New Haven newspapers refused to print anything relating to the union side of the strike, a committee of the Liberal Club conducted its own investigation, and after three months of careful study printed a pamphlet covering all issues of the controversy. It was when the students tried to distribute the pamphlets that they were nabbed by the alert New Haven police, ready at hand. On the police blotter they were charged with distributing "advertising" matter without a permit! And now to quote the *News* again: "From coast to coast perturbed alumni are holding indignation meetings and anxious fathers are wondering if Yale is a safe place for their sons." It is not that the "empty-headed" students failed to make an accurate and fair study of the neckwear industry; their report entitled "Is This Fair Play?" was authoritative, and simply maintained that "sweatshop" conditions that had already been forbidden in New York should not be permitted in New Haven. No, the real offense of the students, according to Dean Clarence W. Mendell, consisted in their "trespassing on the hospitality of the city." Well, if that is ungentlemanly, we commend the Yale students for their crude behavior.

THE HIGHEST TRIBUNAL of the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, has just uttered some healthful doctrine in overthrowing an injunction obtained from a lower bench by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company against several of its employees. The Interborough, operator of New York City subways, sought to prevent a campaign

among its men to lead them to desert the company union in favor of the National Association of Street Car and Electric Employees. The Court of Appeals says:

Where employees have freedom of choice ■ labor union may not be accused of malicious interference when it urges the employees to make that choice in its favor; even though the choice may involve termination of present employment and consequent disruption of a business organization.

The defendants have the right to induce the plaintiff's employees to join the Amalgamated Association, though that may involve termination of their employment. They are under no obligation to the plaintiff to inform it that some of the plaintiff's employees are joining the union, so that the plaintiff may exercise its choice of retaining or discharging the new members.

The injunction thus overthrown was granted in 1926, and is distinct from a restraining order which the company is now seeking to obtain, but the decision will probably have a beneficial effect upon the pending issue.

KENTUCKY'S COURT OF APPEALS has affirmed the verdicts of criminal libel found against two Negro editors, under which I. Willis Cole of the Louisville *Leader* was fined \$250 and William Warley of the Louisville *News* was fined \$500. Both editors had questioned the fairness of the trial of two Negroes, Fleming and Bard. Mr. Warley went to the trial at Madisonville, but it was suggested that he leave, and he walked to the train with a militia captain at his side. Without attempting to argue the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, Mr. Warley said in his newspaper that a fair trial was impossible with ■ mob outside the courthouse and militiamen called upon to escort the jurors to and from the premises. To us the inference seems reasonable and the criticism legitimate. Had the editors been white men writing in wealthy and powerful journals we think they would not have been prosecuted and that in affirming the verdicts the Court of Appeals—like the highest tribunal of Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—has been more swayed by a desire to uphold the power of the State's judicial machinery than to protect citizens.

THE SIXTEEN HARMON AWARDS for distinguished achievement among Negroes have just been announced. At least two of the recipients—James Weldon Johnson and Eric Waldron, both of whom received awards for literature—are already nationally known. In science, the first award goes to James A. Parsons, a twenty-seven-year-old metallurgist, for his research in aluminum bronze; in music, to R. Nathaniel Dett, director of music at Hampton Institute, and Clarence C. White, director of music at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute, both of whom are composers. The first awards for religious service, education, fine arts, and business go, respectively, to William De Berry, pastor of St. John's Congregational Church at Springfield, Massachusetts; John D. Davies, president of West Virginia Collegiate Institute; Laura Wheeler Waring; and Anthony Overton of Chicago.

MORALS AND MANNERS, ethics and etiquette, were never worse confused than in the case of Maude Royden, the well-known British evangelist. The Women's Home Missionary Societies of Chicago and of Boston, who believe that smoking renders her unfit to lecture, have not questioned her orthodoxy. But the ladies who

declare that smoking in this country "is not done at all by women of our churches," have succumbed to the theory that certain ways of satisfying the appetite are inherently sinful. Thus a man who takes a glass of wine or smokes a pipe is immoral while a man who dies from indigestion brought on by over-eating is merely guilty of bad taste. Whiskey and tobacco are devices of the devil; chocolate eclairs and roast fowl and alligator pears and baked Alaska ice-cream are very nice, though if you eat too much of them they will make you sick. Tobacco depletes the family exchequer; so do apple-pie and chewing-gum and the radio. But to date not a missionary society has uttered a word against any of the latter.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, and that part of our people which is interested in foreign policy, have sustained ■ severe loss in the death of Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, since 1893 ■ teacher of history at Cambridge and for the last five years editor of the *American Foreign Affairs*. A man of considerable private means, he gave largely of them to his university, especially for its library, on the development of which he exercised ■ large influence as chairman of the library committee. In this field his loss is really irreparable, for he brought to it wisdom, astonishing knowledge and foresight, and an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. In foreign lands he was an inveterate traveler and a penetrating observer, and his talents were properly recognized by his selection as one of the experts of the American peace delegation, as head of the American Economic Mission to Austria and Hungary, and as a member of the American Relief Mission to Russia in 1921. Singularly modest and entirely unwilling to have anyone blow his trumpet for him, his point of view was by nature conservative. But if it was not possible for Professor Coolidge to indulge in passionate outbursts against any international wrong, he was a most useful recorder of facts and viewpoints and above all a teacher beloved of his students.

LOUIS F. POST, who died in Washington on January 10, bridged a chasm between two generations. He ran for Congress on the Labor Party ticket in 1882, and in 1887 presided over the New York State convention of the Labor Party. Most of us are unaware that there was a Labor Party in America forty years ago; our short memories do not go back of Samuel Gompers. Those were the days when Henry George stirred New York in a warm-hearted labor campaign, when class-consciousness was probably as acute in America as it has ever been. The Knights of Labor faded out, and with them the Labor Party of the eighties, but Mr. Post remained Henry George's staunch disciple, and it may be as an apostle of the single tax, and editor for fifteen years of the single-tax organ, the *Public*, that Mr. Post will be most remembered. We recall with gratitude that throughout the Wilson Administration he served as Assistant Secretary of Labor, and worked steadily to mitigate the meanness of the Mitchell Palmer regime. He kept his head and studied the facts. Palmer's "red-hunters" issued more than 2,500 warrants for deportation; Mr. Post issued deportation orders in only 562 cases; and after the worst was over, setting down the vile record for all time in "The Deportation Delirium of 1920," he wrote that no bombs or explosives had been discovered and that an instance of even violent opinions "was as great a curiosity as a sport in a herd of cattle."

Thomas Hardy

THE death of Thomas Hardy closes a long and famous career, and removes a literary figure so familiar that he had begun to seem almost immortal. If Hardy as poet has been a subject in recent years for the younger critics to grow excited about, Hardy as novelist was the theme of their grandfathers. Few careers have been so copious or so interesting; none, perhaps, has presented the spectacle of an author practicing the art of prose fiction for thirty years and then for thirty more devoting himself to the production of a vast body of important verse. How much he was a world figure it is difficult just now to say. There were many complaints while he lived concerning his neglect by the Nobel Prize committee, and it is certain that he outshone some of the European writers who received the prize. But he may turn out to have been so purely English that he called for no recognition outside of that region to which he consecrated himself, those limits within which he so steadfastly worked.

Hardy died, as he was born, and lived most of his eighty-seven years, in Dorsetshire. This fidelity to a single locality which he made known as "Wessex" has had much to do with our notion of him as an author possessing in a peculiar degree the quality of consistency; though it is probably not true that he was more consistent with himself than other great artists in words. Hardy's advantage was that his universe had geographical character; it had name, color, form, and a history, so that we could not have missed its features if we would. And in general the advantage of this man who began by being an architect was that he knew how to draw his subjects, whether they were landscapes or men, with hard, sharp lines, all the more unforgettable because a mysterious light played over them.

The fascination of Hardy's novels, and later of his poems, for at least two generations of British and American readers is something of which no one even now may know the measure. How many more generations there will be to fall under his spell is an interesting question. Doubtless his greatest value will prove to have been for us who were his contemporaries, who lived in the world he bent his strange eyes upon, who met more or less at first hand the materials which he shaped so bitterly and so doggedly to his vision. To the extent at any rate that this vision was conditioned by purely nineteenth-century attitudes and discoveries, Hardy was for our time. How much he was for all time—how much he was a man whose point of view can be comprehensible and important always—time alone will tell.

It is significant that he began to write during the years which followed the publication of "The Origin of Species," and that he was never without concern over the meaning of natural science to the future of man's imagination and morals. His "pessimism"—he never liked the word—was in large part determined by his discovery that Nature, if she has a plan at all, has one which, far from being conceived in the interest of human beings, makes no reference to them whatever. Every serious nineteenth-century writer had to face this new fact, if fact it is, and most of those who did so ended with the smile—or the sigh—of compromise upon their features. Hardy never com-

promised. With a bitterness which at first was tolerable only to a few but which, as it grew upon him, grew in favor generally, he hewed his path straight through to what was for him the central problem of life—how to understand, how to accept the discrepancy between desire and destiny, between man's hope for himself and Nature's ruthless way with him, between personality and fate. His novels, like his poems later on, took for their background a Nature beautiful but sinister, and somewhat larger in scale than the people who lived their lives in its shadow. And the people were most of them designed to show how little provision has been made in the universe for the subtle brain, the sensitive heart, the intricately trained passions of that oddly developed and perhaps superfluous creature, man. Such was Hardy's theme, and such his motivation as he maneuvered his characters into the cruel jaws of frustration or mischance.

Chance was cruel, but Hardy was not. Called so by readers and reviewers, he rarely retaliated with a word, though in the end he gave up novel-writing altogether, in disgust, he intimated, because he had been so consistently misunderstood. (He gave it up only to become the greatest of contemporary English poets.) His own view of himself was of one overborne with pity, of one whose heart was wrung by a spectacle which nevertheless he must go on describing because it and no other was there to be described. In 1922 Hardy took the occasion of a preface to state his whole position:

What is today, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be "pessimism" is, in truth, only . . . "questionings" in the exploration of reality, and is the first step toward the soul's betterment, and the body's also. . . . But it is called pessimism nevertheless. . . . Happily there are some who feel . . . that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge, and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have "the balancings of the clouds" happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

Such a statement may not be exactly comforting; but it is clear, and it comes very near to being a complete statement of Hardy's view.

Elsewhere he protested that he had no "view"—the thing so called, he said, being "really a series of fugitive impressions which I have never tried to coordinate." To the extent that this is true Hardy's works may be destined to long life; too strict a philosophy dooms a story-teller to death as soon as his generation has passed. And it is true to the extent that one can suspect the existence behind the philosopher of a temperament which might have disposed him to melancholy and pity no matter in what century he had been born. Otherwise, surely, he would not have begun so early on a certain note and kept on it so

long. Otherwise he would scarcely have treated a limited theme with so exhaustive a passion. Otherwise he might not have been the convincing artist he is. For he is convincing. Though his fiction has undoubtedly suffered some degree of eclipse during the past quarter-century behind the new marvel of his poetry, though there are more than ever now to say that his plots are too complicated, his scenes too theatrically lighted, his prose style too stiff, he must still be acknowledged as one of those masters of narrative who can make the reader follow wherever the story goes, as one with unexampled powers of creating and sustaining illusion. Whether or not he was a world figure, he was a great artist in that his character came profoundly out of his temperament. In any other century he might have given these reasons for refusing an invitation to the United States:

My ardors for emprise nigh lost
Since Life has bared its bones to me,
I shrink to seek a modern coast
Whose riper times have yet to be;
Where the new regions claim them free
From that long drip of human tears
Which peoples old in tragedy
Have left upon the centuried years.

New York Kills Again

A GAIN the State of New York has taken human life deliberately—as an act of vengeance. It has at once violated the Fifth Commandment and that Scriptural injunction which reads: "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord"—this by way of inculcating respect for Scriptural law and obedience to the highest teaching. In putting to death Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray it has committed in cold blood the very crime for which it punished these particularly revolting criminals, who acted under the pressure of drink and passion. Not in many years has there been as sordid and disgusting a crime in New York; never has there been more general agreement that if the death penalty is ever to be enforced this man and woman surely merited it. Yet never, we believe, has a punishment more completely failed as a deterrent. And never, we are glad to say, have so many protests been voiced against it.

Warden Lawes himself issued a statement denouncing capital punishment the day before the execution, to the scandal of some of the daily newspapers who were increasing their circulation by publishing great headlines or extra editions. Judge Townsend Scudder, who tried the case, declares that capital punishment offers no remedy for murder. The *New York Telegram* well says:

What does it do to our souls when we, the citizens of this great State, insist that the cold-blooded, measured law of vengeance—eye for eye, tooth for tooth—be meted out to any human being? . . . Each of us might as well have pulled the switch.

Counsel for the condemned also called for the abolition of this whole terrible procedure. In the most fashionable Episcopalian pulpit in New York the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood made his protest against the spirit of hate and vengeance which finds its expression in capital punishment and in war. Wherever one talked with people the justice of the penalty was admitted, but it was coupled with a denunciation of the penalty itself. Every one who witnessed

the execution must have felt the wrongfulness of it; certainly no humane person could have left the death chamber without a feeling of revulsion.

As for the deterrent effect, we leave it to the psychologists to estimate the amount of harm done by the sensationalism of the press, especially of the tabloids, which stopped at nothing. We cannot but believe that the wholesale suggestion given, the morbidity created, and the brutalizing of the public, by the playing up of this crime as a matter of greater importance in the amount of space awarded to it than almost any other contemporary event, has done more harm than any good it may have accomplished. Yet, if there is no publicity given to the punishment, those who believe in it as a deterrent demand greater publicity. What a confusion of ethics, of morals, and of reasoning!

Now the truth is that the death penalty was never a deterrent, not even in the days when it was bestowed for the stealing of a handkerchief or the taking of a purse. It is of record that when men were publicly executed for such a crime in London the same crime was committed innumerable times in the crowd around the scaffold at the very moment of the punishment. If execution is a deterrent then there ought to be public executions. But modern governments have found that they were too brutalizing and too revolting to the conscience of every decent person. Hence the killing is done behind closed doors with a few witnesses as possible. It is something to be hidden away and concealed while the abominable pretense is kept up that the state must commit murder to prevent murder. No, there is only one sound principle for the state, and that is to admit the inviolability of human life at all times. When it takes this stand it will concentrate an outraged public opinion upon the murderers of civil life and the murderers of the battlefield.

What They Die For

THE marines are pouring into Nicaragua; in the end, we suppose, they will occupy the villages, send columns into the mountains, and round up the recalcitrant patriots—as Pershing's men, and Wood's, and "Hell-roaring Jake" Smith's troops did in the Philippines a quarter century ago. Flames of decency still burn in the United States, as the stirring letter from Sergeant Hemphill's father, quoted by our Unofficial Spokesman, shows; but the heart of America, blunted and corrupted in the struggle against Philippine freedom, still further dulled by the hypocrisies of the World War, seems to beat to other rhythms. Yet the war in Nicaragua is about the meanest, least justifiable enterprise in which this nation has yet engaged.

Everyone seems to agree that we have "blundered." Few seem to think that the way to repair a blunder is to shift gears and head in the other direction. And few seem to realize that anything is happening in Nicaragua except battles with Sandino. Behind the battle-line, however, American control is being riveted upon the little country in a fashion which no election can repair; its resources have been used to fight America's battles, and now they are being pledged for years to come to New York bankers.

There is open talk of a new loan to Nicaragua, on terms which even the puppet Diaz resents. It will be recalled that the marines kept President Diaz in office when he had lost all control over his own country. We did not come to his

aid free. We compelled him to buy peace. Colonel Stimson's "peace plan," forced on Nicaragua last spring, was one of the most sordid maneuvers in the history of imperialism. Stimson went to the Opposition leaders, and told them that if they continued to fight the whole force of the United States would be employed against them, but that, if they would surrender their arms, they would be paid in gold dollars for their guns and ammunition. Craven Moncada, the Liberal leader who is now defending American policy, accepted the bribe. The "bandit" Sandino patriotically refused it, and faced death to defy the dollars and bullets of the Yankee colossus. But Diaz had no money to pay Moncada to surrender; and our Government did not foot the bill. Indeed, it persuaded the Guaranty Trust Company to lend the money to Diaz. And the terms of that loan were a scandal, even in Wall Street.

For a one-year loan of \$1,000,000, Diaz was forced to put a mortgage on the capital stock and dividends of the National Bank of Nicaragua (a corporation with a paid-in capital of \$300,000 and worth twice that) and on the entire capital stock of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua (worth more than the total amount of the loan); to pledge the export tax on coffee, the new customs duties on tobacco, wines, and liquors, and the increased tolls on other commodities; to give the bankers a five-year option on new Nicaraguan loans; and to transfer to New York, for the benefit of the credit-givers, the bank's and railroad's deposits (said to be above \$400,000). The contract also provided that the money would be used primarily to buy (American) munitions and, apparently, to bribe Moncada—and would be expended under the direction of a special committee of three, two of the three being Americans, one named by the State Department, the other by the bankers.

That loan expires on March 31—although it includes a provision by which it may be extended for another six months. Negotiations are now under way for another loan to replace it, and also to cover the enormous expenses incurred by Diaz in maintaining himself in power against the wishes of his countrymen. Diaz signed that loan contract willingly enough, but apparently the terms proposed for the new loan are worse still—they stump even Diaz, who is reported to be about to resign in disgust. A letter received by a certain large business house in New York from another business house in Nicaragua asserts that the difficulties of the business situation there are not due to war depression but to the fact that the Diaz Government

is negotiating a loan with certain New York bankers to obtain money to pay the war debts and damages, and the Government does not want to accept clauses of the contract which the bankers demand and, therefore, to force the Government to come to terms, the bank has stopped all operations with the exception of collecting. This, of course, as they control the custom-house revenues and the Banco Nacional de Nicaragua, establishes a short and vicious circle. Currency is getting scarcer every day, and in the end it will all go to the Banco Nacional, for the customs duties are the most exorbitant ever heard of.

The business man adds his prediction that the legislature will have to accept the bankers' terms. Meanwhile the State Department, supporting the bankers, is demanding that the legislature also revise the Nicaraguan Constitution to permit United States marines to supervise the elections. A pretty business indeed for the United States of America to be supporting! A fine cause to die for!

Mr. Coolidge at Havana

URIAH HEEP spoke at the opening session of the Pan-American Congress at Havana and never did that oily person mix to a greater degree sanctimonious preaching of the Golden Rule, shameless hypocrisy, and platitudinous humbuggery. With all the meaningless words squeezed out of it, Mr. Coolidge's speech boils down to nothing. There is not an original thought in it, not a new policy, not a constructive suggestion—merely that assumption of American supremacy in all undertakings and ideals which invariably infuriates all of Europe. No man with any sense of humor could have made such a speech. He has only himself to blame if everywhere in South and Central America people conceive of him as speaking with his tongue in his cheek, as the personification of Yankee boastfulness and vanity. He talked exactly the same kind of bunk which he would have offered to a convention of Rotarians or of the American Legion.

What could he have thought that his audience was? He lauded the Cubans for their intellectual qualities which, he declares, "have won for them a permanent place in science, art, and literature." The other nations represented have also reached high points of cultural development. Yet he expected them to swallow things like this at the very time when Haiti is ruled by our marines and at the moment our aviators in Nicaragua reported that they had killed forty Nicaraguans—sex and age not stated:

We have kept the peace so largely among our republics because democracies are peace-loving. They are founded on the desire to promote the general welfare of the people, which is seldom accomplished by warfare. In addition to this we have adopted a spirit of *accommodation, good-will, confidence, and mutual helpfulness*. We have been slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. [*Italics ours.*] . . . We must join together in assuring conditions under which our republics will have the freedom and the responsibility of working out their own destiny in their own way. . . . We shall have to realize that the highest law is consideration, cooperation, friendship, and charity. Without the application of these there can be no peace and no progress, no liberty. . . .

The men who heard this canting stuff have memories. They recall not only Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and recent Mexican history; they remember also the Mexican War with its theft of Mexico and Arizona—that war which Ulysses S. Grant, Mr. Coolidge's predecessor, called not an act of consideration and good-will but the most despicable and indefensible of wars. They remember when Mr. Coolidge spoke of Cuba's possessing her own sovereignty, and being free and independent and peaceful, that it was the United States which forced Cuba into the World War merely in order to gain possession of a few German ships; that American garrisons are encamped on her soil on territory ceded to the United States under compulsion—and that Cuba lives under their threat; that Cuba's independence is gravely limited by us through the Platt Amendment.

No, Mr. Coolidge's smooth words at Havana will butter no parsnips. Say what you will about Latin-Americans, their weaknesses and their vanities, one cannot accuse them of being fools or dolts. They know the value of ceremonial politeness and of palaver as well as Mr. Coolidge. The Havana Conference is open. It should demand that the United States square its deeds with Mr. Coolidge's words.

Criminal Ineptitude

REAR ADMIRAL FRANK H. BRUMBY, if he has either heart or conscience, spent a bad hour and a quarter before the naval court of inquiry into the sinking of the submarine S-4. The Admiral began by saying "the final decision was mine and the responsibility is mine." He accuses himself, therefore, of as monstrous a piece of ignorance, negligence, and delay as has ever been spread upon the public record. This his own words prove.

It was shocking enough to discover that at least thirty-eight of the S-4's crew died not by drowning but by asphyxiation. Upon getting down an air line, therefore, thirty-eight lives depended. And with regard to the all-important air line, hear Admiral Brumby before the court of inquiry:

QUESTION: Why did it take so long for air to be started into the compartment?

ADMIRAL BRUMBY: *"I just can't be positive about such things. I just can't remember. Ask the technical people."*

Q.: At the time the first diver went down on Sunday, December 18, and heardappings from the torpedo room, why did he not connect up the air-hose then?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I am not familiar with the details of the construction of submarines, but those who were there thought the steps being taken were the proper ones."*

Q.: Why was not the salvage compartment line, constructed to send breathing air into the torpedo chamber, connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"Well, I don't really know. I can't answer that question. My impression is the divers did all they could do. As to details I can't tell you. You'll have to ask the technical men."*

Q.: When was the compartment air line connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I don't know that it was ever connected. I'm not sure."*

The Admiral was asked whether he thought the Falcon well equipped for rescue work.

ADMIRAL B.: *"There is none better anywhere, but I don't know. I can't be positive about such things."*

This record would be merely pitiful if twoscore human lives had not been at stake—not to mention thousands of others over whom this particular officer of the United States Navy is in command. It may be that the "technical men" in whom Admiral Brumby was willing to put all his trust did everything possible to save the crew of the S-4. But Admiral Brumby ended his testimony by saying: "All that could have been done by anybody was done there." Not quite all. It would have been more accurate for the Admiral to have said: "I believe my subordinates, brave and honest and capable men, did their best. But I, their commander, in charge of all the submarines on the Atlantic Coast, did not know my job. I know nothing of submarines; I know less of submarine rescue work; I am no more fitted than the merest sailor to be in command of men in this line of work. In short, it may be that through my own ignorance I sent forty men to their death." It would be the veriest impertinence for Admiral Brumby, provided he made any such admission, to add: "And this I regret." It is too late for regrets. The forty are dead. But others are in danger, and will remain so as long as the navy is commanded by men who are confessedly incompetent and unfamiliar with the details of the ships intrusted to their care.

Autos and Then Autos

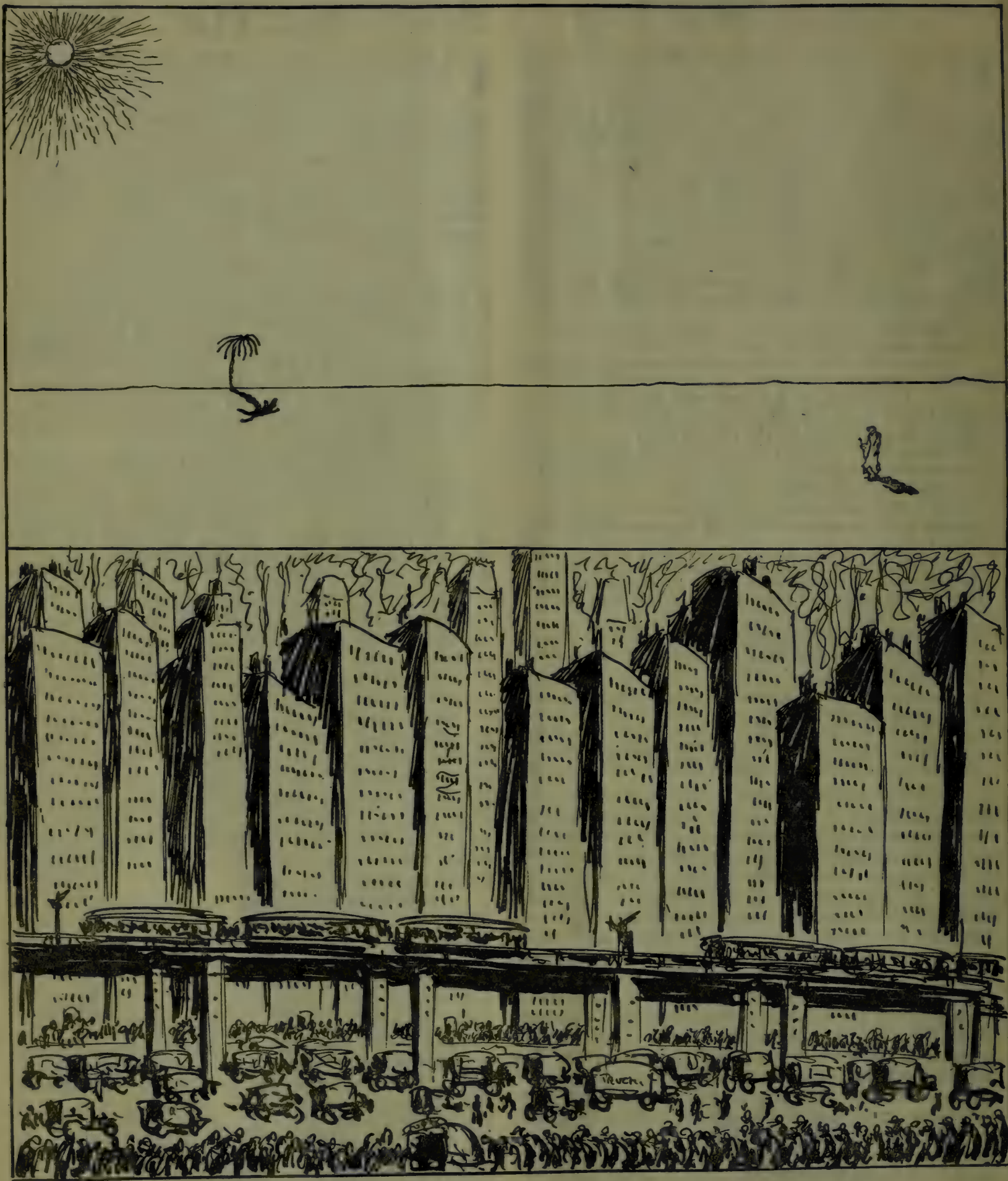
CROWDS and crowds; new models, new beauty, new colors, new styles, new prices, and new inducements; greater public interest than ever—this was the New York automobile show in 1928. "We must put on this year a better and more extensive sales campaign than ever," declared the head of one of the companies to his assembled salesmen at their annual feast. Undoubtedly he was right, despite the proof of unparalleled public interest, despite the crowds at Mr. Ford's rival show at the Madison Square Garden, despite the large number of sales made. For the public showed this year a much keener understanding of technical problems, an insistence on studying engines as well as bodies, and a thorough appreciation that it holds the whip-hand to an unprecedented degree, that it may easily make or break important manufacturers before another show comes around. For there is a price war on and a production war too, and the American public, especially the younger generation looking forward to its first cars, finds as much of a thrill in critically studying car-progress as it ever has in baseball or football or prize-fighting.

For some of the companies this is, therefore, a serious year. Their stock-issues are selling at very low figures in Wall Street and they are struggling to make a living in the face of the competition of General Motors with its slogan of a car for every purse. Between its Chevrolet and the new Ford—for which already 740,000 orders have been taken—there will be a race indeed. Mr. Ford has his work cut out for him. His old model had road qualities which made it indispensable to farmers living in remote regions. The new Ford is without them and must, moreover, prove to the public that it will "stand up" to its work. Mr. Ford must also face the difficulty that his dealers are even now unable to fill new orders prior to August next.

Again, take the Paige car. It has been acquired by the three Graham brothers who turned out the most original and attractive appearing cars at the show. Obviously these skilled makers of trucks must now produce an unusually good automobile or go to the wall; there is no room in the Paige field for a mediocre car. Indeed, as time passes, we believe that there will be still further consolidations even though the one talked of in connection with William C. Durant has never come to pass.

How long the motor industry's prosperity will last no one can say. But there is little or no talk of the "saturation-point" being reached. We are no longer merely a one-car people; two-car garages are the order of the day. And what is growing increasingly serious for the dealer is the problem of disposing of used cars. It is impossible to fix prices for second-hand motors when those for new cars are changing hourly, when the public is being urged by dealers to change its cars oftener by reliance upon purchaser-credit plans. Cars which a few years ago could have been sold for \$600 are now almost given away, and still the cry is buy, buy, and turn in your old car.

Altogether the industry will bear close watching in 1928, not wholly because of the competition within it, but because it is an index to at least part of the country's prosperity. If it begins to weaken and to lose ground, it will not only endanger the whole structure of credit-buying, but will create consternation in all related industries.



Which Landscape Is the Lonelier?

It Seems To Heyward Brown

I DON'T wish to seem annoyed every week. Many things in the world are doing as well as could be expected. In spite of sun spots the weather has been satisfactory. Fine books are being written and a few fine plays. Most people are agreeable and one or two heroic. Still, sooner or later, I must say something about the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He is the Protestant Pope but, unlike the one in Rome, he writes a daily piece for the papers.

Not everything about this man is by any means deplorable. The Christian virtues are excellent and many of them dwell in him. But he was in the baggage car when the announcement came that humility was now being served in the diner. Meekness, to be sure, can be overcome. Some humble folk seem almost to cry aloud "Please put your foot upon my face," and, God forgive me, I cannot always remain adamant against this request. But no man should ever preach without some sanctification of uncertainty. One may accept each word of Scripture as a literal revelation and see nevertheless that some things were left still misty for the mind of man. There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that it was God's intent to lay bare His full purpose before the coming of His kingdom. So a minister should be constrained to say upon very many occasions, "I don't know."

This is a statement I've seen only once in the voluminous writings of Dr. Cadman and even then he used it roguishly as one writing less from conviction than for the record. The daily communique is done in the form of answers to questions from correspondents and, as one versed in the style and moods of people who write to the papers, I gravely suspect that the good Doctor is often interlocutor as well as end man. Against this base thought there lies the fact that sometimes a hard one is slipped over on the Doctor. And it is in handling these that he manages to arouse my resentment. God must be mocked by some of the arguments made in His favor by His creatures. Undoubtedly Dr. Cadman believes that the wisdom of the Creator is infinite and yet he never hesitates to expound it.

Fresh laid before me lies a question in the Cadman column from a woman in Ohio assailed by doubt. She is troubled because it seems to her that women play a wholly secondary role in the Bible. In particular she singles out St. Paul as one belittling her sex. Again in natural law, which she feels must be God's law, the correspondent finds woman bearing more than an equal share of agony. And her last fling is the assertion that the civil rights won by women in America have been gained without benefit of clergy.

Now these are all matters which should give pause to a minister. He ought to try and shift the blame to the imperfections of man-made law, of government, and of medicine rather than accept the conditions as palpably part of God's plan. No such caution assails Dr. Cadman.

"Natural law," he writes, "does not discriminate against woman. True, her body is more finely articulated than man's, but her observance of the rules of hygiene and health promotes her physical welfare equally with his, and she also possesses a peculiar resistant power against pain. To be sure, maternity costs heavily, but is not the baby worth all it costs? Ask any mother."

I might allow Dr. Cadman to speak for God, but I must say I bristle when he undertakes to provide from his own experience a "peculiar resistant power against pain" for women in the pangs of childbirth. Dr. Cadman, you were never there. This insulation against agony is not a thing demonstrable in any laboratory. No doctor could, with full knowledge, say as much and this is not wisdom particularly given to the clergy. Until recent years the medical profession has been not overly interested in the sufferings peculiar to women. Possibly there are sound medical objections to Twilight Sleep and later techniques but openly in convention physicians have stood up to say: "The pain of childbirth is God's intention and we should not interfere." Dr. Cadman seems prepared to say the same thing but I believe it blasphemy to assume that every bungled fact in life must be accepted as part of a divine scheme. After Eden, man's very definite instructions were to work for his own salvation. Nor can I quite understand how Eve, being "more finely articulated," is also more richly endowed to withstand shock and pain.

But in his final answer to the woman's complaint I find Dr. Cadman even more audacious and arrogant. "The consideration shown your sex in our republic," he writes, "is due entirely to man's reverence for the will of God concerning woman. . . . That other nations and some men in our own have been unpardonably tardy in this respect is the result of their disregard of that will. There is therefore every reason why women should love God and follow Christ, asking daily for wisdom and guidance in order that they may not abuse the freedom upon which they have entered."

I have no knowledge of the Creator's attitude toward the Nineteenth Amendment but surely the churches of Christ in America played a meager part in the winning of the suffrage. Neither among Protestants nor Catholics have women by tradition been granted an equal share in management. And "man's reverence for the will of God" had nothing whatever to do with the vote. As a matter of fact man did not hand the franchise over to the woman as a free-will offering. He yielded under pressure after she had kicked and screamed and picketed. Render unto God the things that are God's and unto Caesar's wife the things that are hers.

I have not quoted Dr. Cadman in the entirety of his answer but I read him through and the query about St. Paul was left unanswered. It was convenient to omit him because, you see, St. Paul was beyond any doubt a man who believed that woman's place was in the home—if even there.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
January 16



papers, other than the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, published in full the open letter to President Coolidge, which appeared in that newspaper January 4, and of those editors who did not publish it the writer politely inquires whether in their judgment it was not a good story. It follows:

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.;

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

According to dispatches of today (January 3) from Managua, my son, Sergeant John F. Hemphill, was killed in action against General Sandino's troops.

For the death of my son I hold no malice against General Sandino or any of his men, for I think, and I believe that 90 per cent of our people agree with me, that they are today fighting for their liberty, as our forefathers fought for our liberty in 1776, and that we, as a nation, have no legal or moral right to be murdering those liberty-loving people in a war of aggression.

What we are doing is nothing less than murder, for the sole purpose of keeping in power a puppet President, and acting as a collector for Wall Street, which is certainly against the spirit and letter of our Constitution.

My son was twenty-nine years old, served three years of his third enlistment, survived honorable service through the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation.

My father served through the Civil War, both my grandfathers died in action in the same war, and I am proud of their records, so this is not from the pen of a red radical, but from one who loves justice and fair play.

I have four sons, and if necessity arose I would be willing to sacrifice not only all four sons, but my own life as well, in a war of defense, but I am not willing to shed one drop of blood in a war of aggression, such as this one is.

You have lost a son and know the sorrow, and we as a nation mourned with you in your hour of grief. Suppose that son had fallen, as my son has, a victim of the greed of Wall Street, would you feel that the financial gain was worth the cost?

Ferguson, Missouri

JOHN S. HEMPHILL

I repeat, I would like all those editors who contend that this story was not worth printing to raise their hands.

THE Senate committee investigating Mr. Hearst's forged documents let him off with a love tap, as everybody expected. What else could it do? Of the five members, four are from States where Mr. Hearst has from one to four papers, and three of them are candidates for reelection next year, the fourth having been reelected last year with the support of a Hearst paper. As chairman, there was Reed of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hearst has recently well-nigh cornered the newspaper market in Pittsburgh. Johnson of California not only has enjoyed the fervent support of the *San Francisco Examiner*, but on at least one occasion he has represented Hearst in an important lawsuit. Bruce of Maryland had the *Baltimore American* to think of. Jones of Washington enjoyed the support of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in his campaign last year. Vice-President Dawes (of Chicago, home of the *Herald-Examiner and American*) may not have packed the committee for Hearst, but he certainly was the victim of an extraordinary set of coincidences.

* * * * *

BY the time this letter is printed the old Teapot probably will be seething again. The purpose of this supplementary investigation, which again will be dominated by Senator Walsh, is to discover what became of the \$2,770,000 in Liberty bonds which remained in the treasury of the bogus Continental Trading Company after \$240,500 worth had been secretly forwarded to former Secretary Fall by his son-in-law, Everhart. Senator Norris introduced a resolution authorizing the Public Lands Committee to take up the trail of the remainder, after it became apparent that the Department of Justice had no intention of doing so, and that President Coolidge had no intention of directing it to do so. For several years there has been a story that a part of these bonds was used to pay off the heavy deficit suffered by the Republican National Committee in piling up seven million majority for Harding and Coolidge in 1920. That possibility will be explored, together with a number of others, equally exciting.

* * * * *

TO Reed Smoot, the high priest of protection, we are indebted for the most naive betrayal of the iniquity of the whole tariff system ever uttered in the United States Senate. He did not mean to do it, bless his stupid soul, but he managed to strip it of its hypocritical pretenses and leave it standing naked before the public in all its ugliness. He confirmed the formula that greed multiplied by greed makes a tariff bill.

Irritated by the Progressive demand for a revision of the tariff, Mr. Smoot lost his patience and read into the record a compilation of the votes of his low-tariff colleagues when the Fordney-McCumber bill was under consideration five years ago. He showed that when products from their own States were affected, most of the low-tariff men rose above principle and voted for the highest duties they could get.

It did not seem to penetrate Mr. Smoot's ponderous intellect that he was exposing the rottenness of his own precious tariff. Bills are deliberately laden with such bribes to catch men who might otherwise vote against the tariff.

* * * * *

FEW men in public life have ever received more generous treatment from the press than Herbert Hoover. Correspondents and editorial writers vie with one another in singing his praises. Yet few statesmen have ever been so thin-skinned. Woodrow Wilson used to wish he could hang his Senatorial critics, but even he had the hide of a rhinoceros compared to Mr. Hoover.

Write an uncomplimentary piece in the newspapers or magazines about Mr. Hoover, and you are likely to be

visited by one of his bright young henchmen who will want to know just why you did it. It makes one wonder how he will act when the campaign gets under way and his enemies go after him in earnest.

Already they have started a mysterious anti-Hoover propaganda sheet in Washington. Its name is *Politics*, published by the Politics Publishing Company. In its first issue it proclaims itself "independent and non-partisan" but there is good reason to suspect that it is pro-Lowden. Editorially it discusses Mr. Hoover's candidacy in the light of his party irregularity, winding up with the statement that "the political hybrid doesn't flourish on American soil." It probably will give the super-sensitive Mr. Hoover many uncomfortable moments before the campaign is over.

Dwight Morrow Agrees With Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, January 13

THE amendment to the petroleum law submitted by President Calles to the Mexican Chamber of Deputies toward the end of December and on January 11 published in the *Diario Oficial* as the law of the land, represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of, for the most part, shameful and inept and unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. With all due respect for Ambassador Dwight Whitney Morrow, this move by the Mexican Government constitutes one of the most astute maneuvers in international negotiation which it has been my lot to observe at close hand. At no time since the 1917 Queretaro Constitution went into effect would Mexico have refused to enact for us the law just passed. After more than a decade of harassment, strained relations, border antagonisms, hostile notes, and, on at least two occasions, imminence of war, we have obtained what we could have obtained at any moment had we been willing to accept it; we have probably obtained much less than we might have earlier in the game by an earlier pat on the shoulder. Such is our victory. For the oil people, a brick in a bouquet.

In other words Mr. Morrow's victory is over the imagination of the American electorate; his victory is over the dying political elements revolving around Teapot Dome, and over the traditional short-sighted, heavy-footed, hairy-breasted cudgel diplomacy of the past. The real test of Mr. Morrow's success in Mexico will be its sustained sincerity. The new petroleum law is initial proof of Mr. Morrow's capacity to secure better relations; it is equally a symbol of the failure of our previous diplomacy of harassment.

The test will be continuity after Mr. Morrow leaves his post. The American public is dreadfully short of memory. We are now observing the four-year recurrent tragedy-comedy of our relations with Mexico. Every Washington Administration begins, like the March wind that witnesses its inauguration, to demand blusteringly of Mexico a satisfactory and immediate acquiescence to every pending American demand. It usually ends, just before election time, by hastily patching up relations and selling to the American public the belief that the Mexican question has been settled for all time. Wilson did this. Harding did

it. Long ago, Hayes did it. Coolidge is doing it; and Morrow is helping him.

A remarkably pat comparison with the Coolidge policy toward Mexico may be found in the Hayes Administration. Mr. Hayes came into office after a questionable victory over Tilden and after one of the most sordid campaigns in the history of American politics. Partisan feeling ran high. It was necessary to discover a live issue to divert public attention from recent domestic squabbles. As Mr. Foster, Minister to Mexico, put it in his "Memoirs" (I, 92):

Certain gentlemen . . . conceived the idea that, in view of the tension . . . created by the partisans of Mr. Tilden and of the disturbed conditions of affairs in the Southern States, it would divert attention from pending issues and tend greatly to consolidate the new Administration, if war could be brought on with Mexico and another slice of its territory be added to the Union.

And so the Men of Measured Mirth began to belabor the new-born Government of Porfirio Diaz, which, emerging from the revolutionary period of Juarez and the troublous French intervention, found itself in much the same position at home and abroad as the present Calles-Obregon regime. Washington seized upon frontier difficulties, and numerous punitive expeditions dashed across the Rio Grande, on one occasion attacking and burning an Indian village and carrying off a number of the women. Hayes took up the questions of forced loans levied against American citizens, certain "unequal exactions," the Free Zone which gave rise to smuggling, the right of Americans to purchase property on the frontier, indemnity for alleged insults and injuries to American citizens, and protection of American life and property.

For three years this harassment continued, but Diaz maintained himself and even consolidated his position. He was playing trump cards. He was arousing the sentiment of Latin America against the United States. To Yankee financiers coming into Mexico he made tentative overtures; he sent agents into the United States to awake American public sentiment in his favor; the merchants and manufacturers of the West organized excursions to Mexico; Congress entertained bills designed to stimulate Mexican trade. And so the Diaz Government withstood every de-

mand of the United States. And Hayes, with the elections approaching, was obliged to make a *volte-face*, instruct Foster to be friendly, and so "solve" the Mexican situation.

Recent times have witnessed almost similar phenomena, especially the Administration of Coolidge. Coolidge came into office with the stench of the Teapot Dome scandal in the nostrils of the country. Difficulties with Mexico soon distracted public attention. The irony in this later instance, however, has been that 75 per cent of the petroleum property that Mr. Kellogg was trying to protect belonged to the very elements involved in the Teapot Dome brew; much of whose property had been acquired in ways even more reprehensible than in the United States, and 90 per cent of whose titles were imperfect.

But Calles, like Diaz, resisted every demand. The large financiers (and after all the half-billion foreign debt is the largest single American stake in Mexico) were not entirely in accord with the petroleum fight. Also, trade began to suffer in Latin America, over the length and breadth of which the press was singing a chorus of hate against the "Colosus del Norte." Everywhere new anti-American organizations were mushrooming—the UCSAYA, the APRA, numerous students' federations. A congress of Latin-American students was called at Montevideo "to combat American imperialism." The Latin-American Union was active. All of which might have been ignored temporarily were not our own elections due this year, and if we did not have to confront twenty irate republics in the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

And so Mr. Sheffield, fortunately for everybody, was shelved; Mr. Morrow, fortunately for everybody, came upon the scene, and proceeded, with honey in his mouth, to win Mexico's friendship. His tactics have revealed the genius of an Oxenstierna—ham-and-egg breakfasts with Calles, trips with Calles, dinners at the Embassy attended by Calles and his entire Cabinet (unheard of for decades), Will Rogers, Lindbergh, Lindbergh's mother—a rapid-fire process. For those of us who, for the past ten years, have risked our reputations and financial welfare advocating decent relations between the two countries, the spectacle is decidedly agreeable, if somewhat amusing.

Hurriedly forced friendship between the United States and Mexico has its price for everybody concerned, which is as it should be. The gulf is so great! The wide differences between the economic, social, racial, and cultural lives of the two peoples, the overwhelming preponderance of American industrialism, the semi-colonial and feudal character of Mexico, our own aggressiveness, Mexico's sullen resistance—all this is not easily bridged, certainly not without surrenders.

Take the century-old characteristics of the Mexican Government. The Mexican state is an *ego sum qui sum*. Its traditions are derived from the Spanish super-state, plus the psychology of the Conquest. Its dominant character is imposition rather than responsibility. It is a closed corporation in its historical antecedents and traditions, aloof from the intimate life of the country. This has been true, though in lesser degree, even in these later revolutionary days. And though every regime must, sooner or later, answer to the Mexican nation—that amorphous, non-unified ensemble of races, creeds, and cultures—which gave it being, nevertheless the Government of Mexico may assume various dominant roles.

At the present juncture there are three major highways open to Latin-American governments. The first is that taken by Porfirio Diaz, who gradually turned his back upon his own people and allied himself with foreign capital. This is also the way of Diaz in Nicaragua, of Gomez in Venezuela, and of Leguia in Peru. The second possible road is that of Juarez and of Obregon and Calles, who allied themselves with the popular aspirations of their own country. The third possible way is to serve, not as a true government—except in part—but as a mediator between the popular and national needs on the one hand and Washington and American capital on the other; as a sort of lightning-rod for domestic and international storms, to keep the house from burning down. This is the role, not a very enviable one, to which the present regime now seems fated. Calles has been valiantly attempting to synthesize the national life, to unify its aims and aspirations, and to build up a native mechanism, a native bourgeoisie. But this, evidently, will not happen in our day. Obregon, on the other hand, has accepted the new mediatory role in his usual intuitive and bold fashion, planting himself, for national support, upon the radical peasantry, and for foreign support upon concessions to Washington and American capital. To do this he has had to clip the wings of the organized city workers, who are agreeable neither to the peasantry nor to foreign capital.

And so the Mexican Government now enters the role of mediator, and from this it may shift on to a somewhat modified Diaz position. It grows more apparent that the solution of the petroleum controversy was a condition to a broad financial scheme which Morrow brought in his pocket from the House of Morgan, a scheme which will permit of a readjustment in the foreign-debt payments; the reorganization, perhaps the abolition, of the claims commissions; the funding of all claims as a lump sum with the debt; the lifting of the embargo against war supplies to the Mexican Government, etc. The interests Morrow represents are probably not so much desirous of pushing the petroleum issue to its last legs as they are in assuring the ultimate payment of the debt, laying the bases for new loans, and securing other concessions which will be fully as valuable as the petroleum stake. Certainly the Morgan oil interests in Mexico, the Marland Oil Company, represented in Mexico by the Consolidated and the Franco-Española, promptly obeyed the original fifty-year concession law, as did other allied companies. And lately it was the De la Huerta-Lamont financial agreement, as much as anything else, which finally broke the 1921-1922 intervention drive by the Mexican Association of Producers of Petroleum.

Certainly the new law does not represent any substantial gain by the oil companies, to many quite the contrary. The November Supreme Court decision, shortly after Morrow's arrival, seemed to cede all. Calles in submitting the amendments which have now been passed declared that they followed the decision. The text tells a different story. It is hardtack on a silver platter. The move is clever, astutely diplomatic. Calles has chosen a moment when the hands of the oil people and the State Department are tied. The State Department cannot, at this moment, jeopardize its campaign for amity with Latin America; it cannot upset the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress any more than they will be upset by Sandino; and the people out Nebraska way will be suspicious of any new move by the oil people to precipitate a new controversy.

Just what is the status of the oil question? Mexico undoubtedly has gained much since the initial stages. Originally the State Department, a decade ago, refused to recognize any nationalization of Mexican oil "either by decree or by law." This position had to be hastily abandoned. The State Department next asserted that it would not accept the nationalization of the subsoil on any pre-1917 American properties. This was tantamount to declaring that Mr. John Doe must be guaranteed his subsoil rights on his vast tracts of land out toward Coahuila, bought before 1917 for investment and pasturage purposes, must be guaranteed them *para eternidad*—especially as oil has since been discovered in the vicinity. This contention was also abandoned. Washington trimmed its demands to cover the subsoil on pre-1917 oil lands. This was the gist of the Warren and Payne recognition negotiations in 1923. The question then became: What constitutes pre-1917 oil lands? In the 1925 law and concordant regulations such lands were defined as those on which a positive act had been committed, i.e., high purchase price, contracts, strategic location in a developed oil field, mention of purpose in original deed, exploration for oil, etc.—a sufficiently broad definition. But the law further declared that these rights would be confirmed by fifty-year concessions renewable for thirty years, which soon precipitated controversy and the hysterical outbursts of Mr. Kellogg—the straining of relations to the breaking-point.

War was in the air. But gradually the State Department acquiesced in the Mexican Government's contention that until American property rights had been actually violated and all Mexican legal recourses exhausted, no diplomatic or other coercion was in order. Came Mr. Morrow. Came the Supreme Court decision setting aside

certain objectionable features of the law. Came, finally, the recent Calles amendments. The law, as it now stands, abolishes the fifty-year concession feature on pre-1917 lands, but it creates a much stricter interpretation of pre-1917 rights. Pre-1917 oil lands are now those which were actually worked prior to 1917, thus ruling out vast tracts previously considered as possessing pre-1917 rights in the subsoil. Furthermore the new amendments still insist that these pre-1917 rights be confirmed within one year by application for concession. But the oil companies, like the priests, do not want to register their properties, for the real crux of their fear is their dubious titles and the uncertainty as to how lenient the Mexican officials will prove in considering them. In Mexican law, largely derived from Spanish law, there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as an absolute title in the Anglo-Saxon concept. All property is a "concession" from the powers that be. The oil companies, however, declare that they will never accept "concessions" though in the last analysis that is all they ever have possessed.

And so, all in all, the Mexican Government has granted but little more than it has been willing to grant all the time. It is Mr. Morrow's ironic fate to secure this. And so it may be said, with irony, that this law represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of shameful but unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. The tragedy of the whole business resides in the fact that we were stirred so close to war-pitch over petroleum technicalities that we jeopardized our entire peace and good-will with Latin-America, and to some extent with the world, in a futile conflict in which, little by little, we have had to yield to the Mexican position and to respect the sovereign right of Mexico to enact its own legislation.

Will Americans Learn to Fly?

By WILLIAM P. MANGOLD

THE majority of air-mail contractors lost money in 1927, yet the aeronautical industry has entered the new year with an impressive record of development and expansion and confidence in its future. The air-mail contractors themselves, despite their financial losses and despite public apathy toward the use of airplanes for traveling or for shipping goods, are optimistic and enthusiastic. They predict that the next few years will witness the establishment of an enormous aeronautical transport system uniting all the important trade centers of America in a net of airways. All that is needed, they say, is to develop in the American public a proper appreciation of commercial aviation—to develop, that is, an "air-mindedness" here comparable to that existing in England, France, or Germany where people book a passage on an air liner with almost the same nonchalance that a New Yorker drops a nickel in the subway turnstile. It was, of course, to create this "air-mindedness," that Colonel Charles Lindbergh was converted into a traveling air salesman upon his return from Paris and sent to visit 152 cities in forty-eight States—with the result that a 23 per cent increase in air-mail poundage was recorded during the three months of the tour. And now he is selling aeronautics—along with good-will—to Mexico and Central America. To make Lind-

bergh the unofficial ambassador and chief popularizer of aviation was a happy choice. For he epitomizes perfectly the mind of the aeronautical industry, a mind convinced through its own experience of the efficiency, safety, and economy of air transportation, and confident that once the public is assured on these points commercial airway losses will turn to profits.

But whether or not the public takes to aviation, the groundwork of an extended national airway system has been established. There are operating today sixteen air-mail contract routes over 9,500 miles. Within the next few months eight new routes are expected to begin operation, making a total of twenty-four airways with seventy-five stops serving 65,677,209 people in the trading areas along these routes. Most impressive and important in this development is undoubtedly the transcontinental airway uniting New York and San Francisco with a night and day air-mail service of thirty-two hours—less than half of the 87-hour schedule of the transcontinental trains. This main trunk line has several branches, one from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and another from Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington. Radial routes go from Chicago to Dallas, St. Louis, Detroit, and Minneapolis, and there is a line from Boston to New York.

A very large portion of this growth can be credited directly to the government. It started the first experimental airway in 1918 between New York and Washington. And much of the subsequent development was due to the initiative of the Post Office Department which spent \$17,685,000 for the government routes in the years 1918-1928 inclusive. Now, however, in accordance with the Air Mail Act of 1926 the entire system is in the hands of private transport companies.

In many ways the transfer is to be regretted; here was an example of a commercial service of a peculiarly experimental sort successfully organized and efficiently operated by the government; it would have been interesting to continue such a novel enterprise. But even though it has relinquished actual operation, it would be a mistake to assume that the government has withdrawn from civil aviation completely. Through the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce it is, in fact, very active, with a 1928 budget appropriation of \$3,091,500 for developing air-navigation facilities. The expenditure of this sum as an indirect subvention for aviation comes very close to the substance, if not the form, of the European governmental subsidy. It will pay for such necessary functions as surveying and mapping new routes, marking towns, helping in the upkeep of airports and emergency landing fields, licensing pilots, and maintaining minimum standards of efficiency. In addition the Aeronautics Branch is installing lighting systems for night flying; of 7,512 miles to be lighted by July 1, 1928, 4,121 miles have already been completed. It is also partly responsible for the construction of airports of which there are now approximately 1,000.

In operations during the first six months of 1927 aircraft in various services flew a total of 12,377,933 miles. Of this total 2,642,364 miles were flown by air-mail carriers, while operators engaged in miscellaneous "taxi" services were credited with 9,735,569. The air-mail contractors carried 621,236 pounds of mail, a figure which will be exceeded by at least 240,000 pounds for the last six months of the year. In all it represents an increase of 80 per cent over the air-mail poundage of 1926. But there is still much room for improvement before the air mail becomes profitable on a national scale. The expense of the air-mail service ending June 30, 1926, was \$2,944,648. The total receipts for the same period were \$980,271—a loss of \$1,964,377 chargeable to the taxpayer.

When the air-mail operations were let to private contractors it was thought that they could operate profitably by combining air-mail express and passenger-carrying services—something which the Post Office Department refused to do. This has failed to materialize, partly because the public has shown no widespread desire to travel by air and partly because the transport companies have taken few steps to make passenger-carrying popular. Most of them will carry passengers upon request, but only eight have published passenger rates which average about 13

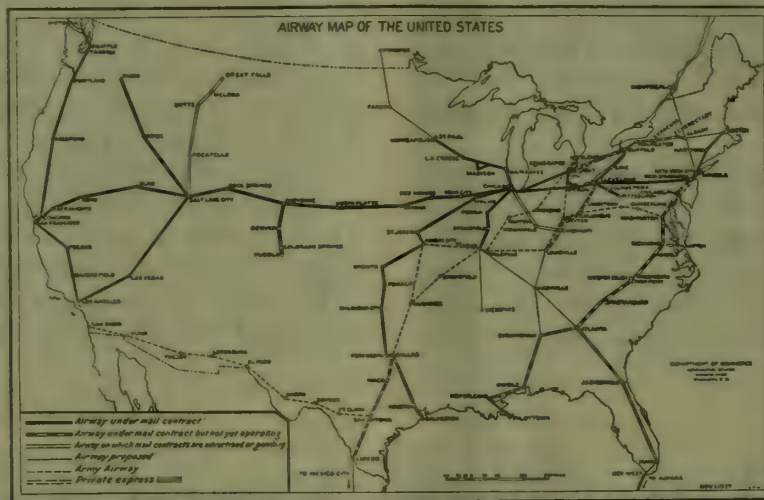
cents per mile—from New York to San Francisco the fare is \$400 one way. During the first six months of 1927 only 774 passengers were carried by eight of the regularly operated lines, seven lines carrying no passengers. Such insignificant figures are hardly worthy of consideration. In a few instances special passenger routes were established, notably between Boston and New York, between Miami and Atlanta, and Detroit and Grand Rapids. Each of these after carrying a few passengers ceased operating. The Colonial Air Transport ended its operations between Boston and New York, stating that it could not compete with the fast Boston trains. Generally speaking, regular passenger-carrying service has never been more than intermittent in the United States and it has yet to be demonstrated that it can be maintained profitably for any length of time.

Until recently, air express was in nearly the same condition as passenger carrying. The 1,045,222 pounds carried during the first six months of 1927 is not very impressive, particularly when one considers that 1,020,000 of it was carried by the Ford Motor Company Lines, leaving, after one has discounted 21,651 pounds of flood-relief material carried free, but 2,768 pounds carried by the other four lines accepting express for transportation. In September, however, the American Railway Express contracted with four of the air lines for the joint carrying of express. This service has been profitable and shows promise of developing further, since the rates are considerably cheaper than those for the air mail.

By far the greatest amount of flying has been done in the so-called "taxi" and miscellaneous services.

These have been of various sorts; sightseeing, photography, crop spraying, exhibition flights. One of the most striking industrial uses of the airplane is that of "dusting" the boll weevil in the South, a process that has proved cheaper and more effective than ground dusting. Banks have also found a use for airplanes; \$24,000,000 in checks is brought by air into New York daily, reaching the clearing house a day earlier and saving thousands of dollars in interest. But it is in the field of miscellaneous flying that most of the airplane accidents occur. For the first ten months of 1927 there were 165 accidents with 109 persons killed. Only eight of these accidents were in the field of air transport; the others occurred in the various activities of miscellaneous and itinerant fliers.

Ordinarily, when the majority of entrepreneurs in an industry are sustaining losses for their operations one does not expect them to be optimistic about their business. Optimism among the manufacturers of aircraft is understandable—their exports for the first ten months of last year were 43 per cent above the preceding year and the entire output trebled that of 1926. But optimism among those whose passenger-carrying services have failed and whose air-mail and express carrying is not on a firm basis is more difficult to accept. Success, for them, depends on the American public's becoming "air-minded."



Rationalization in British Industry

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, January 3

TO move the British business mind toward new thinking and new methods needs a conjunction of adversity, an arresting personality, and a novel caption. Our bad industrial and commercial plight, with its solid immovable block of unemployment and its shrunken export trade, is common knowledge. When, therefore, a powerful, successful captain of industry comes forward with a confident gospel of industrial prosperity and peace, we accept from him even the repellent term "rationalization." Sir Alfred Mond's name has been prominent, alike in business and in politics, for many years, but it is only recently that he has figured as industrial reformer. The successful merger last year, by which Brunner, Mond and Company absorbed the entire chemical trade of the country, is the first really large experiment in full business combination that has taken place. The completeness of this exploit, with its huge capital and its forty thousand workers, has given a dramatic interest to what is here, though not in Germany or in America, a new idea. Before the war the terms trust, cartel, and combine bore a sinister significance. Our business men believed in competition as a guaranty of efficiency and successful enterprise. Now "rationalization" along the Mond line signifies first and foremost the repudiation of competition as a wasteful process, and the substitution of a completely organized and unified trade, planning its production and conducting its buying and selling as a single body. When it is stated that the two prime objects of this organization are increased productivity and industrial peace, it is easy to understand how powerful an appeal it makes to nerve-racked English business men.

To stop waste and to reconcile conflicting interests, however, is by no means an exhaustive account of the economy of rationalization. These are in a sense negative gains. What Sir Alfred Mond and other advocates of this policy seek is the positive gains of scientific technique and business administration. One definition that is tendered runs thus: "The full application of science and scientific method to industry secured by unification of all the processes of production and distribution." Put simply, this means the amalgamation of hitherto competing businesses within a trade, their organization for a single volume of production, by local and plant specialization of processes, so as to utilize the full economies of standardization and mass production. The benefit of scientific research, very backward in Great Britain, will be attained by substituting an expert directorate for a number of hereditary business owners and their ill-equipped "managers." Obsolete or inferior plants will be closed down, larger quantity and better quality of output will be produced upon a lower cost-basis, not at the expense of reduced wages, but by raising the efficiency of all grades of workers and tools, and by planning a full continuity of employment.

But, tempting as the proposition seems, it is not an easy one to "put over" in this country, steeped as it is in the temper and tradition of competition. Even trades

which are in dire distress, like coal-mining and cotton, are only beginning to nibble at plans of cooperation. Mr. Keynes's gallant attempt to cartelize the cotton-spinners in Lancashire has been defeated by the obdurate individualism of the ordinary business man. It looks as if no appeal to the obvious self-interest of our coal-owners would suffice to bring the requisite consolidation without some legal compulsion. There are, however, many trades fully alive to the advantages of unification, some of them strongly fortified in regulation of output and control of selling prices, as trusts, cartels, or other combines.

There remain of course two outstanding questions. How does labor regard the new policy? and What security will the consumer have against high prices? In a measure these questions overlap, for the reward of labor is largely contingent upon the prices of the goods he buys. Now a large section of organized labor is not unnaturally suspicious of what seems to it a new device for strengthening capitalism in its control of wages and prices. Hitherto a worker had some choice of employer; now he has none. Capital will be so much stronger to enforce its terms on labor. The advocates of rationalization point to experience in attestation of their assertions that rationalization means and demands a more intelligent cooperation between capital and labor, based on high wages, good general conditions, continuity of employment, and a share in management for labor. Sir Alfred Mond explicitly avows that high productivity and high wages are mutual determinants not merely in the sense that labor's cooperation can only thus be got, but because the higher consuming power of the workers is necessary to purchase the enlarged output. Indeed, much of the support given to this project in its early stage comes from business men famous for their welfare work and for their liberal aspirations in the cause of labor. It may, indeed, be taken for certain that rationalization could not succeed in any great trade if it were utilized either to depress wages or to impair trade unionism. Some prominent trade-union leaders are openly favorable to the movement in its general form, and an attempt is already on foot to secure a conference between the National Confederation of Employers Organizations and the Trade Union Congress General Council, or if this seems premature, between smaller groupings of capital and labor.

The Mond scheme contemplates something like a representative government in which labor through its elected members shall take part. "Local works councils will function for the separate shops and from these will be drawn delegates for the general works councils, which is to have similar but wider functions. The coping-stone to the edifice will be a Central Works Council, assembling regularly in London and coordinating the activities of the local and general councils from which its personnel will be drawn." Demand for higher status is to be met by the formation of a Workers' Staff Grade open to workers of five years' service and carrying various rights. The whole fabric is to be cemented by a workers' shareholding scheme,

enabling workers to purchase ordinary shares below the market price.

By most "class-conscious" workers any proposals of profit-sharing or copartnership are flouted as dodges to break the solidarity of labor. But Mr. Citrine, general secretary to the Trade Union Congress, is not unfavorable to them, provided they are operated not on an individualistic basis, "but on a collectivist basis with the union acting as steward and trustee." He also recognizes, what is certainly true, that if rationalization is to be a sound industrial policy, it cannot be confined to the action of separate trades. For in reality trades are not separate, they are intricately related parts of an organic body with contacts through the price system. Rationalization by separate trade action might easily lead, not to industrial peace, but to conflict on a new plane between trades inherently strong because their product is a prime necessity for other trades, and trades inherently weak in the character of their product. Such conflicts are already visible. Their settlement demands some organization of trade as a whole, some national industrial council, where the representatives of capital and of labor in the different trades shall meet and hammer out a common policy of peace and progress for national industry. For it is idle to pretend that divergence of interest between capital and labor, between producer and consumer, between strong and weak trades can be bridged by uttering the blessed word "rationalization." The power to fix prices by the fiat of each trade organization, assigned upon the theory that it must be to the interest of a trade to enlarge its output to the utmost and lower its price so as to sell this maximum output, cannot be accepted as a solution of our difficulties. A rationalized trade may choose to earn high profits for its shareholders and high wages for its workers by restricting output of some necessary supply and extorting high prices. Or at any rate it may keep to itself the whole of any economies in production resulting from its organization. The consuming public will always require protection against such practices.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter intimated last week that there were few openings for lazy journalists! The letter about Riga which he prints below shows how right he was—here is activity indeed—and at the same time offers a well-deserved respite to a hard-working man like himself.

The first time I served as a Riga correspondent was in London. An editor made me a correspondent of me by giving me an editorial leader clipped from one of the morning papers. He instructed me to recast part of it in the form of a dispatch and date it from Riga. The editorial was one reviewing in some detail the pernicious activities of the Third International. I must have rewritten it rather well, for later I was intrusted with other tasks of the same delicate nature. I became the paper's regular Riga correspondent—"from our own correspondent," as they like to say in Fleet Street.

A year later I was in Paris and attached to a newspaper there. And in Paris I found myself again a Riga correspondent. The work was twofold now. There were French journals and English journals to rewrite. All of them, including the one in London which formerly employed me, seemed to boast Riga correspondents. In all their dispatches there were revelations—Bolshevist atrocities, Cheka executions, Soviet economic dif-

ficulties, dissatisfaction of the people with the government. As in London, this material was turned over to me; and out of the mass another composite Riga correspondent was born.

* * * * *

WHENEVER I think of Riga now I do not visualize a city but a newspaper office—old desks, paste pots, shears, typewriters, waste paper. Riga is a newspaper office city. It may have a geographic location. For all I know it may be populated with individuals absorbed in their own affairs; eating well, sleeping well, dreaming of owning automobiles. You cannot prove it by me. Once, in a moment of inexcusable curiosity, I went to the trouble of hunting up Riga in the Encyclopedia Britannica. That fount of current information describes it as a thriving port on the Baltic Sea, from which agricultural products, chiefly oats, are exported to England. Obviously, it was an old edition of the Encyclopedia. By this time the rumors far outnumber the oats.

If cities ever receive decorations for signal service, the Western world should confer prime honors upon Riga. By its mere existence as a four-letter word used for a dispatch date line it has served as a barrier against the plots of the Soviets, thus keeping sacred and inviolate the idealism of Western Europe. Riga defends the world against the insidious propaganda of the Soviets. Red lies break against its intrepid front. While agents of the Third International, liberally supplied with money gained through the pawning of the crown jewels, seek to corrupt proletarians the world over, Riga counters with bracing truths which nullify the Reds' activities. Riga is near Soviet Russia, and yet not of it. Naturally, one cannot tell the truth from Moscow. One cannot even affix a Moscow date line to Moscow correspondence written in Paris or London. That might imply that the tyrannical Soviet censorship was asleep, and that the ruthless Cheka, or OGPU, had not bitten off the correspondent's head, as Chekas so often do.

* * * * *

PERHAPS it works both ways. The Soviets have their human frailties, and of course know the value of propaganda. Perhaps they have a little Riga of their own, to give them exclusive news of bourgeois tyranny. It may even be the same Riga. For the good of my soul I hope so.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Nebraska's Hero

[The following letter was not intended for publication but it seemed to us so extraordinary a contribution to American history that we asked and received permission to print it.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very much touched by the article written by Mr. Babcock which appeared in *The Nation* for December 21. Perhaps you and he would like to know more of the incidents he describes.

After the famous filibuster in which I participated and which resulted in the defeat of the armed-neutrality legislation asked for by President Wilson, the little group which was dubbed the "Wilful Twelve" by the President, became the subject of almost universal condemnation not only in the Senate but outside. Calls came from the press of my own State and from all kinds of organizations, demanding that I resign.

The Legislature of Nebraska was then in session. It was Democratic in both branches and the Governor was also a Democrat. As I remember it, one or both branches of the legislature passed resolutions of condemnation. I prepared a letter to the Governor of Nebraska in which I said that I held

my commission from the people of my State; that I recognized they had a right to have a Senator in Washington who voted their convictions; that under no circumstances would I have voted for this bill even if every voter in the State had demanded it; that I believed that if I was misrepresenting them, they ought to select a Senator in my place who would represent them; and that, while Nebraska had no law providing for it I believed in the recall, and that if the Governor would ask the legislature to provide a method by which a recall election could be had, I would abide by its result and, if it went against me, place my resignation in his hands. I asked only that a reasonable time be allowed to debate the question before the people of our State.

Before I sent this letter I called into conference some of my friends who were members of the "Wilful Twelve." Not one of them agreed with me. Some of them thought I was extremely foolish to think of such a thing. They said I would be beaten because at that particular time the people were very much excited and against the position which these few insurgents had taken. We discussed the matter way into the night, but, when it was all over, I still held to the opinion that I ought to send the letter. It looked to me then as though I would be beaten in that kind of a vote. We had, however, gathered our opinions mainly from the newspapers; we did not know the real sentiments of the rank and file of the American people.

The Governor declined to make the recommendation to the legislature. But I had given my letter to the press, and both it and the reply of the Governor received wide circulation. I decided to go back to Nebraska and debate the question before the people. I had only a few days' time, but I rented the Auditorium in Lincoln, Nebraska, the capital of the State, and announced what I had done and the date when I would appear there to defend my position.

I got into Lincoln on a Sunday morning. The meeting was to be Monday night. There had been no advertising of the meeting. As Mr. Babcock says, I was not met with a brass band. In fact, I received an exceedingly cold reception. I had anticipated that the newspaper correspondents would meet me soon after my arrival, but in this I was mistaken. The few people who called on me urged me to get out of town. I was told that the meeting would be broken up, that I would be mobbed. One friend told me he had inside information that an organization had already been perfected—they were going into the hall and break up my meeting, and he had no doubt but that, if I made any resistance at all, I would be severely injured if not killed.

All day Sunday I waited in the old Lindell Hotel. Those who saw me did so under circumstances that would not show they had even seen me. Even my friends were afraid to be seen with me. Some of them insisted that I should get sick and leave town, letting the morning papers announce that the meeting had been called off. I declined to pay any attention to any of these suggestions, but it was a day of terrible suspense. I cannot remember a day in my life when I have suffered more from a lonely feeling of despondency than upon that particular Sunday. The manager of the Auditorium asked me how I wanted things arranged and whether I wanted any reserved seats, either on the stage or elsewhere. I told him I wanted the scenery taken off and the stage filled with chairs. Under no circumstances was anything to be reserved. He was to arrange tables for reporters, open the doors at the appointed time, and let anybody come who wanted to.

The day wore on without a single newspaperman calling. It was not until after dark on that long Sunday that Mr. Babcock appeared on the scene. I was not acquainted with him. He told me he represented the *Nebraska State Journal* and he wanted an interview. It seemed to me at that dark moment that there was no one in the State who was with me, and I feared that the *Journal* would not publish what I had to say. So I told him I was willing to give him an interview only if he would print everything I said, just as I said it. He assured

me he would do this. I asked him how he could control the editorial policy and assure me that what I gave to him would actually be printed as I said it. He told me that everyone on the *Journal* who had any authority over him had gone home and would not be back until the next morning, which would be hours after the morning edition had gone to press, and that he could therefore assure me absolutely that what I gave him would be printed just as I said it. He also let me know that he was not out of sympathy with the course I was taking. It was the first kind word that had come to me. It was the first intimation that I had a friend anywhere, and I suppose this young man did not know then and has never known since how his visit renewed the hope that had always lingered in my breast that, after all, the rank and file of the great common people were not crazy, and that while they might not agree with me they were at least willing to give me a fair hearing.

I remember that Mr. Babcock asked me "Who is going to preside at this meeting?" I told him there would be no presiding officer; that I was going to officiate not only as speaker but as chairman. The truth was, I did not believe I could secure a chairman if I tried to get one. No one had offered any assistance so far, excepting this young man who agreed to print what I might say and who had given me to understand that he was my friend. I gave him quite an extended interview. He wrote it in long hand, in my presence. It was published exactly as I gave it to him. He made good 100 per cent on his promise. I do not remember that I ever saw him again. I did not know his name, and never did until I read his article in *The Nation*.

Long before it was time for the hall to open, the street in front was crowded with people and, when the doors were opened, this Auditorium, the largest audience-room in the city, was filled to overflowing. Extra chairs were carried in and the aisles were filled. Every seat on the stage was occupied. When I walked out from one of the wings I was met with absolute silence, but I had not proceeded far until I knew that the common sense of the Nebraska people was awake. The first sentence I uttered was that I intended to tell them the truth about the difficulty, and that it would be something that they had not been able to get from the newspapers. That was when the audience broke loose. The people stood up and yelled. I realized then that if an organized bunch of fellows was scattered through that audience, intending to break up the meeting, they rather than I would be the victims of the mob. The audience included members of the legislature and people who had come to Lincoln from 150 miles away. These people had become impressed with the fact that the press had not been fair; that it had not told the truth.

It seemed to me a demonstration that the American mind demands fair play; that it insists that the under-dog shall have his hearing and his day in court; and it demonstrated to me that underneath the deception and the misrepresentation, the political power and the influence, there was, in the hearts of the common people, a belief that there was something artificial about this propaganda, and that so-called leaders of public sentiment, both in and out of public life, were being carried off their feet by misrepresentation and even by falsehood. In that hour I felt repaid for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering that I had endured. I would be willing to go through it all again, for a vindication such as I received on that occasion. I was deluged with requests to deliver other speeches on the subject of the Armed Neutrality Bill, but, as my stay in the State lasted only two or three days, I was unable to accept many of them. My experience was the same, however, in every meeting that I addressed while I was in the State.

I have always wanted to meet Mr. Babcock, but I have never seen him since, and I am writing this letter for you to forward to him, wherever he may be. I am anxious to convey to him, through you, the gratefulness I felt toward him, and to let him know I realized it was as much through him as any other source that this meeting was the success it turned out to be.

Washington, D. C., December 21

G. W. NORRIS

Books and Plays

First Glance

"A HISTORY of American Life" is an ambitious title for a set of books, however large the set may be. But no one knows this better than Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox, who are editing such a work in twelve volumes (Macmillan: \$3.50 each), and who say in their foreword to one of the four volumes already published: "This short book, like other volumes of 'A History of American Life,' makes no claim to 'covering' its subject—perhaps that is impossible; it will serve its purpose if it reveals the richness of the field." Such a statement, coming as it does at the threshold of 350 pages by so competent a historian as James Truslow Adams, is surety enough that Messrs. Schlesinger and Fox know what they are doing. It appears to me, who am no historian, that they worked with an extraordinary combination of enterprise and care to produce a series of books which must recommend itself to every American curious after his country's past. There have been other attempts to do something of the sort—notably in the series called "Chronicles of America," which among its fifty volumes contains many brilliant essays. But nowhere else will there be found so much, I fancy, in so little space—so many facts put under the light of so many ideas. Certainly I have found these first four volumes interesting. And certainly they reveal the richness of their respective fields; not the least exciting chapter in each was the last, called a Critical Essay on Authorities. Add to this the illustrations, which are numerous and in all cases from contemporary sources; add the fact that it is not merely political history we get here but the history even more of health, disease, marriage, virtue, vice, punishment, wages, inventions, canals, coaches, railroads, farms, furniture, cuisine, recreation, medicine, law, education, literature, architecture, art, and a hundred other things; add the general excellence and authority of the writing; and the value of the result must be apparent.

In "The First Americans," the second volume of the series but the earliest to be published, Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker treats the period 1607-1690 and by no means confines himself to New England in the process. His account of seventeenth-century New England is full and critical, certain parts of it being wisely based upon concrete examinations of typical Massachusetts towns; but his account of Virginia, based upon researches of his own and upon such monumental works as those of P. A. Bruce, is equally full, and in its analysis of the economics of tobacco-growing becomes fresh and informing. James Truslow Adams's "Provincial Society: 1690-1763," which comes next, is the best written and the most philosophical of the four, though its array of facts is perhaps not quite as striking as that in one or two of the others. The American scene begins to widen in this century, and the mind to complicate itself. Mr. Adams must describe the first penetration of the Alleghenies; he must decide the importance of a growing slave economy, an expanding ocean trade, a multiplication of European stocks (particularly in the middle colonies), and a tendency toward conflict between the sections; and beneath all this he must make us aware of an emerging culture. His well-controlled wit and his power

of subduing data to a narrative are already known; both things are decidedly in evidence here.

We skip two unpublished volumes to come to Carl Russell Fish's "The Rise of the Common Man: 1830-1850," written with the lightest hand of the four, though with an expert one. For all the extent and variety which Mr. Fish's America offers him—the frontier was being pushed into the Pacific, wealth was accumulating, machines were coming in, and a great war was preparing—Mr. Fish chooses to define that America in simple, delightful terms. It was our democratic day, and as such was both absurd and fine. Mr. Fish relishes both aspects, and balances them neatly as he talks. "The Emergence of Modern America: 1865-1878," by Allan Nevins, takes us on to Reconstruction, the new industrialism, the new corruption in politics and finance, the new humanitarianism, the new education, and the new maturing world west of the Mississippi. It is a lurid time, and Mr. Nevins, whose gift is for detail rather than analysis, makes the most of that quality. He has written the most picturesque volume of the four, and the one most competent in its treatment of literary events—Mr. Fish, for instance, reminding us by the superficiality of his comments on Poe and others that the series after all is but a superior Outline. The dangers of the Outline are for the most part, of course, avoided by these scholars. But they are there, and I trust that each of the eight to come will satisfactorily dispose of them.

MARK VAN DOREN

Philip Hone

The Diary of Philip Hone. Edited by Allan Nevins. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$10.

TWO full generations have come and gone since Bayard Tuckerman made the highly entertaining and important "Diary" of Philip Hone available to the general reader. The manuscript, a huge bulk, and a rich mine of information for the social historian, had then lain for thirty years unedited. Now, with the Tuckerman edition out of print, Allan Nevins has given us a new and better one.

For many years Philip Hone was a personage in New York City, having entered business as a mere boy to accumulate a fortune by 1821 and to retire to the lordly life of a gentleman of fashion which was to extend through thirty years. He lived pretentiously for the times, entertained lavishly, and gathered about him at his dinners the worth-while celebrities from all lines of activity—actors, artists, poets, novelists, inventors, financiers, and statesmen. Though not born to opulence, and having few cultural advantages in his youth, he cultivated a taste for the arts, patronized the artists, and contributed liberally in both time and money to the development of the artistic life of the community. A little pompous, perhaps, on parade, he was unassuming in the presence of the great, and therefore popular. There was just a touch of Boswell in Philip Hone; and so he kept a diary which has made posterity his debtor. For nowhere can we enter so intimately into the social life of the thirty years he covers. There was a suggestion of the snob in him at times, and he dearly loved the proximity of people of importance. That was fortunate, for it brings us into close contact with them too. Nowhere, we think, can one get a better impression of Daniel Webster off the stage.

However, Philip Hone was a business man of ability, with sound practical judgment, and while his own political career was comparatively unimportant his advice was sought by the distinguished Whig leaders who ate his meat and drank his

wine. In a sense he was the Lord Holland of the American Whigs. The political opinions we find recorded in these pages are extremely prejudiced. He reflected the views of his class. Covering the period of Jackson's fight for the popularization of government, and against the corrupt and corrupting National Bank, Hone's entries are important in reflecting the mental process of the Whig aristocracy. Here Biddle appears with a halo even in the midst of the ruin he had wrought in his attempt at the intimidation of Jackson; and when he died after the scandal of the State bank failure, and the poet Bryant wrote that he had "died at his country seat where he had passed the last of his days in elegant retirement, which if justice had taken place would have been spent in the penitentiary," Hone was moved to wrath.

The average reader will be more interested in the pictures Hone presents of the theaters, hotels, drawing-rooms, smoke-laden caucus rooms, and occasionally, when political necessity impelled, the beer gardens; in the people he describes—actors, artists, men like Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, Sheridan Knowles, Tyrone Power, and the Kembles; and in the intimate glimpses he gives into the social life of the city of these three decades. For he was a leader of the fashionable society of the better sort, and merely affected politics. He goes to the play and gives us his impressions. He characterizes men sometimes with uncanny penetration. He keeps abreast of the literature of his time and jots down his reactions on what he reads. In spots there is no little charm in his style. Thus when Fanny Burney dies he recalls the thrill with which he read her novels in his youth—"dear to my recollection as identified with and forming part of the enjoyment of that period of my life." And then, in the manner in which each generation is prone to brush aside the "puerilities" of that preceding, he tells us that "this class of writings is completely passed away," and that "the plum cake school of novels in which love was the raisins" has given place "to the glorious prose stories" of Scott. Would it surprise him to come back after sixty-seven years to find beautiful editions of "Evelina" in the stalls and to learn that love has returned—with most of her clothes off?

To Mr. Nevins we are indebted for a charming introduction and a clever piece of editing which gives us, through occasional summarizations, all of value to be found in the whole of the manuscript.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Philosophy?

Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

WHEN a man who has the reputation of being a philosopher writes a book called "Philosophy" one is reasonably justified in expecting something definitive. Except, however, in the case of Mr. Russell. Familiarity with his intellectual temper, or perusal of the first chapter in which the author hopes that "modern science may enable us to see philosophical problems in a new light," may save one from the discomfort and disappointment experienced in reading this volume for any other purpose than to discover the sources of confusion in a mind that was once so clear.

The discovery will be made that the sciences teach no philosophical lessons and that a philosopher who sifts incompatible scientific doctrines in order to wash clear an underlying coherent system of beliefs is a doomed prospector. What shines like truth today may have a duller and a baser caste tomorrow when research shifts its grounds and stakes new claims. Though this seem mere prophecy, it is already sadly fact, for, even as Mr. Russell wrote this book in which he attempted to compile and juggle the theories of behavioristic psychology, electronic and relativity physics, and his own private version of introspective psychology, Ivan Pavlov published a report of twenty-five years'

research on the conditioned reflex which must inevitably alter the behavioristic doctrine; a fundamental statement of the *gestalt* psychology, which heretofore has been given only fragmentary presentation, is promised by Wolfgang Köhler; and there is no reason to suppose that physics will not prosecute the quantum theory beyond the present Heisenberg-Schrodinger formulations.

"Philosophy" is divided into four parts, the first three being devoted to a lightly popular summary of recent physics and psychology. In the latter case, at least, Mr. Russell's scholarship is far from being impeccable, and his rendering of behavioristic theory must appear distorted to the actual investigator in the laboratory. His knowledge of behaviorism seems to be limited to a survey of the philosophical writings of John B. Watson. "If Mr. Russell is as naive and superficial in his physics," the psychologist may start to protest, only to be stopped by a similar if opposite complaint from his brother in physical research.

However, it should be remembered that this is only a philosophical treatise, and philosophy of this sort can be practiced, perhaps more easily, in the face of such inadequacies. The argument's the thing! But when one looks to see under what encompassing canvas Mr. Russell tents this three-ring circus of "modern science," the patched and perforated fabric of an ancient piece of dialectic is found. It has been used to cover many forgotten shows. It may be summarily stated in two dilemmas. Since the behaviorist assumes the "facts" of physics and confidently uses its instruments, and since physics is a theoretical construction based upon the sense-data described by introspective psychology, the behaviorist must face this dilemma: either deny physics or accept psychology. But Mr. Russell in order to state this dilemma has had to argue in a circle to arrive at the sense-data of psychology. To avoid subjectivism he has been forced to assume, as much as the behaviorists, the independent existence of physical events which cause the sense-data from which the said physical events can then be inferred. This raises another dilemma which Mr. Russell himself must face: either accept behaviorism or deny physics.

After many false alarms and excursions Mr. Russell puts one and one together and comes to two conclusions in Part IV: the skeptical conclusion that a solipsism of the present moment is the logically tenable terminus of the argument, and the credulous conclusion that realistic dogmas are still worthy of belief, however the logical argument runs. Mr. Russell is still critical enough to reach the one, and enough of an English philosopher to prefer the other. He is only half-heartedly skeptical, however. On the way to these conclusions the number of common-sense opinions about which he has no doubt offers a surprising exhibition of the critical acumen of a mathematical philosopher.

Skepticism and animal faith, in other words, is Bertrand Russell's philosophy; but where Mr. Santayana needed only forty-one pages of direct and cogent analysis to achieve the center of this position, Mr. Russell wanders to it through 291 pages of irrelevance and ambiguity, during which the focus of his criticism is changed many times and the argument blurred. The comparison of the two books should be made in order to understand why it is so invidious to Mr. Russell's logical powers. Where both men have the same essential insight, Mr. Santayana's presentation not only is more clearly written but has throughout a coherent logical structure and is philosophical in its exposition. The explanation of Mr. Russell's utter failure in these respects is to be made, I think, in terms of the insight which closes the preface to "Skepticism and Animal Faith." I quote:

There is now a great ferment in natural and mathematical philosophy, and the times are ripe for a new system of nature, at once ingenuous and comprehensive, such as has not appeared since the earlier days of Greece. . . . I wish such scientific systems joy, and if I were compe-

tent I should gladly avail myself of their results, which are bound to be no less picturesque than instructive. But what exists today is so tentative, obscure, and confused by bad philosophy that there is no knowing what parts may be sound and what parts merely personal and scatter-brained. If I were a mathematician I should no doubt regale myself with an electric or logistic system of the universe expressed in algebraic symbols. For good or ill, I am an ignorant man, almost a poet, and I can only spread a feast of what everybody knows. Fortunately exact science and the books of the learned are not necessary to establish my essential doctrine, nor can any of them claim a higher warrant than it has in itself: for it rests on public experience. . . . In the past or in the future, my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different, but under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, I should have had the same philosophy.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Deep-Sea Soundings

The Ship Sails On. By Nordahl Grieg. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Knocking Around. By Frank H. Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

A Book of Shanties. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

MUST we go to Scandinavia for our literature of the sea as well as for the men to sail our ships? Certainly when one compares the poetical and powerful story of Nordahl Grieg with the ruck of "sea fiction" written in English, it is with a deepening sense of the latter's inadequacy. For this Norwegian writer does not cater to artificial appetites for impossible exploits, nor truckle to the naive belief that the sea is—or was—a place of glamorous adventure. He gives us seafaring as it is—aboard a tramp steamship carrying the world's cargoes. Obviously he writes of a life which he himself has experienced, for he recreates the talk of the fore-castle, the life of the deck, the cruelty of the stokehole with a fidelity that is sometimes painful.

The book opens thus:

A ship comes into port and halts for a while on her way from sea to sea.

Fires are raked out, engines slow down to a dead stop with their glistening cranks and piston-rods, and the propeller churns up the foam in a last spasmodic stroke like the tail of a dying fish. One more turn of the wheel and the ship swings slowly in to the quay. Steel and hemp hawsers make her fast to the shore and she is delivered over to the dry land and its human forces.

The roar of motor lorries reverberates in the ship's iron sides, and the street casts its shadows and its mud where the ocean solitude has murmured day and night, where the blue seas crooned their songs of longing, and the dawn quivered on plates still wet from the storm.

From there the story is that of a young Norwegian who makes a voyage as an ordinary seaman preparatory to settling down to the business end of shipping ashore. But it is not so simple as that. The sea gets this young man, as it has got others before him, and the reader is left with as bitter a taste in his mouth as if it were filled with the ocean's own brine, while—the ship sails on.

The book is one-sided in its somberness, for there is comedy as well as tragedy at sea. That is why life is possible there as well as elsewhere. But if Nordahl Grieg gives us a gloomy view, he gives a faithful one as far as it goes, and one written with strength and beauty.

To the translator, also, should go a word of appreciation. I do not know how accurate a rendering of the original Mr. Chater has supplied, but his English is of exceptional energy and charm. His familiarity with the English vernacular of the

fore-castle suggests to me that he, as well as the author, may have qualified for his task through first-hand experience.

"Knocking Around" is a narrative of the author's own life at sea. After his apprenticeship in a sailing vessel Mr. Shaw was an officer in a tramp steamship, in a liner, and during the World War aboard a "Q" ship—a pirate at large, he calls her.

C. Fox Smith's book contains little new material, but is a convenient collection of the words and music of a number of the better-known sailors' working songs.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Social Mystic

Toward the Light. By Mary Fels. George Dobsevage. \$2.50.

THIS book is as old as the Vedas and the Psalms; it is as new as the latest cry of the soul for God. I might have thought of a hundred mystic volumes while I turned its pages, as I certainly thought of an intimately familiar half-dozen. But the book which sprang quickest to my mind, as a basis of comparison, was not a classic like a Kempis or Amiel, which in substance are the same, but Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments." Here is the same collection of fugitive paragraphs jotted down in comment on things seen and heard and felt. Here is something of the same sense of beauty, much of the same range of experience and vision, more of that close contact with life while searching for its hidden heights and depths. Mrs. Fels, of course, is frankly theological where Ellis is humanistic. But she looks at the world with that same mystic mingling of intimacy and detachment, and "sees into the heart of things."

Mrs. Fels has lived an abundant life. She has traveled widely, enjoyed close friendships among the great and humble, engaged in heroic works of human betterment. This book is the record of what it has all come to—a distillation of all her experience through these many years. She finds what the mystics have always found in every age—the presence of the living God. It is this presence, which we may know as we know the atmosphere, see as we see the light, feel as we feel our inner sensation of being, that at once reveals and rebukes the injustices of earth and yet gives peace amid the agonies of ill. Here is a woman who has known life at its worst in her long battle against social wrong, and yet finds rapture in the ecstatic vision of that redemption which is even now within the heart.

This book touches on sex, marriage, wealth and poverty, peace and war, art, literature, religion. It mentions the Jewish prophets, St. Augustine, Browning, Wagner, William Morris, Henri Bergson, and the author's life-long friend, Bernard Shaw. It moves from the calm, chaste statements of philosophy to the rapturous visions of religion. It has beauty, serenity, truth. There is profound significance in the fact that from so long a life, lived so intensely among men, there should come at last these mystic confessions of the soul.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Attitudinized Hatred

Angel's Flight. By Don Ryan. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

SAN FRANCISCO once had a "fire." Los Angeles has never had a real earthquake, but it is very nervous and expectant. It has even, so it is reported, gone so far as to boycott the minor diabolism of Don Ryan, who, after playing enfant terrible for several years in his column in the Los Angeles *Evening Record*, has gathered some of his sketches into a book, written new ones, and strung them all on a thread of narrative which makes "Angel's Flight" an interesting and readable novel.

One fears, however, that the pious Angelenos are optimistic as usual. One finds little evidence in "Angel's Flight" that God

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has taken effective cognizance of their follies. Don Ryan hates their fair city, it is true, but with a romantic, attitudinized hatred which derives, one feels, from the one-dimensional make-believe of the screen.

It's a very personal affair, this relation between Mr. Ryan and his old home town, and one can't help believing that at bottom it's a love affair. He finds Los Angeles such a satisfying thing to hate. Which means that he finds it on the whole—satisfactory.

That he does find it satisfactory for his purposes is proved by the fact that when he isn't busy hating—and thereby proving his superiority—he frequently achieves some quite excellent writing, as in *Main Street Movie*, a really brilliant piece of reporting.

The narrative of "Angel's Flight" weaves in and out through the underworld of bums and crooks and bootleggers, Kiwanians, success culturists, and the movies. Especially the movies, where Mr. Ryan gives us a number of interesting contemporary portraits. Even the technique of the book is very close to that of the screen, with its closeups, fadeouts, cutbacks, and staccato titles. And the denouement is pure movie: the hero returns to New York and encounters quite by chance his beautiful young daughter, seed of an almost forgotten sin; she leads him by the hand into a kind of jazz paradise where his despair is healed, and his literary success, one gathers, is assured.

If one were a movie magnate one would be tempted to buy the rights to "Angel's Flight," call it "The Prodigal of Babylon," and make a lot of money. But as for Mr. Ryan, one wonders why he doesn't write something really nasty about Los Angeles—something tolerant, appreciative, and only incidentally contemptuous. His talent, one feels, is adequate to the task; it might prove to be a good book. And the Angelenos would never know they had been bitten.

JAMES RORTY

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY HEYWOOD BROWN

- Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
 "Boss" Tweed. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
 D. L. Moody: A Worker in Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Doran.
 George Washington. By Rupert Hughes. Morrow.
 Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
 Upton Sinclair. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
 Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
 George Sand. By Marie Jenney Howe. John Day.
 The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
 America. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright.
 Prejudices: Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
 Selected Prejudices. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
 Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
 Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
 God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. Viking.
 Wild Goslings. William Rose Benét. Doran.
 Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans.
 Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
 Daybreak. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon and Schuster.
 An Unmarried Father. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
 Show Window. By Elmer Davis. John Day.
 Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
 People Round the Corner. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Knopf.
 Galleons' Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
 Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
 Black April. By Julia Peterkin. Bobbs-Merrill.
 Go She Must. By David Garnett. Knopf.
 Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. John Day.
 Why Call it Anything? By Robert Benchley and Gluyas Williams. Holt.

Books in Brief

As I Knew Them. Presidents and Politics from Grant to Coolidge. By Henry L. Stoddard. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

Kindly, rambling reminiscences these, by one who was long editor of the *New York Mail* and was especially known for his blind devotion to Theodore Roosevelt. It cannot be said that this volume contains much of value to the historian, though Mr. Stoddard does throw a light upon one intrigue or another. But what can be said of a journalist who at this day still believes the hoary falsehood that the war with Spain was manifest destiny not to be thwarted, and that McKinley really tried to prevent that war? He might at least have read James Ford Rhodes's account of this episode. And how highly shall we value the judgments of one who still sees no inconsistency in Roosevelt's picking Henry Cabot Lodge—of all men!—to be his successor as leader of the Progressives; who writes a chapter on Harding and declares that he had "a Cabinet to be proud of" and makes no further reference to the three besmirched members of that precious Cabinet beyond saying that Harding trusted some "who did not prove so dependable" — Hughes, Hoover, and Mellon. Finally, he dismisses the never-before-equalled Harding scandals and corruption with the comment that "his judgment was not infallible; some mistakes were inevitable"!

John Muir of Wall Street. A Story of Thrift. By O. Muiriel Fuller. The Knickerbocker Press. \$2.50.

A pleasantly written account of the rise of a poor Canadian boy to be one of the most successful men in Wall Street. Still busy and successful at eighty, John Muir is credited in Wall Street with developing the "odd-lot" stock sales idea, which made it possible for investors of small means to buy less than one hundred shares at a time, and led the way to the peddling of Liberty Loan bonds in small quantities and denominations during the World War. John Muir, a rugged, vigorous character, won his way upward — a clothingstore-keeper, a stenographer, a Pinkerton detective, and a railway clerk and official. For the general reader the value of this memoir lies chiefly in the excellent sketches of Henry Villard, Thomas F. Oakes, C. P. Huntington, Marcus Daly, and other great railway pioneers with whom Mr. Muir came into close contact.

American Masters of Social Science. An Approach to the Study of the Social Sciences Through a Neglected Field of Biography. Edited by Howard W. Odum. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

The purpose of these nine biographical studies is to render more concrete and vital a "new gateway to the social sciences." Leading scientists are analyzed as to background, personality, and contributions. The editor puts the volume forward as a labor of love designed "to aid the social-science student seeking example, inspiration, and guidance." While all the studies are not equally illuminating they all contain material of value to the student. Becker's study of Frederick Jackson Turner and Barnes's analysis of James Harvey Robinson are particularly able presentations.

Salome. By Oscar Wilde. Inventions by John Vassos. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Vassos's "inventions" or drawings, appearing — they do opposite pages of text bespattered with gilt stars, are stale with eighteen-ninetyism and only impotently flamboyant.

Phyllida and Coridon and Other Pastorals. By Nicholas Breton. With Drawings in Color by Ernest Fiene. The Spiral Press. \$7.50.

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Moving Pictures

Douglas Fairbanks

AFTER "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" comes "The Gaucho"—a film decidedly inferior to its two predecessors. It is easy to dismiss Mr. Fairbanks as an artist. His reliance on acrobatic stunts, his monotonous repetition of the same character, and his undisguised playing for effect brand him as an actor lacking in imagination and weak in interpretative powers. If acting were all that mattered in films one would be content to accept this criticism as the final verdict on Mr. Fairbanks. But acting is not all—not even half—of the films. And when the acting does appear bad by reason of its failing to appear convincing, this failure may actually be due to causes far different from the deficiencies of the acting itself. I am not referring here to the extraordinary manipulations of the film record which take place in the cutting-room, though, obviously, these can make or damn the acting. In Mr. Fairbanks's case the trouble lies elsewhere. It is to be found in the general direction of his pictures, and this is particularly evident in "The Gaucho."

At the outset the fact must be admitted that Mr. Fairbanks's pictures are inevitably "vehicles" for Mr. Fairbanks's acting. There is no question that he is the principal passenger there, and that the vehicles are out for the special object of driving him to his appointed destination. But what is his destination? In "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" one was almost persuaded to think that the fairyland of Oriental romance and the fancy of bedizened buccaneering were the objects of Mr. Fairbanks's histrionic efforts. With all his heroics he seemed to belong to the backgrounds and the worlds of these two pictures. He was plausible. He was human.

In "The Gaucho" Mr. Fairbanks and the background in which he moves are two different entities. The background tells the story in the conventional but straightforward way made familiar in most American pictures. But now Mr. Fairbanks comes on the scene indulging in various acrobatic stunts, and one is immediately struck by a peculiarity which did not seem to be so conspicuous in Mr. Fairbanks's earlier pictures. Each time Mr. Fairbanks performs he strikes an attitude (with the movement of his hand and the completely self-satisfied grin) which suggests not so much a dashing cavalier of a bandit as a clever acrobat waiting for an applause or a curtain call after performing an act on a vaudeville stage.

No censure is implied in this description. Mr. Fairbanks is essentially a vaudeville actor of the acrobatic type. He has earned success on the screen by a frank exploitation of his personality. On occasions he tried, and not without a measure of success, to adapt his manner of acting to the character of his background. In "The Gaucho" he made no such attempt, and the result is that the picture is disrupted in action and painfully discordant in style. And yet this result was not inevitable. Even granting Mr. Fairbanks's disposition for the effects of vaudeville acting, the direction of the picture could have been pulled round to satisfy this condition. In other words, the vaudeville style of acting should have extended from Mr. Fairbanks to the rest of the picture. And let it be clearly understood: vaudeville does not mean either a grotesque or a caricature. All it means is a frank display of the actor's skill direct to the audience. Mr. Fairbanks chooses to give his own acting a certain musical-comedy touch which somewhat cheapens its effect. This, of course, could be easily avoided while still keeping within the artificial convention decided upon. But if the musical comedy style for Mr. Fairbanks himself is deemed indispensable, then musical comedy let it be—from the beginning to the end of the picture.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

"Marco Millions"

THERE is perhaps no better measure of an author's imagination than his treatment of a traditional theme. Ideas, considered simply as such, are the common property of all the various classes of those who work with their minds; but the most distinguishing characteristic of the artistic imagination is its power, not necessarily to conceive ideas, but to body them forth in a form whose beauty makes them freshly persuasive. And if we wish to bring to this test the imagination of Eugene O'Neill there is no other of his works to which it may so readily be applied or from which the richness of his imaginative faculty may be more thoroughly demonstrated than "Marco Millions," to which the Theater Guild has just given a beautiful production at its own theater. Its theme—the soul-destroying force of that characteristic Western extraversion which reaches its ultimate development in the apotheosis of the commercial spirit—is one which a whole school of contemporary satirists has made traditional; the hero, Marco Polo, is, if you like, conceived of as a Babbitt; and yet such is the richness of Mr. O'Neill's imagination that he has created a play beside which other treatments of this traditional theme seem raucous and dull.

Junior member of the firm of Polo Brothers and Son, Marco makes his way to the court of the great Khan and there, under the amused eye of the philosophic emperor, undertakes with complacent good humor to confer upon the latter's subjects the benefits of Western civilization, reaching the climax of his efforts when, as a parting service, he explains to them how gunpowder—hitherto wasted in fireworks—may be used for the more worthy object of blowing people to bits in the interests of universal peace. Innocent of reflection, impervious to irony, he moves through life with the terrible directness of a shrewd child, and he makes it simple by leaving out whatever is really important. "On the last day one of your seed will interrupt Gabriel to sell him another trumpet," says the Pope in dismissing him for his journey, and the remark is significant of more than Marco's naive avarice, for it implies as well that he is incapable of perceiving either comedy or tragedy.

Such in outline is the satiric content of the play, but the poetic quality of Mr. O'Neill's mind makes it impossible for him to rest content with mere satire; satire, indeed, first mingles with fantasy and then rises to tragedy. The crass materialism of Marco is set forth both against the calm, schooled philosophy of the Eastern Emperor and against the exalted romanticism of the latter's daughter as well. Stricken with love for Marco, she can hope neither for any response from his prosaic soul nor for any real comfort in the tolerant but disillusioned wisdom of her people, and in the end each of the three chief characters must meet the fate reserved for his particular nature, the Princess dying for love, the Khan struggling to accept the wisdom of the philosophers, and Marco returning in triumph to Venice in an appropriate and sublime incomprehension of his failure to know even what the others were about.

Since the text of this play is already well known through previous publication, it is perhaps unnecessary to speak further of it except in order to add that though it is not the most powerful of its author's plays it has a purity of outline and a delicacy of execution equaled by none of the others; but something must be said of the beauty of the production which the Guild has given it. Here is a play which is conceived not only with complete disregard for the conventions of the usual technique of stage presentation but in a manner which might permit of the most diverse treatments upon the part of the producer. It constitutes a challenge to director, scenic designer, and actor alike; and all of these challenges have been

triumphantly met. Alfred Lunt has never, I think, given so finely shaded a performance as this in which he manages somehow to suggest both the gradual aging of Marco and the all but hidden wistfulness which the blindness of his soul, dimly aware of things which it has never seen, generates in him. Many of the other performances are also fine. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole is the setting provided for the many scenes by Lee Simonson. He has solved the apparently unsolvable problem of suggesting the magnificent exoticism of the Orient by designing stage pictures of surpassing beauty which depend for their effect, not upon an effort to reproduce the scenes naturalistically, but upon their success in utilizing the artistic conventions of the various coun-

tries. Thus, that which represents the throne-room of the emperor and which is perhaps the best, presents us with a huge frame of filigreed jade behind which lies a back drop upon which are sketched in Chinese fashion the peaks of a mountain range. No naturalistically constructed scene could achieve the desired effect; here we are led immediately into the proper imaginative atmosphere by the suggestion, not of the real China of which we know nothing, but of that Chinese art through which we inevitably see all things Chinese. Mr. Simonson's subtlety is typical of the subtlety which marks the entire production and which makes it, indeed, one of the most notable things the Guild has done.

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International Relations Section

Boycott in India

By V. R. RANGANATHAN

Madras, December 20

India was appealed to during the Great War to fight it on the cry of self-determination. This was declared by Mr. Lloyd George to be applicable to tropical countries.

A million Indians died outside India in defense of this principle, trusting in the word of Britain pledged by her Prime Minister.

Now that Britain is safe for the time from aggression, she breaks her pledged faith with India and demands that India shall confide her immediate destiny into the hands of a parliamentary commission which wounds her self-respect.

India will refuse to do this. We reject the commission. We will have nothing to do with it now or hereafter. As Parliament boycotts us we boycott the Parliamentary Commission.

THIS is the manifesto issued by a meeting of all parties of the Province held in Madras last month and signed by persons of note among whom are Mrs. Besant, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, president of the Indian National Congress, Mr. S. Venkatachellam Chetty, leader of the Opposition in the Council, and Mr. K. Srinivasan, editor of the *Hindu*, the leading daily in south India. Manifestos of this kind will be issued soon by all-party meetings in the other provinces.

It was in August, 1917, when everything was not going well with the Allies in the Great War that the late Edwin Samuel Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, declared that the aim of British rule in India was self-government. When the war was over the Reforms Act of 1919 was passed introducing the system of dyarchy in the provinces. By this system certain subjects, called "transferred subjects," are to be administered by Indian ministers who are responsible to the legislature and can be removed by a no-confidence motion in the House; while the "reserved subjects," as distinguished from the "transferred," are under executive councilors appointed by the Governor and responsible to the British Parliament.

Much was said in the meetings of the Joint Parliamentary Committee in England against this dual system of government before the bill became law. There is not likely to be unanimity in a Cabinet consisting of ministers and executive councilors, working more or less in opposition. But arguments against it were of no avail and dyarchy became the system of the provincial governments.

After eight years of experiment it cannot be said that dyarchy has worked successfully. In Bengal it has been a complete failure. The ministers themselves have admitted the difficulties of this cumbrous system. It is usual for persons in favor of dyarchy to point to Madras and say that there it has worked smoothly. But the Justice Party, in power for the last six years, has passed a resolution in a convention held at Coimbatore condemning dyarchy and refusing to accept office until full provincial autonomy is granted.

The announcement of the new Parliamentary Commission to consider the grant of further reforms and its personnel was to have been made over three months ago. The

comment of the London *Times* that the commission must be all British and "impartial" was rightly feared to be based on knowledge and Indian leaders were discussing the question of boycotting it if there were no Indians in it, with the result that the announcement was postponed. Early in November, however, the Viceroy conferred with leaders of all parties and tried in vain to persuade them to accept a purely British commission. The announcement was made simultaneously both in India and England on November 9, with an apology by the Viceroy asking Indians to make the best of a bad job and "differ as friends, not as enemies."

The members of the commission are Sir John Simon, president; Lord Strathcome, Viscount Burnham, Stephen W. Walsh, M.P., Major E. Cadogan, M.P., Colonel G. R. Lane Fox, M.P., and Major C. R. Atlee, M.P., all non-entities except the president. But they have all one qualification: ignorance of India. Mr. Baldwin stated that the non-inclusion of Indians was a broad question of principle, the sole desire of his government being "to give the real and instructed opinion among Indians the best chance of taking an effective and constructive part in devising solution." This exclusion is quite against the spirit of the Reform Act of 1919 which stated in the preamble to the act that the object of Parliament in passing it was "to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration."

The president of the Indian National Congress in a statement issued to the Associated Press calling upon all Indians to make an effective boycott says:

The reasons for the boycott are of the most cogent description. Indian people as the Congress has rightly claimed are entitled to determine their own constitution either by a round-table conference or by a convention parliament. That claim has been definitely negated by the appointment of the commission. . . . That, of course, is the fundamental objection. The second reason is that we cannot be parties to an inquiry into our fitness for Swaraj or for any measure of responsible government. Our claim for Swaraj is there and it is only a question of negotiation and settlement between the British Government and the Indian people. The third reason is undoubtedly the affront to Indian self-respect involved in the deliberate exclusion of Indians from the commission. . . . The last reason for the boycott is the spirit which lies behind these proposals. There is no change of heart except in the direction of greater hardening. I say it with all respect to the British people and with perfect good-will, Do you mean business? Do you want a frank settlement or do you proceed by dilatory methods or by uncompromising opposition to Indian aspirations?

There is universal dissatisfaction with the commission. One has only to consider the opinions of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Sir P. S. Sivasami Iyer, the most liberal of the Liberal Party, which supported the government when the non-cooperation movement was at its height. Says Sir Sapru:

The exclusion of Indians from the personnel of the commission can only be described as arbitrary, unjust, and unfair to India. It almost seems as if Lord Birkenhead has taken a leaf out of the book of non-cooperation, and yet he and his government in England will be very ready to accuse us of non-cooperation if we return their want of confidence by a similar want of confidence in them. . . . The

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Friday is SIMON AND SCHUSTER's regular publication day, and even when it falls on the thirteenth, the schedule is maintained, with the result that HALDANE MACFALL's biography, Aubrey Beardsley, *The Clown*, *The Pierrot*, *The Harlequin of His Age*, is released on what, according to the American credo, is an unlucky day.

The Inner Sanctum believes that a distinguished and adult book about one of the most exciting figures of the Naughty Nineties would not appeal to cringing and superstitious folk, anyway.

In the *Sanctum's* subterranean vault for Priceless Letters and Rare Memorabilia goes this communication just received from EDWIN W. ATWOOD, of 721 Grand Traverse Street, Flint, Michigan:

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Gentlemen:

From time to time as they have been published, I have purchased a copy each of your *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, eight in all.

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Series Nine of The Cross Word Puzzle Book will be published next Friday, January 20th. Booksellers are booking advanced orders. (advt.)

Our next staff orgy will be in the form of a beefsteak dinner, for we have just received from ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN of Johannesburg, Transvaal, a hand-wrought gridiron—an exact replica of the gridiron which he sold to MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS. The old man spent three days making it for *The Inner Sanctum*.

We were wondering what a city like Detroit does when most of its Big Men leave home for the Automobile Show in New York. The answer came in this clipping from yesterday's *Detroit News*:

Best sellers in Detroit for the week:
General Literature

1. *Trader Horn*
2. *The Royal Road to Romance*
3. *Mother India*
4. *The Glorious Adventure*
5. *America*
6. *Bismarck*

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General Literature

1. *The Story of Philosophy*
2. *Transition*
3. *That Man Heine*
4. *"We"*
5. *Trader Horn*
6. *Count Luckner*

—ESSANDESS

utmost that can be said in favor of this scheme is that they want to associate us with them at some stages only to the extent of representing our views, but they deny to us the right of participation in the responsibility of framing our own constitution. I have no doubt that this commission, even though presided over by Sir John Simon, will inspire no confidence and will command no public support.

Sir Sivasami Iyer says:

The exclusion of Indians from the commission is a studied insult to the Indian public and a very ill-advised step from the point of view even of the Tory Government. They could have appointed a mixed commission and still secured the desired majority of opinion without this affront to India. The only reason that I can imagine for this procedure is that they wish to emphasize as a matter of principle, lest Indians should forget it for a moment, that India has no right to share in the determination of her own destiny and to impress upon the Indian public that, notwithstanding the camouflage of her admission to the League of Nations and the Imperial Conference, she must not delude herself into the belief that she is anything but a suppliant at the door of Britain.

The Government is pursuing its usual policy of "Divide et impera" and taking advantage of the disunion of parties. Even the time of the appointment of the commission is inopportune. Indians wanted a commission five years ago, but this was not granted on the ground that the Reform Act did not permit such appointment before the expiration of ten years. Though now only eight years have passed, a bill is being hurried through Parliament for amending the section of the act dealing with the ten years' duration. The obvious reasons for it are twofold.

The Conservative Party is not likely to be returned with a majority in the general elections which will be held in England next year and if Labor comes to power India might be given more reforms, perhaps self-government. To appoint the commission now is one way of getting the votes of great trading concerns in Britain who do not find it to their interests that India should advance. Another reason is that in the present state of ill-feeling between the two great communities in India, the Hindus and Mohammedans, the latter can be placated into accepting the commission.

The causes for the Hindu-Moslem tension are various. The Moslems object to the Hindu social and religious processions with music before their mosques, as disturbing to their prayer. The Hindus, on the other hand, do not approve of the slaughter of cows, an animal held sacred by them, especially their being taken in procession to the slaughterhouse. The Moslems have been converting Hindus to their faith. But prompt Hindu propaganda has not only dissuaded Hindus from becoming converts, but also reconverted those who had already embraced Mohammedanism. This the Moslems resent and the result has been a series of riots, assaults, and murders.

If the British Government relies upon this state of tension, it will very soon be deceived. The differences were patched up by a unity conference held in Calcutta in which the right of both communities to conversions and processions was recognized. One good result of the announcement of the commission is that parties of all shades of opinion have joined hands and even Moslem leaders like Sir Abdur Rahim, Sir Ali Imam, and Dr. Ansari, president-elect of the next Congress, have declared in favor of a general boycott.

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Vol. CXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1928

No. 3265

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IN SPITE OF OUR impressive delegation to the Pan-American Conference, and President Machado at hand to say "Me too," the intended love feast at Havana was interrupted early in its sessions by the rude manners of several delegates in kicking Uncle Sam's legs while stretched out under the table. Dr. Guerrero, Salvador's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was elected as chairman of the important committee on the codification of international law, began his work by telling the newspaper correspondents that he thought disputes between American nations should be decided by compulsory arbitration and that internal difficulties should be settled by every country for itself. Honorio Pueyrredon, Argentine Ambassador in Washington, followed by giving notice of his intention to move for amendments to the constitution of the Pan-American Union. Mexico demanded a change of officership in that body, and Peru's delegation also joined the camp of the malcontents. An air of unrest among other delegations suggested that they might be heard from as the conference progressed. Even love feasts are sometimes indigestible.

NOT ONE WOMAN sits as a delegate in the sessions of the Pan-American Conference at Havana. Even ■ stenographers they hold an inferior rank. In the official list of the delegations male stenographers appear as "secretarios"; the one woman listed otherwise than as ■ marital appendage to her husband appears as a "mecanografa"—although she does the same work ■ a "secretario." The resolution of ■ previous conference, patting the ladies on the back and recommending that one or two be permitted to sit as delegates in future, was completely forgotten until the resolute battalions of the Woman's Party, led by Doris Stevens, appeared in Havana. These women began with a mass meeting, largely attended; they stirred up the Cuban women and gave interviews galore to the abundant newspapers of Havana; they had ■ talk with Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante, president of the conference. They demanded that in the new code of international law a provision be included guaranteeing throughout this hemisphere equal rights for men and women. It sounds sweeping; but if the nations can draw up treaties for eight-hour working-days and prohibit certain types of phosphorus matches, equal sex rights too may be a fit subject for international action. And if they do not win their treaty—and they will not—at least these women will have advertised the anachronism of the old codes and have given a healthy jolt to the mechanized course of the conference.

FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE in Nicaragua we have received the following cablegram, urging immediate assistance to native sufferers from our latest attempt at "peaceful penetration." Although President Coolidge and Mr. Hughes have, according to their own words, only the tenderest and most friendly feelings for the Latin-American countries, including Nicaragua, to us this sounds more than ever like ■ war:

Advise collection all available funds to buy quinine, bandages, and medicine for sick soldiers and civilians, also those wounded by aeroplane and land attacks, and to aid those now homeless as ■ result of bombing of defenseless towns. [Funds] should be sent to Red Cross Section, Autonomist Association of Nicaragua, President Jose de Jesus Zamora, 11 Avenida Sur, No. 22, San Salvador.

WHO IS MONCADA? Every time that the situation in Nicaragua becomes tense the State Department publicity staff produces a statement from Jose Maria Moncada, "leader of the Liberal Party," heartily indorsing American intervention, and asserts that it proves that both parties in Nicaragua love the Marine Corps. Who is Moncada? Well, this is his record:

- 1888-1892—Writer on the staff of a Conservative Party newspaper in Managua.
- 1893—Participated in a Conservative revolution.
- 1894—Asked President Zelaya (Liberal) to appoint him member of Congress. (Zelaya refused, and Moncada went to Costa Rica.)
- 1897—Returned, and published pamphlet at Liberal government printing plant. Then reemigrated.

- 1906—Took office as Assistant Secretary of State in a Conservative Government in Honduras, and supported Honduras in her war against Nicaragua.
- 1909—Returning to Nicaragua, participated in Conservative revolution against Zelaya.
- 1910—Assistant Secretary of War in Estrada Conservative Government.
- 1911—Secretary of State in same Cabinet with Adolfo Diaz, the Marine Corps' present President of Nicaragua.
- 1912—In New York on salary from Diaz.
- 1920—Deserted Conservative Party and rejoined Liberals.
- 1927—General in the Liberal Army.
- 1927 (April)—Sold out to Henry Stimson, President Coolidge's commissioner, at \$10 per gun.

Who is Moncada? He is one of the most shameless and persistent turncoats in Latin-American history, a disgrace to any cause he supports. His hurrahs for the Marine Corps will not help the United States in Nicaragua.

SENATOR DILL of Washington had much the best of Senator Bruce of Maryland in their tilt in Congress the other day over Nicaragua. Reading from *The Nation* [What They Die For, January 25], Senator Dill said that the State Department had virtually compelled the Diaz Government to borrow \$1,000,000 from New York bankers, part of which was used to bribe the leaders of the Liberal army to lay down their arms. Then followed this dialogue:

SENATOR BRUCE. I thank God they were sent. With or without quarter the marines never surrender.

SENATOR DILL. The Senator from Maryland cannot dodge this issue by glorifying the marines. The question here is whether we shall maintain troops in a foreign country in order that a few Americans shall make enormous profits out of their investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. I deny that our President and our Secretary of State had any such motive.

SENATOR DILL. Let's not argue about motive; the fact is we went in on the pretense of protecting American lives, and we have stayed in to protect investments already made and to enable American bankers to make still greater investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. Every time we have gone into a Central American country we have carried a blessing.

SENATOR DILL. The blessing of bullets.

SENATOR BRUCE. Sometimes a bullet in the bosom of a bandit is a blessing to everybody else.

SENATOR DILL. Yes, that was what some people in Great Britain said about George Washington one time.

A TARIFF REVOLT in sight at last? It seems too good to be true, but there the figures are. By a vote of 54 to 34 the Senate has demanded an immediate revision of the present tariff law though the bill was lost in the House of Representatives by a vote of 183 to 164. A change of ten votes would have carried it, and this in the face of the President's and Mr. Mellon's ultimatum that there should be no tariff revision now. It is even said in Washington that if the Democrats had been clever enough to add to the title a phrase suggested by Representative Hull to the effect that it was to be "a revision for the particular purpose of aiding agriculture" it would have passed triumphantly. Indeed, jealousy in the House at the Senate's originating a tariff move and thus encroaching in slight manner upon the sacred prerogative of the House may have been responsible for the defeat. More than that, the Senate malcontents are now reported to be planning a series of tariff amendments to be attached as riders to the coming

tax-reduction bill. All of this shows the handwriting on the wall, and even the most hide-bound protectionists in Washington now admit that tariff revision is inevitable in 1930.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Soviet Government of Russia, an advertisement of Russian bonds has appeared in the financial columns of American newspapers. This advertisement announces that the State Bank of the USSR in Moscow "guarantees payment of principal and interest in dollars" of bonds issued by the Russian Government, provided such bonds bear a special certificate to that effect. This arrangement applies to the recently issued 9 per cent Soviet Railway Loan. All bonds must at present be bought through the foreign department of the State Bank of Moscow; but the interest and principal will be paid through correspondent banks in this country—the Chase National Bank in New York, the Amalgamated Bank of Chicago, the Bank of Italy in San Francisco. Thus, without benefit of State Department or diplomats, Russia modestly takes its place in the financial comity of nations. When a government can successfully float its bonds abroad its need of the blessing of foreign offices becomes less acute. The relationship will not be complete and intimate until bonds themselves, bearing reasonable interest, can be bought through American banks; but this first step is an important one—more important, we suspect, than it looks on the surface.

IT IS NOW ADMITTED that negotiations between Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand for a treaty between the two countries outlawing war have entirely broken down and the Coolidge Administration has thus scored another one of its disastrous failures in diplomacy. In large measure this is due to Mr. Kellogg's attempting to widen the original Briand proposal for a permanent treaty to outlaw war between the two countries into a multi-national treaty bringing in a number of other nations. The final French reply delivered at the State Department on January 21, although cordial and friendly in tone, is reported by the press to be "vague," indicative of no progress whatever. Our Government, it is reported, will therefore fall back upon the immediate duty of renewing the Root arbitration treaty with France, which expires by limitation on February 27. The original plan of a compact making forever impossible any war between the United States and France would have been a great advance in international relations and could have been copied in our dealings with other countries. We do not see why the principle should not now be applied individually to other nations such as Great Britain and Germany, and we trust that the State Department will proceed along that line, if it can pull itself together after this fresh debacle.

BY A VOTE OF 61 TO 23 the United States Senate has barred Frank L. Smith, Senator-elect from Illinois, from taking his seat, and all of the politicians in Illinois, tainted and untainted, are holding up their hands in holy horror at this precedent-creating action. Governor Small declares that he will not recognize the action of the Senate and that Mr. Smith will have his support in every effort he makes to enforce his right to his seat. The denial of the Senator's place he calls an "affront to Illinois" and an "act without legal sanction." In the Senate Mr. Borah finally swung to exclusion although he has felt it unwise from a

strictly legal point of view. Senator Norris declared that "it is not the State of Illinois knocking at the doors; it is Mr. Insull demanding the admission of Colonel Smith." Senator Reed of Missouri was again most usefully truth-telling. He said that no one denied that Mr. Smith came to the Senate "with unclean hands on a crooked path." Replying to the argument that Illinois voters had elected Mr. Smith knowing all the facts, Senator Reed admirably exclaimed: "The cloak of a majority vote no more purges villainy of its iniquity than a coat of whitewash can transmute a sepulchre filled with the bones of dead men into a place of pleasure." The Senate may, indeed, have established a dangerous precedent, but how grateful such an outburst of righteous indignation is in the fetid atmosphere of the political corruption of today! The Senate has honored itself and it will be applauded by the country.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS of soda lime in the torpedo room of the submarine S-4 would have kept the six men entombed there alive for approximately thirty-three hours longer than they lived, according to testimony by Lieutenant Commander G. H. Mankin, a naval doctor, before the court of inquiry investigating the disaster. Oxygen without soda lime was useless, according to the doctor, since it would have increased the air pressure without purifying the air. Air was finally introduced into the torpedo compartment on the night of December 21, about 100 hours after the submarine was hit and within the estimated thirty-three-hour margin of safety. And when Lieutenant Commander Roy K. Jones, in command of the S-4, now deceased with his crew, put in an order last year for soda lime he was informed that it might be supplied him "in the fiscal year 1929." What a wicked sacrifice of human life! What a navy!

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE of the editors of the twenty-six Scripps-Howard daily newspapers and the general managers of the entire group, after a two-days' session, the support of these dailies has been given to Herbert Hoover. This is the most powerful accession to his strength which Mr. Hoover has yet received, so far as the daily press is concerned. For the Scripps-Howard papers are as a whole the most liberal group which we have, and their decision is the more remarkable because the most ardent press supporters of Mr. Hoover to date have been the most reactionary organs of opinion such as the Curtis papers, the *Chicago Tribune*, and others, owned by extremely rich men who are entirely hostile to the progressivism of 1912 and 1924. The value of this Hoover support is apparent when one remembers that the Scripps-Howard paper in Cleveland was largely responsible for the carrying of that city by La Follette. At the same time, while all the outward omens are favorable, Mr. Hoover's victory in the convention is not yet assured. Mr. Mellon and Calvin Coolidge will decide the nomination unless an unexpected bolt within the party takes the decision away from them. Obviously the time is now approaching when Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge will have to take a position in regard to the former's continuance in the Cabinet—Mr. Hoover is running in the New Hampshire primary which is to be held on February 24. The political gossip is that if Mr. Hoover is to be given the Presidential blessing he will stay in the Cabinet; if not he will make his fight on the outside. Finally, the Scripps-Howard editors paid a warm tribute to Governor Smith for his record of achieve-

ment and promised to support him if the Republicans should nominate Dawes or Lowden, or some other man equally objectionable to the group.

George W. Goethals

A TRULY great and rarely modest American was General George W. Goethals, to whom, with General William C. Gorgas, must always belong the fame of having built the Panama Canal. Their distinguished assistants were almost as numerous as a battalion, and to some among them belongs the credit for having worked out certain of the technical difficulties which at first seemed unconquerable—it was Colonel David DuBois Gaillard who mastered the Culebra Cut. None the less, the leader was General Goethals; in his hands lay the responsibility for this greatest of all engineering feats. It was he who had to recruit and to inspire his huge army, to lay out for it its several tasks, to organize, to plan, to conceive, to carry through against all odds. He had at the outset to fight for his belief that it should be a lock canal and not a sea-level one, and he carried through his project after a special commission had inquired into the matter and upheld his policy. Modern sanitation, under the direction of General Gorgas, ended the terrible scourges which, during the De Lesseps regime, had made of the canal one vast graveyard. Together Goethals and Gorgas reduced the loss of life to limits which no one theretofore had deemed possible. But at the head was always General Goethals, giving to the outer world throughout those long years the impression of complete efficiency, serenity, and calm confidence in the success of the undertaking.

He was thus both a great organizer and a great engineer. Mountains came down before the machinery of his men; millions of tons of earth and rock were blasted and dug from their base; muck moved like Birnam Wood. Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the sea level and 150 square miles in extent, came into being. Besides Gorgas, Gaillard, Hodges, and Sibert were his leading corps commanders, seconding his every move and aiding him in the coordination of his forces into what will always remain a model of harmonious cooperation in a gigantic task. Foreign observers looked on, declared that the undertaking was impossible, remained to wonder, and ended by expressing their astonished admiration.

Looking back it seems incredible that the army of Goethals marched on to success within the short space of seven years—De Lesseps took nine years for his partial achievement and dragged on his futile work for some years thereafter. Rightly Congress voted its thanks to General Goethals, an army man, for one of the greatest of civilian undertakings. The World War brought him no greater opportunity and no greater renown. But as a citizen he shone. His job finished, he left politics to the politicians and never assumed because he was a great engineer that he was thereby entitled to advise the country as to its policies and destiny. He sought no publicity, he never boosted himself. It is he who merits the greatest monument at Panama, and not Theodore Roosevelt. The latter "stole," as he said, the Canal Zone; the former honored his country by doing the task he was called upon to achieve with a maximum of efficiency and honesty and a maximum of honor to his reputation.

Our Mad Dogs of War

THE mad dogs of American life, endangering not only the peace of this country, but Anglo-Saxon friendship and cooperation—yes, the peace of the world—this is what our raving admirals are becoming. We refer especially to Rear Admirals Hughes and Plunkett—the latter plainly aspires to be the von Tirpitz of the American navy. Speaking before the House Naval Affairs Committee, Admiral Hughes, who is admittedly the author of the three-billion dollar navy-increase program, for which Secretary Wilbur is the window-dresser and the stuffed front, declared that the building program was aimed at the English navy. Addressing the Republican Club in New York on January 21, Rear Admiral Plunkett called for an unsurpassed fleet, advancing every one of the hoary old arguments about preparedness which the war so utterly discredited and Calvin Coolidge himself says are untrue, and in answer to a question of a reporter of the *Herald Tribune* stated that his prediction of an early war related to Great Britain. This the Admiral subsequently denied, saying that he had meant only to predict war with “our trade rivals” and that he hoped that we could avoid that if we were fully prepared. What a spectacle! What an outrage against decency! What a deliberate effort to embroil two countries which but a few years ago pledged eternal amity and good-will!

Of course Admiral Plunkett meant England. There is no other fleet against which we could possibly be arming, for the preparedness which he advocates bids fair to give us an armada bigger than those of Italy, France, and Japan combined. If these men have their way we shall be in for a full-fledged race of armaments with Great Britain to which there can be only one outcome. It is the most menacing situation which we have yet confronted in Anglo-American relations. England has not done one thing since our men were dying together on the battlefields of France to merit any such acts of baseness as this deliberate invoking of hostilities with the original mother-country.

That Calvin Coolidge permits this thing to go on without rebuke is utterly disheartening. It is fresh proof of what we have repeatedly pointed out, that he is a President who does not govern in the sense of controlling his subordinates. It is known that the navy has been disloyal to him—it was to Harding so far as the Washington Disarmament Conference is concerned. He himself has expressly said that preparedness never protected any nation from war nor guaranteed success in any war. Again and again he has stated, notably in his last annual message, that he is determined that the United States shall not engage in any naval-armament rivalry. Yet he allows his admirals and Secretary Wilbur to make absolutely hypocritical these assertions of his that we are not going to pour out our wealth for battleships and cruisers to vie with England and Japan. In the face of such statements as those of Hughes and Plunkett and recent ones of Secretary Wilbur silence on the part of the Chief Executive is cowardly. More than that, it will be taken abroad to mean that he connives with these admirals. It will reinforce the charges, now current against us all over the world, that our acts and our words are wholly antagonistic to one another. It is his

duty to speak out ringingly and emphatically, instead of which he leaves the task to Senator Borah.

Mr. Borah, we are sure, has rendered no better service than by his clear-cut denunciation of both those admirals. “I regard,” he said, “such declarations as mischievous to a degree.” “Sheer madness,” he correctly calls their propaganda, and he continues:

A few days ago an admiral in the English navy put out a similar statement. If anything could possibly bring on war between two great nations it is these enlarged naval programs in connection with declarations from the navies of the respective countries that war is inevitable. This was the insane policy which obtained between Germany and Great Britain from 1900 to 1914 and was one of the great contributing causes to the World War.

Even if they believe this sort of stuff, Senator Borah says they ought not to be allowed to talk it, and we think that he is right. The position of the naval and army officer is different from that of other citizens in the matter of free speech. He gives his opinions into the keeping of his commanding officer when he puts on the uniform. The press listens to him because he is a general or an admiral, and when he speaks people suppose that he represents the opinion of his superiors. The President of the United States has the right to demand of army and navy officers that on these matters of international affairs they should be silent, if only because they cannot be non-partisan. Admiral H. P. Jones was reported by the press as rejoicing that the Disarmament Conference, to which he was a delegate for the purpose of having it succeed, was a failure—a case of most complete disloyalty to his Commander-in-Chief. Such as he cannot be unbiased, because their profession is at stake; if disarmament succeeds they and their ilk will disappear, or be on the retired list as relics of a butcher's trade happily done away with by the advance of civilization.

We repeat, these are the mad dogs of American life, and as long as they are afflicted with this form of rabies they should at the very least be adequately rebuked by their government, that the whole world may know they do not speak for it. We send men to prison every day for stealing from three dollars up. How small is the injury such men do to society compared to the potentialities of evil which may come out of the words of a Plunkett or a Hughes—which evil inevitably will come if they are allowed to go on talking. Senator Borah is right; we are getting into the same position to England as was Germany in relation to Great Britain, and the result will be the same. There are a large number of societies and organizations in this country, like the English-Speaking Union, founded to preserve the peace and advance the friendship of the two Anglo-Saxon countries. If they do not exert themselves now they ought to go out of business, for we are heading straight into war with England—a foreign correspondent recently absent from Washington for six months informed us a month ago that he was appalled on his return at the talk of war with England which filled Washington. Mr. Coolidge is incredibly ignorant if he is not aware of this, or of what it will lead to if it is not stopped. If he does not speak out now he is betraying his country and degrading himself.

Russia's Thermidor?

L EON TROTZKY and thirty other Communists, who have persisted in criticizing the Stalin regime, have been exiled to Siberia and other remote points by "administrative order," without trial and under police surveillance, exactly as happened in the days of the Czar. This ends for the present all opposition to Stalin and his associates. Criticism in public of the present tendencies of those in control of the Soviet is now completely ended, all in the name of "Leninism," although many of those exiled were most closely associated with Lenin in his lifetime. This action brings to the front the question: Who represents the continuation of the Bolshevik program in Russia and who the inevitable reaction from it?

To the American reader it has seemed as if Lenin and Trotsky represented the same thing and the conservative press and statesmen have arrived at the same conclusion. Thus, the *New York Times* found a chief cause for rejoicing on New Year's Day in the successful elimination of Trotsky from the Communist Party, declaring flatly that "the ousted Opposition stood for the perpetuation of the ideas and conditions that have cut off Russia from Western civilization." Most of the great European newspapers wrote similarly. Sir Austen Chamberlain during the Geneva Conference was quoted as saying that England could not enter into conversations with Russia for the simple reason that "Trotsky had not yet been shot against a wall"—he must be pleased by Trotsky's banishment. Indeed, one wonders whether in the wilderness of Central Asia it will not be easy for Trotsky to "disappear," or be "shot while trying to escape," as has happened to the enemies of conservative regimes in other countries than Russia. At any rate, the mouthpieces of reaction in Europe are one in their conclusion that Trotsky, and not Stalin, is their chief Communist enemy.

The Communist press, on the other hand, continues to insist that Trotsky, who organized and led the insurrection of October, represents a "bourgeois deviation" and that Stalin, a newcomer so far as eminence or authority goes, represents the pure doctrines of Lenin and the triumphant march of the iron battalions of the proletariat. Who are correct, the Communists or the foreign capitalists? The letter of Adolph Joffé, which we publish in this issue, throws some light on the question. Presumably representing an immense body of opinion that must be silent, the dying Joffé's belief was that Stalin's triumph is the Thermidor of the Russian Revolution. To him it was the familiar case of a reactionary personal dictator obtaining power by calling himself a revolutionist and denouncing his opponents as enemies of the revolution. This is an extreme opinion, but it is difficult after reading his letter to doubt that in a sense Stalin does represent that conservative tendency ever to be associated with excessive personal power, and that Trotsky has defended the original principles and purposes of the Bolshevik Party. If this is the fact, it will not hinder Western Communists from supporting Stalin as they would have unanimously supported Trotsky had he won the power. The fact that they have systematically suppressed the theses and programs and manifestos of the opposition, publishing only the attacks upon them, is the plainest indication that the Communists in other countries are not willing to face the truth.

No doubt Stalin's tendency to depart from the rigorous Bolshevik program might be defended as a concession to the will of a majority of the people. Among others, Albert Rhys Williams, who is just back from Russia after five years of residence, chiefly in rural communities, reports that Moscow has created a machinery by which the wishes of the people in each village or town are quickly and accurately transmitted to the headquarters of the government. This, together with the remarkable economic development, is the most striking change of recent years. Again, he ascribes the change of administrative personnel observable in the remotest villages to a practical necessity. There is no longer a need for virile revolutionists, but a great one for those who can be teachers and persuaders, administrators and leaders of the peasants. The restoration of vodka and the abandonment of anti-religious propaganda are also, Mr. Williams thinks, not matters ordered from above, but a response to the demands of the peasants. Russian social and economic life is plainly reviving spontaneously, in forms of its own and with a good deal of nationalistic emotion, by which emotion Stalin is ready to profit. Stalin represents the compromising administrator to whom Trotsky, with his insuppressible revolutionary will and his brilliant arsenal of Marxian ideas, was a dangerous trouble-maker whom one must get rid of by calling him a counter-revolutionist and banishing him.

Who Makes Our Wars?

S ENATOR BORAH having announced that the Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman, will ask the Senate to make an inquiry into our intervention in Nicaragua, there is hope that at last the Administration will be called to account for the private war which it is carrying on there without authority from Congress. The illegality of the situation, touched on briefly in our issue of January 18, was well brought out lately by Albert H. Putney, professor of constitutional law in the National University Law School. Writing in the *National University Law Review* for May, 1927, Professor Putney discusses the constitutional provision that "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war" in the light of decisions of the Supreme Court, quoting the words of that tribunal: "It may . . . be safely laid down that every contention by force between two nations, in external matters, under the authority of their respective governments, is not only war, but public war." In reviewing the practice of this country he says:

From the first inauguration of President Washington down to the third year of the twentieth century the Congress of the United States maintained the exclusiveness of its right to declare war, or to authorize offensive warlike acts even though limited in their scope; and the validity of the claims of Congress was recognized by the acquiescence of the Executive Department and frequently by an express acknowledgment in some Presidential message.

During the twentieth century, however, there has been a gradual increasing encroachment upon this power by the Executive Department, until today it, in effect, claims the right to make war, or—what under the Constitution amounts to the same thing—to authorize warlike acts abroad, without the consent of Congress to the extent to which such warfare can be carried on by the military forces under the command of the President.

Professor Putney reminds us that the transfer of the war-making power from the executive to the legislative branch of the government in the American Constitution was an innovation—and a deliberate one—in the statecraft of the day. And the new theory was vigorously respected by all our early Presidents. Jefferson made this comment:

In the case of actual physical attacks upon American citizens or their property, or the immediate danger of such attacks, the forces of the United States may be used for strictly protective purposes without the consent of Congress, which it is manifestly impossible to obtain in such cases. When, however, any attempt is made to take over the control of territory, to use force for the collection of claims due to American citizens, to interfere with the military operation of foreign troops, or above all to interfere between two governments, each claiming to be the legal government of the country, war (perhaps only partial war, but still war) is waged, and this can only be constitutionally done under the authorization of Congress.

Obviously this exactly applies to the Nicaraguan situation of today.

Even the imperious Jackson, in his dealings in regard to Texas, was careful to refer certain points to Congress merely because they appeared to him as "probably leading to war." Cleveland's famous declaration in the Venezuela boundary case was made in the form of a communication to Congress. In the seizing of Panama, in 1903, says Professor Putney, Roosevelt first violated the constitutional provision in regard to making war, though two years later he came out strongly against the use of force for the recovery of contract claims against a foreign country. Taft overrode the Constitution again in first sending the marines into Nicaragua in 1912, as did Wilson in his occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. In regard to Mexico, however, Professor Putney reminds us that after the Tampico incident Wilson sent a special message to Congress, saying:

I therefore come to ask your approval that I use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, and end the distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

Coming to the Coolidge policy, Professor Putney thinks that our intervention in Nicaragua in behalf of President Diaz "clearly constitutes 'war' if we are to use the definition of that term contained in decisions of the United States Supreme Court and in the public utterances of a long line of Presidents and Secretaries of State." Of the Coolidge message of January 10, 1927, Professor Putney says:

It is in effect here asserted that the President of the United States has the power to wage an offensive war, upon his own authority, against any country, and for any reason which in his opinion appears to affect "the lives, the property, and the interests of its citizens and of this Government itself." If this claim is correct it would only be necessary to appeal to Congress if an increase of the numbers of the land and naval forces were required.

It remains for us to see what response the present Congress may make to this remarkable usurpation of its constitutional powers. If Congress today had the independence and aggressiveness of the legislative bodies of some previous eras, it would call a halt on the illegal warfare in Nicaragua, going if necessary to the extent of impeaching the President for his conduct.

Books and Universities

A RECENT number of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* sets up a cry of distress and implores the members of the English faculty at that university to save its readers from the "sloppy and maudlin" books foisted upon them by the uncritical enthusiasm of literary journalists. "The only cure or panacea," continues the author of the anonymous letter, "seems to lie in honest criticism. The only place we can seemingly hope to get such criticism from is our great seats of learning. Therefore, we would like to see sincere criticism come from educated centers, frankly calling a spade a spade, so that the public may not be misled into buying so many mediocre books."

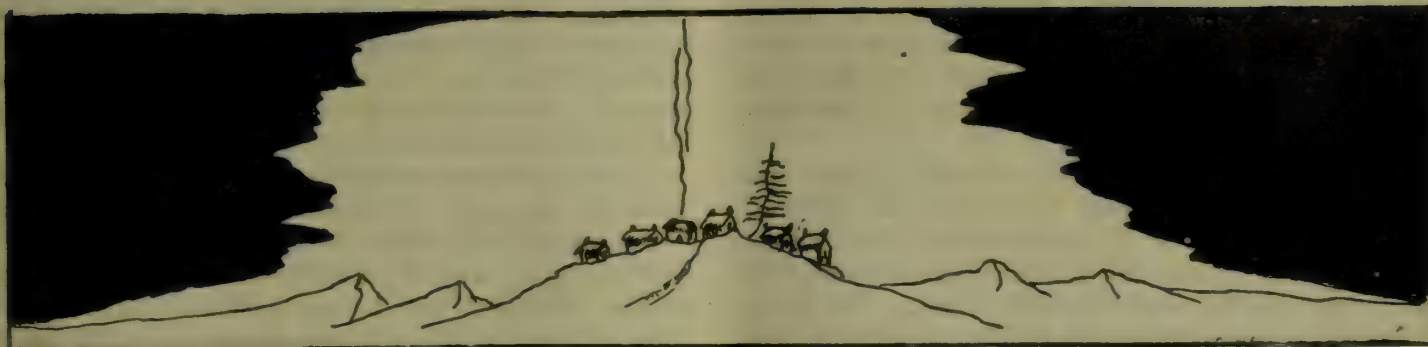
Now, even the correspondent of the *Alumni Weekly* can hardly maintain that the best criticism of *belles lettres* has, in the past, come exclusively or even chiefly from the universities. Not Johnson, or Lessing, or Goethe, or Coleridge, or Hazlitt, or Matthew Arnold, or Edgar Allan Poe, or Anatole France, or Georg Brandes was a college professor. The academic connections of Sainte-Beuve and Taine were chiefly incidental and, indeed, Walter Pater in England and Brunetière in France were the only modern critics of absolutely first importance who did their chief work while living in a university environment. A number of the others had, like many of the contemporary American critics and literary journalists, received a very thorough academic training, but either they never dreamed of occupying a chair or, as was certainly the case with Lessing and Brandes, they found themselves barred from the faculties they would gladly have joined because of the very opinions and qualities which make them today the subject of lectures delivered by members of the very class which before would have none of them. The services rendered by the universities to scholarship have, of course, been enormous and they have, in addition, undoubtedly done much to keep alive an appreciation of the works of the past, but they have never at any time played a major role in determining the trend of living literature nor in guiding the taste of the cultured public.

We should be glad to see some active response to the plea of the Yale alumnus, but we cannot deny that the universities of America have, in recent years, exerted a diminishing influence upon contemporary letters. No literary phenomenon of the last two decades has been more striking than the increased interest in literary criticism as indicated by the growth of literary journalism, but the academic voice has been heard less and less, and the passage of the late Professor Sherman from the ranks of the professors to the ranks of the journalists is a fitting symbol of a general movement in the course of which men trained for an academic career have detached themselves from the university in order to go out to work in the profane world.

At the moment when the modern movement in our literature was beginning the one professor of English at Yale who had the public ear was snubbing the most vital living authors in order to sing in extravagant terms the praise of an innocuous and now almost forgotten novelist, Henry Sydnor Harrison. If academic "authority" comes to no more than that, then it is no wonder the public has preferred the rash judgments of undisciplined and irresponsible journalism. So do we.



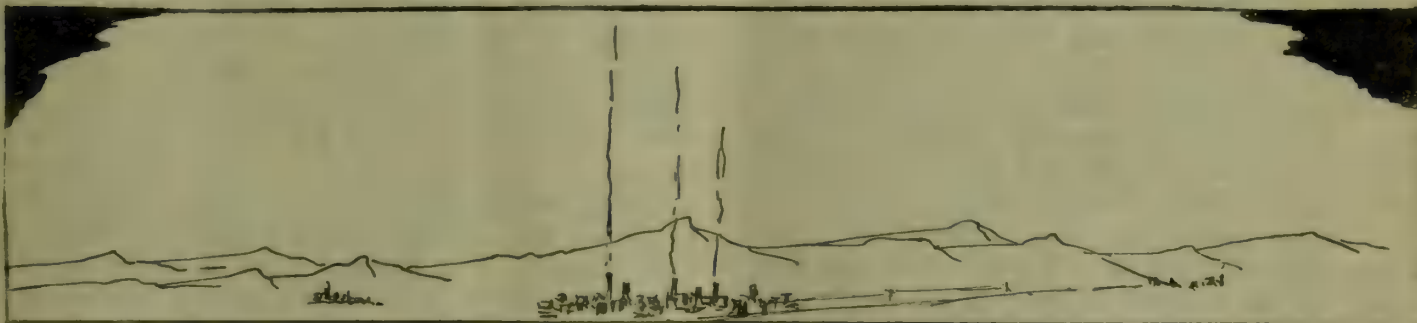
Our earliest ancestors contemplated the world from the hilltop on which they lived their meager lives.



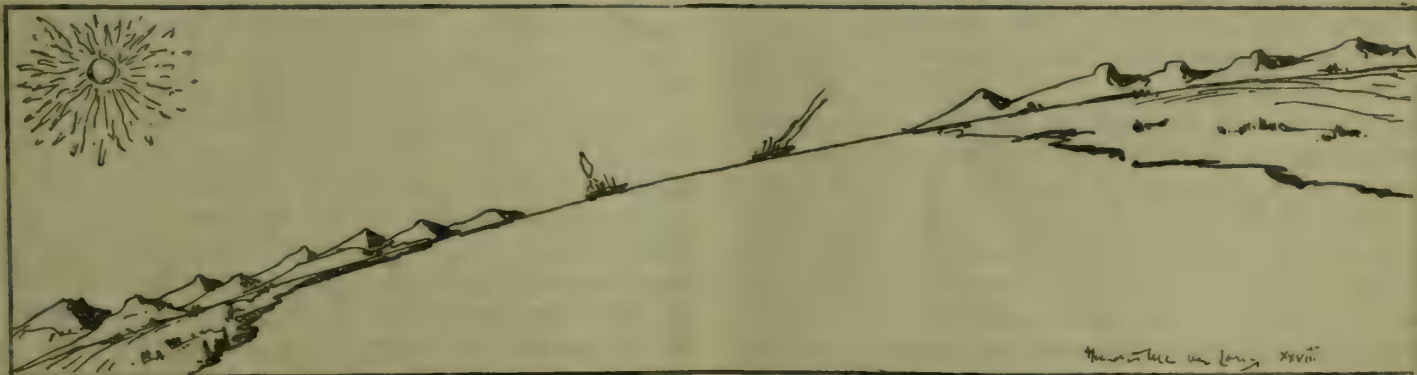
Later on their point of view was that of the village.



Next they became small townspeople with the restricted view of such persons.



Still later, as members of a state, they acquired a state-wide view.



Why be so incredulous about the possibilities of acquiring a world-wide point of view?

It Seems To Heywood Brown

NO American diplomatic move has ever commanded such general support and enthusiasm as the sending of Lindbergh through the air to Mexico. I have no intention of bringing in a minority report. It was shrewd and even a little better than that. For once an ambassador displayed imagination. The flier fired the minds of the Mexican people. The boy who stepped down from the edge of a cloudbank was obviously a gallant figure and gallantry is not the first word thought of in connection with America by peoples south of the Rio Grande.

Even if you say that the flight was incorporated into traditional dollar diplomacy I still feel that it was excellent. Without doubt we hope to profit by association with Mexico. This wish is not unnatural and Big Business whatever its faults is preferable to expeditionary forces. The point where I begin to dissent from the Lindbergh mission does not occur until after his taking off from Mexico. I think his countrymen have used their hero badly. From a technical standpoint the hops in and about Central America were anti-climactic. By then the edge of purpose had been dulled. While Lindbergh was entirely willing and eager to take the risks I do not think the American Government should even have hinted a desire on its part for him to assume them. Had he crashed, let's say, in flying to British Honduras the sacrifice would have seemed a useless one. And the trip to Nicaragua was downright tactless and should never have been planned.

At its best the Lindbergh mission was glorious and irrelevant. Salvation is not always won by logic but diplomacy must sooner or later get down to fundamental issues. We cannot forever solve our problems of intercourse with foreign nations by letting Lindbergh do it or even by adding Will Rogers as an extra attraction. The formula might be persisted in up to a point where it grew a little comic. France, let us suppose, makes an appeal for more generous terms upon the debt and the American Secretary of State promptly replies by sending a handcuff king who shows the Chamber of Deputies his trick of getting out of a straight-jacket. If the new policy had been in force during the recent dispute between Chile and Peru we would have sent not Pershing but the Ziegfeld Follies. In answer to complaints about the tariff from some nation Al Jolson will go to represent us and soothe the alien mind by singing "I've Got Those High Protection Blues." It will not always suffice. They ask us for bread and we send them an aviator.

When Lindbergh came home from Europe he was scrupulous about his dignity. He still is, but some factors beyond his control have at times put him into a false position. From Managua he wrote for the *Times* and said that he was impressed by the great friendliness which all Nicaraguans expressed for the United States. This was a few days after a bloody skirmish between the marines and Sandino and only a week or so before Diaz grew irritated at American interference. The largest entertainment given for Lindbergh was a party prepared in his honor by the leader of the reactionary group. Does this mean that Lind-

bergh is conservative in his politics and that he bestows approval upon everything his country has done in Nicaragua? No, but some people will be certain to impale with significance his lightest word or deed. We must remember that Lindbergh is a flying man before all else. He has been faithful to his passion. In addition to being one of the greatest of all aviators he is a man of charm, good taste, and tact. But that doesn't mean that Lindbergh is a close student of international politics and competent to pass upon the problems in the lands he visits.

Don't growl at me and ask, Who ever thought he was? If no one has, many will in this land addicted to the practice of turning great generals into poor presidents. Lindbergh will have to fight hard to keep from being forced at last into politics, and even now he can hardly avoid reporters who want to know what he thinks about the tariff, the federal reserve system, and Boulder Dam. Indeed before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti there was a movement by some associated with the defense to get him on record with an opinion. Lindbergh said nothing, which may have been because he knew nothing about it. If not precisely a boy he is still a young man with a one-track mind even if that track happens to be laid across the open skies.

Too much supermaning can hardly help one. As yet there is no evidence that his good sense has cracked, but we have no right to subject him to such fearful dangers. I am speaking at the moment of dangers to the soul rather than to the body. We all applauded when he refused vaudeville and moving pictures. These were not dignified. Certain men of prominence and position undertook to advise the aviator as to the manner in which he should shape his life. How seriously he took their counsel I have no means of knowing. If the Guggenheim tour was part of their suggestion I think they showed poor judgment. In that swing around the country much of dignity was missing. Day after day Lindbergh never got a chance to sit down upon the seat of any auto. He had to perch precariously upon the upper edge so that all the spectators along Main Street might see him. There were a hundred luncheons and many dinners. Two hundred times he heard the chairman tell of the manner in which the aviator had borrowed the Ambassador's pajamas. Two hundred times he listened while the local mayor referred to him as "the lone eagle." Always there was an embossed scroll and generally the keys of the city. I can understand that Lindbergh might again fly over the broad Atlantic but I should think he would forever shudder at the sight of breast of chicken.

Colonel Lindbergh is our national hero, which seems to mean that for the rest of his life he will be obliged to shake hands, pose for the newspaper photographers, write autographs, and make after dinner speeches. It is said that at a great house where he was lately entertained the Colonel's host discovered that his guest possessed but one lone shirt. He asked the aviator politely about his needs. "What can I do?" explained Lindbergh. "If I send a shirt to the laundry I never get it back. They cut it up for souvenirs."

The Love Feast at Havana

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, Cuba, January 20

"EIGHT boats!," the elevator-boy exclaimed in ecstasy, as the gray hulks of the President's armada slid past Morro Castle. It was indeed an entry calculated to impress. The other delegates arrived as mere civilians, but the President of the United States came in on the battleship Texas, with the cruiser Memphis close behind, the two big ships flanked by six mean-looking destroyers, all in convoy formation—a suggestive way of opening a Pan-American Conference. More than one observer wondered whether the Washington officials deliberately chose the Texas, named after the State we stole from Mexico, to bring Calvin Coolidge to Cuba.

The Cubans cheered him—and the Washington newspapermen say that Calvin never smiled more broadly. What Latin—or Yankee—would not cheer a President? It is a great occasion for a thirty-year-old republic of less than four million people when the President of the richest and strongest country on earth comes to call. It was Sunday, a soft, blue-skied Cuban Sunday, and all Havana—with the tropical color of Havana skins and scarfs and uniforms—was at the sea-wall. The President and the Mayor and the newspapers had been preparing for weeks. The buildings were bedecked, the people excited. It was Cuba's great day. Of course there was no untoward incident. President Machado, one of the most efficient dictators in Latin America, had called the editors to his palace and told them to be good; the one or two little papers which neglected orders had been suppressed; a couple of hundred citizens suspected of dangerous thoughts had been tucked in jail; the dissident Haitian delegation had not been permitted to land; and, after all, the naval parade, with all the sailor-boys in white, and the admirals in gold braid, and the presidents and delegates and near-delegates in tall silk hats, was a good show. The guns roared their salute; the bands blared; the crowds cheered. But when the movies came on the screen in the theaters the next night no one thought to applaud.

I do not know what the American newspapers said of the President's speech. I judge from cabled summaries that they obediently said it was good. In fact, there was never a sadder washout. As Will Rogers remarked in one of his sermons at the Seville bar: "He opened his act with Christopher Columbus, and he closed with Columbus, and he never got much closer to 1928." Not a word of Nicaragua or of Mexico; not a hint of any change of policy; not a word dealing with intervention or the technical questions of international rights and duties which obsess the minds of the Caribbean delegates here; just sweet generalities. Peace; democracy; a mild slap at the League of Nations; a warning against moving too fast—that was all. The Cubans applauded when he said that "Cuba is her own sovereign," possibly hoping that he might come to mean it; everyone applauded his suggestion that "it is better for the people to make their own mistakes than to have some one else make their mistakes for them." No one laughed; no one shouted "Nicaragua!" This is a *very* polite conference.

Frock coats and high hats are ruinous to frankness and honesty. At just one point has real feeling come to the surface. That was when the flags of the twenty-one republics were being raised at the inaugural ceremonies at the university. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia—each, in its alphabetical order, received its polite meed of applause. More clapping greeted the Estados Unidos than any of our predecessors. But when the red, white, and green Mexican flag floated seaward the crowd forgot diplomatic restraint and shouted its sympathy to the hot sun above, and as Nicaragua's stars and bars started up the pole a deep roar of enthusiasm drowned the music, while from the rear came rude shouts of "Viva Sandino!"

But crowds are not governments, and are not oppressed with a sense of responsibilities. There are twenty Latin governments (some of them might better be called Indian than Latin) represented at this conference, and all of them have a sense of economic realities. Seven—Honduras, Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, Nicaragua, Panama, and Guatemala—do more than half their total trading with the United States. Seven more—Costa Rica, Haiti, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Peru, and Brazil—do more than a third of all their commerce with the United States. We have almost a third of Chile's trade. Only in Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, and Paraguay is the Yankee share less than a fifth. We are not trade rivals, competitors, with these countries, ■ Germany and England were before the war. We buy their bananas, sugar, coffee, oil, copper—food and raw material; they buy our automobiles, bathtubs, typewriters, chewing-gum—manufactures. To us the market of no one of these nations is indispensable; to most of them American business is life and death.

All Latin America needs capital. There is not a Yankee-hater in South America who does not want American capital for his country, however much he dislikes the terms on which American capital is offered. Unfortunately—I think it is one of the tragedies of the hemisphere today—New York has had something like a monopoly of the world-capital market since the war and is likely to have it for some years to come. There are perils in the competition of capital from rival nations; there is still more peril when there is no competitive check upon the tendency of one great capital-exporting nation to assume control of its neighbors. Increasingly Yankee capital dominates Latin America. Ten years ago we had a little more than one billion dollars invested south of the Rio Grande, almost all in Mexico and Cuba; today we have perhaps five billions, scattered through the twenty republics. Probably more than half the foreign capital in Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Honduras, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, and Colombia today comes from the United States; in seven other republics at least a third of the foreign capital is American; only in Guatemala (where the situation is rapidly changing), Paraguay (where all foreign investments are small), and in Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay (where Britain invested enormous sums before the war) is American capital in a clear minority. And everywhere the governments are begging for more.

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That is one part of the background of this Sixth Pan-American Conference. Politically, the growing "Caribbean Doctrine," which asserts the dominant right of the United States to intervene anywhere north of the Panama Canal, threatens the independence of every country in that region; and as investments grow the area of application of the doctrine is expanding onto the continent of South America. Economic control may be even more significant, but few of the Latin Americans outside of Mexico realize it. Politicians are politicians the world over, and care most of all for the trappings of political independence. In very few countries is there a powerful popular movement; and dictators like Machado of Cuba, Gomez of Venezuela, and Leguia of Peru feel closer to Wall Street than to the peons on their own plantations. Race kinship and abstract conceptions of liberty mean less in this age of international capital than once they did. I have heard more than one Caribbean delegate express contempt for Sandino because he started life as a common laborer.

Hence the current of resentment which swept Latin America as the conference was opening is not likely to find bold expression at the meetings. No one wants a row; everyone fears America's economic power and wants her economic aid; furthermore, the agenda was carefully prepared. The topics are specific and limited, and it takes a two-thirds' vote to introduce a new subject into the order of business. Mexico, most likely to have spoken freely about imperialism, is hampered by Mr. Morrow's success in the oil negotiations and by the pending discussion of her foreign debt. A gentleman from the Conservative Party of Nicaragua has toured South America, announcing that if American intervention is discussed his

party will raise the bogey of Mexican aid to Sacasa. Chile fears publication of the Tacna-Arica report; Argentina is more interested in meat than in Nicaraguan patriots. After all, most of the delegates seem to feel, Nicaragua is an incompetent second-rate Power, and the marines are capable boys; why resist the inevitable?

Argentina would like to be a leader of a Latin bloc. Of all the Southern republics she is freest from economic bondage to North America, most advanced industrially, and most closely bound, by financial and cultural ties, to Europe. At the opening of the conference she led a quiet but effective and significant revolt against Mr. Hughes's plan for secret committee meetings. When the "right" of intervention comes up for legalistic discussion in the committee on public international law, Argentina is likely to do the most explicit talking. Brazil, perhaps because of Argentina's aloofness, loses no opportunity to manifest her devotion to the United States; and Chile too tends to pull away from Argentine policy. At least two delegations started for Havana expecting to insist upon open discussion of Washington's habit of landing troops where and when and as she wills. No one, I think, intends more than subtle pinpricks today. And while the delegates may believe that they are merely omitting to discuss it, their silence in effect is a tacit consent to the new Caribbean policy. Their apparent failure to protest marks another stage in our domination. And the inevitable success in the various committees of the movement toward uniformity in consular invoices, trade-mark laws, highways, air-traffic regulation, and all the rest of a series inconsequential enough when taken separately, will also aid the movement toward Americanization of the Western Hemisphere.

Solidarity in Colorado

By FRANK L. PALMER

[Mr. Palmer, author also of the article on Colorado in The Nation for December 7, was arrested shortly afterward, held in jail without any charge being made against him, and finally released. On January 21, before completing the article printed below, he was again arrested following a strike meeting at Lafayette at which he spoke. Our information is that he is still in jail.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Walsenburg, Colorado, January 21

FIGHTING their way through local dictatorships, wholesale arrests by State police and militia, broken-up meetings, padlocked halls, teasing little wage increases, and insufficient relief, the coal miners of Colorado have won signal victories during the second and third months of their strike.

When ministers, newspapers, and college professors joined the miners in demanding that the Governor appoint an impartial commission to investigate wages and conditions in the mines and law-breaking by operators, the Industrial Commission suddenly executed an about-face and recognized the strike they had declared illegal, even going so far as to guarantee I. W. W. "foreign" leaders against arrest. (In Colorado a "foreigner" is one who comes from another State, and R. W. Henderson, a California attorney, was

threatened by Louis Scherf of the State police with having his passport canceled!)

On December 19 the Industrial Commission opened the hearing that should have been held in September, before the strike was called, with the same State executive committee of the striking coal miners conducting the case for the men as would have conducted it at the earlier date. All that has happened, including loss of life and wealth, can with good reason be laid at the door of Chairman Thomas Annear because of his failure to call the earlier hearing.

Every attack that has been made on the miners, every raid, every arrest, has helped to center attention on the hearing and thus to give Colorado its first real news in many years of what is going on in the coal mines. The people of the State heard charges that Samuel Tescher, general superintendent of the National Fuel Company, told his men "not to weigh that coal like sugar—the company has to have enough for the boilers and a little more"—out of the weights of the men, of course. And they saw Mr. Tescher go on the stand and fail to deny the charge. Miner after miner testified that the lack of the check weighman guaranteed by Colorado law made a difference of from 200 to 1,000 pounds of coal a car.

Worse than that, the commission heard evidence that

the Pikeview Mine had operated for seven months without any scales at all! The men had been paid by guess—and a bad guess at that, according to the miners.

James Dalrymple, State mine inspector, was called by the operators, but soon became a witness for the miners. He made a strong plea for the organization of the men and the recognition of pit committees, so that his work for the protection of lives might be made effective. He was the strongest witness the miners had, with the exception of Merle Vincent, executive vice-president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. Mr. Vincent read a statement to the commission which was the sensation of the hearing. "It is common knowledge that the miners generally do not have check weighmen and inspection committees," he said, after calling attention to the fact that "dispute over provisions of the mining law is one of the chief causes of the strike." Then he demanded that the laws be observed. He pointed out that the operators claim the I. W. W. caused the strike, while the miners say that existing conditions were the cause, and added, "An impartial observer would probably declare that while this organization [the I. W. W.] is immediately responsible for the strike call, conditions are primarily the cause of some 5,000 miners striking."

With these two damaging blows to the die-hard operators he joined a plea for organization. Calling attention to the possibility of federal control or even operation of the coal mines, he declared that the public

is entitled to such management of the coal industry as will insure it a constant supply of necessary fuel at reasonable prices. . . . Disagreements between private persons and private concerns in the business world . . . are carried into courts and settled by the application of judicial principles. When, however, far more than personal issues and private rights are involved, . . . no reasonable, practical, and businesslike method of settlement is resorted to. No sensible machinery has been developed. Apparently the only remedy understood is force. . . . In order to establish practical and satisfactory working relations between operator and miner it is necessary to provide some means by which complaints of practices and conditions can be heard and adjusted.

As Mr. Vincent confirmed practically every claim of the miners, except the wage scale, the strikers in attendance staged a demonstration that almost broke up the hearing. The other northern-field operators were thunderstruck and went into a secret session, from which came an increase of fifty cents a day in their district.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company gave a 32-cent increase in the southern field on New Year's Day, bringing the total Rockefeller increase brought about by the strike to an even dollar a day. As usual, other southern-field operators followed the C. F. & I. lead. The scale is now about \$6.50 in the southern and \$6.75 in the northern field, at least a dollar below what the strikers are asking. The hearing and the wage increase have convinced the people of Colorado that the miners are right in demanding pit committees to represent their interests and in asking higher wages. It is not believed that even the admittedly prejudiced Industrial Commission now will dare to hand down a decision entirely unfair to the men or that any operators except the Rockefeller interests will continue indefinitely to oppose a just settlement. The C. F. & I. is fighting as bitterly as ever against any recognition of the workers outside its own company-controlled "industrial plan." Its officers are constantly cooperating with the State police in the arrest of leaders.

The Industrial Commission hearings will close with sessions in Walsenburg and Trinidad, Rockefeller strongholds, and the stage is being set for them by raids culminating in as many as 117 arrests at one time.

The reign of terror began with a raid on the Trinidad I. W. W. Hall on Christmas night. Four city police broke into the hall and started an attack on the men who were staying there. They were captured by the strikers and held prisoner. Later, at the request of Attorney Henderson, the police were released and sixty-four men peacefully surrendered to the sheriff on condition that their property would not be injured. The sheriff accepted these terms, but later seventeen State police broke into the hall, smashed the furniture, and wrecked an apartment at the rear of the hall occupied by a florist and his aged mother, people who had no connection whatever with the strike. Two days later a mob was organized by the mayor—reported to have been a strange combination of members of the Ku Klux Klan and Knights of Columbus—armed, and deputized. Some three hundred men, with rifles, shotguns, and pistols, marched against the hall and arrested forty-two unarmed men, who offered no resistance. The hall was padlocked and boarded up under directions of the State police.

Attorney Henderson promptly asked an injunction against this illegal action, but the judge hesitated so long that the strikers marched to their hall, tore the boards off the windows and the lock off the door, and began holding meetings again. The judge then granted them their injunction and scathingly denounced the State police for its unlawful behavior. Eleven of the sixty-four arrested Christmas night were charged with assault with a deadly weapon, a felony. But, since the only weapons found in the hall belonged to the police, eight were found not guilty and three declared guilty only of simple assault.

The next day the Walsenburg city council was called into special session by Mayor John J. Pritchard, who had led a mob against the I. W. W. hall before the strike was called, but who has never been prosecuted. The council passed a resolution setting forth a proclamation of martial law in the county in which Walsenburg is situated, purported to have been issued by the Governor. This proclamation is quoted in the resolution, which further declares that "until this proclamation by the Governor shall have been withdrawn," no assemblages, parades, or demonstrations are to be allowed without the approval of Mayor Pritchard. The resolution was approved by Lewis N. Scherf, representative of the governor as commander of the State police.

The strikers continued with their meetings. Friday, January 6, Mayor Pritchard announced the resolution did not apply to the strikers' hall! Governor Adams denied to Denver newspapers that he had issued the proclamation, but he failed to direct Scherf to withdraw his approval of the faked resolution.

At eight o'clock on January 6 nineteen strike prisoners were removed from the Walsenburg jails, loaded into cars, and taken 100 miles from Walsenburg, within a few miles of the State line. There at midnight they were dumped on the road, five miles from a town, without money or food. Two sandwiches and some coffee had been their rations that day, four of them were sick, and all had insufficient clothing to protect them from the bitter cold. They were warned, "Go south, and if you come back you will be killed." Three of them went south. The others worked their way

back home as best they could, catching rides on auto trucks and freight trains. Most of them went twenty-four hours without food. When hunger became worse than cold, one sold his heavy jacket to buy food. I talked personally with eleven of these men. Four of them absolutely identified a picture of Lewis N. Scherf as the one their guards called the "Chief," in charge of the kidnaping.

On the afternoon of January 12 some 500 strikers, women, and children, formed a parade to go to the hearing of the Industrial Commission. They were met by Pritchard and Scherf, backed by a dozen men armed with riot guns, automatic rifles, and pistols, and turned back toward their hall. As the leaders of the parade neared the hall State police suddenly opened fire, killing a boy of sixteen who had no connection with the strike. A few minutes later they killed a striker in the hall and wounded another. They said that this striker had been sniping from the second-story window, but they had done their killing so well and at such close range that the evidence was plain as to where he had been killed. The coroner's jury declared the killing "unprovoked," and said "the State police showed a total disregard for human life." Yet Governor Adams has not withdrawn them; District Attorney Hawley makes it plain there will be no prosecution.

In the northern field the militia has raided homes at night, leaving odors strangely reminiscent of pre-Volstead days, arrested strikers and their friends, and broke up one meeting by marching the crowd between rows of fixed bayonets into the muzzles of three baby machine-guns.

But despite their jails, their State police, and their militia, the horror of midnight raids, a relief fund that is never sufficient, and finally the threat of deportation, the miners are still striking for the recognition of their pit committees and some fair adjustment of wages. At meeting after meeting they are singing "Solidarity" in the faces of the militia and State police who have threatened them with arrest, and they are laughing as their leaders tell of their experiences in jail. They have been beaten and cursed; their prisoners have been threatened with physical violence; one Adam Bell, arrested at the Columbine on the morning of the massacre, was held forty-one days without charges being preferred, and others have been held for shorter periods. Yet they laugh and sing as they march along.

Meanwhile, although everyone is hoping that the end may come soon with some fair settlement, the natural-gas pipeline from Texas is rapidly moving toward completion, to take away both wages from the miners and profits from the operators.

Presidential Possibilities

III

Governor Albert C. Ritchie

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

STEP up, ladies and gentlemen—not too close, please—but come forward and behold the best-looking, most

The third in a series of studies of the candidates

He is simple, modest, and unaffected; if the word had not been so sadly misused and warped one could speak of him as a notable

aristocratic, and attractive of Governors, Albert Cabell Ritchie of the Free State of Maryland, where whiskey runs as free as water, where prohibition has taken not at all; where the liberty of the individual is as secure as any place in America; where H. L. Mencken finds, and dwells in, an earthly paradise. Behold a candidate for the Presidency who bids fair to be Governor of a State longer than any other man in generations, who is obviously the antithesis of Al Smith. The one bears the marks of his humble origin and hard struggle upwards; the other should be the beau ideal of those who believe that government belongs to the prosperous, the cultivated, the well-bred. Governor Ritchie is plainly "to the manner born," that is, he has behind him generations of means and education—his father was eleven years on the Supreme Bench of Maryland. See Governor Ritchie in his office or in his spacious and dignified Executive Mansion in Annapolis, and your mind somehow recurs to those elder days when George Washington resigned his commission in the historic room under Governor Ritchie's offices, to the time when courtliness and gentility and knee-breeches and ruffles were the distinguishing marks of our statesmen. Not that he is effeminate, or lacking in virility. He gives himself no airs and indulges in no mannerisms.

"gentleman." Were the miracle to happen and were he to be transferred to Washington, he would seem in more ways than one the lineal successor of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and there would again be good manners, dignity, and charm in the White House.

No demagogue here to split the ears of groundlings, and no skilled wire-puller; nor can it be said of Governor Ritchie that he has won his way by wealth and social position. It is impossible to think of his making a whirlwind campaign, or thrilling his audiences with the wit and the *ad hominem* arguments of Al Smith. Passion and Albert Ritchie are strangers. His are quiet, well-delivered, carefully worked-out addresses, intended to appeal to reason. He speaks for the fundamentals of American life, for personal liberties and rights, but he sets no soul on fire when he does so. He has admirably declared, Woodrow Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Constitution gives no right to anyone to suspend freedom of speech and of the press, whether in peace or in war, but the welkin did not ring when he said it. He was righteously offended when, contrary to American tradition, the Count and Countess Karolyi were banished from America and the Countess Cathcart held in durance vile on Ellis Island. He

is opposed to every sort of censorship, especially of books and movies. But these things do not make him step out of his role of the gentle, reasoning statesman who has never worked at hard labor or knows what it means to lose a job and, with empty pockets, hunt another.

Can one be else than placid in the governorship of the Free State? What were the chief political issues there a year ago? Governor Ritchie took the press into his confidence on February 7, 1927, and let out the secret—oysters and gasoline! They were not merely the chief issues—they were the only controversial ones. This libertarian State was tortured with doubt only as to whether there should be private or public leasing of the oyster beds—even in Elysium the specter of socialism shows its dreadful mien! As for gasoline, the contest was over a proposed gasoline tax and who would actually pay it; which recalls the fact that not long ago the columns of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* were filled with discussions of an even more vital controversy—Should or should not the Nordic tomato yield in Maryland to a low-born Slavic importation?

Happy the Free State and happier its Governor as he draws his magnificent salary of \$4,500 a year—a trifle more than half that paid to his underling the Commissioner of Education. Like Al Smith in New York, having reorganized the governmental machinery of the State, he, too, sighs for new worlds to conquer. The "best attorney general [of Maryland] in half a century" has, as Governor, instituted the budget method of handling the finances of the State, and a model merit system for its employees; has established a State purchasing department; has pushed on the State to build good roads, a larger percentage to the total mileage than any other of our commonwealths; has taken the school system out of politics, and improved the quality of the education offered. More than that, he has revised the State labor and compensation laws, reformed the system of prison labor, breathed new life into the health and welfare departments, put the conservation work of the State on a business basis, and—heed, O business men and the United States Chamber of Commerce—is said to have reduced the State taxes from 36½ cents per hundred at the beginning of his first term to 26 16/25 cents today.* That fact, if true, should, by every accepted test, qualify him as the best Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Why shouldn't a Governor who has done all these things feel that he, having disposed of the fate of Maryland's oysters, born and unborn, and of the gasoline tax, paid and unpaid, can now sit back and declare with Mencken that all's well on the Severn and the Chesapeake? With a total State debt of only \$20,295,000 and its government made over into what Frank Kent calls "the most modern, efficient, and foolproof governmental machine in the country," its remaining problems are obviously administrative, not due to defects of the system. What wonder then that this Executive is placid and that he prefers to think "in those fractions of minutes when men would have him leap to his feet with warm words on his lips"?

Yet this Governor does not lack courage or ability to blaze up if he wishes. When President Harding asked him, with all the other heads of coal-mining States, to order out the militia during the coal strike of 1922 Governor Ritchie sent back a sizzling telegram saying that he would do nothing

of the kind. Here the ardent defender of States' rights had his chance and took it. To his courage he added wisdom, for he told Mr. Harding that he would insist that Maryland settle her labor troubles by agreement and not by force. When other Governors were bending the knee before the prestige of the President, Albert Ritchie declared that he would not use troops lest they incite to the very rioting and bloodshed they were intended to prevent—he had not read labor history in vain! Nearly thirty years, he said, had passed since troops had been called out in Maryland in labor troubles. They would not be by him—and there he touched the highwater-mark of his career and gave his partisans the opportunity to say justly that he could get up from his Annapolis easy chair and prove himself every inch a man if the emergency offered.

Similarly, he told the Adjutant General in Washington that he declined to order out the Maryland National Guard for that silly muster day of July 4, 1925, which the War Department soon after abandoned; he also refused to issue a proclamation approving the procedure or to appoint a civilian committee to take charge of it in Maryland. Not that he is anti-military. He has urged every eligible man to attend the civilian military training camps; he believes in preparedness and complete plans for national defense. Here the dull conventionality of office-holders rules with him as it did when he issued a fulsome eulogy of President Harding on the latter's death, as far-fetched then as it is ludicrous reading today.

Another striking act of courage was the Governor's defiance of the labor unions in 1922, when they asked him to adopt the union scale of wages for all State work. No trimming here; he said "No" flatly—and told them to take their case to the legislature. Again, he does not hesitate to admit that he has made a mistake, as when he helped to bind the University of Maryland and the State Agricultural College in holy wedlock, and subsequently aided them in procuring a divorce. He vetoes freely, vetoes well, without personal bias, and states clearly his reasons. Politics never enters into them; he has even induced the legislature to print his vetoes as part of the volume dealing with each session's laws. On a single day of April, 1927, he vetoed ninety bills while approving one hundred and seventy-six others—the Maryland Legislature still grinds out its grist of bills, though there is nothing as significant as oysters and gasoline in all of them. His power to commute sentences and pardon criminals he uses with similar fidelity to his trust. For each decision he publishes succinct but clear reasons—it is amazing how often he records his belief that the infallible courts have erred.

But even on the banks of the Severn some of the dangerous bacilli that come with office-holding affect one's blood. Once Governor Ritchie struck out fiercely and wrongly. Mr. H. C. Byrd, assistant to the president of the University of Maryland, denounced the Governor and the politicians for their alleged failure to support the financial policies of the university in the interest of the higher education. The gentleman from Annapolis went white and denied to Mr. Byrd "the right to speak on such an occasion in a groundless as well as personally offensive way of me as long as I am Governor of the State of which the university is but one department." Even the *Baltimore Sun*, whose editors are popularly charged with bringing the Governor up by hand, balked at this. "There is not room in Maryland," it said, "for this kind of Prussianism," and it

* The *Baltimore Sun* calls this showing "political buncombe," and declares that the rate went down, but that assessments went up to an extent to vitiate these figures.

terms the act what it was—a denial of the right of free speech to a civil official, entirely out of keeping with the Governor's repeated pleas for free speech and free assembly. Mr. Ritchie remains to this day unconvinced. Since it was, fortunately, a first and only offense, we may justifiably suspend sentence. But it gives a shock to one who recalls certain changes that took place in Woodrow Wilson as he continued to hold office, for it reads like the beginnings of the familiar delusions of majesty to which office-holders are so susceptible.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, how does Governor Ritchie really stand on the problems vital to liberals? The answer is that he is of the conservative period of Grover Cleveland, harping upon the single string of States' rights. There is no clear-cut lining-up for personal as against property rights. He has not even declared himself on foreign issues—though he gave a party allegiance to the Wilson doctrines in 1920, including the League of Nations. As to our wrongdoings in the Caribbean he has been silent—frankly because he has been steeped in local issues and found no time for other questions. Unlike Mr. Cleveland, he does not get excited about our tariff ills—far worse though they be than in Cleveland's day. For his legal mind the great issue is the encroachment of the federal government upon the powers of the individual State, an issue which died—for the average American—in 1865. That is why he opposes the proposed federal control of education, the proposed child-labor amendment to the Constitution, and, like Al Smith, the federal inheritance tax and federal prohibition. He is a Wet by conviction, but would, like Senator Borah, have both parties face and not dodge the liquor issue, since "all human experience shows" to him that one cannot enforce a uniform liquor law. For him the future of America is at stake; "the democracy our fathers discovered [!] seems to me to rest not on standardized regulations prescribed by the Union, but strong self-governing States directed by strong self-governing peoples." He even prays for a permanent House of Governors in order to uphold States' rights.

He trembles at the sight of "the mass of liberty-effacing laws being inflicted on the people" in Washington, thus centralizing all power in the District of Columbia. He shudders at the thought that if you can get the votes of 2,316 members of the legislatures of thirty-six States for a Constitutional Amendment those thirty-six States can impose their will on the remaining twelve, and he demands a State referendum before any legislature shall be allowed to vote on a proposed federal amendment. He, too, uses the old slogan of a "government of law in place of a government of men." He protests against the inclination to "transform the moral ideals of the few into the legal obligations of all." "Our Government," he insists, "has become the most regulatory of the Western World, outside of Russia and Italy." "Inspectors and spies and official regulators follow the one-hundred-per-cent American from the day he draws his first nourishment from his inspected mother's breast." Progressives, he avers, should achieve their will by "the slow processes of State action." He opposes the consideration of an issue on terms merely of morals; it should be in terms of law and government. Otherwise government "becomes a scheme for social control and for the regulation of personal conduct and relations." Most important of all, he has found that "if we can develop free cities in free States there need be no fear as to the future of democracy in this free na-

tion." In the growing hostility between city and country and their class-consciousness he has, curiously enough, discovered the "probable" reason for the underlying causes of "such movements as that of the Ku Klux Klan, or Volsteadism, or fundamentalism"!

As for business, he stands squarely with Andrew Mellon and every big-business highbinder in both parties. He trusts (June 10, 1927) the country "may hope for the dawn of a political era in which business will write for itself, and share in writing for mankind, a new charter of safety and sanity, of liberty and human rights." He wants business freed from political control—though he believes in rigid regulation of railroads and other public utilities, and is an advocate of saving for the people of Maryland their natural resources, and in May, 1923, did not hesitate, as Governor, to interfere with one sacred private business by urging a public boycott of sugar in order to bring down the then exorbitant price. But "anything that dulls the free enterprise of business is destructive of both social and economic progress." While he admits that combinations of capital have at times achieved domination over State and national policies, making it necessary for the State to interfere, he holds that the pendulum has swung too far the other way. "Hence, we must"—almost in the exact words of Andrew Mellon—"take government out of business except where the great heritage of equality of opportunity necessitates its presence." Even then the government "should abandon all business which is competitive with private enterprises." Finally, after this playing with words, Governor Ritchie asserts, *ad nauseam*, that "the government governs best which governs least."

As a saving grace, Governor Ritchie is realistic enough to understand the effect upon the public of all this talking. "Speak of these things," he admits, "and the average man is likely to yawn and pass it all up as political claptrap." He confesses that "there is nothing mysterious in politics except sometimes the flubdubbery of politicians," and he ingenuously thinks that it is time that both great parties which monopolize the exciting game of humbugging the American people should be convinced that "political hypocrisy, political buncombe, and political cowardice are no longer political assets." When they do it will be quieter than ever along the Severn.

Has Governor Ritchie let his fondness for striking the bonds from the limbs of our enchained and sadly crippled Big Business affect his administration of the State? Progressives and organized labor charged that he did in the matter of the Conowingo Dam now being constructed on the Susquehanna River, declaring that he sold out Maryland to Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Railroad. So Conowingo formed a major issue in the Governor's last campaign. His critics declared that the power should have been used to benefit Baltimore exclusively, to lower rates in competition with the existing company, and to furnish cheap power for industry. To this the Governor replied that the project would cost \$52,000,000, which would have to be repaid in fifteen years under the Constitution—something beyond the financial powers of Maryland; that two thirds of the reservoir is on Pennsylvania territory; that current could not be delivered in Baltimore from Conowingo at a price low enough to compete with Baltimore's steam-made power; that there would thus be no saving in money or any increased productivity in Baltimore. For the Governor

it was also a case of government ownership versus private ownership. His arguments did not convince his opponents, who still dispute his facts and disagree with the *Baltimore Sun* in its assertion that the voters, whose consent would have been necessary, would never have approved a project for Maryland to go it alone; that if they had there would have been no market for all the power a 300,000 horse-power plant could produce. However one feels about government ownership, it is impossible to believe that Governor Ritchie took the position he did for any other than conscientious reasons. He may or may not have erred, but his honesty seems to the writer beyond question.

There, ladies and gentlemen of our unseen *Nation* audience, our inspection of this Presidential possibility ends—we thank you for your attention. Perhaps his own words characterize him best: "I don't claim to be a crusader. I don't want to be fifty years ahead of my time, but I want to belong to that class that is willing to plug along—to do something, to get somewhere, and leave the world better off than if we hadn't lived." You see he must once have gone to Sunday school! He is right about himself. There is no reform leader here, but a man with excellent brains, with

his emotions completely under control, and his superficial economic views profoundly affected by his surroundings and his position in life. He is as ingenuous as he is sincere, as kindly as he is candid, and without malice toward his enemies. The latter admit that he has high character, a fine mind, and complete absence of pose. He pretends, they concede, not at all; but they apply to him the stock adjectives "cold, selfish, ungrateful, without real belief in principles"—is there a successful public man to whom they are not applied? Surely most of them are here unjust.

Any President should be proud and happy to have an Albert C. Ritchie in his Cabinet. He stands well, too, when one compares him with the last two nominees of his party, Governor Cox and John W. Davis, and would draw votes better than they. But a Moses to lead the Democrats out of their Slough of Despond; a Grover Cleveland, rugged, powerful, and determined, he is not. No iron has yet entered his soul and no sense of wrong has yet set his generous heart to quivering with an uncontrollable rage to wipe out an injustice. He visualizes no large scheme for human betterment; he has no map of life which equips him to deal with the economic problems that Big Business is creating under our noses, challenging the federal government itself.

On to Nicaragua

By NEWMAN LEVY

I AM in hearty agreement with the fellow who said "I don't care who breaks the laws of my country so long as I can write its songs." I have been working for the past few weeks on a war song for this terrible war that someone told me we are waging against Nicaragua. I am trying to do my bit by writing a stirring war song. If I can write something to cheer our gallant soldiers in this most recent War to End Wars, I shall feel that I have not entirely lived in vain.

I find that this attempt at martial balladry is not easy. My difficulty, at the start, has been to work myself up to a proper pitch of patriotic indignation against Nicaragua. We all know, of course, that the Nicaraguans mutilate babies and boil up the bodies of their victims to get fats and other valuable by-products. We know, too, that if we don't send our marines down there to protect the sanctity of American womanhood, it will not be long before a Nicaraguan army will be marching on to Washington, and then where will we be?

Still it is not easy to get excited about it. I wish, sometimes, that I knew a Nicaraguan so that I might hate him. It would help so much with my song. One or two of my office associates I suspect of being pro-Nicaraguan, and I have written to the Department of Justice about them. I have no proof, but it will do no harm to have them under surveillance for a while; we cannot afford to take chances. Nevertheless, it is not quite the same as knowing and hating a real Nicaraguan.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that this is war, and war is a pretty serious matter. I deplore bloodshed as much as any one—in fact, I sometimes am afraid that I am a bit of pacifist at heart—but when it comes to a defensive war like this one, when our homes are in danger of in-

vasion, and the safety of our dear ones is jeopardized, then it is quite a different matter.

There are certain definite precautions that must be taken at once. In the first place Nicaraguan should not be taught in our public schools. It seems outrageous to me that the minds of our children should be poisoned by this subtle, insidious propaganda. English was good enough for Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, and it is good enough for me. Then there is the matter of hyphenates. This is no time for divided allegiance. America for Americans is my motto, and if these pro-Nicaraguans and radicals do not like it in this country let them go back to where they came from.

One thing that distresses me is the fact that I am over military age, and that I have a wife and child dependent upon me. I am filled with envy every time I read of those lucky boys who are marching down to Nicaragua to do their bit against those dirty Huns—a little name I made up for the Nicaraguans. If only I were ten years younger!

But to get back to that war song. If I cannot wear a uniform at least I can write a song. At first I thought of writing a Hymn of Hate—something of this sort:

Costa Rica and Guatemala they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.

Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the heart and hate of the hand,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone,

Nicaragua!

It has the right spirit but it lacks the necessary martial fervor. It would hardly do for marching. Neither would this anthem that I started to write:

Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just,
For God and our Country
And Guaranty Trust.

Nicaragua is a terrible word for rhyming. I sometimes think that those who make our wars for us should take into consideration the metrical possibilities of a country before starting a war against it. It might not make much difference to the marine in whose jungle he is shot down, but to the bard it is a matter of vital importance whether the enemy is Nicaragua or, let us say, Chile or Peru. Considerations of far less popular consequence have been known to send a detachment of marines trotting double quick to the transports. After all, we poets vote and pay taxes. We should have some rights.

Anyway it is a glorious war. When I read in the *New York Times* of "The greatest battle that American troops engaged in since the Great War," I thrilled with patriotic exaltation. Not since the battles of Bunker Hill, San Juan Hill, and Socony Hill have I had such a kick. Perhaps I shall be able to write that song yet.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not pretend to answer letters from his friends. Even from his readers, some of them will have noticed, he rarely acknowledges bouquets and still more rarely blasts. His family, years ago, while he still had a family, gave him up as hopeless. To two old schoolmates he writes regularly once a year. This makes his mail discouragingly thin at Christmas and, in fact, always except on the first of the month, when it is discouragingly thick. He has, however, one faithful correspondent with whom he exchanges letters at what is for him an amazing rate. This is the auditor of an important public utility in a town where the Drifter used to live.

REGULARLY once a month the Drifter receives a bill for service at a house where he has not lived for nearly two years. This bill he always returns promptly, asking the company to send it to the rightful debtor, and always receives an identical reply:

DEAR SIR AND DRIFTER:

We acknowledge receipt of your recent favor, which shall have our immediate attention.

Just as soon as the facts are available we will advise you relative to the result of our investigation.

Very truly yours,

R—— O—— L——,
Auditor

The first letter of this series promised immediate attention to a recent favor of more than three weeks' standing, and reminded the Drifter of the answer received by an American who wrote from a remote Russian village for dates of steamship sailings. The English steamship office in Moscow, to whom he had written in English, answered within a month in Russian. They inclosed two long questionnaires, also in Russian, about his prospects for being admitted under the United States immigration quota. As soon as he filled these out properly and returned them the company promised to tell him when a steamer sailed.

SINCE the first time, the auditor's letter has come with commendable promptness. This indefatigable official is always investigating the case, and the facts are never available. Never may be too strong a word. The Drifter has a vague recollection of receiving, six months or so ago, a report which announced after due investigation that he no longer inhabited the house where he lived before he drifted away from it. This discovery did not discourage his correspondent from presenting a bill for \$2.59 on the first of the next month and bills for varying amounts regularly thereafter. Just as soon as the facts are available he hopes that the company will be able to collect the grand total of what must now be due them for service to the present tenant at his old address. Or rather, for the tenant's sake, he hopes they will not be able to collect it.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE the auditor is working away. His office must be gradually filling up with letters from the Drifter and material for the exhaustive research he is making. Perhaps he has put detectives on the trail. This has been tried before by inquisitive readers of *The Nation*, always unsuccessfully. Yet this time it may succeed and shed the cold white light of publicity on the Drifter's past, his amours, and, worst of all, his occupation. If the auditor has not employed detectives where has he got his material on the Drifter? No questionnaires have passed between them. Some day the Drifter's own curiosity is going to drive him back to the town where he used to live and cause him to raid the office of the auditor. If all that gentleman's correspondence is in the same condition his office would be a fascinating place. But the Drifter's interest is thoroughly egotistical. He only cares to see his own dossier.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Well, Why?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not enter the Woodrow Wilson prize contest because my private opinion of the late President is not one which could reasonably expect any consideration from the foundation which bears his name. But I agree with the jury which said that "it would look foolish to publish any of the essays worth \$25,000." It is to be doubted whether anyone, ancient or modern, has ever written an essay worth \$25,000. Of course Elinor Glyn, Lloyd George, "Peaches" Browning, Woodrow Wilson, Ruth Snyder, John Roach Straton, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, "Babe" Ruth, and Bernard Shaw have all been able to get good prices in their day; but Charles Lamb never received enough money for all of his essays to free himself from his clerkship; John Stuart Mill had to depend upon his salary as an employee of the British government for a living; Emerson and Matthew Arnold took to lecturing; Thoreau raised beans. It is quite within human understanding that even ten thousand Americans, most of them unknown to the tabloid press and all of them from twenty to thirty-five years of age, found it impossible to compress within 2,500 words sufficient wit, wisdom, ideas, and literary style to make essays on the subject "What Woodrow Wilson means to me" worth \$25,000. But why, may I ask, did the Woodrow Wilson Foundation have to go to so much trouble and expense to find that out?

New York, January 2

GEORGE ALTGELD SCHWEPPE

Punish Hearst?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial *The Sewer System in American Journalism* suggests the speculation whether there will be that eagerness to set in motion the criminal law of libel, now that the radical government in Mexico has been defamed, that there was when Carl de Fornaro fell afoul of the zealous prosecutor by publishing his "Diaz, Czar of Mexico, an arraignment—with an open letter to Theodore Roosevelt." Because he had delivered two dozen copies of this book to a New York bookdealer and stood prepared to publish more, he was convicted of criminally libeling one Espindola, a Mexican congressman and of course not a resident of this State. The question was whether the latter circumstance saved him from a criminal prosecution here. After conviction an application for a certificate of reasonable doubt was argued before Judge Seabury who held (65 Miscellaneous Reports 457) citing a line of cases from Lord Ellenborough down that the non-residence of the person libeled was immaterial, and Fornaro went to the Island for a year. This decision has never been qualified.

New York, December 26

B. T.

Quay's Ghost

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many years ago Henry Cabot Lodge undertook to coerce Congress into federal supervision of the election of members of Congress and Presidential electors. Southern Democrats characterized this measure as the "Force Bill," and the vote of one Senator from the North defeated it. That vote was cast by M. S. Quay.

Pennsylvania has come to inevitable retribution and a Republican Senator of Quay's type has, largely through the opposition of Southern Senators, been denied a seat in the Senate pending investigation and hearing of charges of excessive use of money to influence the primary election. Perhaps Quay opposed the Lodge bill because he did not want honest elections in his own State. But the Southern Democratic leaders who, through disfranchisement intrigue, have so perfected their political machinery as to enable them to simply take elections, are now trying Northern Republican Senators for using money to buy elections. And the Republican machine has become so corrupt that it cannot even look a Senator from Alabama or Mississippi in the face!

Two agencies control the Democratic Party in Alabama—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. Two agencies dominate the Republican Party in Indiana—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. This is the key to present-day Republican political cowardice in the North.

J. Thomas Heflin would be as good a Republican in Indiana as Senator Robinson or Watson. Either of the Indiana Republican Senators would find himself at home with the Ku Klux and Anti-Saloon League constituency of Alabama!

What is a Republican, anyway? Only "Coolidge and prosperity."

New York, January 1

JOSEPH C. MANNING

Sink All Submarines!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has the submarine any purpose other than for war use? If not, it seems to me but just and proper that when the bodies of those who lost their lives in the disaster off Cape Cod are rescued from the sunken submarine the boat be allowed to go to the bottom and all submarines made to follow as speedily as possible.

Muncie, Indiana, December 20

R. B. KERSEY

Honest Mr. Moore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If it is from *The Nation* that we are to get "honest journalism," God help us! I never subscribed to *The Nation*. Some old lady who, like you, knew more about China in New York than I did out in Shanghai in daily contact with the Nationalist leaders, sent it to me. The cause of liberalism is retarded by such dishonesty as yours.

Washington, D. C., January 1

FREDERICK MOORE

[Mr. Moore will be recalled as a former New York Times correspondent in China who was later replaced by someone else.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Another Apostle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hardly ever agree with anything that you say or do but I cannot refrain from expressing my delight at the splendid way in which you "dished up" the Bruce Barton-Albert Shaw exploitation of the Savior of Man. If Barton and Shaw keep on, they will soon discover a Jesus that nobody will want to know.

New York, December 30

RALPH M. EASLEY,

Chairman, Executive Council, National Civic Federation

A Spinoza Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to increase interest in Spinoza and his philosophy the Spinoza Institute of America is being organized. Its program will include lectures, classes, and publication. Readers of *The Nation* interested in Spinoza or in an attempt to make Americans think are urged to communicate with the Provisional Secretary at 2 Pinehurst Avenue, New York.

New York, December 27

MALCOLM S. MASON

Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is attending the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

FRANK L. PALMER, formerly editor of the *Denver Labor Advocate*, has been doing relief work in the strike field.

NEWMAN LEVY is a member of the New York bar and the author of "Opera Guyed" and other books.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is author of "Granite and Alabaster."

LOUIS GOTTSCHALK is professor of history at the University of Louisville.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE is professor of the history of early Christianity at the University of Chicago.

LENORE G. MARSHALL reviews for current newspapers and magazines.

ABBE NILES regularly reviews popular music and poetry for *The Nation*.

PAUL WEISS contributes philosophical articles to current magazines.

ANITA BRENNER has written several articles on Mexican art and customs for *The Nation*.

MAX EASTMAN, poet and critic, is the author among other volumes of "The Enjoyment of Poetry" and "Leon Trotzky."

Books, Art, Plays

Awake Under Stars

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

O pitiful and unprotected mind
Guilty of such confusion and such waste
That even your housing breast and skull are laced
With blood of terror, did you think to find
For punishment, dismissal everywhere,
Proud stars arranging to arrest their courses
And fall upon your head like hoofs of horses?
And what are you that men and heaven should care?
The child that childhood lay in wait to kill
Bears flower often; and the spendthrift wealth,
Awkwardness beauty, ill condition health.
You are a child, a spendthrift, awkward, ill.
Look up and see that, even after all,
The star you feared still has all heaven to fall.

Napoleon's Clan

Napoleon and His Family: The Story of a Corsican Clan. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. \$5.

Napoleon in Captivity: The Reports of Count Balmain, Russian Commissioner on the Island of St. Helena, 1816-1820. Translated and edited with Introduction and Notes by Julian Park. The Century Company. \$3.

WITHOUT knowing anything about Mr. Geer except his writings, I venture to guess that he is one of the many gentlemen who have made a hobby of accumulating books on Napoleon Bonaparte but have never seriously studied history or had any careful training in historical method. If this is so, Mr. Geer differs from other gentlemen of the type in two respects at least: he does read his collection, and he can and does read French. These are highly commendable virtues, though they are not sufficient in themselves to make a good historian. What we have, then, in Mr. Geer's works is a re-writing of what is already well known to students of the French Revolution and Napoleon. The present volume, for example, is based very largely on the studies of Masson. It is not badly done; indeed, in some respects, it is very well done. But one feels that the time and money it cost might have been better spent in translating Masson directly. Lest it be inferred that the author has depended upon Masson exclusively, it is only fair to add that there is a bibliography and an impressive number of footnotes. The author, however, does not mention the works of Driault, which are the best of the recent studies on Napoleon, the excellent volumes by Pariset in Lavis's "Histoire de France Contemporaine," the short biography by Fisher, which is the finest thing of its size, and some seven other authors whose works are important. But then, these were probably not in his library.

The book is an effort to show how Napoleon was motivated by family considerations in most of his important undertakings up to 1809. It does this only too well, with the result that one is forced to believe, if one takes the author's word for it, that Napoleon always was the dupe of his family's ambitions and that they seldom were the victims of his. Mr. Geer makes it appear that these incapable and petty brothers and sisters of the Emperor were hoisted to positions they did not merit because of Napoleon's sentimental and inbred loyalty to the "spirit of the clan." But it is more probable that Napoleon pushed them upward because it was good policy for him to establish his relatives in control of a series of buffer states.

That they were incapable made it all the better for him, since he could then manage them more easily. He never gave principalities to the capable ones—Lucien and Madame Mère—whom he could not manage, and even took one away from incapable Louis when Louis became too balking. The chief merit of the book, nevertheless, is that it does present a good picture of the amount of family intrigue, its price in time and attention, and the drain it must have been upon the Emperor's pocket and patience. The book is freer from inaccuracies than Mr. Geer's earlier work, but one sentence must not be permitted to go unchallenged. "Rome," says Mr. Geer, in order to throw Napoleon's empire into sharper relief, "had imposed her power . . . on the barbarians, or semi-civilized peoples, who were destitute of culture, of laws, and of organization." Such a judgment of Greeks, Jews, Egyptians, Carthaginians, and King Mithradates is worthy only of Mr. Sherwood's Fabius Maximus.

Mr. Geer closes his book with the statement that "we know scarcely anything of the last three years of Napoleon's life." The memoirs of Saint Denis, one of Napoleon's servants at St. Helena (reviewed in these columns on March 28, 1923), and this new volume of reports by Count Balmain, capably edited by Professor Park, do much to fill in the lacuna. It is possible that even Emil Ludwig, had he been able to use this volume, would have been less severe in his strictures upon Sir Hudson Lowe. Balmain is by no means an admirer of Lowe. On the contrary, he makes it clear that Lowe was a narrow, meticulous, and over-conscientious man who managed to get himself disliked by everybody, including Balmain and the commissioners of the other European Powers. But he makes it very clear also that Lowe's seemingly groundless severity and unpleasantness were frequently due to the errors of his predecessor, the attitude of the home government, and the unyielding insistence of Napoleon that imperial honors be paid him upon an island where he was, after all, only a prisoner. If the situation was hard on Napoleon, as Balmain felt it was, he shows that it was equally hard on Lowe. Lowe was willing to make some hard-won concessions; Napoleon was unwilling to make any, even to avoid disease or death. In appointing Balmain, Nesselrode wrote: "An accurate journal kept up with care and regularity cannot fail to offer history material of great value." Balmain's journal is unfortunately not regular, though it is careful and therefore of great value. But to the publisher's claim on the jacket that "it is probably the last valuable piece of Napoleonic source material that will ever be published" we can only say, since about half of the letters of Napoleon believed to be in existence remain to be published, that we hope this is not true.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Feuchtwanger

The Ugly Duchess. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

FEUCHTWANGER'S art centers in a double-barreled ability: he can wring a passion dry and vitally furnish forth a milieu. Beyond this his talents cannot carry him, a fact which his enthusiastic admirers, overcome with delight at the spectacle of a really first-class historical novelist, insist upon ignoring. In the complexities of human beings, in the nuances of emotion Feuchtwanger is not interested. He can dispense with these things; in fact, he must dispense with them if he is to devote all his energy to the effective development of his chosen passion and his chosen milieu. Following a convention almost inevitable in the historical novel, he draws his people in the flat; but his abstract passion and his milieu are projected with such completeness that they acquire a three-dimensional quality. This is his real significance, but it should not be

mistaken for more than it is. Those who have loosely applied to him the term "great novelist" have simply been overwhelmed by the clarity with which he exposes his central emotion and the unconventionality with which he handles his setting.

In his two books so beautifully translated by Willa and Edwin Muir the central emotion is identical. It is the passion for power. Equally identical is the technique by which that passion is developed. In each case the technique is determined by a conflict between the passion which is interior and a handicap which is exterior. In Feuchtwanger's first book the hero was driven by a Napoleonic lust for physical and spiritual domination. But that lust was not a thing in itself; it was exerted as a compensation for a handicap, for Süß was a member of the despised tribe of Israel in eighteenth-century Württemberg. The tradition of subjection to which he is too arrogant to bow is at once the mainspring which sets in motion his overweening ambition and the trap in which that ambition is finally caught. In "The Ugly Duchess" cast and setting are changed, but the same forces are represented. Margarete of Tyrol is a woman "God had deprived of feminine charm that she might sink all the woman in the ruler." Süß was a Jew; Margarete is a human ape. The exterior handicap is similar and is productive of similar results. Margarete, inherently of course a woman of force and intelligence, in a subconscious endeavor to annihilate her own ugliness exerts all her sublimated energy in the business of governing, the acquisition of power, the outwitting of a hundred circumambient politicians. And just as Süß was ruined by the circumstance that he was a Jew, so Duchess Margarete is ruined by her ugliness. The world never forgives ugliness, for, though it may talk of it as an unfortunate accident, it instinctively condemns it as a sin. Thus Margarete's every act turns out ill; and her very victories, as over the beautiful Agnes von Flavon, become dust and ashes in her simian mouth. Yet the degradations of Süß and Margarete differ; for Süß, though he meets with death, rises to a moving spiritual victory. The return to the bosom of his people is a glorious if brief pilgrimage. No such transfiguration takes place in the grimmer story of "The Ugly Duchess"; the horrible old woman with the frog-like skin, forced to renounce her glittering temporalities, retires to a porcine cloister and fills the last slow dull moments of her existence with the good smell of fried fish and the slothful luxury of sleep.

In "Power" the hero was not a subtle character. It was merely that the agility of his mind lent an apparent variety to his temperament. But Margarete is not subtle in any way. She is only intelligent and energetic. Accordingly Feuchtwanger is compelled to enlist our interest by his happy genius for reiteration. The central passion in Margarete's soul is developed so fully, the circumstances against which she strives are so multifarious and are so cunningly varied that we are swept off our feet, not so much by the woman herself (for her final tragedy is not emotionally climactic) as by the fierce energy of the abstract passion of defeated ambition which she embodies.

Yet it is not this talent which constitutes Feuchtwanger's originality but rather his unconventional treatment of a given social milieu, in this case the Holy Roman Empire of the fourteenth century. If one were asked to define his originality in a phrase one might say that he has applied a modern economic realism to the writing of historical fiction. In "Power," as in the present volume, he overthrows completely the glamor formula of Scott and Dumas. He jettisons the usual historical trappings, the pomp and circumstance, the adventitious charm of the past. His history is history, not legend. Himself a really competent historian, he has had the wit to see drama and excitement in the spectacle of economic ambition, the financial arrangements of princes and prelates, the rise of a modern money economy, the striving of class against class, the decay of a feudalism that rejects commerce. Feuchtwanger's elaborate exposition of the motives of his characters and his description of the subtle disguises in which economic greed cloaks itself are a hundred times more effective than the entire false kaleidoscope

of the romantic cloak-and-sword fictioneers. It is this realistic comprehension of his milieu that is at once the strength and the weakness of his work. It is a weakness in that it overshadows our interest in the individual fates of his characters. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that this secondary element is so originally and intelligently handled as to establish Feuchtwanger's method without question above that of the classic historical novelists.

It should be added that the method shines to much better advantage in "Power" than in the present volume. "The Ugly Duchess" is weaker, more monotonous, and less vivid than its predecessor. In "Power" Feuchtwanger drew definite inspiration from his own racial connection with Süß. "The Ugly Duchess" bears more clearly the marks of a laborious and occasionally frigid absorption in a scene with which (except in the marvelous sketch of the Jew Mendel Hirsch) the author has but an intellectual sympathy.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Platonism and Christianity

Christ the Word. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. \$4.

FOR several years past Mr. More has been engaged upon the study of what he terms "The Greek Tradition" from 399 B.C. to 451 A.D. The present is the fourth volume to appear in this series of studies. It covers approximately the last 350 years of the period under consideration and is an exposition of Greek-Christian speculations regarding the personality of Christ called the Logos, the Word. Hence the title of the volume.

Students of theology know that this is rough ground to traverse. It is littered with memories of conflicting church parties, each when in authority anathematizing the other for heresy. Zealous champions on both sides tell hideous tales to defame their opponents' character. Councils of high clergy indulge in bitter strife over the phrasing of creeds. A young presbyter just home from college says it is logically absurd to affirm that a son can be as old as his father, and therefore God the Father and God the Son cannot be co-eternal. For this he and his sympathizers are driven into exile. Christian preachers proclaim the absurdity of polytheism; there can be only one God. Yet they speak of God and Christ and the Holy Ghost in a way that certainly seems to imply belief in more than a single deity. In their battles over the question of monotheism versus tritheism the Greek theologians of the church strewed the terrain with verbal boulders which remain to bruise the feet of the historical explorer. It is a skilful traveler who can find his way safely past Homocousians, Homoiousians, Homoeans, Anomoeans, Monophysites, Dyothelites, and their ilk.

Dr. More believes he has found the key to the labyrinth. Throughout the whole course of the theological debates he finds running one golden thread of truth. This is belief in the Incarnation, the coming of the divine into the human at a high point in history, the appearance of "Christ the Word." The entire range of ancient theological controversy is thought to center about the one fundamental problem of the authenticity, meaning, and consequences of the Incarnation. On this platform traditional orthodoxy and Platonism, the two foci of our author's loyalties, meet and largely coincide. Platonism provides the imagery of two worlds, the ideal and the material, where the stage is set for the redemptive descent of deity into the sphere of matter, and Christianity furnishes just the supernatural historical event needed by Plato to bridge the gap between his spiritual and his material world. This marriage between Platonic dualism and Christian supernaturalism becomes the happy union from which all true religion is descended. We are told that even today there is no other means for stemming the threatening tide of dissolution and materialism. Our world

can be saved only by recapturing the religious idea of the Incarnation and making it a rallying point for the best thought of our time as it was for the best thought of antiquity.

Neither the method nor the conclusions of this book can pass today unchallenged. Supernaturalism, if not indeed Platonic dualism, seems to be going rapidly out of style, at least among people who are likely to concern themselves with the Greek tradition. The world of modern science is one vast universe so tremendous in dimensions as to leave little or no place for Plato's other world of immaterial patterns, from which truth descends upon mortals through the channels of some unique historical revelation like an incarnation. We believe nowadays that we have other and less artificial means of ascertaining truth and conserving the spiritual heritages bequeathed to us by our ancestors.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Personal Poetry

Steep Ascent. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Mrs. Untermeyer's are bitter berries. With but few exceptions she struggles with a single theme: to brace herself against onslaught, to assert her immaculate strength to bear, to live under the shadow of the moon, the thorn of the rose. Her heart is forsaken and hungry and importunate; in a dozen forms, always with a primitive directness, she reiterates what she says so briefly in Plain Statement:

Here's the matter, stark and bland,
Unbejewelled by words or phrases,
Open-faced as meadowland
Pied with daisies.

You may stay or you may roam
Circlewise in sinful mazes;
I will still contain your home,
Meed your praises.

Mrs. Untermeyer has an appealing clarity and moments of beauty. Her craftsmanship is precise and painstaking; it never covers her wounds or disguises her torn spirit:

I cried for stone to hack and hew. . . .
But I am the rock and the chisel, too.

The volume is an improvement over Mrs. Untermeyer's earlier verse, it is strong, it is passionate; but it is limited by the same intense egotism that has marked her other work. She writes of a human experience, of the common emotion of loneliness and desolation; yet her reaction is small and individual and her poems lack resonance and depth. "Steep Ascent" is well named. The ascent is steep indeed, but not the most arduous climbing will gain the summit unless the poet rises above personal frustration and pain.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Singing Miners

Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner. By George G. Korson. Frederick H. Hitchcock. \$3.

SOME of the titles of these songs will serve in place of detailed description: When the Breaker Starts Up Full-Time, A Tramp Through Carbon County, The Old Miner's Refrain, The Miner's Doom, The Old D. & H. Gravity [Railroad], The Shoo-Fly [Mine], The Door Boy's Last Good-bye, The Avondale Mine Disaster, The Sugar Notch Entombment, The Knights of Labor Strike, The Mollie Maguires, Muff Lawler, The Squealer. No other collection of songs from the Pennsylvania hard-coal fields exists, and since the crowding out of

the English and Irish miners has combined with new methods of operation to put an end to the semi-folk song of the district, Mr. Korson's work comes not a moment too early. However, a student of the mines and their history would find more nourishment between these covers than a lover of songs for their own sake. Tunes are not given, and the verse is generally pretty thin stuff for any purpose save that of depicting a cruelly dreary and hopeless manner of life. For the most part it is the work of members of a definite class of miner-minstrels who roamed the fields in the last century, and the compiler's remarkable industry and enthusiasm has enabled him in many cases to trace songs back to their actual authors, search the latter out, and obtain authorized versions with which to compare the variants resulting from mouth-to-mouth transmission.

It is noteworthy how little these variants depart from the originals, since the fact suggests that the songs, which among American Negroes or English peasants would have sustained many transmissions and consequently flowered into widely different versions, may have been largely left by the miners to their professional bards. Three Irish character-ballads have real flavor: Felix O'Hare's *The Shoo-Fly*, Con Carbon's *Gossip in a Street Car*, and Edward Foley's *Mining in the Barroom*; the latter—a satire on the off-hours braggart—elaborates on precisely the same jibe as that conveyed by the terms "hotel mezzanine flying" and "parlor aviation" which did heavy service about the flying camps in 1918. Mostly the songs are somewhat flat. Their mildness is probably due less to expurgation than to the fact that the majority were written before they were sung; although I catch Bowdler redhanded in *My Sweetheart's Mule in the Mines*, which in its native state is a limerick worth knowing. Mr. Korson's work has been loving and exhaustive and his text is an admirable example of intelligent research. It is hoped that he will continue to pursue balladry, perhaps into richer departments than that of the anthracite mines.

ABBE NILES

Perception's Glassy Essence

Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect. By A. N. Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

WHEN the moderns revolted from what they took to be the unjustified and paradoxical results of German idealism, salvation seemed to lie in a thoroughgoing empiricism. No more was common sense to be forsaken; no more was immediate experience to be ignored. But it was necessary first to lay forever those specters which had haunted and eventually crushed the English School—solipsism and skepticism. The first arose when experience was viewed as essentially personal and internal; the second when it was taken as being made up of isolated elements combined arbitrarily, without objective counterpart. Most of the epistemological work of the last decade has been devoted, with but little success, to new analyses of the content of experience in the hope that immediate principles of connection and objectivity might be disclosed.

Harassed empiricists may now find a way of escape in some such examination of perception as Professor Whitehead makes. He holds that there are two independent modes by which an external world is disclosed as related to the individual. The first and most primitive is the perception by the organism that it is being determined by the past and that its present behavior, in part, conforms to it. All organisms recognize "causal efficacy," the "hand of the settled past in the formation of the present," thus acknowledging concrete time not as pure succession (which is an abstraction) but as a process of conformation to what has gone before. The second, "presentational immediacy," reveals an actual, causally independent world, related to us spatially and constituted by entities as real as ourselves. This type of perception is the property of higher organisms only, by which they discover contemporary things as objective in their

experience. The two modes are connected through the medium of symbolic reference, which is an activity determined by the individual, correlating the actualities disclosed in each mode by means of the sense data and the spatial and temporal locations that they have in common. Knowledge of an external world is essentially symbolic, using the data presented in one of the modes as a sign for those in the other; and instead of being merely passive, involves the active fusion of a spatialized world with a temporal one.

Skepticism and solipsism are thus avoided, for the acknowledgment of causal efficacy is taken to be more primitive than the recognition of disembodied sense data, while the perception of a spatial world is viewed as the always acknowledged ground from which these elements are abstracted. But "Symbolism" is only a partial rendering of the situation, for no attempt is made to distinguish conceived from physical space and time, and thus the objects of imagination from those of perception. It is primarily a description of types of awareness, and a submission to the faith which practical behavior demands. But a philosophy cannot rest with the data of any science or yield to the historically primitive, though that may be the better part of animal wisdom. It is science itself that wants a reason, and a philosophy which builds on that material, instead of embracing the whole world, begs its whole question. Though the principles of universal connection are unquestionably manifested in every fragment of experience, that universality and necessity can be demonstrated only by a recourse to a higher ground; for experience never indicates what must be or just what its conditions are. To overlook this is to run the risk of confounding an irrational faith and a practical prejudice with what is not only primitive but necessary. Perhaps in the coming Clifford Lectures Professor Whitehead will discuss these issues, making the present criticism anticipatory; "Symbolism" would then be not only an effective reply to atomistic views, though begging a sanction of its own, but a symbol of a new and satisfactory epistemology yet to come.

PAUL WEISS

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn. Simon and Schuster.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Right to be Happy. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. Harper.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
Gallions Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
Jalna. By Mazo De La Roche. Little, Brown.
Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann. Holt.

Books in Brief

Literary Blasphemies. By Ernest Boyd. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, Poe, Whitman, Henry James, and Hardy by a critic who in previous volumes had made a mordant name for himself. Here he attacks the stupidity of those unimportant people who suppose any great writer to have been a perfect one. The game is easy, but in the course of pursuing it Mr. Boyd is frequently amusing, suggestive, and unanswerable. He is most often wrong in his discussion of poets. His account of Milton, for

instance, is quite as absurd as that of any of the idolaters he despises.

Robert Frost. By Gorham B. Munson. The Murray Hill Biographies. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Useful for the information it contains concerning the reticent author of "North of Boston," Mr. Munson's little book is nevertheless undistinguished as criticism and meager as biography. Short as it is, it gives the impression of having been greatly padded.

The True History of the Conquest of Mexico. Written in the Year 1568 by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, and translated by Maurice Keatinge. Introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith. The Argonaut Series. Robert M. McBride Company. Two volumes. \$10.

A handsome reprint of Prescott's chief source for "The Conquest of Mexico." The translation first appeared in London in 1800.

English Poetry between Chaucer and Surrey. Examples of Conventional Secular Poetry in the Period from Henry IV to Henry VIII. Edited by Eleanor Prescott Hammond. Duke University Press. \$6.50.

The hero of this anthology is Lydgate—which suggests how dull most of the contents are. Yet it is a valuable work of reference for students of literary history, who will find that the labors of the editor have been done with exhaustive care and with excellent sense.

The Gateway to American History. By Randolph G. Adams. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

The librarian of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan discusses in lantern-slide fashion a collection of highly interesting engravings which he reproduces for the reader out of old volumes dealing with the exploration and settlement of North America.

Art

The Mexican Primitives

SAYS a Spanish missionary's account of the Aztec metal craftsmen: "They are very careful to consider what animal they wish to imitate; how its being and its aspect must be represented. . . . For example, if they wish to fashion a turtle, they make its shell, in which it can move, from the bottom of which its head looks out and from which its four feet extend and move about . . . for that which is made must resemble the original and have life."

It is with this temper, and this view, that the modern Mexican artists have set about refashioning the Mexican tradition. The want and the need to go back to things of the land, people native to it, values formed within it—this is the impulse of their revolution in art. They have set about repudiating the imported manner which again and again, since the Spanish conquest, has gone barren in transplantation. By painting murals destined for public possession, and by painting those murals with native subjects and, most of all, in the mood and with the plastic materials of native given subjects, they reclaim, as most worthy the ancient presence of monumental art, public art derived physically, emotionally, from the land and its brown people.

The exhibitions at the Art Center and the Weyhe Gallery give but a slight index of the results. For that the great painted walls are necessary. The material on view, however, can give the mood, the impulse, the viewpoint, the direction of this new and powerful American culture.

Necessarily these artists are on quite another plane than ours; deliberately they are forming their art with a viewpoint and a manner not that of modern Europe. They have important subjects; it is their problem to make the painting, the rendering, as strong as the subjects, and in "considering their being" the representation is not a likeness but a transposal of the full emotional qualities of the subjects into fully as emotional qualities in the sheer painting itself. In this sense their work must "resemble the original." Above all, it must have life.

So well did they succeed in giving the unquiet, the tremendously powerful, dynamic, creative quality of Mexican life and Mexican art—traditionally indivisible—that their first murals, painted in 1922, were stoned. There is distinguished precedent for such response. The official arbiters of art, in Mexico, have since the conquest fearfully destroyed, futilely disregarded, the products of native artists. These arbiters would tolerate a picturesque Indian; but a real Indian, stripped of the picturesque, with his full potency made manifest—he is too strange, too strong, too unabashedly unpretty, too much possessed of terrible beauty.

Deliberately, also, this art has been made not to salon requirements. It has the weight, the drive of many generations and of many unknown artists. It has the great assertion of men beginning again, recreating, caring not to please but to build solidly with truth.

This is genuinely American art. It is also genuinely modern. Monumental art, these men say, belongs in a time of monumental building and achievement. For the first time, too, here is a glimpse, outside Mexico, of the real Mexico, a Mexico beyond the theatrical and much more than picturesque. It may prove wholly a pleasure; or violently a shock. It cannot be ignored.

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

Heart to Heart

THOSE schoolmasters who escape being merely hard-boiled seem subject to a peculiar malady in the course of which they get into the habit of yearning over their pupils and begin to fancy themselves in the role of sympathetic father. Developing a fondness for the "heart-to-heart talk," they rub their hands over "the problems of adolescence," and in the advanced stages of the disease they not infrequently address certain of their young charges as "laddie." The two phases of puerile sexuality—calf-love on the one hand and dirty talk on the other—begin to interest them even more, if such a thing be possible, than they interest their pupils, and if something is not done to arrest the course of the disease they will soon be giving Chapel Talks on Sunday evenings or writing a book about What Every Young Man Ought to Know. They batten upon intimate confessions, and they deserve more often than they get the retort said to have been vouchsafed a religious worker in one of the Eastern universities who stopped a student on the campus to ask if he was ever "troubled by evil thoughts." "No," said the youth when he had recovered from his astonishment, "I think I enjoy 'em!"

Now, no one would have suspected from John Van Druten's "Young Woodley" that its author was that sort of schoolmaster. The play seemed to escape both the maudlin emotionalism of the professional father and the smarty condescension of the Booth Tarkington school. It managed to do justice to the feelings of the youth without sacrificing an adult perspective; and it seemed to mean something. But whether because he was too much praised for his "understanding" or because of some more obscure reason, Mr. Van Druten seems to have gone completely soft, and his new play, "Diversion" (Forty-

ninth Street Theater), is scarcely more than a parody of the former one. His hero—this time a young man recently out of college—falls lyrically in love with a fast-living actress and kills her when she says that she is done with him. He is provided with a marvelously sympathetic father who is always yearning for a heart-to-heart talk and who, when a passionate discourse upon the theme "it is only her body you want" fails to avert the catastrophe, gives the young man poison in order to save his neck from the rope. The scenes between father and son seem to constitute the author's only excuse for retelling, without any original variations, one of the cheapest and most hackneyed stories known to the stage; and that excuse is by no means adequate.

The play alternates between the lurid and the maudlin. It is sometimes unconvincingly melodramatic, sometimes sloppily sentimental; it could not under any circumstances be made very effective, for the simple reason that no amount of yearning over youth could keep an audience from concluding that this particular lad was more of an ass than even a young man in love with an actress has any excuse for being. Doubtless cases have been known where a man strangled a woman to death for no other reason than that she refused to spend the night with him, but the action seems to me a somewhat excessive expression of the pardonable irritation aroused by the refusal, and when the hero of "Diversion" does just this I see no reason for believing that his behavior is either usual under the circumstances or the evidence of any unusual fineness of soul. A sympathetic character does not, of course, have to be perfect, but it is rather difficult to make a hero out of a fool. Richard Bird's interpretation of the central character is probably the one justified by the text, but he seems much less a young Londoner of twenty-four than a pettish adolescent of sixteen. One merely wonders that the actress tolerated him as long as she did.

"Cock Robin" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is designed for those persons, like myself, who are perfectly willing to enjoy a mystery play provided the authors give us half a chance. As the title indicates, the plot is concerned with the conventional question, "Who killed—?" but the authors have managed both to keep within the bounds of the remotely possible and to create characters solid enough to produce an illusion of life. The setting—back-stage before and during the performance of an amateur play—is novel, the unraveling of the mystery is ingenious, and, all in all, "Cock Robin" is the most entertaining play of the sort which I have seen this season. John Howard Lawson's "International" is the best of the pieces given this season at the Playwright's Theater, and if it be objected that this does not sound like superlative praise I can only reply that I did not mean that it should. Attempting to give in a sort of futuristic shorthand the story of a world-wide communist uprising, it is sometimes painfully heavy footed, but sometimes illuminated with those moments of an uncanny power of which Mr. Lawson has before now shown himself capable. In spite of a pretty bad production it is distinctly worth seeing because of the glimpses which it gives of the play Mr. Lawson may yet some day write. "A Free Soul" (Playhouse) is a crude piece about a gambler who, after the manner of black-sheep heroes in melodrama, compounds the sin he is inclined to by assuming an obstreperously high moral tone in respect to everything else—especially female virtue.

At the Cosmopolitan Theater the Max Reinhardt company demonstrated its exquisite gift for pantomime in a gay production of Goldoni's "Servant of Two Masters," with Hermann Thimig in the lively role of Truffaldino. At the New Amsterdam Marilyn Miller and the delightfully amusing Jack Donahue have an admirable vehicle for their dancing and singing in "Rosalie," put on by Mr. Ziegfeld with great splendor of costume and scenery. The music is by Sigmund Romberg and George Gershwin; and there seems to be no reason why the show should not have a long run.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Last Words of Adolph Joffé

By MAX EASTMAN

THE change of personnel and policy in the Bolshevik Government since Lenin died has found a tragic symbol in the suicide of Adolph Joffé. Joffé was one of the strongest and ablest of the men surrounding Lenin in the revolutionary days. Like Rakovsky he was trained to be a physician. He was a man of serene strength and courage. He gave his whole life to the Communist movement, taking an active part in the revolution of 1905, and serving his time, not only in prison but at hard labor in Siberia. In the October revolution and the fighting days which followed Joffé played a major role. He was among the leaders of the Military Revolutionary Committee, which, according to some accounts, accomplished the transfer of power in Petrograd before the actual insurrection. And he was chosen by Lenin for the two first and most critically important diplomatic posts to be occupied by a Bolshevik—the chairmanship of the delegation to Brest-Litovsk and the ambassadorship in Berlin. He was one of the delegates to the Genoa Conference, and he was subsequently the Russian envoy in Japan.

Joffé put a pistol to his temple and shot himself on the sixteenth of last November. He was only forty-four years old. He left a letter to Trotzky beside him on the table, explaining his act. The letter was seized by Stalin's police when they entered the room. It was "confiscated," and that copy was never delivered to Trotzky. But Joffé had evidently not left this final matter to chance. The letter, which is a political as well as a human document of importance, is now being published in every country except Russia. I give it here, with some slight omissions of detail:

TO LEON TROTZKY

DEAR LEON DAVIDOVICH,

All my life I have thought that the man of politics ought to know how to go away at the right time, as an actor quits the stage, and that it is better to go too soon than too late.

More than thirty years ago I embraced the philosophy that human life has meaning only to the degree that, and so long as, it is lived in the service of something infinite. For us humanity is infinite. The rest is finite, and to work for the rest is therefore meaningless. Even if humanity too must have a purpose beyond itself, that purpose will appear in so remote a future that for us humanity may be considered as an absolute infinite. It is in this and this only that I have always seen the meaning of life. And now, taking a glance backward over my past, of which twenty-seven years were spent in the ranks of our party, it seems to me that I have the right to say that during all my conscious life I have been faithful to this philosophy. I have lived according to this meaning of life: work and struggle for the good of humanity. I think I have the right to say that not a day of my life has been meaningless.

But now, it seems, comes the time when my life loses its meaning and in consequence I feel obliged to abandon it, to bring it to an end.

For several years now the present heads of our party, in accordance with their general policy of not giving work to Communists of the Opposition, have given me neither political nor soviet work whose scope and character would permit me to be

useful to the maximum of my capabilities. During the past year, as you know, the Politburo has completely cut me off, as an oppositionist, from any political work.

My health has kept on getting worse. About the twentieth of September, for reasons unknown to me, the Medical Commission of the Central Committee summoned me to an examination by specialists, who informed me categorically that the state of my health was much worse than I supposed, and that I must not stay another useless day in Moscow nor remain another hour without treatment, but go abroad immediately and enter an appropriate sanatorium.

To my direct question, "What chances have I to get well abroad, and can I take care of myself in Russia without giving up my work?" the physicians and assistants, the practicing doctor of the Central Committee, Comrade Abrossov, another Communist physician, and the director of the Kremlin hospital, all answered simply that the Russian sanatoria could help me in no way, that I must rely upon treatment in the West. They added that if I followed their instructions, they had no doubt that I would be able to work for a prolonged period.

For about two months the Medical Commission of the Central Committee (in spite of having on its own initiative ordered the consultation) took no steps either toward my stay abroad or toward my treatment here. On the contrary, the Kremlin pharmacy, which had always delivered remedies to me according to the prescriptions, was forbidden to do it. I was, in fact, deprived of the help of free medicines, which I had always enjoyed. I was obliged to buy the medicines that were indispensable in the pharmacies of the city. It seems that this took place at the time when the group in power began to visit on the comrades of the Opposition its policy of "Hit the Opposition in the belly."

As long as I was well enough to work I paid little attention to all this, but as I kept getting worse my wife approached the Medical Commission of the Central Committee and personally Dr. Semashko, who has always, publicly, gone to extremes to realize his formula "Save the old guard." The matter was nevertheless constantly adjourned, and all that my wife was able to obtain was an extract of the decision of the council of physicians. In this extract my chronic maladies are enumerated, and it is set down that the council insists on my being sent abroad "to a sanatorium of the type of Professor Friedlander's" for a period that may extend to one year.

Meanwhile, nine days ago I went definitely to bed, on account of the acuteness and the aggravation (as always happens in such circumstances) of all my chronic ailments, and especially the most terrible, my inveterate polyneuritis, which has again become acute, forcing me to endure an absolutely intolerable pain and even preventing me from walking. For nine days I have been without any treatment, and the question of my trip abroad has not been taken up. Not one of the physicians of the Central Committee has come to see me. Professor Davidenko and Dr. Levine, being called to my bedside, prescribed a few trifles which obviously could do me no good, and then admitted that "nothing could be done," and that a trip abroad was indispensably urgent. Dr. Levine told my wife that the affair was dragging because the Medical Commission evidently thought that my wife wanted to go with me, and "that makes it too expensive." My wife answered that, in spite of the sad state I was in, she decidedly did not insist that she or anyone else accompany me. Whereupon Dr. Levine assured us that, under these conditions, the matter would soon be settled. Dr. Levine repeated to me today that the doctors could do nothing, that the only resource was immediate departure abroad. Then in the evening the physician of the Central Committee, Comrade Potiomkin, notified my wife that the Medical Commission of the Central Committee had decided not to send me abroad but to care for me in Russia. The reason was that the specialists

insisted on a prolonged treatment abroad, deeming a short stay futile, and that the Central Committee would only give for my cure a maximum of one thousand dollars, and found it impossible to give more.

While abroad recently I received an offer guaranteeing me twenty thousand dollars in royalties for my memoirs, but [considering that they would have to be censored by the Politburo and] knowing how the history of the party and of the revolution is falsified in our country, I did not consider it possible to lend a hand to such a falsification. The entire censorship of the Politburo would consist of not allowing a true evaluation of the personages and their acts, either on one side or the other—either of the authentic leaders of the revolution or of those who at present find themselves invested with this dignity. In consequence I saw no way to get treatment without receiving money from the Central Committee, which, for all my revolutionary work of twenty-seven years, thinks it possible to value my life and my health at a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars.

That is why I say that the time has come when it is necessary to bring this life to an end. I know that the general opinion of the party is opposed to suicide, but I believe that none of those who understand my situation will condemn me for it. If I were in good health I should have found strength and energy to struggle against the situation created in the party. But in my present state I cannot endure a situation in which the party silently tolerates *your exclusion from its ranks*, even though I am absolutely certain that sooner or later a crisis will come which will oblige the party to cast off those who have led it to such a disgrace. In this sense my death is a *protest* against those who have led the party to a situation such that it cannot react in any way to this opprobrium.

If I may be permitted to compare something big with something little, I will say that the immensely important historical event, your exclusion and that of Zinoviev, an exclusion which must inevitably open a period of Thermidor in our revolution, and the fact that I am reduced, after twenty-seven years of revolutionary work at responsible posts in the party, to a situation where I have nothing left but to put a bullet through my head—these two facts illustrate one and the same thing—the present regime in our party. And perhaps the two events, the little and the big one together, will jar the party awake and halt it on the road leading to Thermidor.

Dear Leon Davidovich, we are bound together by ten years of work in common and, I hope, of personal friendship, and that gives me the right to tell you, at the moment of farewell, what seems to me to be a weakness in you.

I have never doubted the correctness of the way you have pointed out, and you know that for more than twenty years, ever since the "Permanent Revolution," I have been with you. But I have always thought that you lacked the inflexibility, the intransigence, of Lenin, his resolution to remain at the task alone, if need be, in the road that he had marked out, sure of a future majority, of a future recognition by all of the rightness of that road. You have always been right politically, beginning with 1905, and I have often told you that with my own ears I have heard Lenin admit that in 1905 it was not he, but you, who were right. In the face of death one does not lie, and I repeat this to you now.

But you have often renounced your right position in favor of an agreement, a compromise, whose value you overestimated. That was wrong. I repeat: politically you have always been in the right, and now more than ever you are in the right. Some day the party will understand this, and history be forced to recognize it.

Moreover, don't be afraid today if certain ones desert you, and especially if the many do not come to you as quickly as we all wish. You are in the right, but the certainty of the victory of your truth lies precisely in a strict intransigence, in the most severe rigidity, in the repudiation of every compromise, exactly as that was always the secret of the victories of Ilyitch.

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I have often wanted to tell you this, and have only brought myself to it now, at the moment of saying goodbye.

I wish you energy and courage equal to those you have always shown, and a swift victory. I embrace you. Goodby.

Your

A. JOFFÉ

P. S. I wrote my letter during the night between the fifteenth and sixteenth, and today, the sixteenth, Marie Mikhailovna went to the Medical Commission to insist on their sending me abroad, if only for one or two months. They answered her that in the opinion of the specialists a short stay abroad was absolutely useless. They told her that the Medical Commission had decided to transfer me immediately to the Kremlin hospital. Thus they refuse me even a short trip for the sake of my health, even though all the doctors agree that a cure in Russia is of no use and will do me no good.

Goodby, dear Leon Davidovich. Be strong. You will need to be, and energetic, too. And bear me no grudge. A.

Plain Speaking at Havana

THE following appeal, addressed to the delegates to the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, is supposed to have been responsible for the suppression by the police, on the day of President Coolidge's address, of the January issue of *Atueri*:

LATIN-AMERICAN DELEGATES:

Coolidge—the statesman who, forgetting the principles of his own country's Constitution and defying public opinion, orders the annihilation of a brother people—is speaking the mellifluous language of Wall Street. Will you not reply, even if contrary to the will of those who appointed you, with the tragic word of "Ocotil" and speak with the firm voice of twenty nations created in the shadow of the sword?

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... The moment is decisive. Yankee diplomacy has declared itself the servant of imperialism in the face of the world. The Caribbean Doctrine, which the United States is defending not only against us but against Europe itself, demands the recognition of the right of the United States to guarantee by itself the life and property of its subjects in the entire zone between its Mexican border and the Panama Canal. ... If you consent to this now, tomorrow the Caribbean Doctrine will be extended to all our peoples. If you consent, you are lost. You should initiate our revolution in this conference or proclaim outside it, after dissolving, the complete collapse of Pan-Americanism.

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HOW DOES GOVERNOR SMITH stand on the question of a large navy and army and in relation to the armament race? What is his general outlook on the problem of militarism? These questions are constantly asked us by interested liberals who are trying to make up their minds whether they can advocate Governor Smith's election or not. We are happy to be able to throw a little light on these questions by the following letter of Governor Smith to Mr. L. V. Gordon of the Church Peace Union, written on June 3, 1927, which does not seem to have received publicity so far, at least in the East:

DEAR MR. GORDON:

I received your letter calling attention to a conference of the five chief naval Powers, which will convene in

Geneva during the month of July, for the consideration of the subject of limitation of naval armaments.

I consider the subject the most promising cure for some of the world's worst evils. This nation spent for army and navy in 1926 over \$600,000,000. For our naval and military establishments we spend in a year over twice the outlay of all the States in the Union for charity and correction and about one-half the expenditure in all the States of the Union for public elementary education. The naval expenses alone of England, France, and the United States exceed a billion dollars a year. We must come to keen realization of the burning significance of these facts and lift this load of waste from the backs of the masses whose labor foots the bill.

What the nations expend for armament and its upkeep would wipe out the slums of the cities, educate the children of the world, reestablish farms and industry, and restore prosperity to mankind.

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] ALFRED E. SMITH

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE acted promptly in rebuking our talking admirals, but, as was to be expected, without any of the force or fire which marked Senator Borah's ringing statement. None the less, he is on record as having advised the press and country to pay no attention to similar alarmist speeches, pointing out that they always occur when the navy is trying to get through a big naval-appropriation bill. But why does he allow the navy to put these appropriation bills into Congress? It seems to us, and to many others, that the President says one thing and that the navy goes ahead and does what it pleases without regard to the President's opinions or utterances. There is certainly no discipline or control exercised by the White House. It would be far better, indeed, if Mr. Coolidge prevented these foolish, and sometimes wicked, militaristic utterances by our naval officers by taking charge of the legislation himself and sending his recommendations, and not Secretary Wilbur's, to Congress. Then there would be one responsible head to the whole business. But Mr. Coolidge is unable to govern in that manner. He has never been able to rein in the team of Cabinet officers whom he is supposed to steer.

WITH CONGRESS, too, Mr. Coolidge is out of luck. It has now been two months in session and the President has encountered only defeat. This is in part due to the fact that the Progressive Senators hold the balance of power in the Senate, but the House, also, has thumbed its nose, or noses, if one prefers, at the President on several occasions. This is, of course, not unusual when a President is nearly at the end of his term and it is known that he will not succeed himself. There follows the inevitable play for position in the coming campaign. At present the majority leadership in both House and Senate is not distinguishing itself. The Senate has not only voted for tariff revision in defiance of the President, but it has by a vote of 51 to 32 defeated Mr. Coolidge's plan for an investigation of the loss of the S-4 by an independent commission and by a vote of 51 to 25 accepted that part of the Jones Merchant Marine bill which

provides that no ship can be sold except by unanimous consent of the Shipping Board, to which Mr. Coolidge is wisely opposed. The President still has his veto, but in the case of Mississippi flood control there are indications that a bill which he disapproves can be passed over his veto. This situation again endangers the passing of a worth-while agricultural-relief bill and leaves entirely in the air the question of tax reduction.

WE INDORSE MOST HEARTILY the resolution which Senator Wheeler has introduced for an inquiry by the Committee on Foreign Relations into the nature and extent of the concessions abroad held by American citizens or companies in which they are interested. Senator Borah, chairman of the committee, is fostering a resolution for an investigation of our occupation of Nicaragua, and naturally he is more interested in pushing his own proposal. Although his project is much to be desired also, it seems less fundamental to us than Senator Wheeler's scheme. If our citizens are going to understand and correctly settle the numerous questions now growing out of our interests abroad, we must have adequate information as to what such interests are. We must no longer be satisfied with vague talk about protecting "American lives and property." We must insist that the Department of State tell us precisely what lives and whose property it is protecting—and why.

THE NEW YORK WORLD has at last discovered why the Latin Americans mistake our benevolent intentions for hypocrisy. It is because "They do not understand our tendency to dwell upon the purity of our intentions and to pass discreetly over the facts which do not fit in to our own conception of our characters." We mean all right, continues the *World*, but our tall talk and moral self-justification "invariably makes the Latin mind cynical." So when President Coolidge remarks that "the sovereignty of small nations is respected," they believe that we are hypocritical and simply snigger out loud—a snigger, strangely enough, that is echoed and reechoed throughout the world. In Buenos Aires *La Critica* labels the Pan-American Conference a "comedy," and the students in the Central Law School are raising money to aid Sandino. In Montevideo *La Tribuna Popular* urges Uruguayans to boycott products from the United States in protest against our Nicaraguan policy. In Peru *El Comercio* asks: "How can it be possible to arrive at Pan-Americanism when hates are boiling among various American entities, caused by violence and maintained by flagrant violations of right and justice?" Likewise in Havana the newspaper *El Pais* becomes curious and asks "Has any state the right to conduct work of territorial defense outside of its own limits, and in the event that it has, does it possess the authority to overstep the sovereignty of other states?" And even Mexico, despite our good-will gestures in her direction, remains extremely critical of the results. To the nations to the south of us, it appears, our actions speak louder than our words—it is their Latin "temperament."

THIS SAME "TEMPERAMENT," this same inability to take seriously our good-will gestures and unctuous talk at Havana seems to exist also across the Atlantic. In England the London *Daily News* facetiously puts two and two together saying: "It was more than a little unfortunate that only a few hours before he [President Coolidge] was pointing out to his audience that one of the greatest

characteristics of the American people is their habit of 'respecting the sovereignty of small nations,' air bombers dispatched from his own country were out dealing death and terror among the so-called Nicaraguan 'rebels.'" Much the same is the opinion of the Madrid *Imparcial* that "the conciliatory words of President Coolidge will not ring sincere while sharpshooters in Nicaragua continue hunting the troops of Sandino." Meanwhile we learn from the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in Rome that, with reference to the Pan-American Conference, "So far the United States has not received one word of friendly comment in the Italian press—and comment has been copious." And to complete the European chorus, Berlin and Paris newspapers twit us about our "altruism." Most striking and unexpected, perhaps, is the criticism from France; it was only a week earlier that President Coolidge lifted the ban on French industrial loans in New York as a special mark of friendship. In return, France coldly points out that the ban was never considered as a hardship, but rather in the nature of a blessing—because that country is happiest which is freest from the influence of foreign capital.

RARELY IS A NEWSPAPER so guilty of misrepresentation as was the New Haven *Journal-Courier* toward the nineteen Yale students who were arrested for distributing a pamphlet discussing the neckwear strike in New Haven. In reprinting an editorial of the *Yale Daily News*, the *Journal-Courier* not only distorted the whole tenor of the article through its headlines but actually deleted a negative from a sentence. The *News* said:

This neckwear report is no catch-penny Bolshevik pamphlet calling on every good brother to whet his butcher knife and lie low.

In the *Journal-Courier* this sentence became:

This neckwear report is catch-penny calling upon every good brother to whet his butcher knife and to lie low.

The two introductory sentences to the *News* editorial were: "Mother Yale has again been dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged through the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." These lines, ironical in their context, were separated from the editorial by the *Journal-Courier* and made to appear as the solemn dictum of the *News* on the issue. It was with this interpretation in mind that *The Nation* criticized the student paper; in reality, we learn, the *News* has been supporting the students, and is to be complimented upon its editorial. Not content with garbling one editorial, the *Journal-Courier* in a later issue heads a news story with the following words: "Says Yale Men Too Young to Know Minds; Undergraduates Have no Business Interesting Themselves in Industrial Problems, Declares *Alumni Weekly*." What the *Yale Alumni Weekly* actually said was:

There is . . . a question raised . . . that interests us. . . This assumes that the Yale undergraduate body is too youthful to know its own mind . . . and has no business interesting itself actively in social or industrial problems outside of the college walls. To this theory we should have to take exception.

THE "OBSCENITY LAW" of the Post Office Department, officially Section 212 of the United States Penal Code, has never been put to stranger use than in the attempted prohibition of stamps issued by the Anti-Imperial-

ist League bearing the words "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua." The Anti-Imperialist League says that if the mails can be used for anti-tuberculosis propaganda they can be used also for anti-imperialist propaganda. The United States Post Office retorts that letters bearing the "Protest Against Marine Rule" stamp are, under Section 212, held to be unmailable. If any word in Section 212 covers the situation it is the word "libelous," since the stamps are not "indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening" or "calculated by the terms or manner of style or display and obviously intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another." As for the libel, it is not possible to libel the United States Government. What remains is a little difficult to determine. The marines are in Nicaragua; the coming election will be conducted under marine control. The anti-imperialist stamps are inoffensive in the extreme; about an inch square, a modest buff in color. We believe that a protest couched in these words and in this format can legally be attached to the reverse side of mail matter; we believe that the Post Office is unwarranted in its assumption that mail bearing such stamps is unmailable. And not only unwarranted but impertinent and ill-advised.

DEATH HAS REMOVED two interesting American historians from the scene. John Spencer Bassett, who died after being struck by a street car in Washington, D. C., had been for more than twenty years professor of history at Smith College; but for thirteen years before that he had taught at Trinity College (now Duke University), North Carolina, and as a historian his work had had chiefly to do with the South, where he was born and brought up. He contributed several volumes to the history of slavery in North Carolina, he wrote an important life of Andrew Jackson, and recently he was engaged with an edition of Jackson's letters in six volumes. Some will remember him as the center of a storm which raged in the South following the publication in 1903 of his article declaring Booker T. Washington to have been the greatest Southerner—save Lee—born within a century. In Clarence Walworth Alvord, dead after a long illness in Italy, *The Nation* loses a valuable contributor and reviewer. Mr. Alvord, who had been professor of history at the University of Illinois and later at the University of Minnesota, was one of the most distinguished of our sectional historians. As general editor of the Illinois Historical Collection, as editor-in-chief of the Illinois Centennial History, as managing editor of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, and as author of "The Mississippi Valley in British Politics" he had done much to reveal the possibilities to historians of that portion of the Middle West to which he had gone from New England.

WHILE PROFESSOR ALVORD was a specialist in Mississippi Valley history, he was never a narrow one, nor did he, like so many others of his craft, lose his head and forget all the teachings of history when the war relegated judgment and all critical tests to the garbage heap. In his thorough knowledge of certain definite fields he was in marked contrast to the late Talcott Williams, for years chief editorial writer of the *Philadelphia Press* and the first head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Dr. Williams had a most amazing memory which he stored with facts in regard to almost every subject. He kept up an extraordinary clipping system catalogued in a way that made the

marking with the right decimal of each article to be filed a great feat of memory in itself. Often the entire floor of his library was covered with clippings for his secretary to file in the proper boxes. On the other hand, his knowledge of so many facts made him slow to express a critical judgment in that his mind seemed regularly to recur to similar happenings in history, only to linger there. If in politics he was by nature a compromiser, he was none the less for many years a notable figure in the literary life of Philadelphia, and his promotion to the School of Journalism seemed to be exactly the right reward for his years of editorial service.

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ was engaged upon a novel called "The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse" when he died suddenly in France. It was to be another propaganda novel, this time in the interests of peace, with the plot centering about the League of Nations. Whether it would have been his best novel, as he thought it would be, or whether any of his propaganda novels was among his best, or whether indeed he ever wrote a first-rate novel at all—these are questions which must be left to time and literary criticism. But of one thing we are already sure: he was a dashing and dramatic figure. The arch-enemy of Alfonso XIII and Primo de Rivera, exiled four years ago to France whence he sent back insulting pamphlets by airplane, jailed an almost countless number of times during his life for political reasons, Blasco Ibáñez was a born fighter, as in literature he was a born special pleader. Our connection with him in America is that we made him rich. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" succeeded over here not only in stimulating hatred of Germany but in setting its author free financially.

IT WOULD HARDLY be possible to call Earl Haig a brilliant strategist or to claim for him a personality as forceful as that of Marshal Foch. But he had many of the finest traits of the British soldier—his refusal to know defeat, his tenacity in holding on at all costs, and his complete faith in his men. We doubt if any other than a British general would have had the courage and frankness to tell his army, after the defeats of 1918, that they had "their backs to the wall," were facing the ultimate issue, and that "believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end." To onlookers it seemed at first as if that statement would mean at least an army corps to the Germans in raising their morale, but Haig knew his men and knew how it would stiffen their resistance. From that time on the day of British retreats was over. Since the Allies were successful, Earl Haig's reputation is assured; had they lost, even though it might have been through no fault of Haig's, he would have been written down as a failure. The exact appraisal of his military worth must, of course, await future judgments of history. If those are just they will credit him with part responsibility for some dreadful disasters and blunders, like the Somme, as well as with successes. It is enormously to his credit that he was never as vindictive or as bitter as Foch and that he was not the speech-making, belligerent general of the type that curses America. But he did say in a recent address that England would have won the war without America's assistance, not in 1918 perhaps, but thereafter, because of "the inherent fighting qualities of all ranks of the British army," which, together with the loyalty and discipline of the British people the world over, were, he said, the real cause of the victory.

The Assault on Our Holy Tariff

FROM every angle the tariff question projects itself at the embattled Administration and its tariff-baron allies. On the very verge of a Presidential campaign when the Republican Party would once more like to fry the fat out of protected manufacturers by promising them that there shall be no tinkering with our holy tariff, a Republican Senate defies the President and strikes a deadly blow, by a vote of 54 to 34, in favor of immediate revision. Shades of Quay, and Mark Hanna, and William B. Allison, and William McKinley! But it is not only that there is revolt at home, with the farmers leading in the fuss; from across the oceans come unceasing protests against our tariff barriers. Last year we had the French threat to strike back at us by a prohibitive tariff on certain products, which controversy has only been deferred, not settled, by a compromise arrangement. Two years ago the leading bankers of the world took a hand with their manifesto to the effect that trade could not return to normal unless the tariff walls erected since the war by old and new countries were leveled. True, the Washington Administration countered by declaring that this was aimed at Europe and not the United States, but the presence of American bankers, headed by J. P. Morgan, among the signatories tells a different tale.

Now comes from Havana the news that the Pan-American Conference insists on that customs union among the American Republics promised in the resolution of our Congress when it created the Pan-American Union forty years ago. In this case the initiative came from the Argentine, which for the last two years has been boycotting the United States because of the embargo on its meat which was imposed by the Department of Commerce as an administrative measure, the excuse being the unsanitary condition of Argentine meat. We have repeatedly chronicled in these columns, too, the protests from Europe against the tariff inspectors whom we have sent abroad to pry into the secrets of foreign manufacturers and the revolt against this procedure by France, the Argentine, Sweden, and Switzerland. In addition, every economist who has written on the question of the repayment to us of the debt owed by our allies in the World War has insisted that those sums could not be repaid as long as the United States maintained its high-tariff walls. To us it looks as if there were a united foreign conspiracy against our tariff policy.

Now in the old days a Republican administration could have thumbed its nose at the protests from abroad and told Europe to mind its own business. But how can Mr. Coolidge do this, even though his party will soon be needing large campaign contributions, when there is treachery at home? How can you again delude the manufacturers into trusting you to do their bidding in tariff matters when but for ten votes in the House of Representatives Congress would today be on record as demanding an immediate revision of the tariff from the President? How can you give any assurances whatever as to what will happen next year when the Republican farmers are everywhere demanding either tariff revision or the extension of the tariff system to cover everything that they have to sell abroad? This is stabbing the Administration in the back.

But if the Senate, so long the very stronghold of the protectionists, is no longer to be relied upon, who then?

Not New England apparently. That hitherto loyal section of our country wrote its own tariff schedules into the last tariff law. They were told to step up and help themselves, to fix their own profits in collusion with Congress. They did so and went home triumphant, crying out that they had maintained the American standard of living for their working people, that they had safeguarded their industries and assured the cotton and woolen supremacy of the United States beyond peradventure. Congress for once had done their bidding and not tried to legislate alone about a business it could not grasp. At last only real experts had written the schedules—the Republican Party was forever to be blest. But now? Why the twin mill-industries in New England are in ruins; the folly of the belief that if only you can build a tariff wall high enough all will be well is completely demonstrated to anyone with an open mind. As a matter of fact not even in the days immediately after the passage of the Fordney Act were the wages of mill-workers commensurate with an adequate standard of living. Strikes, lockouts, long periods of unemployment—these have been the characteristics of the years since.

That certain economic causes other than foreign competition have been responsible for this is true. The rise of the South as a mill section because of cheap water-power and cheap and docile labor and the exploitation of the children, radical changes in women's attire which have done away with certain articles, and the abandonment of cotton stockings and underwear in favor of silk and imitation silk—these are some of the reasons for the plight of New England's pet industries. So we have dispatches from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, stating that the wages of some mill-workers there have just been cut 10 per cent—they were cut about the same figure three years ago—and that some mills are shutting down indefinitely.

It is also true that another reason for the plight of these industries is the existence of managements too conservative to be able to switch quickly to new lines, or to meet promptly ever-changing conditions. But slothfulness and over-conservatism of management, as well as wastefulness and trade inefficiency, are as much the direct products of protection as are huge campaign contributions from favored manufacturers. The low estate of these industries in Massachusetts only goes to prove that a high tariff by no means assures high profits any more than high wages. No one who knows the conditions among some of the mill-workers in New England can assert that there is any such marked difference between the living conditions of New England mill-workers and some of their competitors in Europe as our elder statesmen would have us believe. Some manufacturers no doubt wish in their hearts that they could put a tariff wall around New England to prevent Southern competition. Even that would not help them in the long run. Protection has never done what its advocates have claimed. That it can never be boosted into the position that its supporters would like to have it, where its tariff schedules could be something permanent, fixed, and untouchable, must now be plain, when our tariff schedules are being assailed with such vigor from within and without as to make it certain that they will crumble before long. There will be tariff revision in 1930 if not before—that is now clear.

\$5,000 for a Murder

TEXAS is suffering from an attack of bank robbery. Small banks do not feel safe at night, and even large banks in the cities have found themselves looking into the muzzles of revolvers in broad daylight. As a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs the Texas Bankers' Association has caused the following sign to be posted in every one of the 1,500 or so banks of the State:

\$5,000 REWARD

DEAD BANK ROBBERS WANTED

**\$5,000 Cash Will Be Paid for Each Bank Robber
Killed While Robbing a Texas Bank**

The Texas Bankers' Association offers a standing reward of \$5,000 for each dead bank robber, killed while in the act of robbing a member bank in Texas. No limit as to place of killing—in the banking house, as the robber or robbers leave the bank, as they climb into their car, ten or twenty miles down the road as they flee, or while resisting a posse giving chase. This reward applies to night attacks as well as daylight holdups.

The Association will not give one cent for live robbers. They rarely are identified, more rarely convicted, and most rarely kept in the penitentiary when sent there—all of which operations are troublesome and costly.

But the Association is prepared to pay for any number of dead bank robbers killed while robbing its members, at \$5,000 apiece.

\$5,000 in cash will be paid for the killing of any robber while robbing

THIS BANK

\$5,000 for each DEAD ROBBER—not one cent for a hundred live ones.

Mr. W. M. Massie, president of the Texas Bankers' Association, has written an article in a Texas magazine, *Banker's Monthly*, in which he quotes the above with approval:

We are acting well within our rights under the law, and under the provisions of the State and Federal constitutions. We are not infringing the rights of any citizen, but on the contrary we are following a course which we believe to be in the interest of the public welfare, and in accordance with the soundest public policy. *In any event, we are launched upon this policy for an indefinite period. [Italics ours.]*

He adds: "Whatever responsibility may be attached to the adoption of this policy I am willing to assume personally."

Under the federal statutes bank robbery is punishable by a term in prison. Mr. Massie has made it in Texas punishable by death. Moreover, a robber in Texas—by Mr. Massie's express wish—is deprived of the right of habeas corpus, the right of indictment by a grand jury, the right to a proper trial in a public court by a jury duly chosen from his peers, and finally the right to be duly sentenced for his crime after the crime has been proved to the satisfaction of twelve men hearing evidence against him.

It may be advanced that any person has a right to shoot a bank robber in self-defense. But according to Mr. Massie it is not necessary to wait that long. Nor is it necessary to shoot a bank robber on the bank's premises. Twenty miles away will do just as well, although to anyone but Mr. Massie identification of a fleeing robber, probably in an automobile, some minutes or even hours after his crime, might offer difficulties.

Mr. Massie, therefore, is determined to do his duty by his profession. He does not mind that innocent men may fall victims to his bright idea; he does not mind that the life of any man in Texas, on however innocent an errand, in any hour of the day or night, afoot or in his automobile, near a bank or not, is not safe from the bullets of persons eager for blood money. This is well demonstrated by the death of two Mexicans a month ago, shot by police officers who, it is alleged, induced them to visit a bank on the pretext of offering them a job, and then killed them as "bank robbers," subsequently claiming the reward of \$10,000.

Mr. Massie believes in lynch law, as many a Texan has done before him. But not lynching in passionate anger, to "protect a woman's honor" or to "avenge a brave man killed by a black rascal." Not even these. He offers Texans an inducement to lynch law for a crime not yet committed, a crime perhaps never to be committed, for a person never even suspected of crime except by the man who kills him.

As Australians See Us

AMERICAN industry as seen from the other side of the world is highly successful in production but less so in human values for the workers. In the emphasis laid upon this, the report of the Australian labor delegation which visited the United States last year differs from that of most European observers. The general standard of living in the United States is so much higher materially than exists in Europe that observers from the antipodes have generally failed to note the relative disadvantage of the mass of the workers as compared with the extraordinary position of the more favored members of the business and professional groups. The delegation from the antipodes, on the contrary, did not miss this significant aspect. More than a quarter of a century ago the Australasians began a series of radical reforms in industrial relations, and although these have not brought peace, they have raised the position of the workers relative to the rest of the community to a plane which enables them to look without envy at American prosperity.

The Australian industrial delegation to the United States consisted of four employers' representatives, four employees' representatives, two women observers, and a Government representative and secretary. The report is primarily factual. Obviously the composition of the delegation made it difficult to agree in regard to any considerable body of recommendations or conclusions. There is, however, a short general statement of conclusions signed by the entire delegation and a longer one submitted in behalf of two of the labor members.

The Australians seem to have been impressed above everything else by the attention and money devoted to industrial research in this country. This may come as a surprise to many Americans who know how deficient we were in this respect not many years ago and are unaware of the great advances made during and since the World War. Naturally the visitors were struck also by the scientific management and efficiency of plant which they found in America, although they do not think that much of this could be duplicated with success in a country with the smaller population and smaller-scale manufacturing of Australia. Unfortunately the delegation seems to have

given only slight attention to selling methods or it might have discovered an amount of waste which goes far to offset high productivity when it comes to the advantages reaped by the worker either as wage-earner or consumer.

An important part of the report is the analysis of prices, wages, and hours in the United States and Australia from which it appears that the average worker is better off in the antipodes than here. Food is substantially higher in America than in Australia, and the delegation presents figures showing that in this respect the purchasing power of the wages of American unskilled workers—based on a forty-eight-hour week—is only 72 per cent of that of Australian labor. In addition:

Short time and complete cessation discounts very largely the theory of high wages and seems to leave the position anything but bright for many thousands of the workers of America. It is shown by United States employment agencies that there were 160 men applying for every 100 jobs in January this year [1927] and in respect of labor turnover there was a total of 41.4 per cent of those on the pay rolls in the same month.

It is stated also that "the housing of American workers is not up to the standard of the workers' homes in Australia," and "Although America is a creditor country . . . it works longer hours than Australia, which is a debtor country."

In its conclusions the delegation, speaking as a whole, says that Australia might well emulate some American employers and employees in organizing shop councils or employee-representation plans to deal with personal grievances. The report further states:

Whatever may be said of compulsory arbitration, it is certain that it does not encourage mutuality between employers and employees. The central idea is strife—the engendering of disputes so as to get to court—before non-practical men. In America, when a difference of opinion occurs, the parties refer the question to some one conversant with the industry. This insures respect on both sides for the decision.

In the separate conclusions set forth by two of the employees' representatives in the delegation it is said:

To attribute increased productivity in America to the workmen would be misleading. Labor, skilled and unskilled, is efficient, but that efficiency is brought about by the high standard of machinery and equipment, management, organization, and supervision. . . .

Comparing workmen in America with those in Australia, we say frankly that the Australian does not suffer by any measure of comparison. . . .

Company unions, with the final veto regarding wages and conditions resting entirely in the hands of the management, would not suit Australian conditions or Australian workers. . . .

There is a very great margin in wages between skilled workers or semi-skilled, who are organized, as against the unskilled, who have no unions. . . .

We saw little evidence of inquiry being made as to the effects of industrial fatigue produced by mass-production methods on the health of employees, unless it was in the labor-turnover data compiled by each plant, in which "voluntary quits" were usually largest. Mere machine-like speed without self-expression is not necessarily efficiency and does lead to a medical problem of nerves and mind. That this is recognized by the managements of mass-production plants will be seen by the employment of and the attention given by the medical profession as to the condition of men before employment is given.

Magnificent Humanity

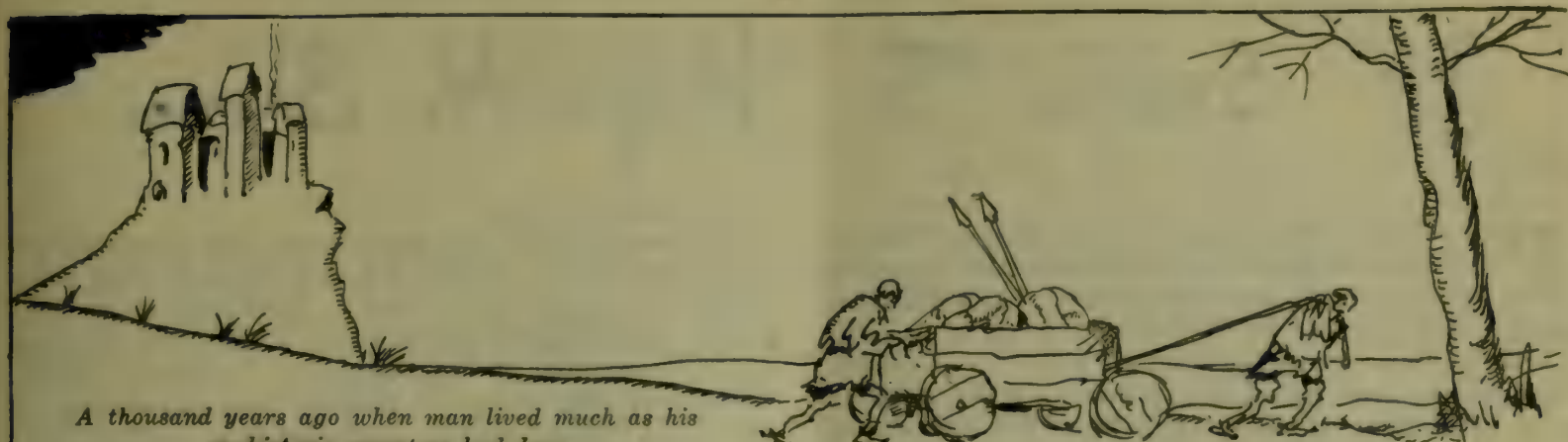
HENRY FORD'S peace ship was one of those magnificent impossibilities which, like the Children's Crusade, survive in history even though they fail in their own moment. Carolena Wood's mission to Nicaragua was another. Carolena Wood is a Quaker with a belief in the power of love, and she was distressed at the bloody lovelessness in Nicaragua. Sandino, she felt, was waging a hopeless war, and the marines were daily adding to the unnecessarily large sum of bitterness in the world. With a small delegation from the Society of Friends and the Fellowship of Reconciliation she set out to Nicaragua.

Sandino's prestige was at stake. He had dedicated himself to death, and obviously could not surrender to a mere marine. But if a woman went to him—a woman from the enemy camp, but a woman of good-will—and asked him to cease hopeless bloodshed, and promised her cooperation in persuading the ruling powers to use his ability in building up his country, might he not see greater possibilities of usefulness?

To the marines and diplomats in Managua Carolena Wood must at first have seemed mad. But the sincerity of her good-will was undeniable. After some hesitation they decided not to oppose her—at least not openly. So she traveled out to the farm at Niquinohomo, where Sandino's father was watching his coffee dry, and asked him to accompany her. At first he refused. He had bade his son a father's last farewell, and could not interrupt death. But he yielded to Carolena Wood. If she could get word from Sandino that he would see her, the father would act as guide. Carolena Wood returned to Managua, and tried to reach Sandino's wife, telegraph operator at San Rafael. Colonel Gulick of the marines encouraged her to telegraph to Señora Sandino, but did not tell her that the line had been out of operation for a month. That Carolena Wood learned only after days of waiting, followed by a strenuous trip up into the mountains. The automobile axle broke thirty miles from a garage, but the expedition continued. It found Señora Sandino, and found her willing to help. But from San Rafael to Sandino was a two days' journey through the mountains, and before the messenger could return Colonel Gulick's Christmas offensive against Sandino began. No answer came, and the little peace expedition finally left Nicaragua with its mission unaccomplished.

Yet no such effort is ever vain. Carolena Wood's expedition advertised in Nicaragua the fact that there are Yankees of good-will who do not seek to impose their conception of order upon lesser countries; and it spread the same tidings as it passed through Havana on its way back to New York. We hope that it will continue its mission of friendship in the United States, where perhaps it is even more badly needed than in the mountains of Nueva Segovia. It can tell, too, in the face of those who call Sandino's heroes "bandits" the story of the German shopkeeper at Jinotega, who despairingly watched Sandino requisition his best shoes and mattresses, and in due time received \$400 in instalment payments in return—a procedure unusual even for a regular army in Nicaragua.

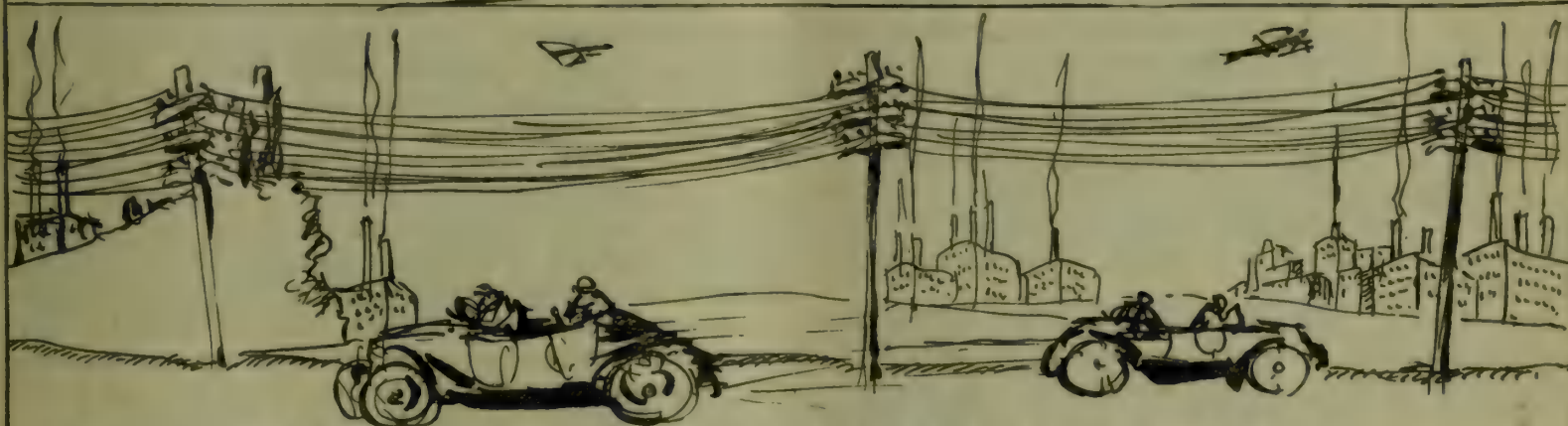
If only our State Department harbored some such mad enthusiasts of good-will as Carolena Wood, we might have a different mission in Nicaragua than killing rebel patriots!



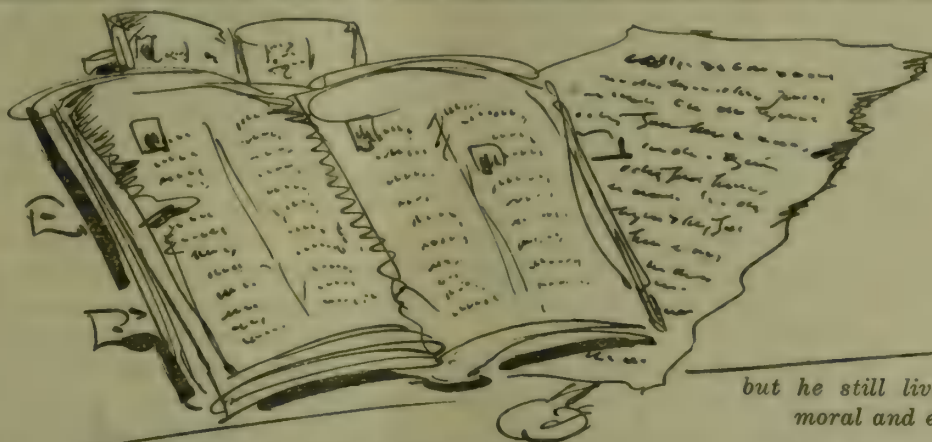
A thousand years ago when man lived much as his prehistoric ancestors had done



he obeyed a code of morals and ethics that was already antiquated.



Today he has mastered the forces of nature and exists at the rate of a hundred miles an hour



but he still lives by the same moral and ethical code.

Why the Universe Is Askew

It Seems To Heywood Brown

THE New York *World* has recently done a good service by protesting against the assumption that everybody who opposes Al Smith is a bigot. The editorial in question says that with perfect logic and sincerity it is fair to fight the Governor on the ground that he is a Democrat, a Wet, a man more versed in city than agrarian problems, and a candidate as yet unfamiliar with international affairs. I would go further and say that under certain circumstances it would be reasonable for a voter to oppose a candidate on the ground of his religion. It is nonsense to talk about keeping religion out of politics when already it is in. Because Heflin shouts his head off there is no reason why all the rest of us should pretend an absolute lack of interest in the religious affiliations of a man in public life. A man's faith may be an important part of his personality. The voter has a right to know the background of anyone who stands for office. In some campaigns much has been made of the fact that a nominee was a good husband and father. That seems to me far more irrelevant than the matter of his religious affiliations. You may say that the nation is not baptizing him but then neither is it marrying him.

Soundly enough, the basic principle has been laid down that no man shall be barred from office because of his religious beliefs. But there are points at which a dogma of a church may very palpably touch some matter of governmental interest. In such instances the voter has a right to inquire whether this contact of creed and political theory seems to him advantageous or otherwise. Governor Smith himself has tacitly admitted that it is not unreasonable for the public to want to know just what a candidate believes and how it may potentially affect his conduct in office. Otherwise he would not have written his able reply to the Marshall letter.

To be specific, I will call myself Tom Jones and add that my chief interest is in the perpetuation and extension of the public-health service. We will assume that I am fervently in favor of the vaccination of all children in the public schools. If a Christian Scientist were running for mayor of New York I, Mr. Jones, would be justified in opposing him. Likewise Admiral Montgomery (I hope there is no such admiral) could be a man convinced that the safety of America depended upon the building of a huge navy. If he demurred at voting for Hoover, the Quaker, I should not call the Admiral a fanatic. To get closer home let us mention the case of Thomas Wiggins, an advocate of a national divorce law whereby marriage might be dissolved at the expressed wish of either contracting party. Mr. Wiggins is not a hill-billy if he says, "I don't want Al Smith for President because he is a Catholic."

However, there is a very clear defect in the reasoning of most people who say, "I would never vote for Al Smith or any other Catholic." This argues that the label Catholic implies a standardization. Obviously this is ridiculous. The range of possibility runs all the way from St. Francis to John F. Hylan. Save for an intense interest in literature there is no great similarity between Chesterton and Tunney.

Heflin has declared that never under any circumstances would he accept a Catholic but how about St. Paul if he happened to be contemporaneous? To be sure, he wouldn't get my vote and yet I regard him as a man more able than any yet suggested by the Democrats. Instead of saying, "Let's keep religion out of politics," there should be the freest and frankest possible discussion as to just what sort of a Catholic Al Smith may be and in what way, if any, his religion touches on current or potential issues. There will be a whispering campaign. This can never be met by sinking the voice a little lower.

I had assumed that the fear of the Pope in the White House was merely a symbolic matter, but I have been informed that there actually are voters, not all of them in the mountains, who believe that immediately upon Governor Smith's election the head of the Catholic church would take up residence in the blue room. Naturally no sane man need spend his time in denying this. Just as preposterous, but far more common, is the notion that a Catholic President would abolish the public-school system. This again is palpably silly. One need not even pause to ask, And how would he do it even if it were, by the most ridiculous stretch of the imagination, his desire?

However, it is pertinent and fair to inquire as to whether membership in the Catholic church could possibly affect a President's attitude toward Mexico. This point Governor Smith has answered fully, completely, and convincingly. I think he is as little likely to send armed forces across the border as any man now mentioned for office. It isn't important whether some particular Catholic might be moved to intervene against Calles. We need only concern ourselves with Smith's attitude. There is not the slightest suggestion that as Governor he ever took counsel from any cardinals as to his acts in office. Indeed he pardoned Jim Larkin against the protest of his coreligionists. In the matter of hands off Mexico, Smith can well be expected to lean over backwards.

While it is true that the Governor is Wet it would not be sensible to attribute this to his Catholicism. There are American Catholics as bone dry as any Baptist preacher. Of course the blanket charge will be made that the Catholic church sometimes interferes as a church in American politics. It does; particularly in local politics. The action which the New York police took against a birth-control meeting was inexcusable. But for every piece of Catholic transgression I will agree to furnish ten instances of Baptist and Methodist meddling. A land which has lived with the Anti-Saloon League for these many years has lost its reason if it says it opposes Smith because his church plays politics.

Personally I would prefer to have my favorite candidate Jewish, Unitarian, or agnostic. These are the denominations which meddle least in temporal affairs. But it is too late to convert Al and there is not a scrap of evidence to support a campaign of heffling. America should know Smith well enough by now to realize that he will do his worshipping on his own time.

Hughes at Havana

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, January 26

IN the bad old days international conferences were very secret affairs. In the Wilsonian era of "open covenants openly arrived at" plenary sessions of conferences were opened to the public, or at least to the trusted representatives of the press, and, of course, all the real decisions were made in secret committee meetings.

Democracy has advanced another step at Havana. Committee meetings are public. At the public committee meetings the delegates argue boldly and openly such questions as whether the Committee on Economic Affairs shall have a *ponente*, or reporter, on immigration, or whether the resolution on immigration will be left to a *ponente* of another committee, and whether the Committee on Private International Law shall have four or five *ponentes*; they discuss the not-very-burning question of frontier police; and they make long public speeches on the fraternity of peoples. Then the *ponentes* and subcommittees meet in private, iron out some of the knots and wrinkles, and decide to postpone discussion of dangerous subjects to some other conference.

It leaves one wondering a bit wearily whether the next Pan-American Conference will decree publicity for subcommittees, and whether the chiefs of delegations will then retire into secret sessions of sub-subcommittees.

II

Felipe A. Espil, counselor of the Argentine Embassy in Washington, a gentleman of parts who succeeds in combining diplomatic subtlety with a sense of humor, was designated to report to the Committee on Communications upon the subject of inter-American automobile traffic. Now, automobile traffic is a less contentious topic than some upon the agenda, but the astute Mr. Espil submitted a report which, he smilingly admits, is a perfect text for this entire Pan-American show:

WHEREAS, The subject of juridical regulation of inter-American automobile traffic includes the study and solution of technical problems, and

WHEREAS, The First Pan-American Highways Congress, which met in Buenos Aires in 1925, decided to charge the Central Executive Committee of the Pan-American Highways Congresses with the study and preparation of projects for uniform traffic regulations in all the countries members of the Pan-American Union; be it

Resolved, To recommend to the Second Pan-American Highways Congress, which will meet in Rio de Janeiro in

July, 1928, to formulate the bases of a convention for the international regulation of automobile traffic among the countries members of the Pan-American Union, and that the said bases be submitted to the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union in order that they may be taken into account in preparing the convention which will be formulated and submitted to the governments which are members of the union. It is also recommended that the Second Pan-

American Highways Congress formulate a draft of a uniform traffic law, which shall be sent to the Pan-American Union and be transmitted by it to the governments members of the Pan-American Union in order that the principles established in the said project may, as far as possible, be taken into account in the legislation which may in the future be adopted, and that thus gradually the traffic laws in America may tend to approximate uniformity in general principles.

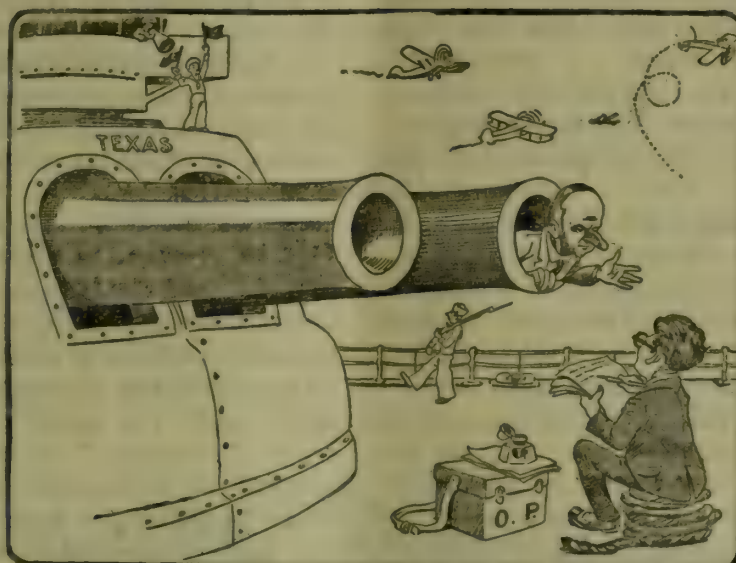
That is a resolution worth study. It provides that this conference do nothing; it

recommends that the Pan-American Highways Congress meeting next summer "formulate the bases of a convention," and that then these bases be submitted to the Governing Board (the ambassadors and ministers in Washington) so that it may "take them in account" in formulating another document which will then be submitted to the various governments. In other words, it passes the buck to another conference, asks it to pass the buck to a third body, and the third body to pass it back to the governments. It is safe to predict that Mr. Espil's draft is typical of most of the documents which will emerge from this Sixth Pan-American Conference.

III

It is the unwritten law of this conference that no one shall mention Nicaragua in public, but the delegates enjoy the sport of skating close to controversial issues without actually saying the tabooed word. Home opinion in all countries demands a little noise, and the device of having four committees meet publicly every day affords an abundance of opportunity for speeches intended for home consumption. But no two speeches seem to head in the same direction.

At the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Chile five years ago a Latin-American bloc really sought to express itself and to obtain action upon certain measures. The United States delegation was kept busy running about stopping the leaks. Here there are no leaks. There is no Latin America—there are twenty Latin republics, each pursuing its own individual policy, and seeking to flatter the great



—From *La Politica Comica* (Havana)
President Machado listens to his great and good friend.

United States by following Yankee policy upon general questions.

I wrote last week that Argentina might lead an independent move. But Señor Pueyrredon's speech upon the "economic basis of Pan-Americanism" made it plain that such was not the case. He chose for his major address the one topic upon which Argentine interests are most diverse from those of the other Latin countries. Semi-tropical nations do not compete with North American production or come into competition with our tariff; temperate Argentina's beef products do. To object to the high tariff of the United States was a popular move in Argentina and, he may have calculated, would divert some of the anti-American sentiment which usually expresses itself upon the more perilous topic of Nicaragua. But it was not upon the agenda, not important to the other delegations here, and Señor Pueyrredon knew that it would not disturb Mr. Hughes and his colleagues. He was playing safe. Argentina is happy to wash her hands of the Nicaraguan muddle, and she will not disagree with the United States upon the key questions of the conference.

If any republic leads an opposition it will be good old Mexico. Embarrassed as Mexico is by her debt troubles, her delegates see the fundamental issues clearly. They do not fool themselves or let themselves be flattered. Mexico is the one Latin republic with a really powerful labor and peasant movement, and that keeps her vision clear.

Chile, concentrating on the Tacna issue, is opposed to any proposal for compulsory arbitration. On all other issues (except, perhaps, aviation) her delegation acts as if instructed to follow Mr. Hughes's lead. Peru, with the same absorption in Tacna and the same desire for Yankee favors, follows a similar policy. Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela also dog Mr. Hughes's trail across the agenda. Cuba and Nicaragua are obvious rubber stamps. Panama does not dare act as freely as her able representatives might desire. Haiti is outside the Spanish-language group and is looked down upon as a frankly Negro republic. Colombia is opposed to North-American monopolization of Panama as an air junction, and has a mild desire for a Pan-American Court of Justice, but will not oppose us at any other point. This leaves Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Ecuador as the possible basis of a Latin bloc—not much to build upon! Even here there is imperfect agreement. Salvador is content with the World Court at the Hague; Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American court. The Dominican Republic opposes the Mexican proposals to reform the constitution of the Pan-American Union.

The net result of this Latin-American diversity of interest is that there is no concerted drive at any goal, and the steady hand of Mr. Hughes is guiding the conference toward its appointed destiny.

IV

This conference will be remembered for President Coolidge and his armada of eight warships and for Mr. Hughes, his voice and his beard. Mr. Hughes has one of the two beards and the finest voice in the conference. He is impressive and genial. He never completes a sentence without an inclusive smile. The delegates like him; they are impressed and flattered by him; they do as he suggests.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Hughes commands. He

is an expert diplomat. One of his most successful gestures, trying as it is to the North American newspapermen, was his refusal to waste time having Spanish speeches translated into English. Four languages are represented here, but only Haiti speaks French, only Brazil Portuguese, and only the United States English. Brazil and Haiti at first desired interpretation, but Mr. Hughes waived translation into English, and the conference accordingly proceeds more rapidly. Mr. Fletcher actually addresses his colleagues in Spanish; Dr. Rowe also speaks it. Mr. Hughes understands somewhat, and an interpreter pours a rapid summary into his ear. When he rises he dominates the session. The rustling of papers and the whispering stop. His voice booms out with tremendous volume. He speaks briefly and to the point, and his remarks, both before and after translation, are greeted with a chorus of "muy bueno."

Another successful gesture was his indorsement of Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, the distinguished Salvadorean Foreign Minister, who really cares about the independence of small nations, as chairman of the important Committee on Public International Law. Dr. Guerrero had been making comments on the subject to the press; now, as chairman, he feels honor-bound to silence. A thirdable act of diplomacy was his frank mention of Nicaragua and Haiti in his speech before the American Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hughes assumed, without argument, our irresponsible "right" of intervention, but he expressed a modest regret, and he actually spoke the dread word "Nicaragua" in public. By saying "Nicaragua" out loud before any other delegate had screwed his courage to the speaking-point, and by stimulating an attitude of acute diplomatic courtesy, Mr. Hughes has made it exceedingly difficult for any of his colleagues to be rudely frank. He seems to have insinuated into the conference a theory that respect for sovereignty and independence requires avoidance of any issue which might embarrass anyone—particularly the United States.

V

Possibly there is something in the theory of secret diplomacy. Almost any two diplomats together in a closet would come closer to realities than did Ollaya Herrera of Colombia and our Mr. Fletcher in discussing the "right" of the United States, in accord with Panama, to bar non-Yankee planes from the neighborhood of the Canal Zone. Every delegate had a map of the two Americas in mind, and realized that Panama was destined to become as important to air traffic as to sea commerce. Within ten years, possibly sooner, four great airlines will meet there—one from Chile, one from Argentina, one from our own East coast, and one from the West. Panama will be the junction where mail from the two coasts of one continent will be sorted and transhipped.

Colombia is the only South American country with developed air lines. One of her companies is already seeking a landing-field in Panama and plans extensions to Trinidad and Cuba. At the Pan-American Aviation Conference in Washington in May the question came up, and the Latin republics were unanimous against us. They would agree to our establishing our own barred zones, but not to our having privileges in other American countries from which they would be barred. Henry Fletcher, the suave man-of-the-world of the American delegation, offered an amendment to the Washington convention permitting two nations by treaty to close certain zones to all others. He was think-

ing, of course, of Panama outside the Canal Zone. Herrera was thinking of the Colombian air line, which, backed by German capital, wants a share of the Pan-American air business. The big smiling Colombian and the little smiling North American debated for two hours. But neither of them once mentioned the subject they were debating. They talked general principles. Neither once said "Panama!" In the Communications Committee the word "Panama" is almost as taboo as "Nicaragua" in the Committee on Public International Law.

VI

The Pan-American Union has its permanent seat in Washington. The Governing Board consists of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Government of the United States—which has the right to declare any individual persona non grata. Its director-general has always been a North American; the present director-general is actually a member of the United States delegation. Its chairman has always been the Secretary of State of the United States.

Suppose, for a parallel, that the League of Nations had its seat in London, and that diplomats accredited to the Court of St. James's were the members of its Council; that its chairman was the British Foreign Minister and its Secretary-General a former official of the British Foreign Office. Would it seem rude to suggest a change?

The Mexicans suggested a reform of the Pan-American Union. Suavely and courteously, paying warm personal tributes to the amiable Americans who have occupied official posts, they suggested that Latin countries be permitted to name delegates who were not accredited diplomats, and that the chairman and director-general be elected in rotation from the twenty-one republics. Mr. Hughes seemed to feel hurt. The chairman, he said, had never sought to impose his will upon the Union—which was true enough; Dr. Rowe had made an admirably sympathetic secretary-general—which was equally true. But if Mr. Hughes had been a shade better diplomat, I think, he would have welcomed the Mexican suggestions with only such amendments as the other Latin delegations might have been counted upon to make or even have anticipated them by himself proposing reduction of North-American control of the organization.

VII

Little concrete progress is being made at Havana and little will be made. The delegates cannot agree on the most minor matters. There is no continental urge to unity. Meanwhile the Yankee trade monopoly grows, Yankee capital is sought and granted, and the marines chase Sandino. No one talks of these essentials at Havana. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in engendering an atmosphere of friendship without conceding an iota in policy. It is a diplomatic triumph. But what will happen when the delegates go home?

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
January 30

HARDLY a week had elapsed after the Standard Oil Company's formal declaration of a world-wide price-cutting war upon the Royal Dutch-Shell, before Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, doubtless stirred by deep patriotic impulses, hurled the navy into the fray on the side of the Standard. Learning that the Honolulu company

which leases and operates Naval Reserve No. 2 in California was selling a large share of its product to Shell, the indignant Secretary appointed a board of Rear Admirals to investigate and recommend "remedial" measures. In other words, he intervened in the private oil war to shut off one contestant from an important source of supply. In contemplating the impropriety of such an act it is well to remember that British Government officials are among the largest owners of stock in the Dutch-Shell—a circumstance which prompted British officials to announce, at the outset, that their government would keep hands off in this

conflict of industrial giants. No such good sense hampered Secretary Wilbur. Whether he was imposed upon by Standard influence, or whether he was merely guilty of another gratuitous blunder, is not known.

* * * * *

WHAT everyone had suspected, but no one could prove, was admitted by M. T. Everhart, who broke his long silence and told the Senate Public Lands Committee that the \$233,000 in Liberty bonds received by his father-in-law, Albert B. Fall, in 1922, came straight from the hands of Harry F. Sinclair, to whom Fall, as Secretary of the Interior, had just leased the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve. He added something new, namely, that Fall also had received cash "loans" totaling \$35,000 from Sinclair, for which no notes were given. Everhart insisted that the bonds were in payment for a one-third interest in Fall's ranch, and that the "loans" were advanced for the purpose of improving the property. He did not explain why, if this was true, he had on two previous occasions refused to tell it, on the ground that his testimony might incriminate him. Stranger still, Senator Walsh did not ask him that question. Everhart contributed much to the gaiety of the capital by explaining that Sinclair and Fall intended to convert the ranch into a club. The project never got any further than the passage of \$268,000 in cash and bonds from Sinclair to Fall, but if it ever does progress, we suggest a name, "The Teapot Dome Club for the Relief of Indigent Cabinet Officers." Compared with this yarn, Doheny's story of the



which leases and operates Naval Reserve No. 2 in California was selling a large share of its product to Shell, the indignant Secretary appointed a board of Rear Admirals to investigate and recommend "remedial" measures. In other words, he intervened in the private oil war to shut off one contestant from an important source of supply. In contemplating the impropriety of such an act it is well to remember that British Government officials are among the largest owners of stock in the Dutch-Shell—a circumstance which prompted British officials to announce, at the outset, that their government would keep hands off in this

\$100,000 cash "loan" in "the little black bag" sounds really plausible. Sinclair and Fall have moved somewhat nearer to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE Committee, however, has still to learn who got the remainder of the \$3,000,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates. Extravagant rumors are afloat, and it is whispered in the Press Gallery that "this thing reaches so high that it never will come out." Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is one of the four men who might tell, but—and for the second time—when his testimony is needed he is found to be on urgent business in Latin America. However, after Senator Walsh had read into the hearings a report of the Colonel's doings at the Jockey Club and the Yacht Club, in Havana, as reported in the society columns of the *Havana Post*, it was announced that he was returning to the States forthwith, and would submit himself to the committee within a week. Blackmer and O'Neill frankly are fugitives in Europe. The fourth man, Sinclair, has a genuinely valid reason for not testifying—unwillingness to give self-incriminating testimony.

* * * * *

SENATOR NORRIS rose in the Senate the other day and spoke what was on the minds of many other persons concerning the conduct of Justice Siddons in the contempt trial growing out of the Fall-Sinclair jury-fixing conspiracy. Instantly the gallant but well-paid legal defenders of the accused jury-fixers rushed to the defense of the assailed jurist and lavished their most furious invective upon the Senator who would attempt to influence the administration of even-handed justice to Sinclair, Burns, and their hirelings. Ex-Judge Daniel Thew Wright, whose claim to fame on the bench rests chiefly on his unsuccessful attempt to jail Samuel Gompers, Frank W. Morrison, and John Mitchell for alleged violation of his injunction in the Buck stove case, led the chorus of the outraged barristers. Martin W. Littleton and Judge Charles A. Douglass chimed in with expressions of horror over Senator Norris's unspeakable crime. One could hardly read their statements, published fully in Ned McLean's *Washington Post*, without reaching the conclusion that Mr. Norris, instead of the persecuted Sinclair, should go to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE urgent need for searching investigation of the gigantic power trust which dominates the country's public utilities could not have been more convincingly demonstrated than by the frantic efforts of the trust's Washington lobby to block the investigation proposed in the resolution of Senator Walsh of Montana. It furnished prima facie evidence that there must be something concealed which the nation should know about promptly.

The lame ducks, Lenroot of Wisconsin and Thomas of Colorado, were rushed to Capitol Hill to impress upon their former colleagues the disastrous consequences that would surely follow in the wake of the proposed investigation. Allied with ex-Secretary of the Treasury George B. Cortelyou, they did their best to have the Walsh resolution shelved or emasculated. Mr. Lenroot, whose delicate sensibilities were sorely wounded several years ago when his colleagues took him to task for secretly trying to show Albert

B. Fall a way out of the Teapot Dome scandal, proved himself so insensible to the proprieties of his position that he did not hesitate to take advantage of his privileges as an ex-Senator to invade the floor and cloakrooms of the Senate.

Cynical old-timers could hardly repress a smile as they watched those battle-scarred comrades-in-arms of the Mulhall days, Jim Watson and Jim Emery, agreeing that the liberties of the people would be jeopardized by the inquiry. Watson, now the head of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, listened sympathetically to Emery, still the representative of the National Manufacturers' Association, singing the old familiar hokum, "States' rights." To those who find it difficult to understand the solicitude of Jim Watson and the Manufacturers' Association for States' rights, we commend the ancient maxim: "Any port in a storm."

* * * * *

SENATOR BORAH promises an investigation of the Nicaraguan situation by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman. He should head the subcommittee which makes the inquiry. An investigating committee composed of the Republican Tories and Bourbon Democrats which comprise an overwhelming majority of the Foreign Relations Committee would be worse than none at all. On Nicaragua, at least, Borah's performances have always been up to his promises.

There is no doubt that Congress is becoming increasingly restless over Nicaragua. Sympathy for the Nicaraguans probably is no deeper or more widespread among Congressmen than among their constituents, but there is a sentiment which is deeply and generally held in that body—jealousy of its powers. One of these is the sole power to declare war. War is being waged in Nicaragua, and Congress did not declare it—hence the growing determination to learn who did, and why. This curiosity, of course, is purely academic, since every member knows that Coolidge and Kellogg declared this war. The jealousy, however, is genuine, and a genuine jealousy, operating through an academic curiosity, is capable of producing an embarrassing investigation.

* * * * *

EXPERT opinion in the capital is pretty well convinced by now that Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama is aiming to run for President on a Klan ticket in case the Democrats nominate Governor Al Smith. In addition, it is pretty well convinced that Heflin, by his attacks on Smith and the Catholics, has made the nomination of Smith almost inevitable. The prospect of a divided Democratic Party in the next campaign instantly inspires pictures of a Republican victory even more overwhelming than those of four and eight years ago. But there is another side to the picture. It is pointed out that the real strength of the Klan in recent years has been, not among Southern Democrats but among Middle Western and Northwestern Republicans. There are seasoned politicians who declare that the presence of a Klan candidate in the field would be less likely to result in Georgia, Alabama, Texas, or Arkansas going Republican than in Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, or Oregon going Democratic. They argue that the Republican Klansmen of the Middle West and Northwest have demonstrated far more willingness to stand by the Klan regardless of party ties than the Democratic Klansmen of the South have shown. And they are more numerous.

Lenin—A Legend in the Making

By JOSHUA KUNITZ

IN the literature and folklore published in Soviet Russia the figure of Lenin has been gradually assuming legendary proportions. The proletarian poetaster and the Communist Party member, the Ukrainian soil-tiller and Archangel fisherman, the Siberian nomad and the Caucasian mountaineer have all contributed toward the creation of an image of a mighty giant, an epic hero.

Many elements have entered into the creation of this legend. Besides the actual, authentic personality of Lenin, there has been, of course, the ever-present urge of people to find fulfilment in myths and legends, in saints and heroes, and the deliberate encouragement of this urge by the most influential and articulate group in Russia, the Communist Party. Furthermore, the grandeur of the historical setting was, no doubt, an important contributory factor. Lenin's name and work have been associated with the most crucial and picturesque period in the history of Russia. His was the central figure in a monumental drama. His compatriots saw him rise in the lurid glare of storms and conflagrations, of wars and revolutions. He passed out of the scene before the everyday light of the reconstruction period had become so prosaic as to render his silhouette more nearly commensurate with his actual dimensions. He was spared the irritations, failures, and humiliations, the jealousies and the criticisms within the party that have brought the once adored Trotzky to the estate of a dangerous heretic, a spurned Messiah. Lenin, dead, has become the most potent of rulers. "Lenin," "Leninism," "the spirit of Lenin" are words constantly invoked by the dominant group in justification of various, often contradictory, policies and dogmas. Lenin has been virtually canonized. Every clubhouse, every meeting-room, every factory has its Lenin corner. Here the icon has given place to the portrait of Lenin; the Bible, to his "Collected Works." The Lenin mausoleum on the Red Square in Moscow has become a Mecca for countless thousands of devout pilgrims. Indeed, the worship of Lenin seems to have become the moral equivalent of religion and patriotism.

Naturally, all this has found its way into the imaginative literature of the period. The fumbling "little man," described by H. G. Wells, "who, when he sat on the edge of his chair, his feet scarcely touched the ground," has been seized upon as the subject of numerous heroic poems, stories, and legends. Most of these products are artistically worthless, only a few are possessed of genuine literary merit. Their significance lies mainly in the affectionate attitude they reveal. Many of them are as cloyingly sentimental as our own story about little George and the hatchet. In one such story, for example, we see Lenin as a little boy hilariously releasing "birdies" from a cage, in another, as a modest young man helping a poor peasant buy gifts for the peasant's family. In stories of this genre there is usually a crude though touching attempt at a very obvious and one-sided kind of realism. One constantly encounters wearisome references to Lenin's squinting eye and raised eyebrow, his old cap and shabby costume, his warmth and his friendli-

ness. "Lenin is like a bulldog; he has a deadly bite," once said Vera Zasulich, Lenin's coworker for many years. But the Communist fiction writer overlooks this aspect of the master's personality; he dwells on the simple, the approachable, the Christ-like in Lenin. "In his presence," one writer says, "one is enveloped by a strange dizziness that embraces one in a peculiar human way, like something very, very near; as if this man were one's elder brother." And in Vaska of Alexander Street, a story about a Communist soldier, we see Lenin stoop over Vaska, the dying Red hero:

Vaska looks into Ilyich's face, and Ilyich's eyes are big, soft. "Permit me," Vaska says, "to embrace you and kiss you, Comrade Ilyich."

The eyes of Ilyich grow bigger, softer . . .

"Well," he says, "let's kiss."

Vaska embraces Ilyich's broad shoulders, presses his lips to the ground, and dies. . . .

In addition to Lenin the sympathetic comrade, the elder brother, there is Lenin the *bogatyr*, the hero, the savior. This image of the Communist leader is the more prevalent and is particularly pronounced in all the stories and poems treating of him as the champion of the subject peoples of the East. Now he brings hope to the oppressed Georgians, now to a little Hindu boy, now to a hungry and beaten Chinese coolie. The coolie faints when he hears of the death of Lenin:

Lenin is dead. But what does it mean?

But how about the Chinese coolies?

In one Oriental chant we read that at the moment when Lenin was born into the world, he saw Man's woe and he sighed. The earth heard that sigh, and people knew that he was born. . . . And Lenin walked from hamlet to hamlet, from door to door; he beheld Man's suffering, and his heart began to glow with a great hatred and a great love. . . . Lenin gave his heart to the people. And the heart sent forth countless sparks. And each spark was brighter than a bonfire at night. And people saw the way to happiness. . . . In another chant Lenin is described as a hero born of the moon and a star, using the magic powers he inherited from his parents to overcome the monster-dragon that lay on the road to happiness. In still another, he very ingeniously outwits the White Czar. In one Eastern legend Lenin rises to colossal stature; he "splits" mountains.

. . . And on the sixth year, when the earth was free of lords and of slaves, Lenin vanished. . . . And when people saw that Lenin was no more, they said that he died. But Lenin has not died. He remembers the testament of his teacher, Khatto-Bash; he is seeking happiness in the mountains. Men see the earth shaking, and they say it is an earthquake. No, it is Lenin splitting mountains in his search for the little rod, in his search for happiness and truth. . . . And when he finds the little rod, then all peoples, yellow and black and white, will live happily. No one will worry about his fate, for all fates will be alike. No one will ask why life is so sweet, because no one will know that life can be bitter. . . .

The legend of Lenin is still in the making. For many years to come the peoples of Russia will go on weaving glowing tales about his hallowed name. And alongside of the historical, authentic figure, popular fancy will have gradually created Lenin the symbol, Lenin the objectification of the hopes and aspirations, the dreams and the yearnings of the Russian masses.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never been impressed by the idea of elections being "supervised" in one country—usually a small one—by representatives of another country—usually a large one and, it must be confessed, often the United States. Therefore he is willing to believe all the implications that lie behind a letter on his desk from Mr. L. J. de Bekker, on the subject of an election conducted some years ago by the United States Marine Corps in Haiti.

Some ten years ago [writes Mr. de Bekker], on a fine January morning, the French liner on which I had sailed from Santiago de Cuba for Port au Prince put in at a small port in Haiti to take on coffee. A sergeant of marines came aboard to take in beer, and I felt it my duty to assist him, the beer being excellent and his conversation most enlightening. He was, he told me, in charge of a district with a population of more than 100,000, of whom not more than two or three could speak English, while his French was of the table d'hôte variety, somewhat spiced. They called him "Monsieur le Grand Prévot," he explained, while he called them "damned niggers," being of Southern extraction, though not of the type whose forbears had been slave-owners. He was tremendously impressed with his responsibility, and with the difficulty of the position into which he had been forced, and was, I gathered from his talk, earnestly desirous of administering justice impartially, of maintaining the peace. He knew nothing of the laws and customs of the people, nor was he of their religion; and he knew nothing of the civil government or laws of his own country, but he seemed to me clean, decent, honest, and heartily glad of an opportunity to talk frankly with a white man, and to drink American beer.

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AN election was to take place tomorrow, he explained, and he was expecting to be extremely busy, so it was a matter of luck to have the Mount Vernon put in when it did. He didn't expect any real trouble at the election, but it was the sort of thing he did not know much about, having been in the Marine Corps a good many years, and never having seen an election at home. He had received a letter of instructions, however, from the Marine Headquarters in Port au Prince, and it all looked very easy. There were two sets of candidates to be voted for, and it was thought best in Port au Prince that there should be a show of competition. He couldn't get ballots printed, because there was no press in the district and no time to send to Port au Prince, so he planned to distribute slips of white and colored paper to the electors, the white ballots to be for the candidates supposed to be favorable to the American Occupation, the colored ones for the opposition. "All the Haitians," he said, "know that an election is to be held, and that they are expected to vote. Signs have been posted in French in various places, and the people who can read pass the word to those who can't."

* * * * *

AND so I missed seeing the last election for members of the National Assembly in the République d'Haïti, "free and indivisible," for while the independent electorate of the republic was registering its sovereign will under the aegis of the United States Marine Corps, I was still upon the sea. But the next day,

upon landing at the capital, I was told that the commanding officer of the Occupation, General Eli Kelley Cole, was much gratified at learning that a *majority favorable to the Americans* had been chosen, and that there had been no disorders of any kind during election day in any part of the country.

* * * * *

SINCE that time there have been practically no elections in Haiti, although it would be obviously a simple matter to arrange one at any time. But the facts as Mr. de Bekker sets them forth give one pause in considering the coming election in Nicaragua. When it resolves itself into a mere matter of white and colored slips of paper, with a Marine Corps rifle as a background, one wonders why it is necessary to subdue a "bandit" chief before the election can be held.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lyman Beecher and the Skunk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, a young man could not see a fish but he must catch it, a partridge or a rabbit but he must shoot it. One moonlight night, as he was going to visit his sweetheart Roxanna Foote with a copy of "Edwards on the Religious Affections" under his arm, a little rabbit ran across the path in front of him. Having no other weapon, he knocked it over with Jonathan Edwards's ponderous logic. But in fact it was not a rabbit but a skunk, and it dealt with Lyman as a skunk will.

Many years afterwards in Boston when he was assailed with lies and slanders Lyman Beecher refused to make any reply in the newspapers, saying "I threw a whole volume at a skunk once! I'll never do it again! It's no use!" It was a wise conclusion! No skunk ever did anyone serious harm in person or reputation.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, December 25

"City of Brotherly Love"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Philadelphia is in Pennsylvania, and, roughly speaking, in the North. On Locust Street, between Thirteenth Street and Broad Street, stands the Russian Inn. Round the corner is the Negro section.

A student at Lincoln University, who was with me last summer in Russia, stopped in Philadelphia on his way back from a speaking engagement. Having a few hours for a chat, we picked the Russian Inn.

We placed our coats on the rack near the entrance. The hostess arose from her chair and eyed me with utter amazement. Her eyes said: "Now you, above all people, should have more sense than to do this. Shame on you!" But she said nothing. Instead she tapped the proprietor, who was sitting at a table with some friends, on the shoulder. He arose and said to us: "Do you want to use the telephone?"

"Yes. And please reserve a table for us."

"I'm sorry, but we can't do that."

"Why?"

"Just so."

My friend was amused and took it philosophically.

"I wasn't treated this way in Russia," he said.

As we left the place he smiled. "Sol," he said, "I see you know nothing about your own country." My friend is a Negro.

Philadelphia, December 24

SOL AUERBACH

Add North Dakota

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial, *Debts of Justice: Unpaid*, declared that "only California and Wisconsin have provided laws to indemnify the unfortunate victims of mistakes in the administration of criminal law."

May I call your attention to a law (Chap. 172 Session Laws of 1917) in which North Dakota also makes some provision for the relief of those wrongfully imprisoned. The board established by this law has authority to indemnify victims at the rate of \$1,500 per year, up to a total of \$2,000. For sums over \$2,000 the board must have the approval of the legislature.

Fairdale, N. D., December 14

ALBERT LUNDBERG

As You Like It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The correspondent of the *New York Times*, Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

Big guns boomed salutes and a multitude of people cheered with the enthusiasm born of an intensive Latin nature. . . . Shouting men, women, and children, crowding the roofs and balconies . . . added their share to the demonstration. . . . There was no cessation of enthusiasm from the moment the battleship Texas . . . was sighted off the city.

The correspondent of the *New York Times*, Mr. Simeon Strunsky, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

They were cordial rather than feverish in their salutations, maintaining at the peak of the President's visit the note of unostentatious good-will which is encountered by the tourist who arrives by less humble means of transit than an American battleship. This I take to be the normal attitude of the Cuban people to the Northerners.

It is more or less understandable when the *New York Times* correspondents in Moscow and Bucharest fail to agree in their accounts of an event in the Ukraine. This naturally follows from the theory that all news is fit to print. Such journalistic eclecticism accounts for the wide circulation of the *New York Times*, wherein any man may find what he will. Yet it will trouble the future historian who seeks to learn from the *Times* what manner of reception greeted Mr. Coolidge in Havana.

New York, January 16

MAURICE FONTAINE

Religion in the Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago my eight-year-old nephew came home from Public School 217 and brought a paper, issued by the teacher, which read as follows:

WEEK DAY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION
PROTESTANT-CATHOLIC-HEBREW

To the Parent or Guardian:

Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants in our city are agreed that the need for religious instruction today is of vital concern.

To meet this need they are promoting weekday schools of Religious Instruction for children of public school age in their respective places of worship after school hours.

Will you please sign your name in the space below and have your child return this note to his or her Public School Teacher?

A list of religious schools followed to be checked by the parent. This paper was disregarded. But we were not to be

permitted to disregard it. It was demanded again and again.

I should like to find out since when are our public schools to act as agents for religious schools? Since when have our public school teachers to recommend religious instruction? Had their act been only philanthropic in character, that is, had they simply given a list of religious schools to aid those parents who desire to have their children instructed there, it would not be so bad. But it seems that this is not the case. They require back the papers with signatures on them. Now, if the paper is simply to aid those parents who wish religious instruction for their children, why should these papers be signed and returned to the teacher? Can't the parents find the place themselves after having been given the name and address of the school? If this practice is allowed we will soon have our public school teachers recommending military-training schools, Boy Scouts organizations, and many others of similar character.

Brooklyn, January 18

CARL BLANK

Contributors to This Issue

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is contributing from Havana a series of articles on the Pan-American Conference.

ERNESTINE EVANS is in the editorial department of Coward, McCann, publishers.

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International Relations Section

Imperial Hongkong

By SCOTT NEARING

Hongkong, November 10

HONGKONG is a symbol. In a sense it sums up the relations between the imperialists and China during the past eighty years.

The rugged, steep-sided Island of Hongkong, thirty square miles in area, was taken from China by Great Britain as a result of the First Opium War (1839-1842). Eighteen years later, at the close of the Second Opium War, a strip of territory on the neighboring mainland—Kowloon—was also seized by the British. Between Hongkong and Kowloon lies one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world, deep, spacious, completely surrounded by high hills. The Port of Hongkong lies at the gateway of South China. To it comes the commerce of Europe, the Americas, and Asia.

Although the Island of Hongkong is rough and inaccessible, the British have done wonders with its limited possibilities. Docks and warehouses are ample and modern. The British city has fine buildings, wide, clean streets, excellent hotels, a good water system, a first-class street car and ferry service. Bridges and terraces have been constructed and splendid roads run to various parts of the island.

Grim fortifications overlook Hongkong. Imperial battleships ride at anchor in its harbor. Airplanes circle. Indian and British regiments come and go. Hongkong is the Gibraltar of the East, alive with drilling, parading, maneuvering soldiers and sailors. Hongkong is prepared for military activities with a thoroughness never attained by any Chinese city. Shops, warehouses, docks; cruisers, guns; organized business and organized might embody the work of the imperialists at Hongkong.

Thus, in a few decades, Great Britain made of Hongkong what the Chinese might not have made of it in centuries, a modern commercial center of the first magnitude.

Hongkong is not all British. Quite the contrary. The population consists of 8,359 Europeans, 4,497 other non-Chinese peoples, and 610,368 Chinese. The workers on the docks, in the warehouses, on the streets, in the stone-quarries, on the new construction, all are Chinese. The small shop-keepers are generally Chinese. Even in the foreign-controlled stores Chinese clerks are employed. Hundreds of small Chinese craft work-shops turn out furniture, baskets, matting, leather-goods, tin-ware, shoes, lanterns, coffins, wooden tubs. Chinese jewelers design and execute their intricate, delicate patterns in jade, ivory, gold. Many of the larger jobbing houses are Chinese, as are some of the more important financial institutions. Non-Chinese control only the big business, and not all of that. Economically, Hongkong is almost wholly a Chinese city.

Most of Hongkong—the part where the Chinese live and do business—lies near the harbor-level in a sort of pocket under the hills. The steep slopes run almost to the water's edge. From the narrow, level strip along the water-front—the business center of Hongkong—the streets begin to climb more and more steeply, until, as foot-ways, they emerge on the high points and rocky shoulders that overlook purple-green hills and blue water spread out for miles below.

Down in the harbor bottom the summer days are hot—terribly hot. Sometimes it is equally terrible by night. Along the hillsides breezes almost always blow. High up there on the slopes, above the noise and sweat of docks and shops and busy streets, live the Europeans. In hotels, apartment houses, private mansions, and the Governor's Palace they live on the best that Hongkong has to offer of food, service, comfort, of light, air, and beauty of earth and sky.

Motor cars and rickshas cannot climb directly up the steep slopes to the living quarters of the Europeans but two coolies, with a sedan chair between them, can accomplish the ascent in a surprisingly short time. Besides there is a cable road, running all the way to the top, with cheap commutation rates for regular passengers. Thus the Europeans are able to get from their offices at the water-level to their mountain homes with expedition and little effort.

All of the traffic up the hill-side does not go in sedan chairs and cable cars, however. There is also a freight road up the side of the hill—a foot-path so steep that on wet days it is almost unwalkable in spots despite the fact that it is excellently paved with scored asphalt and cement.

Along this freight road toil the carriers of Hongkong: men and women and children, with food, tools, materials, utensils. A man goes by with a carrying-pole. One end of the pole is fastened to a bag of cement; the other to a bundle of brick. A second carrier swings past with two baskets of vegetables dangling from the ends of his pole. Two women come around a bend in the path. Between them they are carrying a big basket of fruit. Three women follow them, lugging five bundles of bamboo poles that are to be used for a scaffolding near the top of the hill. One woman hooks her carrying pole to a bundle of bamboo, tugs it up for thirty or forty yards, sets it down, unhooks her pole, and goes back for one of the other bundles. With their five bundles, these three women make less than a quarter of a mile in an hour. The sun beats down intolerably as they sweat and pant and labor on up the heavy grade. A man goes by with a set of tin-smith's tools on one end of his carrying-pole and some sheet-iron on the other. Thus the procession passes from early morning until dark, and thus material for the building and maintenance of the high, pleasant houses finds its way from the harbor-level up the stubborn hill-side, on the backs of the Chinese people.

The sun sets. Night falls. The long line of human pack-animals that has fought against the exhausting heat and the steep hill all day long stops to rest. Down in the Chinese city the air is still dull and heavy with the burning heat of brick and stone and cement that have stood all day under a merciless sun. The narrow streets swarm with people who walk and fan themselves. Hundreds of Chinese workers spread their strips of matting along the edges of the pavements close to the fronts of the closed stores and prepare to pass the night. A woman sits under one of the arches of the Post Office. On the matting beside her there are three little children. The oldest may be six. Two sleep soundly. The youngest is restless. His head is bound with a cloth. The mother, watching anxiously as he moves from side to side, strokes his hand, murmurs something to him, and looks about helplessly. She sees nothing except the few scraps left from their pavement-supper, turns back resignedly, and falls to stroking his hand again.

That is Hongkong.

The Nation

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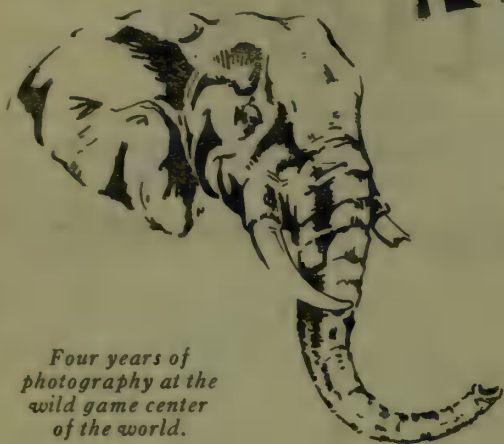
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Midwinter Book Section

Two Poems

By ROBERT FROST

The Armful

For every parcel I stoop down to seize
I lose some other off my arms and knees.
And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns,
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once.
Yet nothing one would like to leave behind.
With all I have to hold with, hand and mind
And heart, if need be, I will do my best
To keep their building balanced at my breast.
I crouch down to prevent them ■ they fall;
Then sit down in the middle of them all.
I had to drop the armful in the road
And try to stack them in a better load.

Blood

Blood has been harder to dam back than water.
Just when we think we have it impounded safe
Behind new barrier walls—and let it chafe!—
It breaks away in some new kind of slaughter.
We choose to say it is let loose by the Devil;
But power of blood itself releases blood.
It goes by might of being such ■ flood
Held high at so unnatural a level.
It will have outlet, brave and not so brave.
Weapons of war and tools of trade and peace
Are merely points at which it finds release.
And now it is once more the tidal wave
That when it has swept by leaves summits stained.
Oh, blood will out! It cannot be contained.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

By MARK VAN DOREN

ONE reason, and the chief reason, for the rank in poetry achieved by Thomas Hardy before he died was that his poems were interesting. His only competitor for the highest rank of all among twentieth-century British poets, William Butler Yeats, is in certain aspects more admirable, and this can be demonstrated by reference to known laws of excellence; but Mr. Yeats is not quite so interesting, and therefore, if one is allowed to call in a consideration seldom applied these days to the criticism of poetry, not quite so good. There is actually the implication behind much discussion of the art that in proportion ■ ■ poet becomes interesting he becomes bad—interesting, I mean, in general, interesting to laymen, interesting for what he says, interesting for whatever in his poetry might have been prose, and is indeed prose when it is put in other words than the author's. I am very well aware of the desperation which pushes critics into talk about "pure" poetry, and I sympathize with their steadfastness in preferring it to the real thing. But if poetry is in ■ bad way just now, and there are those who say it is, is this not because of its very purity, its admirable aridity, its unwillingness to compete with other forms of literature on some kind of human ground? With fiction, for instance.

There is reason for the fact that fiction today threatens to put down poetry, that ■ novelist finds thousands of readers to a poet's hundreds. And this fact has something, I suspect, to do with the eminence of Hardy as a poet. For he was both novelist and poet. He began and ended with verse, which always he called his favorite form of expression; but he did know how to tell stories about human beings, he did know how to make himself seem one, and he could do these things either in prose or in verse—both vehicles being enriched by a mind and an eye bent exclu-

sively upon important and exciting subjects. Certainly his poems in all but ■ few cases tell or suggest stories. He had a lyric gift, as can be seen in his country songs and in the piece called Let Me Enjoy (Minor Key):

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits ■ Fair,
Who throws me not ■ word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown,
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

But even these lines, which by the way ought to be sufficient refutation of the legend that Hardy could not write "smoothly" when it served his purpose to do so, have ■ narrative reference. They refer to the story, running throughout the man's poetry, of his successive adjustments to the universe. They recall the earlier stanza in Nature's Questioning, where the elements of earth are represented as being overheard by him as they ask:

Has some Vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?

Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains? . . .
Or are we live remains
Of godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

The last line there is so highly characteristic of Hardy that it might be made the point of departure for a description of his whole process as a poet. At his best he always saw things this way, and reported them so—with a certain difficulty, as if he peered through mist at something solid and definite beyond, something which was solid and definite because of the very pains required to see it at all. Thus it was that he saw—not, I think, imagined—Drummer Hodge lying dead in South Africa after the Boer War,

His homely Northern breast and brain
Grown to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
His stars eternally.

Thus it was that he remembered the Roman road whereon he had walked as a boy with his mother:

The Roman Road runs straight and bare
As the pale parting-line in hair
Across the heath.

He remembered it precisely that way, and so would seek no pretty image less weird or less real than the one he already had. He saw, in *The Convergence of the Twain*, the Titanic drawing nearer, mile by ocean mile, to its "twin half" in "one august event"—an iceberg. And in the poem called *Near Lanivet, 1872*, he looked, as it were, clear through a woman and through something she leaned against.

There was a stunted handpost just on the crest,
Only a few feet high:
She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,
At the crossways close thereby.

She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,
And laid her arms on its own,
Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,
Her sad face sideways thrown. . . .

And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see
In the running of Time's far glass
Her crucified, as she wondered if she might be
Some day—Alas, alas!

Many of Hardy's stories in verse—*The Curate's Kindness*, *The Flirt's Tragedy*, *The Face at the Casement*, *The Moth-Signal*, *The Satin Shoes*, and *Satires of Circumstance*—are melodramatic in a way that must always have seemed old-fashioned. He himself was an incorrigible melodramatist, in prose as well as in verse. But I honor him for such a fault, if fault it is. For it is a guaranty of his central virtue, a determination to be interesting; and it is only the reverse side of a man who after all did see the world with luminous eyes and did grasp it in a plastic hand. The man who in *"The Dynasts"* looked down and beheld Europe as "a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head" saw more or less, perhaps, than he should have seen; but what he saw one does not forget. One does not forget Hardy's poems, though the novels, the farther they recede into the background, tend the more to pay the penalty of their complexity—the greatest novels being both longer and simpler than his. The poems, crudely worded as many of them are, invariably escape triviality; they stand there old and strong, made out of some personal metal that no other poet will ever use or need to use.

Poems

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Hurt Hawks

I

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder,
The wing trails like a banner in defeat,
No more to use the sky forever but live with famine
And pain a few days: cat nor coyote
Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game
without talons.

He stands under the oak-bush and waits
The lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom
And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.
He is strong and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is
worse.

The curs of the day come and torment him
At distance, no power but death the redeemer will humble
that head,
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.
The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have
forgotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying,
remember him.

II

I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk;
but the great redtail
Had nothing left but unable misery
From the bones too shattered for mending, the wing that
trailed under his talons when he moved.
We had fed him six weeks, I gave him freedom,
He wandered over the foreland hill and returned in the
evening, asking for death,
Not like a beggar, still eyed with the old
Implacable arrogance. I gave him the lead gift in the twi-
light. What fell was relaxed,
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers: but what
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded
river cried fear at its rising
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

To a Young Artist

It is good for strength not to be merciful
To its own weakness, good for the deep urn to run over,
good to explore
The peaks and the deeps, who can endure it,
Good to be hurt, who can be healed afterward: but you
that have whetted consciousness
Too bitter an edge, too keenly daring,
So that the color of a leaf can make you tremble and your
own thoughts like harriers
Tear the live mind: were your bones mountains,
Your blood rivers to endure it? and all that labor of dis-
cipline labors to death.
Delight is exquisite, pain is more present;

You have sold the armor, you have bought shining with
 burning, one should be stronger than strength
 To fight baresark in the stabbing field
 In the rage of the stars: the world's unconsciousness is the
 treasure, the tower, the fortress;
 Referred to that one may live anything;
 The temple and the tower: poor dancer on the flints and
 shards in the temple porches turn home.

The Realm of Proust

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the earliest English commentators upon the work of Marcel Proust was disturbed by what he regarded as a moral obtuseness on the part of the author, and in support of his contention that Proust lacked the most elementary sense of honor or decency he pointed to a scene in which the meticulous chronicler takes full advantage of a chance opportunity to peep through a window in order that he may observe a particularly intimate moment in the lives of two of his characters. Just what were the emotions of this commentator when he reached the opening pages of "Cities of the Plain"—pages in which Proust describes, with no more shame than a naturalist, how he maneuvered himself into a hiding-place from which he could eavesdrop upon the first sensual ecstasy of the great M. de Charlus and little Jupien the tailor—it is impossible to guess; but he who cannot accept this crucial example of our author's willingness to sink the gentleman as well as the man when his curiosity is aroused had best make up his mind once and for all that Proust is not for him, because Proust would not be Proust had he not renounced all the obligations of life at the same time that he renounced life itself.

"Detachment" is a much-abused word and it can mean too many things to be used to describe the attitude of a writer unless it be given some further definition, but the secret of the nature of Proust's detachment is the secret of his quality. When, burying himself in his chamber, he brought his life as a human being to an end the result was not at all to detach himself from it in the sense of freeing the logical faculties from the bondage of the senses, since his consciousness remained, what it had always been, primarily a realm of finely discriminated sensations, and since he turned not from perceptions to thoughts, but merely from perceptions to the memory of perceptions. But the fact that he was dead in the sense that he no longer planned to take any part in life, that he no longer felt any desires capable of eventuating in an act, not only made it possible for him to live passionately in memory and to approach more nearly than, perhaps, any other man ever did to that "total recall" which is a psychological impossibility, but also made inevitable that disappearance of all ethical or conventional standards which distressed the English commentator.

Let philosophical idealists say what they will, the adherence in sentiment and fact which men ordinarily vouchsafe to moral or conventional codes is, at least in the case of persons like Proust whose world is largely perceptual, merely the result of a working agreement entered into for

the purpose of orderly existence. It is a pact tacitly formed between the individual and either society or a certain section of it in the course of which the individual agrees to behave in a certain way in exchange for an assurance that this society will back him up in an insistence that others behave in the same way toward him; and the indignation which he feels against violators of this code, whether their violations do or do not directly affect him, is largely the indignation of one player against another who does not follow the rules. But such an adherence, being founded upon practical considerations, can have no meaning after death, and Proust was in this sense dead before he began to write. He was no longer playing the game and accordingly had no concern with the rules. With nothing to gain and nothing to lose he no longer cared even for the opinion which others might form of him, and he was accordingly as little concerned with the moral judgments which might be passed upon him as with those which might be passed upon his characters.

To make the most exquisitely minute discriminations always, but to judge between the things thus discriminated never—that is the essence of his method. Had he cared to do so he could doubtless have written a whole half-volume devoted to the exact nature of his ungentlemanliness in consenting to eavesdrop—he has certainly devoted many pages on more than one occasion to the analysis of much less conspicuous breaches of the code—but he would have been no more judicial in his treatment of it than he is in the treatment of M. de Charlus's erotic devotion to jockeys and trainmen. No man was ever more completely than Proust a slave to sensations; no man ever lived more entirely by and for the nerves; but by shutting himself off from all but the memory of these sensations he not only recovered them with unexampled fulness but recovered them in a state more nearly pure than would have been possible for anyone who had a living future which could occupy him with plans and desires—recovered them, that is to say, unmixed either with his own personal concerns or with those moral fervors and antipathies which, for such at least as he, are in fact part of a personal concern.

The two newly translated volumes form, like the three previous instalments of two volumes each, a recognizably distinct section of the work. They have as their central subject homosexual love—treated with an equally conspicuous absence of both salacity and moral indignation—and they are concerned chiefly with M. de Charlus, Albertine, the Verdurins, and a new character named Morel, while certain of the characters very prominent in the other parts—Swann, Odette, Gilberte, and the Guermantes—appear either incidentally or not at all. And yet the work as a whole is too marvelously one in style, spirit, and matter for these volumes to contribute anything new in any gross sense; they are fresh mines of delight of exactly the same kind which those who, like myself, read this author with almost unreserved pleasure have already found in the others. Here are the same occasional incidents which rise to an almost painful intensity, and the same endless profusion of exquisitely discriminated nuances which command the interest less because of any intrinsic importance in the things discriminated than because of the marvelous delicacy with which they are expressed—operations which awake admiration like that which one would feel for the superhuman dexterity of a skilful demonstrator dissecting under the microscope; investigations which are concerned

¹ "Cities of the Plain." By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Printed for subscribers only. Albert and Charles Boni. \$15.

not with the gross, but with the micro-anatomy of emotion, with the histology of the soul.

There is, however, one other problem to which I should like to allude because its solution did not become clear, to me at least, until the reading of the volumes from which "Cities of the Plain" is translated. I refer to the question, so hotly discussed pro and con, of whether or not Proust can be charged with a vulgar snobbishness upon the basis of his great preoccupation with the world of fashion. If we consider the part which the standards of this world play in the artistic structure of the work, I think there is no reason, in spite of the extent to which they are used, to doubt the sincerity of his expressed indifference toward them. We cannot discuss the varieties of human conduct, character, or emotion without reference to certain fixed norms any more than we can discuss the position of a point in space without reference to certain other fixed lines or points; and since all the moral, legal, or even aesthetic standards by which the deviations of character are normally measured in fiction had disappeared from Proust's realm it was necessary that certain others should be set up. The traditions of fashionable society are the x- and y-axes of his spiritual geometry. Meaning nothing in themselves, being merely fixed lines by which locations can be indicated and relationships established, their arbitrariness is the thing which makes them useful. Unlike moral or other standards, which might seem to have an importance in themselves, they make it possible to bring order into his universe without introducing anything extraneous to his view of it, and he chooses them for the very reason that he and his readers can agree to give them nothing except a purely formal meaning.

God's Children

By JAMES RORTY

All God's children got wings.

The white rooster flaps his wings in a perfect New England stage set.

"Pure, pure!" crows the white rooster, between dawn and dark of a transcendental day.

The white rooster dies. The sun also rises. Some gentleman of color must have strutted in the barnyard:

Hear, what remembered lust in the hen's cackle; see, what spotted malice in the chicks!

All God's children got wings.

The blind bats hang head down from the cobwebbed corners of the courtroom.

Bat wings brush the face of the late-working Governor, hell's padlocks rattle as the watchman goes his rounds.

The President sleeps badly; the witches have come again on bat wings to suck his blood.

Twelve o'clock in the editor's office; the rats in the composing-room have grown wings—what lewd squeals as the cold presses grind the news!

A cold fear, a cold hate, a cold lust—cold bats mewing the covenant of the coldest hell—

Come, death, come in a great burning, come!

Come, death, and loose these bats out of hell!

All God's children got wings.

Elijah's chariot stops in front of the death-house at Charlestown.

Swing low, sweet chariot, good children, brave children, coming to carry you home.

"Barthol! Niccolo!" Death's voice is like the trumpets of the Gracchi, great Michael's angels beat their wings. What though the people sleep? The graves are opened, the great dead shout and sing in the streets.

This midnight blooms in power and passion, lit from this burning the waste lands burn and are healed.

All God's children got wings, got wings,

All God's children got wings.

The Education of Woodrow Wilson

By JOSEPH JASTROW

ON Wilson the statesman my complete and profound ignorance of politics either in art or in science enjoins silence. But his academic pursuits and his preparation for them I can follow with the sympathy and experience of a colleague, and for that reason I was particularly interested in Ray Stannard Baker's recently published volumes on Wilson's early years. My residence at Johns Hopkins University overlapped his. We were all specialized as graduate students headed (we hoped) for specialized chairs. But the congenial simplicity of those days provided easy contacts; departments exchanged hospitalities, and even the psychological laboratory was not estranged from the historical seminary. As chance would have it, my marching mate in the procession to receive the Ph.D. was Wilson. He was already a *primus inter pares* and the envy of many because he held a position at Bryn Mawr (at the enviable salary of \$1,500) and had returned after a year's teaching to receive his degree.

Unlike Henry Adams, whose "education" confesses the superiority of its author to the need of all education, Wilson, with no less definite a view of his capabilities and career, showed how the conventions of the higher education could be bent to the program of a gifted mind. The keynote is struck early, though by scholastic standards Wilson was neither precocious nor unusual. He was a youth with a formulated purpose suitable to maturity. From the picture of Gladstone which the boy enshrined above his desk to the cards on which he wrote half in jest and half in prophecy: "Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Senator from Virginia" he knew clearly where he was going.

However effective the written phrase of Wilson was, the added effect of its delivery remains with me as I recall his address as president of the American Association of American Universities. My assurance of its value seemed welcome to him; for he felt, as I did, that it was coldly received by the company of college presidents and deans, most of whom were not ready for his educational reforms, could not perceive the wide gap between an idealist with a practical-minded zest and their own opportunist advocacies and canvassings. I still hold that Woodrow Wilson contributed as significantly as any other leader in the higher education to the ideals that universities must live by, that his views are an oasis in the dreary desert of the sayings of college presidents.

The story of Wilson's career is familiar: his ancestors on both sides with their passion for education, his deep family affection, poverty enough to make opportunities esteemed, a religious setting that made serious thinking natural, a determination and an encouragement to make his way to a significant life. All this made for an independence in outlook and conduct which, though to that degree rare, may well be accepted as the distinctive feature in the education of leaders in any field. At all important times of decision he took his education in his own hands. That remained the central principle of his "University," a place where under proper guidance, in which personality should be first and machinery last, young men of serious purpose could find themselves. "When a Man Comes to Himself" remains a characteristic Wilsonian pronouncement. A university is an instrument for this process, and it can be little more; yet, being that, it is inevitably much more. The long story of the Princeton controversy has somewhat lost its interest, but in the sense in which the president of Princeton lost his cause, the American university lost it, and is still suffering from the set-back. The same issues have grown so formidable as to be now beyond control. A university cannot be merely an annex to a stadium, and studies only disturbing incidents in a social life. Sooner or later someone will have to write the dismal story of miseducation.

I am selecting the emphasis but am not throwing out of focus the intellectual features of Woodrow Wilson in posing him as a teacher, though it seems hopeless to give that term the functional worth which it should carry. His precepts were practices; the care and finish that he put on his job of lecturing to classes made those classes an experience; and his popularity as professor may still prove to the skeptical that youth has so catholic a devotion that it will run after sterling as well as plated gods. When he had his administrative chance, it was upon the intimate contact of minds not too widely separated in maturity and interests that he staked the fortunes of his educational system.

Above and through all the incidents of his career appears the man, the essential Wilson. In the hierarchy of his dominant ambitions an active public career, with a scope for influence in shaping events, stood foremost. Chafing first under the necessity of teaching women, he was in due course restless in teaching men. The law was too mercenary a gateway, a menial side-door at best. The academic portal was worthy and opened to values intrinsically satisfying. But they were secondary interests, though deeply cherished. If he chose to be a scholar in politics, it was because he held knowledge to be the authentic guide to power. "A man may be defeated by his own secondary successes" is a characteristic Wilsonian sentiment. He seemed afraid that his extraordinary popularity as a professor might turn a prologue into an epilogue. He welcomed the unexpected presidency of Princeton as a call to action, a constructive and commander-in-chief position at last.

It is ever the perspective of satisfactions that sounds the depths of a character; the handicaps of that character are often instructive. Wilson's inhibitions were real though not deep; he was keenly aware of them, and noted that he often found it difficult to speak of what was nearest to his heart; he could write what he could not release by word of mouth. He was more confidential in public than in private; for, as he said, there is less reticence to be felt in pleasing a group than in aiming directly for the favor of one hearer.

In the combination of aggressive leadership and in inhibiting reserves lie the possibilities of misunderstanding,

and Woodrow Wilson ran the gamut of adoration and de-traction. The most common charge was that he insisted on playing a lone hand; that when he became the most acclaimed of men this flaw led to his undoing. It was held to be responsible no less for his dissensions at Princeton. However true or false, this diagnosis is directed to the vital spot. It takes so little to mar the picture of greatness; and of all the qualities that have introduced the false note in the lives of great men, this is the most dissonant. We can all think of careers that reached almost to the heights, yet fell by reason of this deadly failing; and the Freudians would have it that it is often a faulty compensation for an inhibited self. Morally we term it the ambition that does overreach its goal; but the psychological version seems the truer one. It explains the divergent views of Wilson's reputation, and perhaps also the varying wisdom of his decisive steps and missteps at critical moments. Those who stood near to advise him at the Versailles Conference brought back reports of his declining the very services they had come across seas to render; that he was so engrossed with the importance of his position as to become an easy victim of Continental masters of diplomacy unhindered by idealistic commitments. It is difficult to decide how true this may be. But stricken by illness as he had been so frequently, halted by threatening disability in the course of his ascent to fame, he was his kind of hero to the last.

Some may prefer to present the conflict less as temperamental than as occupational. The academic mind sets its own course; the politician must appeal to party and follow it, must build his machine. The pursuit of truth is uncompromising—hence the "single-track mind"; politics demands compromise, making such strange bed-fellows as Wilson and Bryan. The democracy of politics suspects leadership, through ideas most of all, as a mask for power, is suspicious of more than a rhetorical preference of principles to spoils. The "highbrow" does not herd congenially with "narrow foreheads." The people get tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, or Solon the Wise. In the American setting Wilson provided a tempting target. Unfortunately his temperamental traits offered no effective guard against the thrusts. His most dangerous foes were those ready to prove that the scholar could be a genial politician as well; the narrower schisms are the bitterest. Wilson, even more than Cleveland, is entitled to respect for the enemies he made.

Back, Wolf

By CLINCH CALKINS

Back, wolf, I have left you my blood
on the step in a bowl.
What more can you want of me now that
I've given you body and soul?
Nightly I've fed you the lean of my thoughts
for all of these years
And at morning tossed out of the window
the bone of my fears.

Tonight if you watch you can enter
and sniff the air
And you'll find that the place is quite empty
And nothing left there.

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I Have Known Poets

By MARY AUSTIN

I have known poets in my time. . . .

I have also known a Cardinal,
A gold-laced General,
A Cabinet Minister and several millionaires,
Learned men, lover men—
And I would lose the lot of them
For any one of half a dozen poets that I know!
And I say, Lord,
When my time comes to go,
I shall not care for Heaven if the poets stay outside.
You may keep my starry crown
For some poor soul that craves it,
And give my harp
To any Angel child that plays it,
But I will take the poets and what you have left over,
A windy hill to walk upon, a filmy cactus flower,
A maple tree, a lady fern or bee caroused in clover,
Of all I've loved and sung about just the odds and ends—
And two or three poets to be my friends!

Error

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

When autumn burns along the sky
And the moon, like some harvest fruit
Cradled in tall trees, seems to lie
So hot, so ripe, so without root,

Does not a sunflower awake
In the dark garden chill with dew,
And thrilled with radiance, mistake
Dead gold for living, and pursue?

So, in this autumn of our love,
My heart, night being at its noon,
Woke, startled, and began to move
On the cold roadways of the moon.

Books

Reviewing Russia

The Economic Organization of the Soviet Union. By Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy. *Village Life Under the Soviets.* By Karl Borders. *How the Soviet Government Works.* By H. N. Brailsford. *Religion under the Soviets.* By Julius F. Hecker. *Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors.* By R. Page Arnot. The Vanguard Press. Fifty cents each.
The Russian Land. By Albert Rhys Williams. New Republic, Inc. \$1.

THIS humble effort is what can only be termed mass production in book reviewing. Mass production in Model A's, bathtubs, and confession magazines is all very well, but to put authors—such distinguished, hard-working, and altogether sapient authors as the above—through the rolling mill is a different and far more dubious matter. They deserve a column apiece at the very least, each under his own headstone; and, with one exception, far more expert talent than the under-

signed to appraise their virtues and their failings. I did pick up a fact or two about Russian industry last summer, strained to be sure through interpreters and translators; but what do I know about religion, about farming, about political structure, and about the neighborly Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, and Finns—to say nothing of the brotherly and backslapping British, French, Americans, and Japanese? Precisely, or almost precisely, nothing at all. Just because one has rushed across the Ukrainian steppes in a German motor car and a shower of dust one does not become a learned commentator on all phases of the biggest slice of territory on the planet.

The then unpublished manuscript of Messrs. Nearing and Hardy I had with me when I entered Russia. It made a splendid introduction to the internal economy of the Soviet state. By its aid I was able to select the factors which seemed particularly to deserve more intensive study. But the more intensive I got, the less rewarding the manuscript became. Not that it was wrong in any basic particular, but rather that it was so much more wooden than the actual facts. It slurs over many matters that demand critical plain speaking; such as the serious unemployment situation, the poor quality of the bulk of consumer goods, the artificial stimulation of the cooperative stores. It says nothing at all about the reliability of the statistics which are so abundantly quoted. On the other hand the book fails, in my opinion, to give due weight to the stupendous audacity of the attempt to coordinate the whole economic mechanism through the medium of the State Planning Commission, locally known as the Gosplan. This is something new in the world, an experiment so brilliantly conceived, so comprehensive, and withal so courageous, as to call for a full chapter—aye, and a loud hallelujah or two—rather than the few staid paragraphs it gets. Still, it is their book, not mine; it helped me a great deal in getting the mechanism of Russian industry into focus, and I am sure it will help many others to do the same.

Mr. Borders's "Village Life" is anything but wooden. It is warm, flexible, and alive from cover to cover. The opening description of a typical village carried me back bodily to the huddle of thatched huts, the gilded dome above them, the dogs, the dust, the glowing fields of sunflowers, the smells, the stolid stares, the eternal timelessness of scores of villages through which I had passed; and groped dimly to understand. Mr. Borders makes the record as plain as it can be made in a brief volume. His criticisms are acute and telling, and his praise, so far as I know anything about it, is just. He gives not only the warmth of local color but sober and penetrating observation on the whole economy of Russian agriculture; its relations to the state, to the cooperative movement, to the towns, to the structure of industry.

We come now to Mr. Brailsford. He attempts to tell us how the Soviet government works. I do not think he knows how it works; I do not think the members of that government know how it works; I do not think that anybody knows how it works. Logically it should have been a heap of ruins years ago, splintered into a thousand hates and envies and lusts and martyrdoms. One can chronicle the grains of sand and lime—the bureaus and committees—but only God himself knows what hidden forces have cemented these grains into a solid, unbreakable, and functioning mass. One cannot, however, read Mr. Brailsford's last chapter without realizing that there are few political philosophers alive in the world today who are equipped with wisdom, tolerance, and sympathetic understanding to come as close to the heart of the matter as he has come. He may not know the formula for that unearthly cement, but he can make us feel to the fingertips its tingling and gripping cohesion. And he can show us the many rankling injustices which remain as the price of that cohesion. For you and me, dear reader, brought up as we have been, modern Russia would be on all too many occasions a very painful place in which to live.

Mr. Hecker writes upon religion under the Soviets. He

ought to know something about it. He was born in Russia, he received a Ph.D. at Columbia, studied theology at Drew and Union Theological Seminaries, was with the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., joined the famine-relief expedition to Russia in 1921, and is now teaching sociology in the Moscow Theological Academy. He writes with clarity and tolerance. He tells how the young republic tried to get along without religion for a few years, came a cropper, and in 1923 unlocked the church doors and set those huge, bronze, slightly sour bells tolling again. (In the Campanile of the Lavra at Kiev, 300 feet above the ground, I almost got a twelve-foot bell ringing by pulling with all my strength, in an ever-widening arc. Just as the clapper was about to kiss the rim in a joyous clang, two tall priests appeared from nowhere, wrenched the rope out of my hands, looked daggers, and withdrew. Was this religious freedom? Obviously not.)

The churches are all open, services are going on, women are kneeling and crossing themselves ■ of yore. But an open fight is on for the souls of the children, with the Communists holding a stacked deck of cards. Will they win out and convert the next generation to the religion of communism? Mr. Hecker doubts it, and so do I.

With Mr. Arnot's opus on neighborliness I go down for the third and last time. Just what Russia is up to in respect to the British Empire, China, Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Rumania, Poland, the Border States, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, the United States, and the world at large is all set forth here, section by section, and chapter by chapter. I have read most of it, but would have got farther reading the "Novum Organum" in Latin. I am naturally soft-headed when it comes to open covenants openly arrived at. I do not think I ever recovered from the shock of the secret treaties. I just do not believe anything anybody says about foreign relations. This is hard on Mr. Arnot, and upon what may be a genuine masterpiece; but what can I do?

Albert Rhys Williams has been living in Russian villages off and on—not for days and days but for years and years. I saw him in Moscow and he told me all about it. All about the food and the booze and the bugs . . . and the decency and the friendliness. It was a great story with the ring of utter verihood. In "The Russian Land" he sets down eleven prose etchings from out of the multitude of his experiences. There are no figures, no summaries, no prophecies, no learned conclusions—there are only first-hand stories of Russian life as Mr. Williams has seen it and lived it. And I am rather inclined to think that if you really would understand Russia this is the best volume of them all.

STUART CHASE

Washington Alive

George Washington, 1762-1777. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow and Company. \$5.

Washington Speaks for Himself. By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

George Washington, Colonial Traveler, 1732-1775. By John C. Fitzpatrick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

WHEN the first volume of Rupert Hughes's biography of Washington appeared, giving us the first really illuminating and honest story of his earlier days, a prominent historian denounced it as containing "exactly 297 absolutely false statements." In an Afterword to the second volume, which carries Washington's career forward to 1777, Mr. Hughes informs us that the historian wrote him personally that having reread the book he had "not found one statement that he would call absolutely false." The "falsehoods" turn out to be "disparagements"; and "disparagements" mean all references to the fact that Washington drank, danced, swore, and made wagers—all of which he did.

This second volume is even more interesting and scholarly,

and even more packed with proof, but we may expect a renewal of the hue and cry against the author from professional patriots. Mr. Hughes is clearly concerned with a search for truth, which is, presumably, the purpose of any honest historian. This truth cannot possibly be palatable to the followers of Parson Weems or Professor Sparks, or to those who busy themselves plucking the well-earned plumes of other men to bedeck Washington, who needs none but his own. Mr. Hughes shows conclusively that his subject was not an important or active member of the House of Burgesses; that he did his share of breeding slaves and concerned himself not at all in their morals; that he advertised not only for runaway slaves but runaway white servants; that he could laugh heartily at an improper song and copy improper stories; that he did his share of land-grabbing, a fashionable vice of his time; and that he had an aristocrat's contempt for the ordinary man, and for the rank and file of the Revolutionary army.

And yet, throughout this volume as through the first, there runs a profound admiration and appreciation of Washington. But it is an intelligent, not a maudlin appreciation, born of the realization that he was a human being and not a colorless thing of the spirit. Here was a man like other men, with imperfections and petty failings, who marched to ultimate immortal triumphs through many failures. His was a process of slow growth. In these humanizing pages he appears for the first time a bit pathetic in moments of disillusionment bordering on despair. No irresistible mythological character this, dashing gaily on to triumphs anywhere and any time. He fought his way. He blundered occasionally as all men must, but he learned his lessons and he carried on. It is a really fine thing to be able to feel sorry for Washington now and then, as we feel sorry for Lincoln; to see him in his moments of depression and defeat is to bring him closer to us.

Thus by giving us the shadows along with the white lights of his character the biographer has done more than anyone else to make him real—and interesting. He climbs out of his heavy frame, dust-covered, and clasps hands with people and loses nothing by the contact. He was, of course, a creature of his time. He followed the fashions. When everyone was speculating in land, he speculated. When everyone was drinking, he drank. When almost all men of means and position played their gentlemanly game for stakes, he played and jotted down the record of his earnings and his losses. What mockery, what dishonesty to deny the record! In truth there are few of the "disparagements" in Mr. Hughes's biography that are not to be found in Washington's "Diary," published by the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association. Had Mr. Hughes fared forth as a muckraker he could have painted a dark picture from the "Diary" alone by mobilizing and marching all the failings without reference to the evidence of high virtues. Being an historian, and an honest one, he has given us the good and the not-so-good in just proportion, and the result is the recreation of the man whom all admired and trusted.

And we are asked to take nothing on faith. The book is literally packed with proof. Every startling or striking statement has its citation to authority. If Mr. Hughes maintains the standard of the first two volumes in those that are to follow we shall have the most illuminating, scholarly, definitive biography of Washington yet written.

In "George Washington, Colonial Traveler," by John C. Fitzpatrick, for many years in charge of the manuscripts at the Congressional Library, we have a valuable source book for this period connecting with the two volumes by W. S. Baker which carry on until the last year of Washington's life. It is a day by day record as he wrote it, admirably arranged.

In "Washington Speaks for Himself" Lucretia Perry Osborn has done for Washington what Nathaniel W. Stephenson did for Lincoln—given us a connected story of his activities and thoughts in his own language; with just enough editing to make the story consecutive. It is as interesting as an autobiography.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

The King Business

King Edward VII. By Sir Sidney Lee. Volume II. The Macmillan Company. \$8.50.

TO the ordinary reader, as distinct from the student of political affairs, this volume, presenting the official story of King Edward's reign, will be less interesting than the earlier one dealing with his life as Prince of Wales. Not that he changed any of his ways of life, putting off the "Prince Hal" for the dignified King Henry ■ is sometimes suggested. He remained to the end sportsman, *bon viveur*, "man of the world." Traveling still occupied a large part of his time, and he mingled easily with all sorts of people. His biographer not unnaturally tries to present him as a "Great Monarch." That he was not. The days of great monarchs are over. Edward did not even pose as great, like his nephew the Kaiser. But though not great, he was highly competent for a constitutional monarch in a country like Britain. He had both the qualities and the defects for this part. Indeed his great personal popularity was largely attributable to sympathy with his break away from the austerities of parental control, and with his addiction to racing and other levities. But he had sufficient brains and energy left to carry out successfully the more serious duties of kingship, as set out in this volume.

What the British people want in their monarch is ceremonialism. He must supply an element of pageantry to an otherwise drab life, must redeem democracy from a secretly unpopular equality, must stir the sense of loyalty to a figure that represents in some half-magical way the historic continuity of ■ nation. Now King Edward, like his mother, was fond of ceremony and really interested in uniforms and points of precedence. He was always noticing little divergences from usage, such as the wearing of a decoration on the wrong side of ■ coat or the use of ■ Minister's name, in place of his office, in a letter. The deference paid to him in small matters of detail bought off any disposition to assert his personal will in bigger matters which lay in the margin of the royal prerogative. Occasional friction arose between him and his ministers, especially about appointments, but he had sufficient tact to know when he must give way. Though essentially ■ strong conservative, he was ■ no aristocratic tory of the old school, but tempered his love of feudal relics by ample intercourse with big-business men and cosmopolitan financiers.

But the dramatic interest of this period turns upon the fluctuating personal relations between King Edward and his nephew, the Kaiser, and the part played by their antagonism in preparing a war atmosphere. German statesmen, unable to understand the position of ■ constitutional monarch in relation to the deeds done in his name, freely charged the King with planning and helping to carry out the policy of "encirclement" which they set out to break in 1914. Now the King, of course, had no such plan or policy; indeed it is quite evident he never had anything that could be called a policy. His biographer ingenuously claims that "What made him an accomplished ruler was that he lived entirely in the present moment, and had no thoughts for anything beyond the immediate and actual reality." But "encirclement" there was, though doubtless it appeared to those responsible as ■ mere redressing of "the balance of power" disturbed by the Triple Alliance. King Edward was a more than willing instrument in forming and strengthening the Anglo-French entente, and his personal relations with the Czar were helpful in checkmating the attempted German-Russian alliance and in swinging Russia over to the Western scale of the balance.

But though the King was industrious in politics, he was not a determinant force. He merely made no attempt to recover lost prerogative. Fortunately for him and his people he was not a serious constructive statesman. The most illuminat-

ing chapter is that entitled *The Social Side*. The King was "a good mixer." "The King enjoyed life so much that he wished everyone else to be happy, even if it were Sunday," is his biographer's account of the displacement of the Victorian Sabbath by the Sunday of "companionable jaunts and relaxations." The real King with his *joie de vivre* is so vividly expressed in ■ single long paragraph that I cannot do better than cite it to dispose of the absurd notion, countenanced by some passages in this same volume, that he was ■ profound and devoted statesman.

His life was passed in an extraordinary exactitude. Every week, almost every hour, was mapped out beforehand; the succession of engagements was almost immutably fixed. From 1904 to 1907 he spent a week each January with the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Parliament was opened in state late in January or in February. A visit to Biarritz in the spring, preceded and followed by a stay in Paris, was usually fixed for March, and a Mediterranean cruise would follow. The early days of April would find him in Copenhagen with the Queen, in order to celebrate the birthday of his father-in-law, Christian IX. The opening week of June saw him at Epsom for the Derby, and on the night of the Derby he would entertain all the members of the Jockey Club at dinner at Buckingham House. In mid-June he would be at Ascot. Several courts and state dinners would follow. The King would also attend the horse show at Richmond and Olympia. In July and August there would be a round of country-house visits where he met at ease his almost unchanging social circle. At the end of July he would stay with the Duke of Richmond. A week later he would be at Cowes for the yachting, passing on to Bolton Abbey to spend "the twelfth" with the Duke of Devonshire. Early in September he would stay with Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey to witness the St. Leger at Doncaster, followed by a three weeks' cure at Marienbad—and a visit to one or another of the European monarchs. October would see him at Balmoral for the shooting season, and in the last two months of the year he resided at Windsor or Sandringham or Buckingham Palace, always, however, spending Christmas and New Year's Day at Sandringham.

What ■ life!

J. A. HOBSON

A Serious Thinker

About Ourselves. By H. A. Overstreet. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

SHE was very pretty and ■ awfully good sport. But she was not intellectual. At least, so her friends thought. They meant to have some fun with her. At the annual dinner of The Group they seated her next to the fascinating young psychologist. With unholy glee they anticipated her discomfort.

"Do you really think that Dr. Watson can escape the Freudian Censor?" she asked her dinner partner. He looked surprised, and pleased. "Dr. Watson *thinks* he can by behaving like a rat. But the disguise, I fear, is too naive for Dr. Freud." For the rest of the evening they discussed Bleuler, Breuer, Janet, Charcot, Adler, Jung. They played upon each other's wishes. There was "a something more than chatter" between them: "laughter at times; ■ good deal of quiet smiling. But also ■ kind of brooding in the faces." At first her friends were thunderstruck. Then they felt ashamed. Finally they listened. Poor fools! They did not know that she had read "About Ourselves" by H. A. Overstreet and that she knew all about modern psychology.

There is not the slightest reason why YOU should not converse as brilliantly on "the science of human behavior." There was a time when human nature was ■ matter of mere guesswork. Now and then, some "shrewd observers such as Socrates,

Confucius, Lao-tsze, Jesus, Montaigne" guessed fairly well. But on the whole such metaphysical speculations "did serious damage in turning mankind psychologically astray." Stop *guessing*! Be one of those who *know*! And, above all, know Thyself! Mr. Overstreet's little handbook of the human psyche, a "really" scientific outline in the "accurate sense," will enable you to be your own psychiatrist.

Are you, like most of us "normals," incapable of rigid thinking? Do you "trip in [your] logic" by "projecting" the monkey wrench of "sex" into your syllogisms? Learn how to avoid "the seductive art of wish-thinking." Do "fears beset" you, "fears-plus-shame" or "fears-plus-guilt"? Read how to "expand" or "contract," as you may need, your "basic psychological patterns," how to integrate "the basic processes of the Body-Mind."

"Some of us have moods"—have you? Do you "take flight into pleasure"? Do you hate to do your job today? Are you wanting in decision? Does your "ego inflate"? Is your love-life what it ought to be? Any one of these fairly normal maladjustments would indicate that you "undoubtedly suffer from a form of what might be called infantilism in adult life." Grow up! Balance your "output" with your "intake." Read how We Fly into Disease. Fly out of it! Purge your unconscious of all "psychological poisons" and "induce" your own "mental transformation."

Moreover, even the subtlest aesthetic values may become common property. All we need to do is to become aware of our personalities. Read the chapter on Ears That Hear and enjoy the gift of musical appreciation. Acquire Eyes That See and make "essentialistic" art your own. The essay on He Who Laughs will give you a sense of humor. "Why Poetry?" Listen to "this quizzical, taunting thing:

With half a laugh of hearty zest
I strip me off my coat and vest.

Then heeding not the frigid air,
I fling away my underwear;

So having nothing else to doff,
I rip my epidermis off.

Could there be a more zestful, laughing invitation to let go, to come across, to get out of one's seclusive grumps?"

But, above all, learn how to partake in "the intercreating mind" in which "the individual and the group process" synchronize "toward reality." Be like Socrates! "For Socrates is convincingly [*sic*] like what any average individual might be, if only that individual could grasp the idea of emptying himself of pretensions and trying to build up ideas by the intercreating process of discussion with his fellows," even as Mr. Overstreet, who wrote this book with a "group [of] coworkers" through a mutually "modifying process . . . of progressive or serial creation."

Of course, if you happen to be "hopelessly perfect" the author frankly advises you to "close this book." But it seems to me that this advice is a bit too modest; for no matter how perfect you may be this little volume will add a great deal to your knowledge. Though technically it has the same relation to modern psychology as the Abrams Box to modern medicine, it is by all odds the most unwitting, and hence the best, psychological case record of the latter-day "outline" vulgarian in the guise of a Serious Thinker. It is the most naive self-portrayal of the pseudo-cultivated man writing for the pseudo-educated mob of post-war confusion. There is no characteristic of what Joseph Conrad called "the silly vanity of being abreast with the ideas of the day after tomorrow" which Mr. Overstreet fails to bring out in bold relief. Ignorant of the subject matter he discusses, obtuse by nature, "wishing" intellectual recognition, Mr. Overstreet is the perfect "new psychologist" who is plaguing the genius of the new psychology. We suggest that Dr. Freud

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analyze this book for an essay on the foolish man, whom modern psychology has so sorely neglected. As Mr. Overstreet has it: "After all, ■ a man speaketh with his tongue, so he is."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

And Peace Proclaims

Olives of Endless Age. Being a Study of this Distracted World and Its Need of Unity. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

MR. BRAILSFORD, like so many others before him, not only wants ■ new world but is ready, after meditating long upon the form and nature of the structure, to give us a sketch of the façade, an outline of the floor arrangements, and some hints of the specifications. Any one who is convinced that the political world, however new it may become, will never take on much more regularity of form or consistency of idea than is to be observed today, and that in any event the march toward relative perfection will be exceeding slow, will probably dismiss Mr. Brailsford's book as only one more bit of useless political speculation; but even those who care nothing for dreams will find a good deal to set them thinking in the author's keen analysis of contemporary world politics, and his severe arraignment of the wisdom of the mighty and the great from whose more recent performances all sorts and conditions of men still suffer.

So large a proportion of the intelligent people of all countries now admit that the so-called peace settlement was a crime, that not even Mr. Brailsford's literary skill can give to his indictment of the peace any air of novelty. It is in what he has to say about national, regional, continental, and world situations at the present moment, after the seeds of ■ blind and criminal peace have sprouted and grown, that he makes his best contribution to political criticism. The view, as he depicts it, is not alluring. A jealous and aggressive nationalism is preparing the way for further wars, there is no likelihood that the nations will disarm, the League of Nations is chiefly to be commended for its non-political activities, political intervention goes on apace, and international capital is exercising an influence greater, often, than that of states.

For this situation Mr. Brailsford sees no permanent remedy save in the ultimate development of ■ new world order. Self-determination, when pushed to its logical conclusions, is ■ rather empty formula. Denunciations of imperialism do not help, because imperialism, when put through Mr. Brailsford's laboratory, is found to contain as much of good as of evil. It is useless to look for continental unity in Europe, some of the essential elements of unity are lacking in Asia, and the Americas, of whose unity of spirit Mr. Brailsford seems to think rather highly, are after all a good deal apart from the rest of the world. Even the League, which in spite of its shortcomings appears to be the only glass through which he can scan the future, will have to do vastly better than it has done before it can become the nucleus of a perfected world state.

What is proposed, accordingly, is that the great Powers shall "bring themselves to sign unlimited treaties of arbitration" which shall "abolish the right of private war and confine the right of blockade to the League"; that the League's mandate supervision shall be extended, the national state ceasing "to be the protector and promoter of the trade and investments of its citizens beyond its frontiers" and the League courts taking over the performance of these functions; and that a world organization shall be built up "to regulate the distribution, and, if possible, also to stabilize the prices of raw materials and staple foodstuffs." The problems of imperialism having thus been solved, with the aid of financial assistance and administrative guidance for weak or backward states and protection for all national minorities "in Europe," both of these things to be supplied by the League, the ground will have been cleared for

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the formation of regional groupings or federations on a continental basis within the League; "modest police forces, military and naval, to support the authority of the League against any possible aggressor," may then make disarmament possible, and the structure of perfection will be crowned by a World Assembly, representing Parliaments "in some rough proportion to population" and working through a majority vote.

It is difficult for a reviewer who much prefers facts to theories to take seriously a scheme which, in addition to ignoring most of the traits of human nature that make political or economic trouble in the world, pins its faith to the development, within some period of time brief enough to be worth thinking about, of a type of individual and social character the like of which has never yet been found on land or sea. It were easier to believe that the nations of the world, enmeshed as they are in a tangle of obligations and prejudices for which no one of them is alone responsible, should come in time to see the advantage of minding each its own business, keeping out of each other's way, practicing common justice and ordinary decency in internal and external matters, and developing such culture and happiness as they may, than to believe that they should throw themselves into the arms of a sublimated League and let a glorified secretariat tell them how to get on.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Anglo-Saxon History

The American Adventure: A History of the United States. By David Saville Muzzey. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. \$10.

I WISH that I knew a lot more American history than I do. For then I would be able to write a review of Mr. Muzzey's book with some sort of intelligence. Now I can only say that these two volumes contain pretty nearly everything the average citizen ought to know if he has a sincere conception of his serious "civic responsibility" and desires to understand the country of which he is a happy and prosperous part. For that, according to Professor Muzzey, is the purpose of the book, to provide the American world with a "readable history, up to date and not too long," that shall give him the "historical understanding which is at the basis of his daily duties as a responsible member of the community."

But the matter is not quite so simple. Whenever the American of foreign birth dares to express himself upon the sacred subject of our national adventure there is the cry of "Ellis Island." What does he mean, the miserable foreigner when he talks of "our" history and "our" ancestors? His own ancestors lived somewhere in a dark ghetto. They inhabited the Russian steppes. They fished for herring in the fjords of Norway. "Ours" indeed! Next they will be claiming that George Washington was born in Poland or that Calvin Coolidge reads the *Vorwärts*.

I do not wish to turn a book review into a public debate. But are the professors who write our American histories quite sure that only the honest folk of Anglo-Saxon descent peruse their learned tomes? I have my doubts.

As a rule it is the American of foreign descent who is hungry for information, who thirsts after new ideas, who is eager to accept a new point of view. And he will read books like these with a slight feeling of annoyance. I would not mention this if we were not living underneath the shadow of the silly performance in Chicago. What has been happening in Chicago every one knows. What most people in the East seem to fail to understand is that this man Thompson is not an uneducated clown, a mere cheap demagogue who wants to get the nomination at the next Republican convention, but on the contrary that he is a fairly intelligent Anglo-Saxon who knows exactly what he is doing and who is certain of a tremendous following among those who for good or evil, cannot follow the

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Lloyd Morris, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

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historical school of which Professor Muzzey is one of the ablest exponents.

Three pages of more than a thousand are devoted to the other "foreign" elements that came before the Puritans "to enrich and diversify American life." My friends, if I go on much longer, the debate will start and, Heaven help us, there are enough quarrels in this world. But do not blame the Thompsons if they use this sort of history to build up a new party that shall have ■ little use for the Anglo-Saxon-who-could-not-hold-his-own as did the Goths for the Romans of the outgoing empire.

Of course I know the risk I run by writing this. How could I ever feel the true inner spirit of such a book? And so I do not mind drawing attention to ■ very insignificant item, that incidentally helps the Thompsons and their sad followers in their warfare upon critical intelligence. On page 311 of the first volume there is ■ picture of the "Landing of Negroes at Jamestown from a Dutch man-of-war." A man-of-war according to the Oxford Dictionary is an armed vessel belonging to a country's navy. Professor Muzzey may be more familiar with the records of the Dutch admiralties than I am. If he can find the record of a single Dutch man-of-war importing slaves to America I will give fifty dollars in cash to the country's fifty neediest cases. I know of course that the Dutch West India Company traded in this sort of human merchandise. But ■ man-of-war is ■ very different story.

"Absurd," you will say; "a foolish little detail." Perhaps so. But let us see. No doubt there are private citizens who are selling arms and ammunition to the diverse revolutionary armies of China and Central America. Suppose an American citizen picks up a Rumanian history and finds ■ picture of an "American man-of-war selling guns to the Generalissimo of Guatemala"? Probably he would not quite like it. And this is but a small part of my suspicion that books written from the angle so capably propounded by Professor Muzzey (if angles can be propounded, which I do not know) will never quite reach all the people who have dug and hammered and blasted and sweated and suffered and hungered and thirsted their way through the great American adventure.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Sophistication

Whatever We Do. By Allan Updegraff. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

THIS is a gay, sad, tumultuous, and on the whole completely unconvincing tale, told slangily and with careless inconsequence. It belongs to the sophisticated genre of "South Wind," and I find that I cannot formulate what I think about it without saying what I think about the genre in general, perhaps because although simple books may be as unlike each other as "Tom Jones" is unlike "The Idiot" and "Lost Illusions" unlike "Fathers and Sons," sophisticated books have a way of being very much alike. The reader will probably object that there is nothing very simple about Dostoevski or Balzac. I call those books simple, as opposed to sophisticated, whose authors recognize the limitations of their knowledge of the universe as keenly as does any naive scientist who dedicates a lifetime to the discovery of one new chemical substance, or any painter who thinks it reward enough to see some hue in the shadows cast by ■ summer sun that others before him have not seen. Curiosity, a sense of the mystery of personality, of the ultimate insolubility of every phenomenon on which the eye lights, is a distinguishing characteristic of simple great books, as it is of man. Dull books haven't it, because it takes intelligence to be curious. Sophisticated books haven't it, because the authors of sophisticated books know everything to begin with. They see life spread out in tiny panoramas as if from an airplane. And because everything looks pretty

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much the same seen from an airplane, sophisticated books are all pretty much alike.

Often, as in the case of "Whatever We Do," considerable talent has gone into their making. And often, as again in the case of "Whatever We Do," they are written with pity and humor. Pity and humor are likable qualities in any book, as is the ability to quote poetry appositely and to be pertinently allusive over a wide field of reading and experience. And it is quite true that even omniscience would lose its sting if the style in which it was wrapped were sufficiently good. But this book is written in a kaleidoscopic, careless, blubbery style, a style very much in vogue at the moment because it is disarmingly casual and because it seems to have done away with all old-fashioned author's comment. I question, however, if occasional philosophizing on the part of the author is more reprehensible than continual philosophizing on the part of all the characters.

"Pretty flimsy old triangle, that Faith, Hope, and Charity—not likely to get a man anywhere without intelligence. Nor without Health, either—what good is charity to a man if he hasn't the strength to apply it? Set up a new motto, boggod, Faith, Hope, Charity, Intelligence, and Health." And more, and much more. Enough to raise any reader's suspicions, if it weren't accompanied with so much drink and lechery.

There have always been special hells for the sensitive, but the World War devised so many more that the publishers will never be able to keep pace with them. When men who no longer believe and no longer desire wear sophistication like a jaunty cloak, it has the irresistible appeal of gallantry. So, although I don't believe in Mr. or Mrs. Parsons, and Henry-O Falstaffian humors seem to me not so extraordinarily humorous or new, and even "South Wind" failed to convert me to the Guide Book Italian Novel, and Peleus isn't so different from various other heroes of other novels, I must be made of stone indeed to fail to admire the gallantry and good humor of the book, and its romanticism. For occasionally the folds of the jaunty cloak blow aside, and we see inveterately romantic man.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

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TELLING what's the matter with Upton Sinclair is one of our most popular indoor sports; notwithstanding, Upton Sinclair continues to flourish and some of us continue to think that he is one of the most useful literary men at large in these United States. (I speak with all deference to the judgment of competent literary critics, among whom I have no place.) But Upton Sinclair has more industry and knows more facts than all his critics put together, and the curious thing is that most of his facts are so, which is inconvenient for the critics, because they are reduced to making faces at him, or else saying that they don't like his taste.

"Money Writes" is the final volume of a series of six works in which Mr. Sinclair, in the brief space of ten years, has taken successively the American pulpit, the press, the universities, the public schools, the artists, and now the literary men, and has shown how we each and all pipe and dance when the wily capitalist calls the tune. These volumes contain an immense body of facts, mostly disagreeable, and mostly true so far as I happen to know; but it seems to me that Mr. Sinclair finds out only a part, even though it be an important part, of what they mean; and a one of the goose-steppers who has not been wholly asleep during the past quarter-century I feel fairly sure that I know something of what they mean in at least one important field. Of course money talks and money teaches and money controls, but not in a world of simon-pure capitalists and wage-slaves. All the people of my acquaintance



A MAN once owned the very latest novel. There was nothing wrong with it; in fact, it was a very good novel. But the man felt that it did not completely satisfy his sporting desire to keep up with the times, for he had heard, in a vague way, that in all fields of knowledge a great many new things were constantly being discovered.

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Here is a new Goldsmith first edition. Eighteen essays printed anonymously in the eighteenth century have been discovered, identified, and published now for the first time under Goldsmith's name.

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are complex, not simple, folks; the capitalists that I know have a thousand interests beside oppression, while the wage-slaves that I consort with approve of no revolution later than the American, and think Upton Sinclair harmlessly crazy if nothing worse. So my capitalist friends do not have to sit up nights devising plans to befuddle them; instead, the bourgeois oppressors give their money to these wretched class institutions where I keep running across flourishing sappers and miners of the existing capitalist order, and the children of proletarians (blessed word) keep getting in somehow in larger or smaller numbers, and getting miseducated. To me it is all awfully complex and confusing; to Upton Sinclair it is simple, and plain ■■■ pikestaff. Therefore I think he is mistaken.

None the less I think "Money Writes" ■ useful book, and I enjoyed it thoroughly—the more, probably, because I share most of Mr. Sinclair's puritan tastes, even if I don't always agree with him about what is great poetry. Like him I abominate pornography, even when the critics call it high art; much ■■ I like to let people do as they please, like him I believe in our attempt to prevent people from drinking themselves to death, just ■■ I believe in public-health work generally; and like him I hate the smooth conformity and pusillanimous success of young and middle-aged men who know better. So I enjoy his scarification of most of our current literary lights, even though I don't always share his estimates of them, and though I find his explanations of their success or failure almost always partial.

The world ■■ I watch it is ruled most of the time in most things by Mammon. I find it a reasonably safe rule, then, that the perpetual riders on the front seat of the bandwagon are bound to be servants of Mammon, not because the mammonites are specially wicked and designing, and not because we live under capitalism, but just because the world is made that way. So as a puritan I am glad to see Upton Sinclair keep pointing out the everlasting choice between God and the devil, even at cost of some parlor conventions. I doubt whether even the prophets wore Arrow collars.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Modest Genius

The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh to His Brother, 1872-1886.

Translated from the Dutch with ■ memoir by J. van Gogh-Bonger. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$15.

TO look in the letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother for the same values one finds in the writings of Cézanne or Délaacroix is to be disappointed. While they were notable critics as well as craftsmen, highly conscious of their mission, he was ■ very simple man, much like the average in his tastes, and extraordinarily moderate in his self-esteem. Though he was aware of the impressionists and allied geniuses of his time, he preferred men of the school of Millet, Israels, and L'Hermite; at one time going so far as to choose Millet, "that essential modern painter who opened a new horizon to so many," in preference to Manet. And we know from the third volume, not published in this series, that this preference remained even after he was a friend of Signac, Renoir, and Cézanne.

What, then, explains the modernity of his painting? Simply, I think, his modesty. He was aware, of course, that he had something worth cultivating, but until his very last years he seems to have regarded himself as a student attempting to perfect his medium. Had he been more confident there is no doubt that he would have tried compositions in the manner of Millet and others of the romantic school. As it was he painted as the impressionists did, directly from nature, concentrating his attention on his means; not because he felt, as they, that it was the correct way to paint but because he thought it necessary in order to learn.

If because of this simplicity these letters yield little to the student of art, they are for that quality, and for the human

drama they reveal, delightful for the general reader. Probably ■ more difficult fate was never borne with equal equanimity. A failure in business, in teaching, in the ministry, and in love, he began at the age of twenty-seven to make out of ■ hobby his life's work. Yet there is no complaint against fate, no yearning for the good fortunes of others. He is poor, deserted by his powerful uncles and much of the immediate family. His father dies and his only support is his brother Theodore. His drawing is unappreciated and can scarcely be sold. He has one hot meal ■ week; lives mostly on dry bread. His drawing masters attempt to quarrel with him. Even Theodore seems to doubt. His health fails seriously. Yet there is no sign of failing in his undemonstrative resolve to succeed. Had this resolve been ■ little less fanatic, had he used ■ bit more of his money for food instead of paint, his health might not have failed and he might have lived good-humoredly to old age; but we would never have bothered with his letters. Into whatever Van Gogh did his whole self went, so that the passion which had been frustrated in love and been kept from serving others evangelically was poured into his art; it is reflected in his writing so unconsciously that while he was doubtless difficult to live with he is charming to read about.

As to the volumes themselves, what ■ pity that unusual material and careful editing should be defeated by mediocre publishing. Over one thousand pages of high-calendered paper are hard on the eyes, nor are they assisted by small and characterless type. As the books are already too dear to be popular, some more could have been spent on type-designing and in printing the not numerous illustrations separately. There are in addition rather numerous misprints.

WALTER GUTMAN

The End of Aristocracy

Democratic Distinction in America. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. BROWNELL has invented ■ phrase that promises to become, in its own sphere, as classic as George Brandes's "aristocratic radicalism." Its sphere is social rather than sociological, and it is peculiarly happy in its applicability to American life. Mr. Brownell maintains that "the tyranny of the aristocratic principle has been demonstrated to be intrinsic and inveterate. In science, letters, and art the principle is on its good behavior." He adds that "individual man in his personal sphere and social relations is with us already essentially emancipated and beyond its reach"; and meanwhile he reveals, in his long chapter on Popular Culture, his deeply sympathetic apprehension of the innumerable manifestations of ■ cultural awakening on the part of the American people. We shall never again, he says, "talk about every man's natural sphere in any other sense than as Napoleon's 'carrière ouverte au talent.'" Aristocracy, then, in any normal sense of the word, has ceased to be a just or possible ideal for Americans, and Mr. Brownell has defined a new ideal in his conception of "democratic distinction."

In his first chapter, on Our Democracy, Mr. Brownell cordially accepts the idea that we should "preponderantly possess instinctively democratic sympathies and, whatever our different opinions and conduct, *feel* with our fellow-men as social individuals and political units on a scale and in ■ degree quite our own"; and he defines the peculiar distinction of Americans, not so much on the basis of his own assertions as on the testimony of a long series of European observers from Thackeray to Mr. Chesterton, as that of having their hearts "in the right place," as that of possessing the "politesse de cœur" which Bismarck found lacking in the French and Arnold in the English. Amiability, in other words, is our chief trait, "and if we have less grace we also have less ungraciousness"; and this is the very human foundation upon which he hopes to build. Mr. Brownell

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is quite aware of the limitations that result from this amiability, the levity, the eccentricity, the lack of sentiment in our humor, the drop in seriousness during the last three generations of American society, the drop in religious feeling, the limitations also of the sense of tradition in Americans; but for so severe a critic of our civilization as he has previously shown himself to be he finds a very substantial array of reasons for hopefulness.

He urges, for instance, that we have in reality a very much stronger and richer tradition than we are usually aware of or inclined to take advantage of, as well as what Mr. Belloc has called a "temperamental earnestness about serious things which is the world's best hope of creative action," not to mention the long Anglo-Saxon tradition that precedes ours and supplements it. And the great advances in our formal education amply second tradition. Here Mr. Brownell takes occasion to point out the shortcomings of mere intellectual muscularity, of that educational liberalism which consists rather in "student thinking" than in student learning. "The value of student thinking," he says, "is doubtless superior to that of student thought—certainly not overvalued by the student himself a few years later." And if thinking for oneself at any age is a precious thing, "culture implies conformity," and thinking for oneself runs the risk of being just so much waste of time if done in ignorance of the thinking of others. But the astonishing development of so many agencies of popular culture is Mr. Brownell's chief basis for hope in the spread of the ideal he describes. It has become almost the rule, for instance, for the sons of very rich men to be deliberately educated not only to carry on their fathers' business but to see, as Mr. A. D. Noyes says, "that the accruing wealth should be rightly disbursed or distributed for public and philanthropic purposes." Summer schools for working men and women are becoming more and more numerous; two-thirds of the States now possess one or more museums of art, the smaller towns are vying with the great cities in the development of parks. Garden clubs and private gardening have become almost universal, as well as at least a degree of musical appreciation.

It goes without saying that Mr. Brownell's mind plays over these phenomena with all its usual subtlety and with an alert apprehension of current American life in its multiform aspects that can be matched by few critics of the younger generation; for Mr. Brownell comments as appreciatively on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," on Will Rogers and Booth Tarkington, not to mention the vitaphone and radio, as on other works and figures with which he might be expected to be more sympathetic. If the title-phrase promises to become classic in its sphere, the book as a whole deserves also to remain as a standard work on our contemporary civilization, for it is the summing-up of a lifetime of observation and reflection on the part of the most interesting and discriminating of our older critics.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Hindu Art

History of Indian and Indonesian Art. By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. E. Weyhe. \$17.50.

AS yet the phases of Indian art that command the most sympathy in the West are Indo-Mohammedan architecture, such as exists at Agra and Delhi, and the much earlier Graeco-Buddhist sculpture of Gandhara. The more truly indigenous types of architecture and sculpture, being more remote from things with which the West is already familiar, are but little known and less understood. Yet these purer types of Indian art are of tremendous significance. They express the dreams and ideals of one of the most sensitive and civilized people in the world, and hence deserve our patient contemplation. It has been maintained by many critics that the acme of Indian art lies in the mystic creations of the medieval

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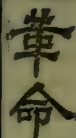
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period—the caves of Ajanta and Elura; the temples whose walls are crowded thick with ornate sculpture; the idealized figures of Hindu gods and goddesses. Nowhere else has art been so fully dominated by religion, and nowhere else have the religious ideas been given plastic form with such profound symbolism and meaning.

This excellent volume of Dr. Coomaraswamy provides a rapid but complete survey of Indian art from the earliest "Indo-Sumerian" finds in the Indus valley down to the present, with the one great deplorable omission of Indo-Mohammedan art. This was omitted to save space; but the book could well have been longer, and that department is of great importance. Without a treatment of it the book cannot justly be entitled a history of Indian art; rather is it a history of Hindu art, using the word, as commonly, to include Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Jaina. With the Indo-Mohammedan treated, the book would possibly have superseded Vincent Smith's one volume "History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon" (1911). As it stands, with a thorough knowledge of the history of Indian art—no one knows it better—and a just aesthetic appreciation coupled with a full understanding of the meaning the objects had for their creators, Dr. Coomaraswamy has given us the best account we have in one volume of the departments he does cover. Added to the excellence of his text is an admirable discrimination in the selection of illustrations, which are clearly and beautifully reproduced.

More specifically, the book makes an advance in at least one point. The distinguished French archaeologist, M. Foucher, some years ago propounded the theory of the Greek origin of the Buddha type, tracing it back to the Graeco-Buddhist images of Gandhara. Dr. Coomaraswamy, who has written on the subject before, points out that "the Gandharan sculptor . . . did not so much make an Apollo into a Buddha as a Buddha into an Apollo," and then goes on to establish that contemporaneous with the Gandhara type, if not earlier, was the quite different and not Hellenized Buddha type of Mathura (modern Muttra) which finally crowded out the Gandharan and was the real source of the later prevailing Buddha type. At the conclusion of his discussion he seems to have the better of the argument.

The chief fault of the book is its distressing brevity. Almost everything is mentioned, but little gets more than the briefest treatment. What I miss most, and what I think is needed for Western readers, is interpretation—which Dr. Coomaraswamy is so well qualified to give. Footnote citations to other books are not satisfying; those books are not at hand.

One last fact lamentably forces itself upon a reader. That is the scarcity of art material from India in the United States. Therein lies the explanation of some of America's lack of sympathy with Indian art. Aside from several excellent collections of paintings, all that our museums can show is a little scattered sculpture with some examples of the minor arts. There is nowhere a fair representation of even a single period of Indian art. Scholars are not wanting in America who would undertake archaeological work at some of the many unexcavated sites in India; what is lacking is interest among those who could furnish the means to send them there.

W. NORMAN BROWN

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employee identifies himself with a billion-dollar industry. To the extent that the psychology of the tank driver is typical of the American worker, to that extent has big business succeeded in "Americanizing labor," according to the interesting thesis which Mr. Dunn presents. "The Americanization of Labor" is replete with vital and interesting material on the offensive which organized employers throughout the United States have waged against organized labor particularly since the war. It is not always an open warfare. It includes all the subtle devices of military warfare—espionage, camouflage, psychologic propaganda to "caponize" the American labor movement and render it weak and ineffectual. The existence of a real warfare between the organized employers and employees can hardly be denied after one has read the first few chapters of Mr. Dunn's book.

The first-line offensive of the industrial battlefield is held by the open-shop movement—a frank and aggressive attack against trade unions and the union shop. Associations of employers organized for the purpose of protecting their economic interests are carrying on national and local campaigns against workers' organizations on the ground that they are un-American and Bolshevistic. Mr. Dunn presents an amazing array of facts to show the methods employed in the offensive. There is a special appeal for solidarity among employers in their refusal to recognize workers' organizations or their representatives. There is the employers' black-list, an active boycott of union men or any workers known to have asked for better working conditions or higher wages. There is the employers' lobby in State and national legislatures that openly opposes legislation favorable to workers.

Mr. Dunn analyzes the espionage methods not only of the William J. Burns agency but of several equally prominent detective agencies who hire the thugs, strike-breakers, and other "hands" helping organized employers in their Americanization process. Injunctions, "yellow-dog contracts," and State police called in to protect private property are among the factors forming the second line in the offensive.

Nor is the offensive confined to spiked clubs. Mr. Dunn analyzes the more subtle methods: the company union, employee stock ownership, insurance, pensions, and other company welfare activities. These are developed to create loyalty to the company and identification with it. Production standards and elimination of labor turnover depend upon such loyalty. In a discussion of company unions and its implications Mr. Dunn permits himself to interpret this comparatively new movement and to account for its phenomenal development. The company union fostered by the employer sprang up in the post-war depression as a formidable attack against the trade union. It has frequently facilitated and oiled the network of industrial relations within a large factory. It has provided an avenue through which the employer can easily reach the psychology of his workers and mold that psychology to suit his ends. It has not proved to be an adequate substitute for the trade union as a means by which the worker can secure his share of the profits of an industry. The weakness of the trade-union movement made possible the widespread adoption of the company union, but because of the nature of the origin of the company union it can never represent the vital interests of the workers or afford them anything like the degree of economic independence which they need.

It makes little difference whether the company union is in the form of a house of representatives or of a "town meeting." If all managerial decisions are finally made by the employer and all decisions affecting the workers and their jobs are also made by him, then there is no industrial democracy because there is no equality of power. In the last analysis power is the beginning and the end of industry. Mr. Dunn points a way out of the wilderness for the American Labor movement—a way in which it can "un-Americanize" itself, and yet one through which it can find its soul and strength.

THERESA WOLFSON

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A strange fantasy, never entirely clear, by the youthful son of Thomas Mann and the present literary leader of the German younger generation. Presumably this little fable is intended both as satire and as praise of the contemporary young European intellectual, but beyond that it is difficult to make any statement. A rather beautiful and fairylike quality in the prose makes one desire to read more of Klaus Mann's comparatively voluminous works.

The Third Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Miss Rittenhouse's two previous anthologies in this series have become justly famous. They had character even while they were catholic. The present volume, bringing the picture up to date, will be quite as valuable as its predecessors.

The Days of the King. By Bruno Frank. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Three episodes from the life of the enigmatic Frederick the Great, fictionally presented with considerable power and reality. Bruno Frank is one of the leading figures of the middle generation in Germany. Readers of this book will be forced to echo Thomas Mann's judgment on it which speaks of Frank's "urbane and candid genius, here addressed to the humane purpose of destroying a whole host of chauvinistic puppets."

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

A witty and stimulating examination of the elements of the novel, divorced from the slightest trace of pedantry and prejudice. Mr. Forster confines himself to the uttering of critical truths which are so fundamental and simple that they have not been noticed for a long time; but his delightful style manages to place them in a new and interesting light. One wishes that all novelists could write so ably and intelligently about their own art.

America Arraigned. Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Dean and Company.

This Sacco-Vanzetti anthology is both good poetry and good propaganda. Not only are the contributors eminent in many cases; all of them have been stirred by their subject to significant and impressive utterance.

The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Five volumes. The Macmillan Company. \$10.50.

These five small volumes supply a want that has become acute since Mr. Robinson added so many poems to the canon established by the "Collected Poems" of 1921. Everything is here and in attractive form.

Ballads of All Nations. Translated by George Borrow. A selection, edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

A welcome glimpse into this very copious work which Borrow thought his best. It is not that, for his verse is bad; but it is a spirited panorama of old life in dozens of countries, East and West.

Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

In *Ballad of a Strange Thing*, *Bill Gets Burned*, and *Hasbrouck and the Rose* Mr. Putnam shows himself to be one of the most interesting poets now writing in America. In these three poems, and in one or two others grouped under the section of his book called "Brandy," he speaks with a voice which is quite his own, molds his verse with a powerful, original hand, says something weirdly, obscurely important about life, and com-

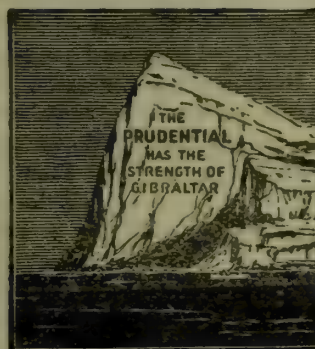
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municates a vision which is appropriate to poetry of the strongest, saltiest kind. The other section, entitled "Green Wine," is disappointingly poor, and in general it is surprising to find a poet of Mr. Putnam's ability publishing, after years of furtive fame, so small a quantity of first-rate verse. One hopes that he will extend the series of poems about Hasbrouck and Bill until he has an epic in the rough.

The Oxford Book of American Verse; 18th to 20th Centuries. Chosen and edited by Bliss Carman. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

It is a pity that an anthology which will have the circulation of this one is so poor. It does well enough for the nineteenth century, but it gives a curiously distorted picture of American poetry in the twentieth. According to its testimony T. S. Eliot does not exist at all, and Dana Burnet and Don Marquis are as important as E. A. Robinson. Admittedly the selection of an editor for the task was difficult, but certainly one could have been found who better combined within himself the scholar and the living poet.

The Book of Poetry. Edited by Edwin Markham. Two volumes. William H. Wise and Company. \$12.50.

A work of vast extent, this corpus of British and American poetry assembled by the author of "The Man with the Hoe" will be useful and perhaps popular. Rivaling "The Home Book of Verse" in length and generosity of selection, it clearly represents Mr. Markham's long-considered personal choice, and as such has value over and above that of the material within.

Music

Democracy and Music

THE person who wants to hear music is dependent upon those for whom the providing of music to be heard is a business. If, therefore, his taste happens to be a developed one he is out of luck, for this business, like most others, is steered in the direction of the greatest profits, which is not the direction of his developed taste. Thus it is only two or three years since the phonograph companies began to list recordings of entire symphonies and quartets. Before that a few isolated middle movements, badly cut, with a few of the most popular lieder and piano and violin pieces, were the extent of their departure from the arias and ballads which they believed most people wanted. Worse still, when the Brunswick company did allow the Elshuco Trio to record a middle movement from Brahms, something on the order of "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes" had to be coupled with it, so that everybody was unhappy. At present things are better but still far from what they should be: the phonograph companies are just catching up with the more popular of ordinary concert programs.

With radio the story has begun all over again. The person with developed taste who wept formerly over the lists of European phonograph records may now weep to read of "Parsifal" and "Rosenkavalier" being broadcast, with concert programs of the same caliber, by the British Broadcasting Company. For this is undoubtedly the most valuable service the radio could perform for him; yet WJZ, which brought the Saturday night concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to New York and points south last year, is not doing so this year; and he will again be offered timorous mixtures which will tax nobody's ears and his own patience.¹

With proper modifications the preceding observations may be applied to the programs of concerts. A symphony orches-

tra, true enough, cannot hope to earn a profit, but it is managed to earn as small a deficit as possible. Again, therefore, the preferences of the majority are deferred to, and those symphonies are most played which will attract most money to the box office. I do not deny that they are, most of them, genuinely great works—Beethoven's Fifth, for example, or the César Franck—analogous to accepted masterworks of painting that are on perpetual view in a museum. Nor do I, therefore, object to their being performed frequently; but I do object to other compositions being performed less frequently or not at all. What if certain acknowledged masterworks of painting had their faces turned to the walls of the museum and were allowed to be seen only once in five years, or two years, or one year? Yet that, in effect, is what happens to analogous masterworks of music, by which I mean not only other symphonies of

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¹ Since this article was written the far less interesting concerts of the New York Philharmonic have begun to be broadcast by WOR.

Beethoven but more recent works of equally established value by Debussy, Ernest Bloch, and Sibelius. Mr. Stokowski, for example, has managed to persuade certain people of consequence that he is indefatigable in his search for the unhackneyed and the unfamiliar, but just how I am unable to understand, for on examining his programs in Philadelphia over a period of five years I was astonished by the holes in even his standard repertory.² But there are in addition new works of unestablished or ephemeral or only news value; and while I object to their not being played more—which is an old story—I also object to their being played, when they are played, not at special concerts for the purpose, nor even with the less familiar works of established value, but with the popular favorites. What if every time one looked at a painting that represented some contemporary tendency one were obliged to look at Mona Lisa or Whistler's portrait of his mother?

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

On Villains and Cads

I FANCY that I am not entirely alone in sometimes finding the villains of drama more appealing than the heroes, and I trust that when I do it is not necessarily because I love darkness more than light.

Your heroes, I find, work usually with the precision of a machine. When a button is pressed their accurate souls clank for an instant while the wheels go round and then the impeccable response is ground forth. If doubts seem sometimes to assail them for a moment, one may be sure that it is only because an unusual number of tumblers is involved in the solution of the problem and that one need only allow time for a few more revolutions of the mechanism, since there is no more danger that it will fail to function than that an adding-machine will be stumped by an unusually difficult sum. We can hardly withhold our applause from such a demonstration of efficiency and we can hardly help envying the possessors of so dependable a character; but those of us whose souls are more crazily built have a feeling that the villain would understand us better and that there are moments when we would rather trust ourselves to his weakness than to the terrible rightness of the hero.

It is not so much the dark deeds of the former which attract us as it is the perversities which beset him. We, too, sometimes feel that the commands of the categorical imperative are not so insistent as we are told. Our impulses, like his, are not always integrated and clear; we do not always want to do "the right thing" even when we know what it is; and (whisper it in the most intimate confessional of the heart) we are not always willing to sacrifice the warm insistence of a desire upon the cold altar of Ethics. Sometimes when an advantage is put in one pan and a principle in the other, the balance tips in a direction calculated to make Justice frown beneath her bandage. We may, as in duty bound, hiss the villain after we have applauded the hero who shames him, and we may do so half in order to reassure ourselves and half in order to conceal from the friends around us how completely we understand him; but if we are frank with ourselves and if (as is usually the case) we are not

² There was no mention of the first, fourth, and sixth Brandenburg Concertos of Bach; Handel was represented by one performance of one Concerto Grosso, Haydn by four performances, in all, of only three symphonies, Mozart only by his three best-known symphonies. There was no mention of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote," of Debussy's "Ibéria" and "La Mer," of Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" and "Daphnis et Chloé." There was a single mention of one symphony by Sibelius, of one work by Loeffler, of one of Bloch's "Trois Poèmes Juifs," his "Schelomo" and his viola suite. There was no mention of Stravinsky's "Petrushka," except on a program devised for the guest-appearance of the composer; and there was mention of only one performance of the "Sacre du Printemps." But Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," two of Debussy's three "Nocturnes" and his "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," Sibelius's "Finlandia" and "Swan of Tuonela," and Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," among other works, were mentioned almost every season.

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made of heroic stuff we will admit that it is not we who are triumphing with virtue upon the stage.

Now Vincent Lawrence's "A Distant Drum" (Hudson Theater) is a soundly constructed, intelligently written, and convincing drama. Though it involves that triangle which has been called eternal no less because of the persistence with which it constructs itself in the life about us than because of the frequency with which it is employed in drama, the situation seems fresh because the play appears to be written from the standpoint neither of conventional morality nor of that almost equally conventional romanticism which regards adultery as the special privilege of passionate souls, but from the observation of men and women whose vices and virtues never rise above a human level. Yet I must, nevertheless, confess that it was the justice done to the villain more than any other single element which was responsible for the great pleasure which I received from the play. It is true that a bullet through his heart puts an unnecessarily conventional end to the piece and saves somewhat the feelings of that part of the audience which cannot be comfortable unless it finds itself on the hero's side. But throughout the course of the action he is allowed a fair chance to defend himself and he is, indeed, all but turned into a comic hero.

Cad, by his own admission, he is an amiable and understandable cad nevertheless. He has intelligence without ambition; he has been known to cheat at cards, and he is in the habit of committing that mystically unforgivable sin which consists in taking money from women. But he sails under no false colors; he does not pretend to be bound by the rules which he does not accept, and he is brave enough to face out the scorn of those who behave as they are supposed to behave. Women prefer him to their correcter husbands and lovers because the things he has to say are more interesting than their virtuous but mechanical pronouncements, and on the whole they are right. Louis Calherne plays the cad with a great deal of charm, but most of the credit for the creation of a difficult character and the pro-

duction of a difficult effect must nevertheless go to the author who had few models to follow. Most of us know thoroughly agreeable scoundrels, but they have not often got their due in art.

While I was admiring the freshness of the interest which this character lent to the whole drama I heard behind me the voice of one of those paying patrons who, according to Dr. Johnson, give the drama its laws. Frankly disturbed, he was saying to his companion: "The trouble is that that young fellow is too nice. What this play needs is a real villain." Now whether or not this commentator was actually made of that heroic stuff which can understand none except the noblest characters I have no way of knowing, but like most people who go into a theater he wanted no relaxation in the virtue of his heroes and no mitigation for the blackness of his villains. As for me I should have preferred to see this villain get the girl rather than the bullet. And though I hope that it will not from this be concluded that I either allow myself to be supported by women (none have ever offered themselves) or habitually make love to two people at once, I will confess that neither of these actions is for me the occasion of that blank, horrified incredulity which it generally awakens in the breasts of the other characters in a play. I can imagine that men not outside the pale of sympathy, even though they may be outside that of ethics, have done both; if that be caddishness then make the most of it.

Gilbert Miller's production of "The Patriot" (Majestic Theater), a translation from the German of Alfred Neumann, brings back to the stage a kind of tragedy which once dominated the stage but which is now seldom seen. A historical drama dealing with the assassination of Paul I of Russia, it is somberly and gorgeously impressive. Though modern in its language it suggests those emotions which the Middle Ages associated with "the fall of princes" and Shakespeare with "sad stories of the death of kings." Mr. Miller has given it an excellent cast and made it genuinely moving.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Monday, Feb. 13—Mark Van Doren—"Shakespeare."

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THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

ONE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT has got through to Sandino. Five weeks ago *The Nation* cabled to Carleton Beals, then in Mexico City, to see Sandino. He has done it. For almost two weeks he has been with Sandino's troops, riding with them on horseback nearly half-way across Nicaragua. With good luck he has escaped the bullets of the marines and the bombs from the airplanes and has made his way safely across the lines into "American" territory. Now, safe in Managua he is sending the story of what he saw and what he heard on that extraordinary journey. Against Lindbergh's good-will flight, we match the good-will mission of Mr. Beals, who toiled through the jungles instead of flying above them. He went from Mexico by way of Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Here his guide was arrested, but Mr. Beals made other arrangements and went into the Nicaraguan jungle. He is the only foreign correspondent who has been behind Sandino's lines; the only American who has interviewed that stubborn leader of a forlorn hope. Other correspondents relying on news from Marine Corps headquarters in Nicaragua have filled our press with propaganda and vague rumors as to the spirit and attitude and condition of Sandino and his harried troops. *The Nation's* desire for full reports from both

sides of the line, and our correspondent's courageous readiness to undertake an uncertain and hazardous mission, will, we hope, result in a new degree of understanding of the State Department's "war" in Nicaragua and its purposes in waging it.

THE HARMONIOUS ATMOSPHERE which Mr. Hughes had so successfully engendered at Havana was somewhat shaken when debate began upon the Mautua proposal described by Mr. Gannett elsewhere in this issue. Home opinion, not subject to Mr. Hughes's personal magnetism, has begun to make itself felt at Havana. The Argentine Ambassador, reading from a manuscript which perhaps did not express his personal views, voiced the emphatic dissent of his Government from the ambiguous position upon intervention taken in the Mautua report. His government was opposed to all intervention. So, of course, was Mexico's. So was that of Salvador, whose distinguished representative, Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, is becoming the spiritual leader of the Latin nations at Havana. And once the magic spell is broken, it is difficult to see how agreement is possible at Havana. No Latin delegate in his senses can approve the irresponsible "right" of intervention assumed by the United States in Central America; and our State Department is not yet ready to accept any curb upon its policy of dictatorship.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT appears to be firm in its belief that a small sticker protesting against marine rule in Nicaragua is either indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening, or libelous. Postmaster General New has indorsed the ruling of Solicitor Donnelly and the action of Postmaster Kiely of New York in refusing to allow matter decorated with such stamps to go through the mails. The All-American Anti-Imperialism League will fight this decision in court with the backing of the American Civil Liberties Union. In the meantime it has ordered a new edition of its stamps, which can be obtained from the League office at 39 Union Square, New York City. Our advice to our readers is to affix as many stamps as they can afford to as many letters as they can dispense with, secure in the knowledge that they are violating no law but may be causing some annoyance to impertinent officials.

BUREAUCRATIC INTERFERENCE in the business of private citizens seems to advance a step every time a Cabinet secretary opens his mouth. The latest instance is the veto of Secretary Kellogg upon the business arrangement by which the Chase National Bank agreed to act as agent for the payment of interest and retirement charges upon Soviet Russian bonds. The statement read:

The department objects to financial arrangements involving the flotation of a loan in the United States or the employment of credit for the purpose of making an advance to the Soviet regime. In accordance with this policy the department does not view with favor financial arrangements designed to facilitate in any way the sale of Soviet bonds in the United States. The department is confident

that the banks and financial institutions will cooperate with the Government in this policy.

And doubtless they will,—a national bank cannot afford to buck the State Department. Not four months ago a former Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass, was denouncing this new assumption of executive power in vigorous terms. Banking and newspaper opinion generally supported him, but already his protest seems to belong to a past era of individual freedom. "The Department of State," Mr. Glass said on October 12,

has no more right to prohibit the sale of American credits abroad by the National City Bank, the Chemical National Bank, or the house of Morgan, or all these combined, than it has to favor or veto the sale to the European trade of General Motors, the United States Steel Corporation, Henry Ford, or any other private concern in this country.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sat in the Cabinet with Fall and Daugherty and Denby: and he kept the Teapotal gentry in his Cabinet until public opinion forced them out. We do not recall that he has ever found occasion to voice a syllable of criticism against his crooked colleagues. He is stirred instead to criticism of the critical press.

Our own nation [he says], or any other nation, does not consist of the counterfeits; it consists of the genuine. Constantly to portray the failures and the delinquents is grossly to mislead the public. It breeds an unwarranted spirit of cynicism. Life is made up of the successful and the worthy.

The successful and the worthy, unfortunately, are not always the same, although the bulk of the American press encourages a simple confidence in their identity. Cynicism, we believe, is bred by such remarks as Calvin Coolidge's, not by the clean indignation of newspapers which expose corruption in high places. When public officials abdicate, when open bribery and gross corruption sit boldly in the Cabinet-room of the White House, then that press which speaks most frankly seems to us most patriotic. Patriotism does not consist in condoning the vice of one's fellow-nationals; it consists in the effort to make one's country approximate one's ideal. Sometimes, with a State Department like ours, patriotism inevitably leads to agreement with foreign criticism of our Government's policy; but to imply, as the President did, that such criticism must be inspired by "foreign connections," betrays the pettiness of a narrow mind.

TEN THOUSAND MORE FRENCH TROOPS have been withdrawn from the Rhineland, which is good news. But 50,000 remain. It costs more to maintain them there than at home, and, like all forces of occupation, their presence breeds ill-feeling. Why does not France withdraw them all? With Germany disarmed the old plea of "security" is sheer delusion, and Foreign Minister Stresemann's sharp words were justified:

The time has come [he said] at last to point out that there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in the demand for security against Germany, which can no longer be endured by the public opinion of the world.

M. Briand, in reply, dropped the old Poincarist talk of security, and said frankly:

Locarno gives us all the security we need, but the small force we keep there is by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles and so long as the Treaty of Versailles is unfulfilled we must regretfully stay where we are. If you

Germans want us out sooner than 1935 you will hurry along with the commercialization of your reparation debt and the fulfilment of all disarmament conditions, then we will be only too pleased to go.

But commercialization of the reparation debt, as M. Briand admitted, is not dependent merely upon German good-will, but upon the state of the world market; and one of the factors which tend to maintain an uneasy world market is the irritating presence of French troops in the German Rhineland.

THE SIMON COMMISSION to investigate constitutional reform for India landed in Bombay February 3, and if any doubts still existed in regard to its unpopularity they must immediately have been dispelled by the protesting demonstrations in Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad, Nagpur, and Delhi. One of the most unfortunate aspects of the situation is that the Indians, whether rightly or wrongly, have now come to regard the British Labor Party, along with the Conservative and Liberal, as being against them. Ramsay MacDonald's article in *The Nation* for January 4 seemed to indicate that he was consulted in the steps taken. If the Labor Party's intentions toward India are in accord with Nationalist aspirations, even of the milder sort, then this collaboration with the Conservative Government would seem regrettable. When the Labor Party came into its brief period of power a few years back there was a tentative hope among Indian Nationalists that it would support their cause. But in October, 1924, after it had gone out, Gandhi could speak of "much that has been reactionary in the policy of the later Labor Government with regard to India," adding his hope that the "working men and women in England, . . . among whom the ideal of Ahinsa (non-violence), for which India stands, has become a living truth," would in time prove able to sway the whole Labor Party. The party was on thin ice then; and this year the effigy of Ramsay MacDonald was burned by protesting Indians along with those of Premier Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir John Simon. India seems to see no help anywhere in England.

CHICAGO'S FOREIGN RELATIONS DEPARTMENT is kept busy. Having concluded a war with England, although peace has not yet been declared and the enemy is still the enemy, the Windy City has proceeded to recognize the sovereign government of Mussolini. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Mussolini has recognized the sovereign state of Chicago. For the other day from Italy came Commander Zuinini, vulgarly accredited in the past as Italian Consul General to Chicago, but now endowed with ministerial credentials, having been elevated by Premier Mussolini to a diplomatic post ordinarily obtaining between states of equal rank. Mayor Thompson should acclaim himself King Bill the First before receiving his new minister. There would be few in our country to say him nay, for, after all, his is a brand of vaudeville native to America and we like it, although at times we shake our heads over his antics. But he must be warned about one thing: as long as Chicago remains safely a part of these United States it may conduct elections as it likes and allow its bandits to run wild. But if it sets up as an independent state, first thing it knows we will send in marines to clean up.

DOUBTLESS A PSYCHOLOGIST could tell what made the Official Spokesman or, as the *New York World* has it, "an eminent personage who must never

be quoted," refer, as last week he inadvertently did, to "President" Hoover. The occasion was the regular conference of newspapermen with the President; the question asked was whether or not Mr. Hoover would leave his post in the Cabinet while campaigning for the Presidential nomination. The "eminent personage who must never be quoted" replied that he had no information as to the plans of "President Hoover." That, to say the least, was premature. We must never be indiscreet; we must never hint who the eminent personage in question might have been, not even when Mr. Coolidge, as the next day he did, announces that in the future no references whatever to press conferences may be made. But, suspicions aside, what if it had been Mr. Coolidge? Tales have not been wanting to the effect that all was not serene between the President and Mr. Hoover; time was when Mr. Hoover was not invited to one of the Presidential breakfasts, or when—we never can remember details—he came and was allowed only one helping of sausage instead of two. Is the quarrel, if quarrel there was, patched up now? Is the White House officially registering itself "Hoover for President"? In a simpler age, before the subconscious became so public, an eminent personage might have made such a slip with comparative safety. But not today.

"WITH THE THERMOMETER hovering around zero while this is being written, a hundred thousand striking miners' families in the coal-fields of central and western Pennsylvania, northern West Virginia, and Ohio are living on an average of \$3 a week or less from the union treasury." So writes Basil Manly in a series of articles on the coal situation appearing in the *New York Evening World*. Reading on one sees that living conditions among the miners, their wives, and their children are little short of desperate. For cruelty and brutality, for trampling upon helpless women and children, the Pennsylvania coal and iron police, privately hired by the mine operators, can hardly be matched. Much the same heartlessness prevails among the operators who, not content to deprive the miners of a living wage, have in addition evicted them from the company-owned houses. And while the company-owned houses remain empty and boarded up, hastily improvised barracks must serve the miners as shelters. In these barracks, writes Mr. Manly, "one room . . . is the standard rule for each evicted family regardless of size. There may be three children. There may be seven. All must be crowded into this one room." In view of these flagrant issues of the general strike which began April 1 of last year, Senator Hiram Johnson's resolution urging a Congressional investigation of the bituminous coal-fields seems appropriate. Meanwhile, the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, will welcome contributions.

A GOOD POINT TO START FROM at the Russian Exhibition of the Soviet Union at 119 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, is the map which covers one wall of the lecture-room. It shows the resources of the Soviet Union by the most direct and impressive method. Here is an outcropping of coal—real coal; there a shearing from the pelt of some far-away Soviet sheep; salt, radium, gems, gold, silver, wood—all are represented by real samples or some realistic substitute. And all over the map has been meticulously pasted the groundwork of Russia's wealth, its oats and rye and wheat. Looking at this map,

one realizes, however briefly, the size of this country called Russia. The map prepares the visitor for the extent and variety of the exhibits culled from the far reaches and the many nationalities of Russia. Their quality and appeal may be judged by the fact that almost everything on exhibit bears a "sold" tag. The toys must be mentioned—varicolored pyramids that screw off into a dozen pieces; bright large mushrooms that are filled with little mushrooms; carved bears, horses, woodcutters. The enthusiasm of the young visitors gathered around them was an indication—and a warning—that one part of America has already recognized the USSR. What the map cannot show, a series of impressive, bright-colored charts, posters, stage sets, movie stills do show—the amazing progress made by friendless Russia in industry, agriculture, education, in the theater, the cinema, aeronautics. The records are on view until February 15; apparently people find them interesting—for 10,000 passed the gates on February 5.

THE MERGER of the London *Daily News* and the *Westminster Gazette* is more accurately to be described as the submergence of the latter into its older rival, which was founded by Charles Dickens five years after the start of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. Those who know London journalism are aware that the *Westminster Gazette* virtually passed over in 1921, when the famous green evening journal was transformed into a morning paper, and its distinguished editor, J. A. Spender, a welcome visitor this winter to the United States, gave up the control which he had exercised, with remarkable consistency and perfect temper, for more than twenty-five years. The evening *Westminster* commanded a small special public. It had great political influence but was never near to being self-supporting. The morning *Westminster* was started without the vast financial backing nowadays essential to a metropolitan daily. Hence it stood no chance in the world of Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks, Riddells and Berrys. There is no protection for the working journalist as the process of consolidation goes on, as merciless in London as in New York.

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? A great American assembly in New York City rising to its feet and cheering to the echo—a German? All standing with hats off while the band played "Die Wacht am Rhein"? Where was the American Legion, and where were the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the American Defense Society, and Elon H. Hooker, and Solomon Stanwood Menken, and all our other Hun-eaters? This man whom the Americans cheered was a representative of the "baby-killers," a member of that Teutonic tribe which every Liberty-loan orator ten years ago declared should be wiped off the face of the earth as unfit for association with human beings. Facts are facts, and here it must be recorded that on the shameful second of February, 1928, fifteen thousand Americans in Madison Square Garden enthusiastically cheered Dr. Otto Peltzer, the German runner, when he won his first American race, and then unitedly stood to the strains of a German anthem the public singing of which would have landed any American in jail ten years ago. We know, of course, that Dr. Peltzer won a most grueling race under every possible disadvantage, against a field of nine, on a track which he had not known, with only an hour's notice that he was eligible, and that the American crowd's enthusiasm was the tribute of lovers of sport to a magnificent athlete. But where were the patriots?

The Shipping Muddle

BY 53 to 31 the Senate on January 31 voted for the Jones bill which continues the present government ownership and operation of merchant vessels owned by the United States. The Progressive Senators and other independently minded legislators voted in the affirmative. An amendment declaring that nothing in the bill should be construed to mean permanent government ownership and operation was defeated by a vote of 43 to 38. As the bill stands, its first section reads: "The policy declared in Section I of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 is hereby confirmed and the purpose of the United States to maintain permanently a merchant marine adequate for the proper growth of the foreign commerce of the United States and for the national defense is hereby affirmed." In addition it provides that no ship or ships can be sold unless the entire membership of the Shipping Board votes for the sale; that the Board shall be free to recondition or reconstruct any of its ships; that it shall transmit to Congress all recommendations for replacements of existing vessels whether those originate with the Board or private companies; that all vessels must be built in the United States and must be planned for their use as "auxiliaries to the naval and military services of the United States." Whether the bill will pass the House and escape the Presidential veto is questionable; its provisions are directly contrary to the President's declaration in his annual message to Congress that government ownership is a failure and that there should be an immediate return to private ownership.

We confess that this bill leaves us gasping. We have rarely recorded any legislation as confused and as contradictory. It was certainly not necessary to reaffirm the purposes of the Act of 1920. If the real purpose of the bill is to make a unanimous vote of the entire Board necessary to sell a ship, it could have been much shorter and should have been devoted to that purpose. As for recommendations to Congress, it is our understanding that the Board would have had to recommend anything calling for funds outside of the use of the revolving fund which the Board now controls. Again, if the intention is definitely to put us into government ownership for all time the bill should say so, and should declare for sole government ownership and operation, precisely as is the policy in Soviet Russia. We cannot see how there can be any continuance of the existing highly unsatisfactory situation in which government-built and government-owned ships compete directly with privately owned and operated vessels. It should be one thing or the other. It cannot be both. Next, we object strongly to the clause that each ship must be built with a view to operation as a naval or military auxiliary. Merchant ships to be successful must be built for the kind of service they are intended to render. If building them as naval auxiliaries involves extra expense above what a simple merchant ship would cost, then the government boat enters into trade with an additional handicap. Another practical question is, Shall these merchant ships be constructed with an eye to transporting troops in war time, or purely merchant cargo? It takes a special ship for the voyage to Australia, or for a steady trade to tropical climates. Shall these practical needs be subordinated to supposed military and naval necessities ten, twenty, or thirty

years hence in some future war, when no one can venture to guess today what the naval conditions of that war will be?

Furthermore, bringing in this question of naval auxiliary not only injects an issue which detracts from a consideration of the main issue, namely, whether the government shall build, own, and operate merchant ships, but it immediately takes on an international aspect in that it bears directly upon the armament race that we are now entering into with Great Britain. And why should it be necessary to have a unanimous vote of the Shipping Board for the sale of a ship? That is not the custom of boards and in this case the daily press has stated that one member of the Board has voted against every proposed sale of a ship since he has been a member.

That our merchant marine is in an extremely bad plight is well known. Our ship-yards are empty, our war-built fleet is ten years old and, as far as machinery is concerned, is entirely out of date because the world has turned to the building of faster and more economical Diesel-engined tramps. Some ships are being refitted by the Shipping Board, but comparatively few. The only new proposals before Congress are those for the modernization of two old German liners, the Mount Vernon and Agamemnon, and the startling application for a government loan of \$94,000,000 to the group of American capitalists who are planning four-day liners from New London, or Providence, or Boston to Europe—in their case the bait is held out that the ships can overnight be made into airplane-carriers. The Jones bill makes inevitable the reference of this proposal to Congress where it is likely to become a matter of politics. Private owners today are utterly discouraged, for they do not know where they or the government stand. They do know, however, that it is as preposterous for Congress to vote that we shall carry our goods in a government or privately owned merchant marine as it is to order the waves to stand still. That depends upon economic conditions, and upon the freeing of our merchant vessels from entanglements such as antiquated navigation laws, unnecessary port duties, and other handicaps. For decades friends of the American merchant marine have been appealing for this in vain.

More than that, the cost of ships which is so much higher here than abroad, despite our extraordinary natural advantages and the greater efficiency and skill of American labor, is in some measure due to the dead hand of the protective tariff. What nonsense for Congress to vow that we shall always have an American merchant marine before a way is open to having one that is economically sound and self-maintaining! American shippers have again proved since the war that they will not ship by American-flag ships when they can save a lot of money by using other vessels. We can have a merchant marine if we choose, but only in one of two ways. Either a free shipping, helped by legitimate mail payments and by temporary shipbuilding loans at low rates of interest, will win the cargoes it needs on its merits, as was the case when our clipper ships were in every port, or we shall have an artificially created and government-maintained merchant fleet running at a terrific loss and paid for out of the taxpayers' pockets in order that we may have the childish satisfaction of flying our flag on empty ships.

Codifying the Law of Nations

THE Secretary General of the League of Nations recently sent out certain questionnaires and reports prepared by the Committee of Experts of the League for the progressive codification of international law. Four of these questionnaires or draft conventions related, respectively, first, to the taking of testimony abroad in criminal matters by the use of letters rogatory and the service abroad of witnesses; second, to the codification of the legal position and functions of consuls; third, to the revision of the classification of diplomatic agents as agreed upon at the Congress of Vienna; and, fourth, to the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction in certain cases over foreign states. The Secretary General asked the United States Government, among others, whether in its opinion these subjects could be regulated by international agreement and whether this was deemed by the United States desirable.

The State Department's answer was not encouraging. As to the taking of testimony in foreign countries, it was stated that this was a matter of State law in the United States, and in criminal cases accused persons must be confronted personally with the witnesses against them. Nor would we undertake to serve with process here witnesses desired in foreign countries. The existing extradition treaties and procedure were deemed by the United States sufficient for practical purposes. As to the legal position of consuls no further agreement seemed necessary because of the absence of any serious uncertainty in the matter and the existence of numerous bilateral treaties. Nor was reclassification of diplomatic agents considered necessary by the Washington Government.

But on the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction over foreign states, the United States manifested a readiness to confer with a view to reaching an international agreement. Governments are now so deeply engaged in business of various kinds that it seems necessary and only moral that they should submit to judicial control over their acts. The argument of "sovereignty" has acted like a blight to prevent such assumption of jurisdiction, although Judge Mack in a notable opinion in the case of the *Pesaro* in 1921 attempted to change the law for the United States by judicial legislation. The United States Supreme Court would not agree, so that now only an international convention is left to solve the difficulty.

The drafts submitted by the Experts Committee were usually left to a single reporter who incorporated his personal ideas, and the committee as a rule declined to adopt the draft as a committee draft. Personal opinions should not have been submitted to the governments. A better procedure is that planned by the Assembly of the League, meeting in September, 1928, according to which the nations are to be invited to send delegates to an international conference to be held in 1929 for the purpose of reaching an agreement on the subjects of nationality, territorial waters, and the responsibility of states for injuries committed in their territories with respect to the person or property of foreigners. The last two subjects clearly admit of at least a certain amount of codification, and it is to be hoped that an agreement may be reached. The subject of nationality

will doubtless prove more difficult. Codification can be overdone, and the League may well seek to avoid raising conflicts which have heretofore not existed by attempting to bring about codification where the conditions are not ripe.

Biography or Fiction?

IT is perhaps not strange that in an age which has set so much store by the biographical novel there should have arisen such a thing as the "fictionized biography." Not that the latter thing was unknown before Lytton Strachey, André Maurois, Gamaliel Bradford, and their dozens of followers got going; but in its peculiar emphasis upon the kind of biography in which the author supposes, fills in, and "reconstructs" our age is surely unique. The novel and the "Life" do seem to be trying to meet on some neutral ground which heretofore has had no name and which may in some future time be recognized as simply one more scene of a confusion between two arts. As Lessing explored the confusion between poetry and sculpture, so some critic may yet have to define the inescapable limits of fact and imagination, history and reality, biography and fiction.

The temptation of any author to add to the confusion must be great, because doing so means taking the easier path to the end of his book. The novelist finds many of his aesthetic problems solved, or at any rate got around, when he can go to a document and let it tell the story; and the biographer, weary of research or tantalized by the insufficiency of his data, can seem to accomplish much by "supposing" that his subject felt thus and thus upon a certain occasion—and incidentally can write in that way a much more "interesting" chapter. In either case the escape is to something which looks more real than the thing for which it is a substitute—only a Lessing would maintain that, since the reality attainable by any given art is limited to the materials and methods of the art, the endeavor to transcend such limitations is sure to end in stulticity and essential unreality.

It is interesting to see signs already of a protest against the fictionized biography, following by not many years a reaction against the documented novel. George Saintsbury, still perhaps the most engaging of British critics in spite of—or is it because of?—his age, has something good to say on the subject in a review of several recent biographies of Poe. Speaking in the *Dial* of Hervey Allen's "Israfel," he remarks that "the dangers of the 'reconstructive' method are perhaps more fully illustrated in his [Mr. Allen's] book than in any other known to the present writer. One can never be sure when Catarina (the cat)—as she has every right to do *really*—walks across the room with her tail up, whether this rests on evidence or not." Now if "Israfel" were a novel no one would want to know the evidence for Catarina's conduct; if it were given it would be out of place. Whereas the reader of a biography is or ought to be irritated by the intrusion of the author's imagination—particularly when the result is what Mr. Saintsbury says it is in the case of Poe, that after all this supposing and conjecturing "one is left, biographically speaking, with not very much more than one knew fifty years ago."

Emil Ludwig, the German biographer who last year and this has taken America by storm, will not, we fear, put

down the resentment of those who find him taking too many liberties with the facts about Napoleon through his declaration the other day against the historical novel. "My ideal," he said, "is to produce a work which will be strictly accordant with the available documentary evidence, but shall none the less bear the imprint of an imaginative recreation." That last is suspicious, and so is the sentence which follows: "This comes easily to an artist who understands the determinisms that preside over human destinies great and small." Herr Ludwig, then, is not so much a biographer as a philosopher—or a god?

The English Church Crisis

THE English people, we can believe, were themselves astonished when, a few weeks ago, the fact was thrust upon them that the question of church and state had come once again into the foreground of political discussion. For nearly a quarter of a century the church had not been a live political issue in England. Lloyd George as prime minister had redeemed his pledge and brought about the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, but the old Liberal demand for the complete separation of church and state was no longer heard in England. With the removal of the civil disabilities of nonconformists political nonconformism had decayed. In so far as the free churches retained their hold upon the younger generation, it was mainly by the social tie. The power of the Anglican parson was rapidly declining, even in the villages. Only when the divorce laws came up for discussion did traditional church opinion seem to exert any definite influence in public affairs. The episcopal bench in the House of Lords was becoming more progressive and socially minded; indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury had endeavored to play the part of a Christian statesman in the great coal strike of 1926. As for high ecclesiastical politics, they seemed to have been almost forgotten when, by virtue of four surprising December days in Parliament, the English public awoke to the knowledge that the church question is far more interesting to the mass of men and women than party politics ever are, and a disturbing suspicion arose that for some time to come church problems may block the road of legislation.

We may find the beginning of this singularly English social and ecclesiastical crisis in an event which occurred some seven years ago. The Church of England is still under the authority of Parliament, but soon after the war it achieved a measure of self-government in the Church Assembly. The Assembly can frame rules and draw up new formularies of worship, but these, before becoming valid, must be sanctioned at Westminster. Parliament cannot reshape or even amend; it can only vote Yes or No, but its veto is decisive. Last year the Church Assembly, dominated by the bishops, voted overwhelmingly in favor of a modified Book of Common Prayer—not to supersede the famous liturgy fixed in the seventeenth century, but designed as an alternative which the parish minister might adopt or not at his own discretion. By a large majority the Lords approved the alternative book. By a more than sufficient margin the Commons rejected it. The bishops, smarting under a rebuff such as they have not known since

the age of the Stuart kings, have subjected the new prayer-book to a rapid revision and have made certain changes in the draft and announced that they will resubmit it to Parliament at the earliest possible date. It is as certain as anything can be that the Commons will vote it down.

A detached critic comparing the two prayer-books, and noting only the rearrangements and verbal changes, would find it difficult to understand wherein the high importance of the matter lay. He would remark evidences of undoubted improvement in certain of the special forms, notably that of the marriage service. He would see that some minor absurdities have been removed. But he certainly would not infer that the compilers had endeavored to produce a modernized liturgy, or even to prune the old one of its too manifest redundancies and repetitions. But here is the core of the business: The new prayer-book would have gone through Parliament without serious objection if it had not contained an alternative form of the communion service, which, drawn up for the purpose of conciliating the powerful Anglo-Catholic section of the church, is denounced by the evangelical Protestant section as admitting the Roman practice and the Roman doctrine.

The central question at issue is unmistakable. It touches the mystery of the sacrament. Does the Church of England hold the doctrine of the Real Presence, and if so in what form? There is plainly upon this no common ground between the two schools of the Anglican establishment. To the high churchman the Eucharist involves the real presence; to the low churchman that is the superstition of the Mass. The framers of the alternative office of the holy communion have provided for the reservation of the elements, that is, the setting aside, for the use of the sick, of the bread and wine after consecration. Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral affirms that this is contrary to the reformed tradition of England; that the church which so acts is preparing for an unavoidable destiny, absorption into Rome. With that opinion the majority of the Commons evidently agreed. The vote was a reaffirmation of the Protestant position, and it is interesting to note that while 199 English members voted for it to 175 against, the measure was lost by the votes against it of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and of all but two of the members representing the Liberal Party.

The advocates of the new prayer-book announce that the result will be chaos in the Church of England and eventual disunion. They contend that the alternative form affords the one and only means of restoring regularity and discipline in the church. Their opponents retort that what the new book does is to provide two mutually contradictory forms, which would sharpen a vital difference of belief. Some hundreds of the Anglo-Catholic clergy served notice in advance that the alternative book was not for them, and the bishops presumably know well enough that, whether with one book or with two, they cannot enforce a non-existent authority upon celebrants who adhere to the full Catholic doctrine. In the upshot two developments would appear to be almost inevitable: First, a revived church controversy may turn the energies of Parliament and of the political parties away from the ever more urgent concerns of social and economic reconstruction; and second, from within the church itself will arise an insistent demand for the liberation of the church from the state. That is what Lord Hugh Cecil predicts, and he is, or was, the parliamentary hope of the bishops and their supporters.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

RECENTLY, I started to get quite mellow about tradition and particularly college tradition. Several old grads were at the next table and there was so much passing back and forth of cigars and so on that it grew into a reunion. One who was my senior patted me on the back and remarked: "You've said some harsh things about Harvard, but you're still a Harvard man. There is a tie which can't be loosed down at the bottom of your heart." By now the stage of the evening at which I agree to anything had been reached. Indeed we were all in a crimson glow and missed singing "Up the Street" by only a narrow margin. Good old Harvard! Lowell had his points. Blood is thicker than water. No, that was not quite a comfortable thought to harbor. Better remember the Charles and elm trees in the Yard. . . . Kennard's drop-kick and Eddie Mahan's wonderful eleven.

But when I got home I found a clipping from the Boston Post sent by Gardner Jackson and with a grinding of breaks my undergraduate regression stopped and skidded. In the fragment from "the great breakfast paper of New England" I read:

Judge Webster Thayer broke down and wept openly as 700 Dartmouth men cheered him for his stand on the recent Sacco-Vanzetti case at the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at the Copley-Plaza Hotel last night. He had been referred to as "the peace-time soldier, fighting for his country."

There was a subhead "Cheer for Five Minutes" and then the story continued:

The incident, one of the judge's first public appearances since the case, brought thunderous applause from the men of Dartmouth, when President Andrew Marshall at the outset of the banquet said that Dartmouth has always been proud of the men who have gone forth from her to fight for their country. He extolled the men of the Spanish and World Wars, and then, pointing where Judge Thayer was sitting at the speakers' table, said: "They came back weakened from their sacrifices for their country. Here is a peace-time soldier who during an internationally known murder case fought for his country."

The audience rose and delivered the well-known Dartmouth Wah-Hoo-Wah cheer and then settled down to a full five minutes of thunderous applause. When it finally subsided, Judge Thayer rose from his seat, bowed, and then pillowing his face in his arms, openly wept. This was the chief incident of a most successful annual banquet.

Also, I read that the first official speaker was President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard.

Now, I have not the slightest objection to Judge Thayer's weeping. Even the sternest magistrate must let down at times and give way to pity. But for whom did Webster Thayer weep? Not for the dead I think. Nor was it for New England justice that his tears flowed as all around him rang the inspiring cry of Wah-Hoo-Wah. Rather the old gentleman wept for himself. And in this, too, he was well within his rights. Very likely the diners broke into song and "The backs go tearing by" went rolling through the room. This, also, must have been stirring, for those backs were "on the way to do or die." The case is closed.

New England has said it. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" No foreigners will ever tell Massachusetts how to run her courts. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" They dared to sneer at our just institutions. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" And dead they are, Sacco and Vanzetti. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

It would have been interesting to watch the face of Lawrence Lowell. One could not see the countenance of the judge of first resort, for, as in another crisis, the face of Webster Thayer was averted. Old Web Thayer was maybe just a little indiscreet. The committee said as much in its report. Indiscreet but honest. Under the circumstances the situation must have placed a certain strain on Lowell. Should he remain silent and impassive through the stirring scene or did courtesy compel him to sit up and wah-hoo a little?

Let us hope that Professor Richardson of Dartmouth was not present. That might have put a damper on the demonstration. It was Professor Richardson to whom Judge Thayer said: "Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" And this, according to the testimony, was uttered on the football field at Hanover where there was also much wah-hooing. Probably the committee took the circumstances into consideration when it agreed that "indiscreet" was sufficient to cover the remark of Judge Thayer.

To many, let us hope, the jamboree at the Copley-Plaza will seem obscene. If truth and right dogged every step of Massachusetts justice in the case still there would be reason to object to long cheers for an electrocution. But in this business was much that is characteristic of American tradition. It is our custom to submit contentious questions to the ordeal of trial by slogan. The lessons learned at college are never quite forgotten. Against every long cheer for Yale there must come inevitably the answer of a long cheer for Harvard. There is no age in the life of an American when he will fail to respond to the leader with a megaphone who says "Now altogether, make this go!" As the hand goes down our voices rise. It is hard for any single person to make himself heard in the heat of battle. We must cluster into choruses and make rhythmic sounds no matter what the sense is.

Never could I quite agree that the duel between Massachusetts and Sacco and Vanzetti represented simply capital against the proletariat. The factors were more complicated. Not even every Dartmouth diner who joined in cheering for five minutes felt that Webster Thayer had been right and proper in every word and action. But it was a chance to cheer. Old Web Thayer was a Dartmouth man. Pride of State and section entered into the famous case. As the opinion of the world was mustered against Massachusetts the backbone of the community stiffened. The Bay State right or wrong was the unconscious slogan which moved the mob against its quarry. Nor were college presidents above this petty, self-defensive parochialism.

Loyalties, traditions are possibly nothing more than pretty words for ingrained prejudice. Maybe man does better not to commit his roots to any dogma or any institution. Only then can he keep his head clear when all about him the world takes up the shout of "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

HEYWOOD BROWN

Americans We Like

The La Follette Family

By ZONA GALE

CHARLES LINDBERGH invented a new degree of both physical daring and physical solitude, but he was not the first to use the word "we," less in editorial modesty than in a kind of joyous justice. Long ago, in Wisconsin, Senator La Follette had been accustomed to say quite gravely, "When we were governor." By his "we" he meant the La Follette family.

It is doubtful whether any of us is sufficiently removed from the day and the hour to evaluate that Senator and his family. Those who disapprove of them and of their policies certainly cannot do so. The silent futile folk who think in his terms but will not trouble to vote on any terms cannot appraise the man who, through hot Wisconsin summers, went campaigning up and down a State considered sure, because "more people must understand." And the five million more or less who indorsed the Senator for President in 1924, these, because they care so much, are hardly better equipped to see the La Follettes as historic figures. About 1978 someone may be less sheathed than we in minor interests and more winged than we to escape a thickly littered foreground. Then the La Follette family may sit to a retroactive camera. Meanwhile the La Follette name stands for a sovereign service: namely, the socialization of a State, and of more than a State.

Years ago, Senator La Follette went to La Crosse, Wisconsin, to speak. It chanced that of a committee sent to meet him the chairman was a livery-stable owner. Years later, Senator La Follette again spoke in La Crosse. Again a committee awaited him at the station, and now members came in motor cars. These men were ushering him to a limousine when he saw standing on the platform that livery-stable host of other days. And the Senator said: "Now, will you gentlemen go on ahead of us, and let me follow with my old friend here?" and, uninvited, he joined the devoted livery-stable keeper.

"It was thus," mournfully said a brilliant Wisconsin journalist, "that he built up his machine. Such men would do anything for him."

"It was so," said one of the humblest of his pupils, "that he overturned conventions for the sake of realities."

Two versions. One man.

Had he a political machine or had he a class of students in social values? Students who did not know either the name of their course or its relationship to society, but who, aware or unaware, caught the spirit that makes for tomorrow—namely, that spirit which will act on what it learns and will act on nothing else. If a political machine has the scientific spirit and the social spirit, then a machine was what he built up. Perhaps he did build a machine which had both these. Whatever he built, it had the energy both for research and for emphasis on human values, plus a flame without which no great movement has ever been kindled.

Wisconsin was ripe for such energy, for it was in Wis-

The Eleventh in a Series of Personality Portraits

consin that Carl Schurz had settled after the German revolution of 1848, and to Wisconsin his followers had come, because there citi-

zenship could be more quickly acquired than in the other States. Aside from any political program, the idea of group consciousness, the consciousness that functions in an individual for the welfare of the group, not for his own success or his own soul, but for the human race here, now, and forever—this idea swept into Wisconsin from the spirit of that German exile who loved his fellows and believed in their improvability. The State became a center of actual social energy. Young Robert Marion La Follette and young Belle Case La Follette were stations that could pick up such energy, and they tuned in, and they began trying to tune in the State.

An unpretentious brown house on Lake Monona, then the Wisconsin executive residence, and later Maple Bluff Farm outside Madison, became the power stations. Energy did actually flow out from those homes, from the worn living rooms, the broad farm porch with its grapevine. In the first brown house, Mrs. La Follette had begun talking to women about their absurd clothes; in the executive residence she and the Governor gave a reception for women suffragists before suffrage was respectable; always they were advocating innumerable causes then frowned upon: women in law—Mrs. La Follette had herself been admitted to the bar, the first woman to be graduated from the University law school; women on State commissions and in State offices; measures of legislation now accepted by the world of social workers as matters-of-course and written into State and federal laws; and gradually those fundamental changes, notably railroad tax and rate legislation, which woke the State and made the Wisconsin Senator a target for the nation.

How did they know—this man and this woman—the measures of social consequence that could in the next decades shake awake complacent people either to follow those measures or to fight them? These two were both born in Wisconsin log cabins, both had arisen and moved on to the university, had graduated there, had taken the law course. Then they somehow found themselves functioning partially outside themselves, in the ill-being and well-being of other people. The words charity and philanthropy were old and approved, but the term social consciousness was not yet common to usage. It becomes clear that in what they had to do, politics was only their medium, not their end. Not that they were not ambitious—they were. Not that they were averse to honors—they were not. But they cared with passion about human values. And nobody can understand that who does not care about human values too.

No wonder that from the time Fola and Bobby and Phil and Mary were old enough to understand English, they were allowed in the room where talk about these things went on. Men coming from California, from Washington,

to confer at Maple Bluff Farm, were often astonished to see the fair-haired girls, the black-haired boy and the brown-haired boy listening gravely and quietly to their counsels. "Let the children stay," the Senator said, or "Bring in the children—we are going to talk things over." The string of Shetlands which the children owned and loved would be left in the pasture, and the four would come up to the brown porch or into the colorful and shabby living-room and listen. Long before the public was to know those phrases, the young La Follettes understood that railways were paying taxes according to their own appraisal, that they were to begin to pay them according to the valuation of a State commission, that freight and passenger rates were to be fixed so that those increased taxes should not be paid by the public, that \$600,000 had come into the State treasury in increased railway taxes in the first year of the new order—and other bits like these. In all the story of those days, which reads like the picture of a joust on a tapestry, the four "sat in," listened in company, questioned in private, and were taught social values, just as other children are armed with era-making estimates in algebra which they never use again. For these four the schools saw to algebra and such things, and there was time for recreation, for books, for the formal education of the university, for friendships; but the home table equipped them for still more of life, taught them something of the nature of social being.

It was an intensive training. But to both the Senator and Mrs. La Follette its main tenet was freedom. In this child training they were thirty years in advance of their day. Belle Case La Follette, a young and beautiful girl, abandoned the profession of law to enter the inner ministry of law in her family. "Let them decide," she was constantly saying. She spent one winter with the children, alone on the farm, and together they did the farm work. It was in that winter that Senator La Follette fell ill in Washington, and they wired to the farm. The message arrived after the children had gone to bed, so the mother left a note for them and walked three miles through sparsely settled country to take a train at four o'clock in the morning. Over and over she campaigned the State with the Senator, daunted by no condition of roads, or hour of trains, or status of hotels, because "the people must understand." She was a descendant of pioneers and she always pioneered. Mrs. John J. Blaine, wife of Senator Blaine, campaigning with her once observed: "If Mrs. La Follette should say to me, 'Now, I don't know, Mrs. Blaine, but I think we ought to walk the forty miles into Madison tonight,' I should feel that I could go." They left their children free, but they showed them that it was worth while to be free only if they used that freedom in the social struggle. Theirs was the glorified individualism of "Be thyself, but be worthy to be thyself."

"Be thyself." The Senator obeyed that order, and when the war hysteria began, the Senator obeyed that order still. Here is a paragraph, hitherto unpublished, taken from a private letter written by him January 5, 1918:

War is a terribly destructive force, even beyond the limits of the battle front and the war zone. Its influence involves the whole community. It warps men's judgment, distorts the true standards of patriotism, breeds distrust and suspicion among neighbors, inflames passions, encourages violence, develops abuse of power, tyrannizes over men and women even in the purely social relations of life, and

terrifies whole communities into the most abject surrender of every right which is the heritage of free government.

When with all his might—a telling phrase—he had sought to prevent his country from being drawn into the ancient European feuds, rooted in dead blood; when with all his might he had shouted those same words which after the war were to be used by President Wilson at St. Louis, "a capitalistic war," and by the reactionary press, "a war over raw materials"—and when he had failed, and war had been declared, and when he had thereafter voted for every war appropriation measure, "because of the boys"—then he was able to write, in that letter of 1918:

May I say to you that in the midst of this raging storm of hate I am withal very happy in so far as my own future is concerned. I would not change places with any living man on the record ■ it stands today.

"Be thyself"—but he added in effect, "Thyself has no such narrow boundaries ■ they believe." To the La Follette family the human family was "the human being." The La Follette family was never merely ■ family, it was an idea, in action.

No wonder that Fola La Follette, with a voice cultivated for the stage, toured the country to speak against the political and social subjection of women. No wonder that aspect of her profession interested her which recorded truth about people and nothing else. No wonder that now, in her professions of teacher and reader, she has one passion—to foster human growth. As you listen to Phil, the younger brother, in his twenties, district attorney already, speaking in the rhythms and with the assurance of the orator of long experience—no wonder that you think of a perfectly trained race-horse, supremely ready for his track and his event. Without any question Phil is the coming La Follette in Wisconsin, ■ Senator Bobby is already ■ in Washington.

Senator Bobby, as he is called with affection in Wisconsin, probably has not a cell of consciousness which is not made of a desire to get rid of special privilege in the United States. From the time when "we were governor," he has drawn in awareness of the martyrdom of man—some of man—and he believes, ■ his father believed, that there is a cure for social wrongs without revolution, if the unmar-ttyred will open their eyes in time. There has never been in Wisconsin ■ struggle which involved human rights as against the rights of those who were disregarding the human side in which Bobby, as schoolboy, private secretary, or Senator, has not fought with the former. His is always the socialized attitude rather than the unsocialized individual's attitude, no matter who the unsocialized individual is. In a campaign for Senator which amazed even his intimates, this man of thirty who had rarely spoken publicly, listed, at the crest of his speeches, the pet aims of the special privilege interests of the nation, and said to the people of the State: "If you want another Senator who will stand for those things, don't send me down there, for that's not the kind of a Senator I shall be." Years before they said it at Washington, they were saying in Wisconsin: "Chip of the Old Block," and "The Lion's Cub."

Patriarchal—such solidarity of family thought? Unconscious domination, the psychoanalysts would say. It is interesting that it seldom occurs to the analyst-in-the-street to instance the Borgias or the Medici ■ examples of family thinking. Perhaps we are so close to the primal chaos that family chaos is interpreted as a life free

and unrestrained, while constructive family thinking and acting is called a malady. Which recalls an interpretation of Fola La Follette's, when some one said in her presence that building wreckers never have labor troubles. That wreckers are happy, and that this must mean that wrecking is our norm.

"No!" she said. "It is only that wreckers at their work have more individual freedom, while builders have always to follow somebody else's ideas. Wrecking is not our norm, but freedom is."

Here speaks the family slogan: "That the people shall build in freedom."

The La Follette family is an instance of something

more than the patriarchal, of more than domination. It is an example of a fact in nature: Of group reaction and group thinking and group action as a psychological verity, just as definite as individual thinking, and far more a tool and a familiar of tomorrow than of today.

"When we were governor." One is not sure that he said it to his family alone. One feels that he said it to his State. And that to his country he was forever saying not "I am the State," but "Now that we the people are Senators, now that we the people are the State." Not a new conception, but, after all, as a practice, sufficiently novel, even on this flashing crest of one hundred and fifty-two years of democracy.

The Indispensable Mr. Hughes

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, February 2

AMONG all the fifty featured reporters and correspondents sent by the North American press to Havana (the number has now dropped to less than a score), I have seen only one—Roger Cortesi of the Associated Press—conversing in Spanish or following the discussions in Spanish at the meetings of the Pan-American Conference. We get our news from Mr. Hughes.

What Mr. Hughes says in English is publicly translated into Spanish; it is taken down by Mr. Hughes's own stenographer, and verbatim copies are usually ready for the newspapermen within an hour of delivery. But the speeches in Spanish are not translated; it is sometimes days before even a Spanish text of an important speech is available; and translations are likely to be a week late. In such circumstances reporters who do not know Spanish are lost.

Mr. Hughes bridges the gap. He sits through the debates with an interpreter pouring into his left ear a summary of the discussions; he takes part, alertly and intelligently, in the discussions; and all the while he makes elaborate notes for the correspondents. Immediately after the sessions of the important committees—sometimes twice a day—the correspondents gather around the long table in the office of the American delegation and listen and scribble while Mr. Hughes tells them what has happened.

Reporters for the Mexico City *Excelsior*, for the Buenos Aires *Nacion* and *Prensa*, even for a Central American press association, sit through the sessions and understand what is going on. The North American press is incompetent; it cannot understand.

Mr. Hughes is a good reporter. But he omits matters which seem of less importance to him than, for instance, to the Mexicans; and his emphasis is of course inevitably his own. His scale of values differs from that of the Latins. All the news coming to the United States is sifted through his mind; instead of many reporters at the conference, each giving his independent interpretation, we have one—Charles Evans Hughes. Before the next Pan-American conference we should take a course at the Berlitz School of Languages.

II

One bright spot in a dreary conference was Orestes Ferrara's defense of freedom of the press. Ferrara learned

oratory in his salad days when he was a famous Italian anarchist; today he is Cuban Ambassador in Washington and one of Cuba's richest lawyers. When Mexico, recalling Mr. Hearst's unpunished forgeries, recommended that the publication of false and misleading news be prohibited, Ferrara pulled out the full stop of his rich organ voice and shouted that "the press should have complete freedom. No legislation of this kind is needed in Cuba or would be tolerated." It certainly is not needed. Without legislation two opposition editors have died mysteriously, others have been persuaded to take the cure in Europe, and three daily papers have been suppressed. The surviving editors watch their steps.

III

Mr. Maurtua, the big, brown Inca chieftain of the Peruvian delegation, has been wandering about Havana for days with more than his usual air of Indian melancholy. People sympathized with him, for Mr. Maurtua had to report upon the "fundamental bases of international law," and his subject includes the most dangerous line in the whole code prepared at Rio de Janeiro by the International Commission of Jurists.

That line reads: "No state may intervene in the internal affairs of another."

Now, the Peruvian delegation, because of its acute interest in Tacna and Arica, has been devoted to Mr. Hughes at Havana. And it has been suspected that Mr. Hughes is not satisfied with that line. To be sure, our own indubitably North American Dr. James Brown Scott, Mr. Hughes's colleague in the United States delegation at Havana, was one of the jurists who drew up the Rio report and he signed it. That does not matter. No one matters except Mr. Hughes at Havana.

Dr. Scott, an international lawyer and scholar, understood the obnoxious line in an unobnoxious manner. It was explained to me that, in the first place, it is not intervention if one intervenes at the request of a constituted government, as, it is said, we did in Nicaragua. In the second place, it is not intervention if, in time of disorder, one lands troops and places them about the property and persons of one's nationals in that country. That, it seems, is merely interposition.

Mr. Hughes apparently feared that someone might

think the line meant what it said. Mr. Maurtua's Indian melancholy was due to his effort to find a substitute text which would satisfy the Latins who composed the Rio line and at the same time would content Mr. Hughes. Today he announced his results. His first achievement is the suggestion that the Pan-Americans give up the effort to negotiate a treaty upon the fundamental basis of international law, and confine themselves to "resolutions." Nobody feels bound by a mere resolution. His second achievement is to dig up a magnificent series of words composing a "declaration of the rights and duties of nations." These were drawn up, under the leadership of James Brown Scott, by the American Institute of International Law in 1916. They have the supreme virtue of having been cited with approval in 1923 by Mr. Hughes himself. In the original English they read as follows:

1. Every nation has the right to exist, and to protect and to conserve its existence; but this right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the state to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending states.

2. Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has a right to the pursuit of happiness and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other states, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other states.

3. Every nation is in law and before law the equal of every other nation belonging to the society of nations, and all nations have the right to claim and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws entitle them.

4. Every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over

its territory and all persons, whether native or foreign, found therein.

5. Every nation entitled to a right by law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by other nations, for right and duty are correlative and the right of one is the duty of all to observe.

Just what it all means I do not know; but I doubt if it will be satisfactory to the other Latin delegates.

IV

Some uncontroversial work has been accomplished. A sweet resolution upon the Red Cross has been adopted with unanimous enthusiasm; proposals for "intellectual cooperation" and for sanitary codes have been indorsed. A magnificent, all-inclusive code on Private International Law has been accepted, the United States beaming with approval but declaring that unfortunately, because of our federal system, we could not sign it. With a similar benevolent gesture Mr. Hughes has declared that he can not sign the resolution upon the right of asylum, and that upon frontier police has been reduced to a recommendation. It is evident that Mr. Hughes does not intend to sign anything which might in any degree bind the hands of the United States. We do not want customs unions, world courts, compulsory arbitration, law codes, anti-intervention rules, or anything that might restrict us in any way or manner.

Unfortunately, absolute freedom of action and membership in an international cooperative organization do not fit together. Can it be that, as the United States forced the idea of the League of Nations upon a doubtful Europe, and then withdrew, it is going to sponsor Pan-Americanism for the Latin-American nations, and then retire into a new and even more splendid isolation?



—From *De Groene Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam, Holland)

The Fox Who Preaches Peace

"The sovereignty of small nations is respected."—President Coolidge

James M. Beck vs. the Constitution

By JOHN BILLINGS, JR.

FOR all his learned discourse on the federal Constitution, James M. Beck never felt the full authority of this charter upon his personal fortunes until he presented himself for admission to the Seventieth Congress as Representative-elect from the First Pennsylvania District. Then, like a sudden wind from the North, his right to a seat in the House was challenged on the ground that he failed to qualify under the Constitutional provision that a man must be an inhabitant of the State he is chosen to represent. By order of the House a committee is now investigating his claim to inhabitancy of a small apartment in Philadelphia.

Regardless of how sorry may be the spectacle of a man deeply versed in the lore of the Constitution trying to twist and pry apart its plain intent to wriggle through some technical aperture into Congress, Beck's fate at the hands of the House is of minor consequence compared with the larger and more threatening issue that lies behind his case. The significance of this issue may be set forth by the question: Shall the States be represented at Washington by their own people who live chiefly and permanently within their borders and breathe their atmosphere or shall mere non-resident agents, circumventing the Constitution with the aid of ignoble political machines and the connivance of their colleagues in Congress, perform this function of State representation at the capital? The answer given by the House to the Beck case will be, in a large measure, an answer to this major question of national policy.

As a Constitutional specialist, Beck's reputation is widespread. As a blue-ribbon lawyer, he has risen to a profitable eminence in his profession. As a polished orator, he has for years preached the gospel of civic righteousness within the Constitution. As a literary pamphleteer, he has sought to popularize his reasoned conceptions of Constitutional government. As Solicitor General of the United States, he has helped to guide the Supreme Court through the intricacies of the Constitution to sane and wholesome interpretations. That such a substantial citizen, suddenly deserting his high estate, should cast in his lot with the low designs of a corrupt political organization in Philadelphia and help it along in defiance of the Constitution is just one more example of the inexplicability of human nature.

Mr. Beck's renown has tended to obscure the basic issue in this case. That the great lawyer can do no wrong where the Constitution is concerned is a theory held by many in and out of Congress. But had some hack politician instead of a "best 1920 mind" attempted this trick, Mr. Beck would have been the first to detect the assault on his beloved charter and to raise his voice in righteous protest.

In questions of inhabitancy physical facts, rather than wordy intentions, are controlling. A man lives where he does by choice and thus becomes an inhabitant, a word without legalistic mysteries. When the Constitution was framed the word "resident" was first proposed for this provision of qualification, but was later replaced by "inhabitant" to divorce more completely the new Congressional

system in the United States from the practice of non-resident representation in the British Parliament. Obviously the intention at Philadelphia in 1789 was to require members of Congress to have actual and permanent abodes within their States rather than just fly-by-night residences.

Beck, under cross-examination, has supplied most of the facts against himself. He was born in Philadelphia and lived there until 1903, when he moved to New York, where he remained for seventeen years. In November, 1920, he sold his New York residence and, purchasing a large and luxurious home in Washington, transferred to the capital his family, his large library, and his "treasured personal possessions." The following June he was appointed Solicitor General, claiming a voting residence at his summer home in New Jersey, where he cast his 1924 ballot. In June, 1925, he resigned as Solicitor General and set up a law practice in Washington, with Supreme Court work as his specialty. For a year his only residence, real or otherwise, was in the capital.

In July, 1926, a desire to sit in Congress turned him back to Philadelphia politics. He leased an apartment at 1414 Spruce Street and simultaneously came forward as one of the most ardent champions of William S. Vare, political boss of the city, then a much-criticized nominee for the United States Senate. This alliance with Vare in time of trouble is the secret of Beck's sudden political success. Just as the Daugherty-Jesse Smith regime in the Department of Justice found Beck useful as a society front, so the Vare organization welcomed him into its ranks as reputable window-dressing.

The Vare machine, through Albert M. Greenfield, real-estate dealer and contributor of \$125,000 to the Senatorial campaign, found Beck an apartment of two rooms, bath, and kitchenette, renting for \$110 a month, in the First Congressional District—a most wretched and machine-ridden area covering South Philadelphia. Beck's name was hurriedly placed on the assessment rolls—two months before he even pretended to take this apartment—to accumulate "time" to qualify him as a voter. He returned at once to Washington and his fine home and the malodorous assignment of defending Vare.

On September 9, 1927, Beck paid his first Philadelphia tax in twenty-four years—fifty cents delivered to Vare's secretary in return for a poll-tax receipt needed the next day when he registered as a new voter. Ten days later he voted in the Republican primary. On October 26 Vare's brother-in-law obligingly resigned as Congressman-elect and Beck was nominated for his place by a group of seven ward leaders whose names Beck did not even know. He hustled into the city campaign, urging the election of the Vare ticket as a means of vindicating his new client in his fight to break into the Senate. On the Saturday before election he returned to his Washington home, claiming a cold. On Tuesday, Election Day, he was too ill to travel back to Philadelphia to exercise his first franchise as a citizen there in a quarter of a century, but by evening he was sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to attend a smart Wash-

ington dinner party "around the corner." The next morning, from his Washington law office, he issued a triumphant statement to the press, declaring the Philadelphia election had "vindicated Mr. Vare."

Beck owns no real estate in Pennsylvania. He has no law office there. He has paid no taxes there for years, except the 50-cent poll tax. His two automobiles are registered in the District of Columbia. His federal income tax, under the Washington address, is filed through the Baltimore office, which includes the District of Columbia. The Pennsylvania clubs and societies which he cites as proof of his identification with the city carried him as a non-resident member until after his election.

As for his inhabitancy of the Spruce Street apartment, he has never eaten a meal there. He has slept in it only on occasions and keeps no clothes or books there "to speak of." Rather than disturb his sister, to whom he loans it during his long absences from Philadelphia, he would go to clubs and hotels in that city for the night, inadvertently registering from Washington. Witnesses have sworn that since he leased the place he has never been seen in the neighborhood. By his own admission, he lives far more in his Washington home than in his Philadelphia apartment.

That he never made any appeal to the voters of this brow-beaten district for election to Congress goes without saying. Instead, he ingratiated himself with the czar of one of the worst political organizations in the country and championed his disreputable cause for a seat in the Senate on an election "partly bought and partly stolen." The Vare machine did everything else from supplying him with the apartment to delivering on the morning after election the

"overwhelming majority" of which he so loves to boast.

Against these facts Beck argues a continuing intention from 1903 to return to Philadelphia as a citizen. He considers that his status as a voter there also makes him an inhabitant, quite failing to recognize the fact that in one case he must satisfy only a State law, while in the other he must comply with the federal Constitution. He exhibits his apartment lease and a handful of rent checks as his best proof that he inhabited Pennsylvania. According to his contention the regular occupancy of the apartment is by no means essential. He explains that the framers of the Constitution deliberately omitted a time element in dealing with the qualification of inhabitancy, leaving that to the good judgment of each citizen. He frowns on being a disfranchised citizen in Washington, yet he continues to live there on unofficial business, even to the point of failing to vote when he had the chance in Philadelphia.

Though he compares his case to those of government officials forced to reside in the capital, there are these two important differences: Public duty did not keep Beck in Washington after 1925; Congressmen and Senators start from their States as inhabitants, and conscientiously maintain that status, whereas Beck reversed the process by starting from Washington and trying to create a fictitious residence in Pennsylvania. To many people State representation in Congress has sunk to a discouragingly low level. But any attempt to improve its personnel by the wholesale importation of men like Beck, utterly alien in thought and temperament, to districts assigned them by political bosses, would in the long run prove to be a rebelliously unpopular remedy for this problem.

Militarism or Education in Virginia?

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Richmond, January 16

IS a State justified in appropriating funds for the support of an institution which is almost purely military in character? In so far as the State of Virginia is concerned a commission of eleven prominent citizens of that commonwealth has answered this question emphatically in the negative. In a report to the legislature of the Old Dominion, made public on December 30, the commission recommends unanimously that the Virginia Military Institute be discontinued at once as a State-supported institution, on the ground that the students devote most of their time to military theory and practice at the expense of subjects which are culturally and vocationally much more important.

The full significance of this recommendation cannot be grasped by anyone who is unfamiliar with the history of the V. M. I. and the place it has held in the life of Virginia since its establishment at Lexington in 1839. Pre-eminent among institutions of its type in the South and generally acknowledged to be second only to the United States Military Academy among the military schools of the country, the V. M. I. is particularly sacred in the eyes of Virginians because of its association with "Stonewall" Jackson, who was a member of its faculty for ten years, and also because of the bravery displayed by the youthful cadets of

the institute when called into action at New Market in 1864. V. M. I. men have likewise played conspicuous parts in the Spanish-American and World wars, and an impressive group of leaders in various walks of life has been turned out by the institute during its long history. The suggested withdrawal of its State appropriations has seemed to many Virginians to border on sacrilege.

Strangely enough, the members of this commission which has had the audacity to say that an institution devoted almost exclusively to military affairs has no proper place in the educational system of an American State are conservative and impeccable citizens of the Old Dominion who were chosen last year by Governor Harry F. Byrd and the Virginia General Assembly to make recommendations for the improvement of the system of elementary, secondary, and higher education in the commonwealth. The chairman of the commission is Robert T. Barton, Jr., a young Richmond attorney who served overseas as a captain of artillery during the World War and who is a former State commander of the American Legion. Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar College and sister of United States Senator Carter Glass, and Dr. Charles J. Smith, president of Roanoke College, also are members of the commission. The other commissioners are equally solid and substantial persons whose integrity is unquestioned.

In their findings relative to the Virginia Military Institute they declare that "aside from the military features of its program there is no educational service being rendered at V. M. I. which is not already duplicated or can be more advantageously and less expensively duplicated at the other tax-supported institutions." They then go on to say: "The military training at V. M. I. is too exacting and time-consuming for young men who are preparing for civilian life. The excessive number of hours given to military theory and practice impinges greatly upon the time that the student should give to real intellectual or vocational preparation for his work in life." The commission might have gone further and said that aside from its courses bearing on the military the academic standards of the institute are little better than those of a good preparatory school. This, however, would have offended the faculty, students, and alumni unnecessarily. As the report proposes discontinuance of all appropriations at the earliest possible date, the main point in the commission's argument, namely, that the State should not contribute to the support of a military school, is made amply clear to everyone.

It is not suggested that the V. M. I. be closed. The commission proposes that it be taken over by alumni or other interested parties and operated privately. Since the State has been contributing a relatively small percentage of the funds needed for its upkeep, this arrangement would appear to be quite feasible. But in the event that no one comes forward to assume the responsibility for operating it as a private institution, the commission stipulates that the type of education now provided be done away with as speedily as possible and that vocational work and preparation for professional courses be offered by the faculty of the Institute instead.

The commission of eleven Virginians was materially aided in reaching these conclusions relative to the educational needs of the commonwealth by a group of trained educators from other States, headed by Dr. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. The O'Shea committee made a comprehensive survey of the entire educational system and submitted a lengthy report. The Barton commission then adopted those portions of the report which seemed to it practicable and advisable.

Dr. O'Shea and his associates declared that "the need for the particular type of education which is found at Virginia Military Institute has largely passed," and added the following:

The military mode of life at the V. M. I. affects the character of the educational work so that it is more formal, conventional, and static than is needed in Virginia today. In an earlier day, when education was merely disciplinary, the V. M. I.'s formal educational regime was quite satisfactory; but it has already been pointed out that Virginia is in need today of a dynamic type of education which cannot be conducted most efficiently under the conditions made imperative by the military mode of organization and conduct.

These are the findings of unbiased men and women who have given careful and conscientious study to the question. Whether those findings will be approved by the General Assembly at present in session is another matter. Considerable sentiment in favor of elimination of the V. M. I. from the list of State-supported institutions has developed since the suggestion was brought forward by the Barton commission, and several of Virginia's most influential news-

papers are advocating it. On the other hand, the alumni of the institute are numerous and powerful and will bring heavy pressure to bear on the law-makers. The commission feels that the money now spent by the State on the V. M. I. "could be more advantageously invested in strengthening elementary and secondary schools, blotting out illiteracy, or making more effective investment of the taxes paid by the people in the field of higher learning." But the jingoes and professional patriots will clamor that such institutions as the V. M. I. should at all times be encouraged and supported. They will point to the glorious record achieved by the institute in the service of Mars, and will foresee hideous consequences to the State and nation if the appropriations are withdrawn. The proposal, on the whole, seems destined to produce an extraordinary quantity of fustian in the legislative halls. Whether it will produce anything else remains to be seen. The next two or three weeks will determine the result.

In the Driftway

NOT long ago the Drifter carelessly remarked that the magazines which express the revolt of the *jeunes révoltés* were filled with conventionally worded complaints of the inadequacy of all words heretofore invented in any language. Until these free spirits should devise a way of writing without words—like the long-sought technique of painting without paint or composing without tone—the Drifter incautiously advised them to set about coining new ones. The other day he saw another copy of *Transition* (he begs its pardon—*transition*) filled with the appalling results of his advice. An apparently serious writer on music regaled his ears with an onomatopoeic symphony of "Madel-grinny," "nicK-Spacing," "SKlaf-squeaking," "synthe-fluffing," all of which sound interesting to the Drifter, though he does not pretend to pronounce the capitals. When he came to "incipientated," "self-structed," "imboded," the Drifter felt that he could almost define them. It is different with the renowned Mr. Joyce in his later manner. His newborn words do not stand alone, but nudge their parents impishly, and cling to their neighbors' backs. "Brahming" might mean anything in music or Indian philosophy, but "brahming to him down the feed-chute" completes the picture with donkey's ears. Similarly with "lali-pos" and "bowmpriss" and "tummell" and "drederous" and "mouldaw" and "talktapes" and "gangres" and "dneepers" (adding gangrene to Ganges—"the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin").

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER must be younger than he thought he was. He catches himself, coat off and shirt-tail streaming after the "combies" and the "glommens" and the rest—after an evasive meaning that he always fancies he sees grinning behind the fog of crazy syllables. At last it steps out, openly defies him to comprehend "proxenete," and confesses itself an anti-abecedarian. What has the Drifter done? Who is he to have a hand in founding an anti-abecedarian movement? He does not quite dare disown the fruits of his carelessness; but for himself—after looking at them attentively—he remains a pro-abecedarian.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dogs—and Humans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the correspondence column of *The Nation* there appeared on November 9, 1927, a communication entitled Only Dogs, and on January 4, 1928, another entitled Only a Human. The writer of the first of these was obviously influenced by misleading propaganda, issued by an organization that opposes scientific medical research and would like to prohibit it by legislation. The second correspondent expresses that hope which is ever present in those who are afflicted and in the friends and loved ones of people who are suffering from incurable, fatal maladies.

I believe that most of your readers can conclude, without appeal to their emotions, whether or not ownerless dogs, that are frequently a menace to public health if permitted at large and that are deliberately put to death by the authorities if captured, should be sacrificed to prolong life and relieve human (and animal) suffering. It is my desire, therefore, to present some facts illustrating the purpose of the investigations referred to in the above-mentioned correspondence.

The role played by the adrenal glands is quite obscure. They are indispensable for life and health. Their destruction by disease results in symptoms which rapidly lead to a fatal outcome. One condition which results from adrenal disease or insufficiency, in human beings, known as Addison's disease, is characterized by pigmentation of the skin, profound weakness, low blood pressure, serious gastro-intestinal disturbances (leading to vomiting of bile or blood), and, in the terminal state, central-nervous-system derangements (delirium, maniacal yelling, hallucinations, convulsions, and coma) occur. It may develop at almost any period of life, and up to the present time has resisted all treatment.

In the H. K. Cushing Laboratory of Experimental Medicine of Western Reserve University, Professor G. N. Stewart and I have been engaged in the study of the functions of the adrenal glands in health and disease, for over twelve years. We observed, in the course of our studies, that pregnant animals (and animals in rut) survive removal of their adrenals much longer than non-pregnant ones, thus establishing a possible physiological relationship between the adrenals and the glands of reproduction. The practical significance of this observation is apparent from the fact that, at the present time, I have among my patients with Addison's disease one young woman, married two years, who must be advised whether or not pregnancy might be a favorable or unfavorable circumstance in her condition. Another young woman, engaged to be married, who developed the disease recently, desires to be advised whether or not to marry. The importance of our studies on pregnant animals is further suggested by the similarity of the symptoms which develop with the toxemia of adrenal insufficiency and those associated with certain toxemias of pregnancy (eclampsia).

Recently our studies have led to prolongation of life and mitigation of symptoms, in animals with adrenal deficiency, by administration of material prepared from adrenal glands. When perfected for human administration this extract will supply that which is essential to life and which is lacking in individuals afflicted with Addison's disease or other manifestations of adrenal deficiency. I conclude with a statement suggested by one of our patients with this disease, who finds hope for relief in the progress made through these investigations upon animals: "Any one who aims to prohibit medical research, on the pretext of sparing a few stray dogs, should be considered willing to pass sentence of death upon the many sufferers of maladies for which a remedy is not yet known."

Cleveland, January 13

J. M. ROGOFF

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Books, Music, Plays

Tenebrae

By LEONARD CLINE

When night it was no longer
And not yet day withal,
The Holy Ghost came down to walk
Beside the orchard wall.
He had no cloak or hat against
The tepid little rain;
He smiled to hear the tongues of birds
Praise God along the lane.

But I and my new love
Late lay abed.
"The rain is falling on the leaves"
Was everything we said.

When day it was no longer
Nor yet deep dark in heaven,
Came Our Lady down the hill
In the cool even.
On her white feet no sandals
Against the dew had she;
She smiled to hear the whip-poor-will
Hail Mary from his tree.

But I and my old friend
Touched cups together:
"The moon is clear and full tonight;
It will dawn fair weather."

Now is it night or noontide
In this accursed tomb?
No testimony of a star
Confutes the curdling gloom;
And those are only winds that come
On iron doors to beat;
And lightning wraps the whole hill round
In a yellow sheet.

But I on my pallet
Lonely now lie
And hear my heart. . . . "'Tis very God
Goes scowling down the sky."

The Nicaraguan Farce

The Looting of Nicaragua. By Rafael De Nogales. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

ONE does not have to spend seven weeks in a jaguar-infested jungle or attempt to climb Monte Munsun in order to answer Will Rogers's question, "Why are we in Nicaragua and what the hell are we doing there?" The answer lies in Senate documents and in the official record of seventeen years of American foreign-loan policy in that country. The canal route and bankers' profits tell the story. Precise details may be secured from the confidential files of the Guaranty Trust Company, Brown Brothers and Company, and J. and W. Seligman and Company.

But General Rafael De Nogales, a distinguished citizen of

Venezuela and a former inspector of cavalry in the Turkish army, wanted to see for himself. So one night last winter he tore himself away from an "Old Timers' Night" at the New York Newspaper Club and took a train south. He went as a neutral reporter with apparently excellent credentials. He dropped in on the Sheffields in Mexico, was entertained by the American Landing Force at Puerto Cabezas, and ran into a lot of old friends who seem to have been high up in one diplomatic service or another.

He returns from the jungles and the battlefields with a highly entertaining travel story interspersed with spicy extracts from the speeches of Senators Wheeler and Shipstead, the editorials of *The Nation*, and the manifestos of ardent Latin Americans who think our policy in those parts is anything but tender and humanitarian. He tells us little that we didn't know before—that Philander C. Knox was the father of Dollar Diplomacy, that Adolfo Diaz is a traitor, a tricky politician, a rubber stamp, and a pal of the banker-bandits of Wall Street, that Moncada is a Conservative renegade who crawled like a whining dog before our ten-dollar-a-gun pacifier Henry L. Stimson, that Sacasa is a weak sister and a kind of Kerensky, and finally that General Augusto Sandino with the labor unions behind him is an honest patriot, a hero, and the potential George Washington of his country.

This unusually timely book will serve as an admirable antidote to the special pleadings of plenipotentiary Stimson, who, with the warships to back him, bought out deserter Moncada and turned over the bill to the Guaranty Trust Company. Indeed, it presents many and significant facts that the Stimsons and their kind invariably omit from reports on Nicaragua.

One of the most interesting features of the volume is its pictures taken by the general on his, at times, quite hazardous and thrilling journey. They will help the reader to look behind the dispatches from the Associated Press correspondent at Managua, who happens at the same time to be the American customs collector for the service of the loans of the New York bankers. One shows a town in our own little Belgium where the airplane bombs have fallen heavily during the massacre of women and children. The destruction by our airmen is as complete as that by any "Hun" of the version of 1914. Then there is a splendid picture of Diaz and Chamorro—unsavory puppets of Washington—with a Mr. Dennis, late Chargé d'Affaires, whom Nogales describes as "the adhesive American minister." Wherever he goes among our Latin-American neighbors he is "a regular leech and self-invited guest on all occasions," even at private parties of the Presidents of republics. These are apparently the engaging manners of the new school of imperialist diplomats we have been hearing so much about. There is also a photograph of the conscript women of the Conservative armies with whom our marines were cooperating by establishing "neutral zones" wherever the Liberal forces were victorious. Ninety per cent of the soldiers of these armies, he tells us, were forced into service, while the former Constitutionalist armies and the present Sandino troops are made up entirely of volunteers.

But, of course, our leathernecks were there to protect American lives? General Nogales assures us that "it was not the American residents in Nicaragua who were in need of protection against the Nicaraguans, but the Nicaraguans themselves who were badly in need of protection against the Americans residing in that country and the American marines." And some of these American "residents" were real murderers. On one occasion when the brave marines turned back from an unsuccessful expedition against one lone Yankee bandit the ill-equipped but reliable Nicaraguan police went out and rounded him up. At the same time we recall that the State Department has never published the name of one law-abiding American citizen whose life was in danger in that country.

This book confirms our earlier opinion that the State Department's invasion of Nicaragua is an undisguised war of aggression, a profit war pure and simple, and a war for "American investments and business interests"—to use the words of President Coolidge. Sandino, the brave leader of the national army of liberation, is in a sense fighting the battles of the exploited colonial peoples everywhere. Demanding the immediate withdrawal of every last marine from Nicaragua is the least Americans of liberal sympathies can do to help him.

ROBERT W. DUNN

Sherwood Anderson

The Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson: A Study in American Life and Letters. By N. Bryllion Fagin. Baltimore: The Rossi-Bryn Company. \$2.

Sherwood Anderson. By Cleveland B. Chase. The Modern American Writers Series. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.

A New Testament. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

AT the moment Mr. Anderson's chief function appears to be that of a social solvent. Inject him into a group of readers and that group will immediately resolve itself into two parts. One part will consist of bewildered primitives, the other of civilized human beings. To buttress what may seem to some an over-arrogant division two monographs appear just in the nick of time. Mr. Fagin is still bellowing in the American forest of 1912. Mr. Chase is a civilized man. Between the two of them Mr. Anderson is almost annihilated, for the whoopings of his disciples are almost as destructive as the ironies of his critic. These studies appear to confirm the suspicion which Mr. Anderson's recent books have done much to arouse: he is in need of a long, long vacation. Editing a country newspaper is just the thing.

Mr. Fagin's hand holds a large paint-brush instead of a pen and his arm is continually irritated by a series of small electric shocks. The style that results is one almost miraculously fitted to record any impassioned discovery of Mr. Anderson's genius. It lifts its voice in a rapt religious bawl to proclaim to us the gospel of the Bewildered School of American fiction: that because Mr. Anderson was once a little John the Baptist crying in the Midwestern wilderness he is now a great artist and a significant man. Did he not reveal to us the mechanization of our lives? Did he not make us realize that Business Isn't Everything? That Material Achievement is often followed by Spiritual Disillusion? Did he not look the Facts of Sex straight in the Face and voice the Aspirations of the Inarticulate? Mr. Fagin answers all the questions with an excited and perspiring affirmative.

Mr. Chase's courteous and restrained English offers a needed relief to Mr. Fagin's distended and asthmatic sentences. Correspondingly, to the latter's overblown emotionalism he opposes a cool and critical temper which refuses to be hoodwinked by Mr. Anderson's mysticism, or, rather, mystification, his pseudo-Russianism, and his enormous reputation. His imposing array of facts and quotations substantially confirms the general conclusions reached by the present writer in these columns some months ago. There is no space here to elaborate Mr. Chase's clear, serene argument. It is enough to say that he does not leave one of Mr. Anderson's weaknesses untouched—his day-dreaming, his flight from reality, his intellectual monotony, the conventionality of his plot construction, his emotional obfuscation, his quack philosophy, the persistent intrusion of his personality, and his complete bewilderment before aesthetic and vital problems that are simply too difficult for him to face. Unerringly he punctures Mr. Anderson's pretensions to being an interpreter and critic of our national life. "Anderson doesn't understand and at heart dislikes modern life.

No matter that there is much in that life to dislike, it is the only life Anderson has to describe; and to do that validly, whether sympathetically or satirically, he must understand it. Unfortunately, his fear-inspired dislike dulls when it does not kill his understanding. His dislike does not find utterance in a biting attack but in the hysterical wail of a defeated man." This could not be better said. Mr. Chase makes a similar point when he refers to "Many Marriages" and its "whining, insinuating note that becomes increasingly annoying."

After a process of rejection which is probably over-kind Mr. Chase is forced to conclude that "Winesburg, Ohio" is the only one of Mr. Anderson's books which can definitely be called a contribution to American literature. It is his reasoned conviction, now becoming patent to all but *les fauves*, that each succeeding volume has marked retrogression to the point of mental decomposition. As evidence of the continuity of this sad process may be adduced "A New Testament." This absurd collection of Zarathustrian aphorisms reminds one irresistibly of the "thoughts" about "the wonder of life, the terror and strangeness of it all" which one may find in many an imaginative sophomore's private notebook and which he is careful to destroy in his junior year. Turning to Mr. Chase's monograph we find the feeling confirmed: "One can understand how in a period of unusual bewilderment or depression he may have written these poems; school and college boys often have the same impulse; one wonders that he should publish them as they are."

At the risk of appearing funereal, one is tempted to repeat the concluding phrases of Mr. Chase's admirably honest and invigorating study: "To the pure metal of genuine inspiration he preferred cheap substitutes, and so returned to his world of thin romanticism and sentimentality. The chance was his; we can but regret that he has not yet made real use of it."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Fallen Deities

Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance. By Roger Sherman Loomis. Columbia University Press. \$6.

WHEN the gods go half-gods arrive, and, close upon their heels, quarter-gods and eighth-gods and throngs of others with infinitesimal fractions of deity. To Mr. Loomis and his school romance is faded mythology. The old Celtic celestials, who preserve in Irish folk-tales some glamor of godhead, have in the less worshipful air of Wales and Brittany put on mortality with their medieval mail-coats. So far have they fallen from their former heaven that the twelfth-century romancers who derive their knightly heroes from Breton *lais* and *contes* have no inkling of their erstwhile divinity. But twentieth-century scholars, with keener vision and subtler scent, can be trusted to trail a god in any form or garb. No easy feat this, for the Irish immortals, particularly the lords of sun and storm, are notable shape-shifters, wheresoever they may wander! Most protean of all these deities is Curoi, now hailed as solar god, whose ruddy face gleams behind the masks of Lancelot and Galahad and Gawain and Perceval and all the brotherhood of the Grail. Queen Guinevere is deemed "the leading lady in a nature myth," and seemingly all the dames and damsels of Arthurian story are the primeval goddesses of the moon or of vegetation in very deep disguise. Scholarly faith in the omnipresence of these potent figures of the Celtic pantheon never falters, but inspires ingenious parallels between myths and romances not always perceptible to the untrained eye, and links the names of gods and heroes by etymological processes no less amazing to the uninitiated than that which traces Middletown to Moses.

If Mr. Loomis is right, the staple of the stories of Arthur is pagan with a very thin veneer of Christianity; for it appears that even a great artist like Chrétien de Troyes had his stories made to his hand by the Breton inheritors of mythical

motifs. The Holy Grail and Spear, we have not long since learned, are but survivals of the symbols of heathen rituals at once obscure and obscene. Arthur is thus "the central figure of the accumulated mythology of a thousand years." Indeed this supernal genealogy does not stop at a mere thousand, but mounts two thousand years and more in lifting the ancestry of Arthurian knights higher than the petty provincial gods of the western isle, even to Phoebus and Demeter and Persephone, whose names and fame (so says our author) were borne to the Celts by roving traders from the Mediterranean. As in many pretentious pedigrees of earth, the gaps are often more obvious than the links; for, in his close communion with deified powers of nature, our herald seems now and then blinded by the wind in his face and the sun in his eyes.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Bismarck

Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Three Plays: I *King and People*; II *Union*; III *Dismissal*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

WAS Bismarck, like Napoleon, an "inharmonious" genius at war with the spirit of the age in which he lived? The glamor of his triumphs blinded two generations to the essential weakness of his accomplishments, which to a large degree were undone by the World War. The empire he fashioned went down to destruction. The territories he gained were lost. The political principles he advocated were repudiated. United Germany remained, but the new unity that was established would have aroused all of Bismarck's contempt and hatred. Nevertheless, like Napoleon, Bismarck remains a figure of absorbing interest, and every generation will rewrite his biography.

Herr Ludwig in his biography of Bismarck and in the three plays based upon the latter's life brings to the task the abilities of a journalist of a high order. He is acutely intelligent and widely read, and he writes easily and well. Moreover, he excels in a genre created by himself, the close interweaving of the private and public life of his hero. Bismarck emerges from Ludwig's pages a unified personality who is easily identified in every scene of his dramatic life.

Great historical figures generally undergo three transformations. First they are heroes leading the nation to glorious triumph; then they become legends inspiring succeeding generations to veneration; finally, they—at least some of them—become case studies for the modern psychologist. Herr Ludwig's book is written in the spirit of the Bismarck legend, and is therefore a glorification of the Iron Chancellor. It is also a challenge. Every chapter in the book points to the Kaiser as the man who brought to naught the great work of Bismarck. The volume is written with one eye on 1870 and the other on 1914.

According to his biographer three elemental spirits "stood beside Bismarck's cradle—pride, courage, and hatred." And yet fate ironically decreed that the masterful Bismarck should be subject to another's will. However, it was his good fortune to spend nearly all of his public life in the service of William I, a slow-witted, honest, and simple-minded man whom he completely dominated. Although he exalted monarchy no one despised monarchs more heartily than did Bismarck. His sarcastic remark about having seen "three kings naked," his contempt for William I whom he considered more stupid than an ox, and his rancorous distrust of William II show the deep resentment of a born ruler of men "doomed to service," a "tragical figure of a genius enslaved."

Herr Ludwig devotes considerable space to Bismarck's

break with the Kaiser, and he plainly intimates that the fall of Bismarck prepared the way for the downfall of the German Empire. He fully accepts the "Dropping the Pilot" legend, in spite of the fact that he shows clearly enough that it was impossible for anyone, having independent views, to work with one so dictatorial as Bismarck. Nothing in the latter's long political life became him less than his manner of leaving it. Always he had threatened to resign when matters did not please him, and always had the threat been sufficient to bring William I to his way of thinking. But William II had a mind of his own. When they disagreed and Bismarck offered his resignation, it was accepted. After Bismarck got over his surprise he became insensate with fury. During his retirement he secretly carried on a campaign against the Kaiser, inspiring newspaper attacks and malicious gossip.

Herr Ludwig's book is not primarily a history of the Bismarckian epoch but a diagnosis of the "tactics of a mighty intelligence." So personal is the author that the historical background often becomes dim, and even confused. Bismarck is revealed as a man who was little interested in ideas and movements but uncannily gifted with insight into men and affairs. The huge bulk, the hearty manner, and the rough humor of the Junker statesman were merely a façade behind which lurked a mind infinitely subtle and complex. It was Bismarck who discovered that, in diplomacy, even truth could be used as a means of deception. That mixture of "superman and artful dodger" had an unrivaled understanding of the statecraft of Europe and of the ways of its practitioners. So great was his mastery of the existing system that he could imagine no other; hence he contributed nothing to the progress of international relations.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"The Kid" and "Calamity"

The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid. By Pat F. Garrett. Edited by Maurice G. Fulton. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

Oh, that finger of Billy the Kid,
What a heap o' harm it did. . . .

WHEN Phil LeNoir—health to his gallant ashes!—wrote the rollicking ballad of "The Finger of Billy the Kid" he signified why two volumes and numerous essays treating of Billy should have been printed within the last year or two. The Kid was so popular that not long after his sudden death a showman thrived by exhibiting what he claimed was his trigger finger. That was going on fifty years ago. Tourists today so seek the Kid's grave that citizens of New Mexico are talking of erecting a monument over it. If they do, the tourists will carry it off chip by chip as they have carried off Sam Bass's gravestone at Round Rock, Texas. Billy the Kid is better known than Sam Bass. He is far better liked than Wild Bill Hickok. He is the most famous bad man of the Old West. He bids fair to become one of America's immortals. His career has seized popular imagination, not because he killed more men than any other outlaw, though he killed his share, but because he had a winsome personality, because his fight against capture was extraordinarily spectacular, gay, gory, and desperate, and because at the age of twenty-one he stood forth as the central figure in a widespread defiance of law so bloody and prolonged that it came to be dignified as the Lincoln County War.

Lincoln County is in New Mexico. In 1881 Sheriff Pat Garrett of that county finally "got" the Kid. A year later he, with the help of a newspaper man, prepared a "faithful, interesting, and authentic" life of the "noted desperado" with whose name his own is now always linked. The biography was privately printed and promptly forgotten. Now Maurice G. Fulton, an instructor of English who writes textbooks, has pro-

vided this "Authentic Life" with an introduction and notes. It is a straightforward, honest tale, told without prejudice or heroics. Even if one has read last year's successful "Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns, Charlie Siringo's intimate account of the same man, R. B. Townshend's delightful chapter in his "Tenderfoot in New Mexico," and Frederick Bechdolt's stirring Warriors of the Pecos in "Tales of the Old Timers," one will still find Mr. Fulton's refurbished "Authentic Life" fresh and informing.

Pat Garrett's point of view is old-fashioned. It is that of a man who has his eye merely on the subject of his biography and who writes as one man of another man. Not so is the point of view of Duncan Aikman. In "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" he has his eye on the audience, and he patronizes his subject sufficiently to meet the requirements of the most exacting snob of the Philip Guedalla school. He merely tosses up plain old Calamity Jane and the other "lady wildcats" for the amusement of the sophisticated 1920's. Where verbosity does not clog action and trickery does not trip itself up the tossing is adroit, and no doubt for those who know little of the subject the amusement will be sufficient.

Calamity Jane is one of the legendary figures of the West. There is a whole cycle of yarns, barely noted by Mr. Aikman, as to how she got her name Calamity. She was a gambler, wore breeches and a six-shooter, took her whiskey straight, and claimed to be an Indian scout. She was generous-hearted and she liked to be with men. Whether she was omnivorous in her carnal appetites as Mr. Aikman delights in suggesting I do not know. If so, physiologists should study her bones. She managed to get herself buried alongside Wild Bill Hickok. Chief among the other lady wildcats is Belle Starr, the most effective holdup woman of the West.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Books in Brief

The Last Post. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

The concluding volume of a tetralogy in which Mr. Ford endeavors to depict the passing of the Tory mentality in England. The present book transfers the interest from Christopher Tietjens to his die-hard elder brother Mark; and makes a bad mess of it. Mark himself is so dull, so insanely attached to a whole set of outworn conventions, that his stream of consciousness ceases to be interesting. Mr. Ford struck his high point in "No More Parades"; he should not have been permitted to write "The Last Post," which, far from rounding off his work, will do much to destroy its validity.

Cups, Wands, and Swords. By Helen Simpson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A novel by a very talented young woman which in its general theme reminds one of Margaret Kennedy's latest book. Miss Simpson's group of modern Oxford undergraduates is credible and amusing; she has a Dickensian flair for the conversation of charwomen, vaudeville jugglers, and public-house keepers; but a curious mental perversion especially marked in the smart London of today leads her to ruin her book with a ridiculous framework of gipsy superstition and a climactic piece of parlor-trick clairvoyance which puts her in the same class with Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. If Miss Simpson outgrows her spooks her next novel will be well worth reading.

The New Decameron. Fifth volume. Brentano's. \$2.

Prize Stories of 1927. O. Henry Memorial Award. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Neither of these short-story anthologies, one English, the other American, approaches in quality the two O'Brien collections for the year. "The New Decameron" contains unpublished tales by Michael Sadleir, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, Gerald Bullett, L. A. G. Strong, Naomi Royde-Smith, Evelyn Waugh,

G. B. Stern, John Presland, Cicely Hamilton, and Ernest Betts. There is not a distinguished piece of work in the book, which one suspects was formed by including the less serious efforts of the authors. There is one redeeming quality about this English collection, however, and that is its complete lack of vulgarity. The shoddiness of original impulse which characterizes the O. Henry volume seems rooted in the American magazine product. The most vulgar story of the lot is Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's tale of the Jewish jazz singer who stopped being ashamed of his race and began to troll forth the Songs of Solomon in a Broadway night-club. It seems only fair to stigmatize this tale as the worst in the volume and quite probably the worst in the world. The collection is partly redeemed by its two prize-winning stories, Roark Bradford's Child of God and Ernest Hemingway's The Killers.

Show Window. By Elmer Davis. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Davis, although he is an essayist of some erudition and considerable common sense, has achieved a position which warrants this collection of his recent magazine articles chiefly because of his extraordinary success in irritating people. The Age of Impotence, we are told, has made the Futilitarians feel even more futile; Have Faith in Indiana, as Mr. Davis admits, displeased many Hoosiers; the Portrait of a Cleric enraged the admirers of Bishop Manning—there are some. So it goes. As for the reviewer, he was irritated by Mr. Davis's assumption that it is evidence of practically unique independence and intelligence to disagree with Mr. H. L. Mencken.

Music

New Developments

IT was a happy chance that led the Compinsky Trio, the Musical Art, and the Marianne Kneisel Quartets to give their respective concerts within the same week and so bring home with cumulative force their collective significance. This significance is youth, which, in this particular instance, is more vital than the greatest virtuosity, although the two quartets in question are not without musical distinction. The Musical Art, for instance, stands out for its rich unanimity of tone, thanks to the princely loan by Felix M. Warburg of a marvelous quartet of Strads; while the other four have the advantage of Franz Kneisel's daughter in leadership and name. These are not the things, however, that make these organizations more important just now than a Pro Arte Quartet or an Elshuco Trio, but the simple fact that here are three groups of graduate students of both sexes choosing one of the most exacting and least material of the arts. In doing so they are deliberately rejecting all short cuts to fame and fortune, for chamber music demands the highest qualities of patience, self-abnegation, and musicianship and offers no fabulous rewards. A good living, the joy of pure music, the gratitude and respect of fellow music lovers—these are the fullest returns its devotees can hope for. Surely, then, we can claim another musical milestone when we find our youth turning to such antidotes of sensationalism.

That it is a definite and progressive movement one can no longer doubt. For one thing, it was carefully and thoroughly started by that master of ensemble and father of chamber music in this country—Franz Kneisel. Not only are the quartets already mentioned almost entirely the result of his individual training, but also another one of its kind, the Helen Teschner-Tas Quartet; while there is probably not an orchestra in the country that does not include one or more of his tutelage. For another thing, institutions like that of the Curtis have followed the example of the Musical Art by having another great ensemble player, Louis Bailly, one of the original Flonzaleys, to teach this difficult craft. And the movement itself has even

spread among other instruments, such as the harp, in which one of its masters, Carlos Salzedo, has already trained two distinguished ensembles, the Septet which bears his name and the Lucille Lawrence Harp Quintet.

What the results of this movement will be we can only yet surmise. We know that it is already opening up a new and valuable field for the young instrumentalists who can yet find no place in symphony orchestras, and that it is offering opportunities of ensemble training to the sex that our symphony orchestras still bar. For the present, however, we may well be content with the fact that through this movement of youth chamber music is at last becoming a practical reality in our daily life. Hitherto it has been more or less of a decoration.

Just when the musician seems to have reached a deadlock, along comes the physicist to help him out. Professor Léon Théremin, the Russian scientist, has just captured by a mere wave of the hand, as it were, the "music of the spheres," and with it all the quarter tones and harmonics, dynamics and sonorities, and even synchronizations with color and movement that have been occupying the dreams of musical experimentalists since the war. His little electrical coffer with its vertical and round antennae is apparently no Pandora's box of troubles, for it responds to the professor's coaxing hands with the most celestial tones of what seems to be in one instance a glorified violin, viola, or 'cello, and in another a superhuman voice. What is more important, however, is that he has indicated the mechanical "music of the future" (of which so much has been prophesied) not as the soulless product of machines but as the most intimate personal expression unhampered by material limitations. One can again take hope!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

"Strange Interlude"

NO play of recent years has aroused so much preliminary speculation as has Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" (John Golden Theater). Rumors of its odd method and its extraordinary length contributed no less than the fame of its author to make "news" of the coming production, and there was not, I fancy, a single commentator on things theatrical who did not await the fatal afternoon (for the play begins at five-fifteen) more tensely than a hardened observer is permitted to confess. Each knew that he would be expected to have a decided opinion and each was balanced between two fears—the fear lest he be hypnotized into believing himself more impressed than he really was and the opposite fear lest he lean over backward into mere insensibility. Between the devil and the deep sea, Which should he choose—the risk of going down to posterity as a soft-headed fool or the worse risk of being reminded some ten years later that he had greeted a masterpiece with wisecracks popping like thorns under a pot? He must, unaided, trust the adequacy of his perceptions and, taking his courage in his hands, pronounce an unequivocal opinion. "Strange Interlude" had unwound its five-hour length. What of it?

For a long time to come critics will be busy with their reconsiderations and their second thoughts. There will be a time for interpretations of the theme and analyses of the characters; but for the moment what those who have not yet gone to the John Golden want is a vigorous "aye" or an equally vigorous "nay"; and there can be no doubt, I think, that the "ayes" must ultimately have it. Nor is it to be forgot that this must mean infinitely more than it would mean in the case of any mere everyday dramatic production, for extraordinary things can receive only extraordinary justifications. Not only must Mr. O'Neill justify his taking a very unusual amount of our time but he must also justify his very unusual disregard of the con-

ventions of dramatic writing. No play has, so to speak, a right to consist of nine long acts in which the dialogue is continually interspersed with speeches representing the unspoken thoughts of the characters—to be written, that is to say, as no play was ever written before—unless it justifies the liberties which it takes by giving us in return something which no play ever gave before. Yet "Strange Interlude" survives even this very hard test. It does give something—some depth, some solidity—which no play has ever had, and its strange method does make possible a kind of virtue new to dramatic art.

The drama has always seemed the form of expression best suited to an heroic age and the novel the form best suited to a complex and baffled one, since a certain simplicity of presentation has been inseparable from playwriting. The production of a play has implied both a story elementary enough to be recounted almost in the form of an anecdote and a view of human life uncomplicated enough to be presented almost without shadings. While the modern mind has found itself unable to express its reactions without the infinite qualifications and the subtle half-thoughts which its most characteristic literary form makes possible and while, in the hands of its masters—the Dostoevskis and the Prousts—only the things not quite sayable have seemed any longer worth saying, the stage has seemed destined to remain, perforce, content with simple outlines. It has been, in short, a place where only major chords could be struck even though existing in an age which had lost the power to be moved by any but the subtlest and most difficult harmonies. It knew best the language which stirs the blood of confident and thoroughly integrated people, it could remember how it had swayed passions of unified societies like those of Periclean Athens or Elizabethan England; but it had remained, as even those of us who study it most closely must admit, far less capable than the novel of speaking to baffled and divided spirits.

What Mr. O'Neill has done, then, is to take a story which is not only longer than the ordinary story of a play but one which invites, or rather demands, that brooding subtlety of treatment impossible in the ordinary dramatic form, and he has made out of it something which not only holds every one of our faculties employed but remains, like one of the greatest modern novels, to tease the mind with the sense that there will be, for a long time to come, new discoveries to be made in the memory of its labyrinthine passages. Without the many innovations of his method this particular story could not be told, these particular effects could not be obtained upon the stage, and he has, therefore, conquered a new province for the theater. He is, for example, the first to dare to make full use in the drama of that introspection without which it would be impossible to imagine the existence of a large part of modern literature, and he is the first to employ there our newly won knowledge of the unconscious, not in such a way as to make it the foundation of a highly simplified pattern like that of "The Silver Cord" or "Hidden," but in such a way as to make it cast over all the events that uncertain, flickering light which it sheds in the life around us. Yet no enumeration of such specific or detailed originalities will serve adequately to indicate the originalities of the play, and it can only be said, as it was said before, that "Strange Interlude" conquers a new province for the theater. In the past our dramatists have been lazily content to say that most of the things which gave modern literature its excuse for being were "not suited to the stage." Mr. O'Neill has succeeded in making them dramatic.

I hope to return again to this production and to say something both of the wholly admirable work of the chief performers—Lynn Fontanne, Glenn Anders, Earle Larimore, and Tom Powers—and more especially of the magnificent work of the director, Philip Moeller, who created a style to fit the drama. "Strange Interlude" is Mr. O'Neill's best play and it has received by far the best—the "rightest"—production which his plays have ever received.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Rumanian Riots—Made to Order

By EMERY DERI

SEVERAL weeks ago American newspapers printed a few hazy and confused dispatches about the violent anti-Jewish riots that had occurred in Rumania on the occasion of a student congress held in the city of Oradea Mare, one of the most important cultural centers in the redeemed Transylvanian province. Not even the habitual readers of the cable page, well trained in deciphering cryptic messages, could make much of these fragmentary narratives, which were, for the most part, dated from places outside of Rumania and were evidently based on second- and third-hand information. They played up the only American angle of the story—the beating administered to an American citizen, Captain Keller—and displayed satisfaction with the Rumanian Government, which hastily agreed to pay \$15,000 damages to the thrashed American; apart from this the American public was left in doubt as to the real nature and the causes of the riots. However, M. Cretzianu, Rumania's able envoy to Washington, in a statement which may be called a masterpiece of Balkan diplomacy, explained everything that had been left unexplained in the cables of American newspaper correspondents. Though M. Cretzianu found the devastation of synagogues and the attacking of Jewish citizens deplorable, he ascribed these excesses mostly to the youthful exuberance of the students, absolved the Government of responsibility, and predicted that punishment would swiftly be meted out to the culprits, closing his statement with a mild threat to the effect that an exaggerated treatment of the affair in the American press would not serve the cause of the Jews in Rumania.

For lack of reliable information, the American public swallowed this statement. Had the Rumanian censorship been more efficient in detecting leakages in its system, the whole affair of the recent Rumanian pogroms would by now have sunk into oblivion. Unfortunately for M. Cretzianu, however, even the news-suppressing machine of his Government seems to be in need of reorganization. For it has, though unwittingly, allowed to pass into foreign countries documents telling the true story of what happened to the unfortunate national minorities of Rumania—Jews, Hungarians, Germans—during those days when Rumanian students were permitted to give vent to their youthful exuberance. Fugitives from Transylvania brought with them the testimony of eye-witnesses, excerpts from speeches of opposition Deputies and Senators, and copies of Rumanian newspapers which otherwise would never have found their way across the border. These documents give a picture of the Rumanian "riots" entirely different from that of M. Cretzianu and infinitely more illuminating than the hazy and mutilated cables of American newspapermen.

There were no anti-Jewish "riots" in Rumania. What happened in the first and second weeks of December in Transylvania was a country-wide bloody pogrom directed against the national minorities, organized by responsible govern-

ment officials, supported by the Government, aided by the army and the police, planned, prepared, executed, and finally hushed up and camouflaged by the governmental machine of M. Vintila Bratianu. It was a pogrom made to order and executed in the classic Russian style of the Czarist regime, with the same purpose of distracting the attention of the masses from the paramount political issues and of dealing a blow to the seething and embittered national minorities. It was carried out according to a pre-conceived scheme planned to the minutest detail.

The political situation of Rumania, chaotic and disorganized since the spectacular resignation of Crown Prince Carol, became tense in November when Ionel Bratianu, the country's virtual dictator, died. The family rule of the Bratianu dynasty, the questions of the throne and the regency, the land problem, and the reform of the corrupt administrative system suddenly loomed ominously on the political horizon. The redeemed provinces, where a cruel and corrupt feudal system had introduced new methods of racial and religious persecution, were seething with excitement. The separatistic movement in Transylvania grew threateningly strong and its champions joined forces with the Carolists. As recently as November the situation was ripe for a dramatic surprise; and well-informed Transylvanian circles in America—particularly Germans—openly discussed the various possibilities and pledged financial support to the emissaries of their suppressed coracialists. These emissaries also reported the efforts of the Rumanian Government artificially to infect Transylvania with the bacilli of militant anti-Semitism. To manufacture a "Jewish question" in Transylvania, where religious tolerance is rooted in centuries-old tradition, seemed to be the simplest way to divert attention from the real issues. Anti-Semitic agitators, sent especially from the "Regat"—Rumania proper—appeared in the large Transylvanian cities and made futile efforts to prepare the ground for what was about to come.

Then came the announcement of the Rumanian students' organization that the next students' congress would be held in Oradea Mare, a city with an overwhelmingly Hungarian population. It is unusual to hold this congress in a city so far away from the centers of Rumanian culture, but apparently the Government approved the choice, because it obligingly placed a special train at the disposal of the students and, according to the written statement of M. Lorin Popescu, leader of the organization, it gave 100,000 *leu* to cover organization expenses. The task of organizing the congress was placed in the hands of General Mosoiu, a man closely connected with the Bratianu Government. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police in the various Transylvanian cities received special instructions a week before the congress to the effect that they should not interfere with the doings of the students. These instructions were given personally by Minister Tatarescu, who was one of the chief organizers of the affair.

The students' train left Bucharest with 5,000 men, led by the notorious anti-Semitic leader Danulescu. Hardly had the train crossed the borders of pre-war Rumanian territory when the overtures of the pogrom commenced. On the stations where the train stopped the students attacked and beat defenseless Jews, cut off their beards, and ransacked

stores. According to the newspaper *Lupta* scenes like this took place in Kishenew and Salnici, while in Kronstadt the students stormed the railroad restaurant, beat the proprietor and the waiters, attacked and ill-treated many Germans, and continued their way to Banffyhungyad, where they sacked the business section of the town.

After these preliminaries the congress in Oradea Mare began. During the first forenoon session nothing particular happened, except that the students received a special issue of the college paper *Cuvantul Studentesc*, which contained an editorial to the effect that the students should defend the cause of Rumanian culture even, if it be necessary, at the cost of force and violence. The manifesto apparently had its effect: a few hours later the students set out to "defend" themselves against the editor of two Hungarian dailies in Oradea Mare, Dr. Adolf Sonnenfeld, who went to cover the congress himself and was attacked and beaten by the students as a "spy of the Hungarians and Jews." An hour later his lifeless body was thrown out to the street. The unfortunate man was stabbed to death. The same evening armed students visited the editorial offices of all the newspapers, telling the editors that they were not permitted to print anything about the congress; and that if they did they would share the fate of Sonnenfeld.

On the following day—it was Sunday—student leaders distributed printed circulars among the students. The circular opened with the words: "The hour for action has struck . . .," and was signed by Professor Calinianu, known as a supporter of the Bratianu Government. Immediately the pogrom began and raged for days in the dazed and terrified city, trembling under the reign of bloody terror. First the onslaught was directed against the Jews. The three synagogues of the city were devastated, invaluable religious relics and ancient books were thrown into the mud of the streets, and practically all the stores were looted. On the third day three men were murdered and the number of seriously wounded had jumped to sixty-five.

According to Deputy Madgearu, who described the events in Oradea Mare in a speech in Parliament—which, however, was printed only in part by the Bucharest papers—the streets looked as if they had been ravaged by a hostile army. The students were led by the chief of police, M. Bunescu, while M. Egri, the mayor of Oradea Mare, gave a banquet in honor of the pogrom leaders. The house of the mayor stands opposite one of the synagogues and M. Egri and his guests witnessed from the balcony the looting and ransacking of the building and the killing of a man named Joseph Katz. The police did not raise a finger against the students. They did, however, arrest 300 organized laborers, workers in the leather factory of Hartmann Brothers, who had armed themselves with iron rods awaiting a possible attack on the factory. The charge against them was treason and conspiracy. One victim, the owner of a first-class hotel, M. Veiszlovits, who had been beaten senseless and had stabbed two of his attackers in self-defense in the course of the struggle, was also placed under arrest; while his attackers went scot-free, the police placed armed gendarmes before his room in the hospital, where he lay between life and death.

All outside communication from and to Oradea Mare was suspended during the pogrom. There was no telegraph, no telephone, no possibility of asking for outside help. Still, Minister Tatarescu was able to communicate

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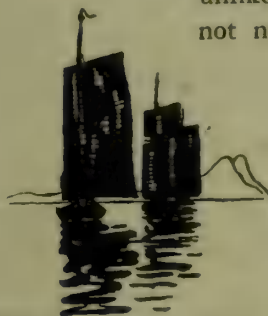
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from Cluj with Chief of Police Bunescu on the third day of the riots and reported to Bucharest that nothing serious had happened and that there was no reason why the congress should be closed. His order to M. Bunescu was: "Everything is all right, the thing can go on." And "the thing" went on with unabated fury. It now turned against the Hungarians and ended with the devastation of all Hungarian stores, printing plants, and newspapers and with the murder of a second newspaperman, the unfortunate Andreas Fleischer.

At last the special train was ready to leave and the students boarded the vehicle which was to carry them to new and untouched territories. It took the train four days to carry its load of hooligans to Bucharest, because it had to stop in every large city, where it waited while the students did their bloody work. There was practically no city en route which was not looted by the students. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police were everywhere prepared to receive the pogromists. They showed them around, pointing out stores owned by Jews, Hungarians, or Germans. The chief of police in Cluj, according to the Rumanian newspaper *Dimineata*, incited the hooligans to acts of violence with the result that here again they left one dead and twenty-three wounded on the streets. In Targul-Ocna the mayor of the city participated in the riots. In Timisaora the same looting and beating were repeated, with the result that the rioters caused a damage of 40,000,000 *leu* within a few hours. Only one city escaped this fate: the city of Szatmar, which paid 400,000 *leu* into the hands of the student leaders.

How has the Rumanian Government dealt with the perpetrators of these "riots," the 4,300 men and 700 women who killed six men and wounded more than a hundred, and who robbed and looted the towns of Transylvania? What has been the punishment meted out to these "defenders of Rumanian culture"? The Rumanian Government announced that 280 students were arrested on their return to Bucharest. This is true. The statement, however, failed to add that out of these 280, 222 were released twenty-four hours later. Or that thirty-three were released ten days later, while the semi-official newspaper *Vittorul* asserted that the others would be freed within a short time. The charges against the arrested men were "theft" and "misdemeanor." What may be expected from the cases which come to court has been indicated by the trial of the student Ionel Bordianu, who severely wounded three persons in Cluj. The trial was held in Jassy and ended in the acquittal of the defendant, who asserted that he acted in self-defense.

The Government also promised a wholesale discharge of police chiefs. Up to the present time three of them have, in fact, been discharged, but the Government has refrained from prosecuting them and plans no special measures against the official promoters of the pogroms. In deference to public opinion in foreign countries, the Government has also announced that Minister Tatarescu has handed in his resignation. A week after the publication of the official communiqué, however, the newspaper *Cuvantul* announced that this same Tatarescu was slated for a very important diplomatic position and that his appointment would soon be published.

Thus there remains only one thing for the Rumanian Government to settle: the question of damages and indemnity. Fortunately, the makers of the Rumanian constitu-

tion displayed a miraculous foresight by adopting a statute apparently made for such occasions. It says that if damages are caused by persons who are residents of another city and if the identity of the offenders cannot be definitely established, then the damages shall be paid by the city which is the residence of the persons causing the damages. This means, in other words, that the residents of Transylvanian cities have to establish from which particular cities the rioters came—those particular rioters who looted their shops and their synagogues and murdered and wounded their citizens.

Thus the comedy comes to an harmonious end. When M. Vintila Bratianu next dines with the honorable General Mosoiu they will have a good time recalling their splendid coup, by which they so cleverly diverted public attention from burning political issues. Who cares now for the Carolist movement or even the catastrophic financial situation of the country, though the official rate of interest is no less than 18 per cent in the domain of the Bratianus? The students, too, will be proud of the way in which they demonstrated the superiority of Rumanian culture to that of the former Hungarian territories. As for the national minorities, they will doubtless be clever enough not to bring their troubles before the League of Nations. They can never be sure where the next student congress will be held.

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MR. HOOVER'S HAT IS IN THE RING. He chooses to run—in the State of Ohio first, and his platform reads as follows:

If the greatest trust which can be given by our people should come to me, I should consider it my duty to carry forward the principles of the Republican Party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies—all of which have brought to our country such a high degree of happiness, progress, and security.

Reformers and Progressives will please take notice. Mr. Hoover thereby stands for Coolidgeism in Nicaragua and Mexico, indorses the big fleet which threatens war with England, approves Mr. Coolidge's government by, for, and with Big Business. Now, let anybody support Hoover who will, but let no Progressive tell us that this candidate is anything else than a standpatter of the standpatters, who if elected will be a super-efficient Coolidge. Indeed this man is a candidate. Here is his letter to the Republican Club in New York on Lincoln's Birthday. Could there be anything more characteristic of the professional vote-getting politician?

I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend the Lincoln dinner at the club this year. Lincoln Day is peculiarly appropriate for revival of devotion to the party and its true purposes, and party organization is a fundamental part of our whole machinery of democracy. Obviously

it is only through such organization that our people can express their will in government. It is these higher purposes of the party which our Lincoln Day meetings so exemplify.

This day is even more importantly dedicated to the immortal Lincoln that we may revive our memories and ideals from the inspiration of his character and his service. His were the foundations of the Republican Party, and it is our duty to build upon and maintain that structure which has proved itself the only safe guide and administrator of our republic.

And this was the man who in 1920 was in doubt as to whether to run for the Presidency on the Republican or Democratic ticket!

AGAINST MR. HOOVER the familiar favorite-son game is now well under way. Senator Willis, of Ohio, is still seeking to obtain the Ohio delegation in the face of the determined efforts of a group in Cincinnati, headed by the sons of ex-President Taft, to carry the State for Hoover. In Indiana Senator "Jim" Watson, than whom there could scarcely be a more unfit candidate for the Presidency, has thrown his hat into the ring, while Senator Curtis of Kansas is holding the delegation from that State in the hollow of his hand. Washington is full of rumors as to what the White House is or is not going to do. Last week it was current report that the Pennsylvania powers that be, which means Andrew Mellon, had decided to declare against Mr. Hoover. Should that be the case the Hoover candidacy is hopeless. Meanwhile there is a movement on foot to get some Southern delegates for him. As for his relations to the President, it is again announced that he will not retire from the Cabinet "at present." The Senate has recorded itself against a third term for the President, a most desirable gesture for which Senator La Follette is to be thanked, and thus has indicated again how completely Mr. Coolidge has lost control of that body. By every indication the pre-convention campaign is now well under way, with Al Smith getting stronger every day on the Democratic side.

MUCH LIGHT on the kind of progressive and reformer Herbert Hoover now appears from the names of the men the Secretary of Commerce has chosen to join his board of management for his candidacy. They are John T. Adams, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and George B. Lockwood, its former Secretary. These are the two men who, at the outset of the oil inquiry, sent one Blair Coan to Montana to frame up a case against Senator Wheeler of that State when the Senator was exposing Attorney General Harry Daugherty, with the result that Senator Wheeler was so unjustly indicted. Adams is an employer whose factory discharges any man who dares to join a union, a thorough reactionary. He is also a bitter foe of the League of Nations and the World Court. Mr. Lockwood is the man who sent out reams of publicity denouncing the inquiries into the oil scandals and asking whether the prisons were to be emptied of their occupants in order to besmirch such good and true and honest Americans as

Albert Fall, Charles Denby, and Harry Daugherty. Mr. Hoover has changed since, entering the Cabinet of Mr. Harding and consorting with the Ohio gang, he began, by his silence, to approve its stupidities and its crimes.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has done the straightforward and honorable thing in appearing before the Nye Investigating Committee and telling all he knows. His letters to the committee in regard to the recalcitrancy, as a witness, of the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil of Indiana, Colonel Robert W. Stewart, were excellent, and his suggestion that the stockholders of the company take prompt action with a view to considering the resignation of Mr. Stewart entirely praiseworthy. Nobody could have made a better appearance on the witness stand than he did. But we cannot understand the failure of the University of Chicago and the Rockefeller Foundation to call Mr. Stewart to account. On February 2 the president of the company, Edward G. Seubert, in response to a question, declared that the University and the Foundation and a group of the employees of the company whose interests are represented by a trust were among the largest stockholders. We have heard a great deal of late about the moral responsibilities of stockholders and the inability of the average small stockholder to make his wishes felt. But here is a chance for two great philanthropic undertakings, beyond suspicion of littleness or of being guided by unworthy motives, to insist that the officials of the company by whose earnings they profit so greatly tell the truth about the transactions of the Continental Trading Company and cease defying the Senate of the United States and justice itself. They should help to find out just what became of the \$3,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in which the fly-by-night Continental Trading Company dealt. We look to see these organizations act. Meanwhile, the tracing of some of these bonds to the Republican campaign fund to wipe out the Harding deficit is what was expected. The oil deal began the day Harding was nominated, and all the besmirched politicians have not yet been unveiled.

TO THE LIST OF LEGISLATORS who have visited the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania one can now add the names of Congressman F. H. La Guardia of New York and Senator Burton K. Wheeler. Like other visitors they have been appalled at the illegal dictatorship in the districts where 100,000 miners have been starving and striking since April. In his telegram to Senator Hiram Johnson, Mr. La Guardia says:

The brutality of private police of mine owners and utter disregard of law is shocking and amazing. The poor, unhappy, miserable strike-breakers are veritable prisoners; they are not only exploited but are being debauched and depraved by their employers.

A crew of these strike-breakers crazed with hootch were armed with shotguns yesterday and told to shoot into the barracks where the families of the miners are living. They even deliberately shot into the school while it was in session.

It is to be regretted that all this splendid indignation ends only in an appeal for an investigation. We have on record the thorough and intelligent study of the coal situation made in 1922 by the Hammond Commission. The important suggestions submitted by that commission still await Congressional action. Why not proceed to act upon them?

THE BATTLE OF HAVANA continues its courteous course. The Argentines brought up the old Calvo Doctrine, according to which foreigners investing in a country have a right to the same protection as the nationals of that country, but may not lay claim to more. Mexico, Salvador, and Ecuador were in agreement. But Mr. Hughes continues his steady, smiling insistence upon our right to intervene—which, at Havana, is expressed in pious words proclaiming that nations have duties as well as rights. This is supposed to imply that big nations have a right to force small nations to live up to their "duties," as understood by the big. Mr. Hughes, of course, will never agree to the declaration of the Rio jurists that nations must not intervene in the internal affairs of other nations; and if and when a report comes from Havana that the conference has reached agreement it can only be because some verbal genius has found a form of words sufficiently cloudy to permit of divergent interpretations satisfactory to everyone. Meanwhile, the chief of the Argentine delegation has loudly declared that he will sign no convention for the Pan-American Union which does not include expression of a pious hope that the American nations will level any economic barriers which may exist between them. He referred to the American tariff, and Mr. Hughes was opposed to even such a modest expression of aspiration. The tropical countries, of course, do not care a hoot about the American tariff, and Mr. Pueyrredon was left alone. But the tariff is the football of politics in Argentina as in some other countries; Mr. Pueyrredon is a candidate for the Presidency; and perhaps, after all, his words will not have been in vain.

CANADA HAS MOVED into first place in the foreign trade of the United States, displacing the United Kingdom, which must have handled the lion's share of our foreign trade every year since the republic was founded. Now Canada, buying \$835,878,090 worth of goods from us in 1927 (as compared with Britain's \$840,066,096) and selling us goods to a value of \$475,077,348 (compared with Britain's \$357,929,937), has taken the lead. Canada's importance is still more striking if considered in proportion to her population—hardly a quarter that of the British Isles. Europe has lost its pre-war preeminence in American commerce. Consistently in the last decade we have imported more from Canada than from any other country in the world. Japan ranks second, and in 1926, when the price of rubber was high, British Malaysia stood third and Great Britain fourth. Cuba takes fifth place, ahead of any European country except England. In 1926, indeed, we imported more from Asia than from all Europe; in 1927, due to the drop in the money value of imports from the rubber countries, Europe forged ahead again. And Europe is still overwhelmingly our chief export market. Latin America, for all its growing market, still takes from us less than a fifth the value of our exports to Europe.

KALEIDOSCOPIC as the surface currents of Chinese politics are, they are easier to follow than the subterranean movements. Chiang Kai-shek has not only emerged from retirement; he has accepted the post of generalissimo of the Nationalist Government at Nanking, and his brother-in-law, the competent T. V. Soong, has taken charge of Nanking's finances. Both men are able and sincerely devoted to

China, and the Powers seem disposed to give them a measure of recognition. But it was in part at least Chiang's personal ambition which wrecked the promise of civilian government last spring, and it is doubtful whether any one man can bring China out of chaos. The local generals of National affiliations pay Chiang a doubtful loyalty. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is staging another of his perennial comebacks in the Northwest, and he has certainly never been known to be loyal to anyone but himself. Another center of semi-independence is forming again at Hankow, the "Pittsburgh of China," up the Yangtze River. And Canton, where all good revolutions begin, has been through hellfire. A pale pink Nationalist general was ousted by a general considered "red"; and an uprising of local labor and peasant organizations, called "Communist," ousted the "red." For a week Canton was a shambles. Then Lei Fook-lum shelled the city from his island principality, executed some hundreds of "Communists," and restored the pale pink Li Chai-sum. Lei is an ex-bandit who has shown a talent for politics and government, keeping control of the rich island Honam for a decade. In the hinterland of Canton Province the peasant unions seem to be in constant turmoil. This is a movement to be watched. It is erratic, bloody, and tumultuous; but it may mark the development of a significant class revolt against the allied forces of landlordism and militarism.

KWEICHOW IS THE LEAST ACCESSIBLE of Chinese provinces. No railroad touches it; the great rivers take another course. In its remote fastnesses linger tribes which are the remnants of the aboriginal people driven out of the rest of China millenniums ago. And in Kweichow they are building automobile roads! Oliver Todd, an American engineer associated with the China International Famine Relief Commission, tells the story in the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai). He made a preliminary survey in December, 1926; and the governor said that within a year he would have eight miles of macadamized road outside the capital, and would have graded another 200 miles. Todd took the governor's promises as old China hands take such tuchun's words. But when, in August, 1927, he returned, riding horseback for three weeks over narrow trails, up and down steep slopes with long flights of ancient stone steps, the governor met him eight miles outside the capital at the end of the new macadamized road, in a seven-passenger automobile. There was no road to Kweichow over which that automobile could possibly have been driven. It had come from Canton, a fifty-day journey, in parts—and for days the pieces of that solitary Kweichow automobile had been lugged over the mountains on the backs of human coolies! Incidentally, the governor has ordered sixteen more cars brought over the mountains, for he expects his 200-mile road soon to be completed.

WE PRINT ELSEWHERE in this issue a warm defense of the claims of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky to be the daughter of the last Russian Czar. Whether the almost incredible story of her escape—printed at various times in the daily press—is true or not, we are interested in the record which Mr. Colter presents of her experiences during the eight years since she was fished out of the Landwehr Canal in Berlin. The investigations, the dramatic meetings with members of the Romanoff family, the back-

fires and attempts at exposure set afoot by interested relatives, the hints of political scandal and financial self-interest behind the treatment of this ill and unhappy young woman combine to make a story of unusual historic and romantic value. If Anastasia is a demented Polish peasant instead of being a Russian Grand Duchess, the interest of the situation is no less. Since we have no fear that a resurrected Romanoff will again ascend the throne of Nicholas in Leningrad, we can approach the controversy without discomfort. We hope that Anastasia's visit to the United States will result in new efforts to determine her identity.

What happens to a goat after it is seven years old?

What kind of umbrella is the King of England carrying when it rains?

What do you call a child who has eaten its mother and father?

It is eight years old.

A wet umbrella.

An orphan.

PERSONS NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH to answer these questions correctly should be classed as mentally deficient. At least that is the opinion of the psychologists who have devised "intelligence" tests for immigrants. The above quibbles, and more like them, such as "What is the difference between a Polish and an American horse?" have been applied—in order, of course, to comply with the limitations set by the quota laws—to Polish-Jews seeking American citizenship. In many other cases applicants for admission to the land of the free have gone down before the absurdities of trick questions. Our attention has just been called to the case of Mrs. Mary Lackwood of Reading, Pennsylvania, who, having married in 1914 a native of Italy, automatically lost her citizenship. Her husband became a citizen by naturalization in 1925; but when the wife recently applied for citizenship, she was turned down because she could not answer the question "What is the name of the highest law in the country?" On such a question nine out of ten intelligent and worthy citizens might fail. The examiners, sadly enough, are permitted to formulate their own questions. It is a pity that the examiners—and other similar officials—are not required to answer such test questions as a qualification for their official positions.

THE NATION RECORDS with great regret the death of William Elliot Griffis in the fulness of years during a winter sojourn in Florida. For many years an authority on things Japanese, Dr. Griffis was during a large portion of that period one of the most valued reviewers and contributors to this journal. The first, if not the only, American to live in the interior of Japan during feudal days, he helped to lay the foundations of the existing Japanese school system. It was by the accident of his becoming a tutor at Rutgers College to the first two Japanese students in America that his interest was drawn to things Japanese. From that time on there was no more ardent friend of Japan in America, and for many years none better informed as to all happenings in that country. Fortunately, it was given to him to return in 1926 to Japan, after an absence of fifty years, and to see for himself the extraordinary progress made by the Mikado's kingdom during that half century. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing in his long life dimmed his admiration and affection for the Japanese people, to whom he was so useful and so valued a missionary.

The World Talks Peace

PEOPLE are talking peace. Statesmen, churchmen, educators, editors join in a swelling chorus. "War with the United States is unthinkable," says Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, apparently in reply to Admiral Plunkett's damnable New York speech. Whereupon the British House of Commons cheered. M. Briand, Foreign Minister of France, is ready to outlaw war, and Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador to the United States, boldly declared when signing the Franco-American arbitration treaty, that "'Outlawry of war' is one of those well-coined words which not only have a striking meaning but a working power, one of those words which have a great future because they are cautioned by a glorious past." The German Government has drawn up for a Prague conference its suggestions of methods looking to the abolition of war. Our own Government has declared its readiness to outlaw the submarine and dispatches from London indicate that the British Government favors the suggestion.

The big-navy plan for a moment obscured the peace talk in this country, but the jingo program is not going through without a fight. The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches; the Rev. William P. Merrill, president of the Church Peace Union; and George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in President Taft's Cabinet, have signed a circular telegram urging the churches to help in rousing the country against the big naval program which, as they say, "seriously jeopardizes" the whole world movement for peace. The National Council of the Episcopal Church calls the pending naval bill a "menace," and Methodists, Congregationalists, Quakers, and others have spoken as bravely. An Emergency Committee on the Big Navy Bill has been formed in Boston, and its letterhead bears the names of the cream of New England. In the South the *Richmond News-Leader* says the bill is "nothing less than an invitation to war." Senator Borah from the West calls it "sheer madness." The voice of peace has not been drowned out; the House Committee will probably rewrite Secretary Wilbur's swollen navy bill.

The Washington Government is plainly awake to the necessity of taking some action looking toward peace. Its submarine suggestion looked in that direction, and the elaborate publicity with which it surrounded the signing of the pitiful little arbitration pact with France indicates that it feels the pulse of the country, and knows that its big-navy program will do it no good unless it takes counteracting steps toward peace. Now, it was well to renew the Root and Bryan arbitration treaties, but the country knows that they have not been strengthened. The new treaty establishes no safeguards of peace which were not in existence before the World War swept down upon an overarmed world.

Article I of the treaty signed with France on February 6 agrees that all disputes, "of whatever nature," shall, if diplomacy and arbitration fail, be submitted for investigation and report to a commission of conciliation. That is the old Bryan treaty, signed with many nations in 1914, and it was and is a good provision. Succeeding articles provide for arbitration, as was done by the Root treaty of 1908, with this difference: that whereas the Root treaty excepted from arbitration questions which "affect the vital interests,

the independence, or the honor of the two contracting parties," or which "concern the interests of third parties," the new treaty excepts any question which "is within the domestic jurisdiction of the high contracting parties; involves the interests of third parties; depends upon or involves the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, described as the Monroe Doctrine; depends upon or involves the observance of the obligations of France in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations." That is more specific than the language of the 1908 treaty, but if anything it is even more exclusive. "It seems to me," a French Senator said, "that every possible subject of conflict has been carefully omitted."

Unlike the Root treaty, which had to be renewed every five years, the new document has no time limit. Furthermore, a preamble has been added, reciting that France and the United States are

Determined to prevent so far as in their power lies any interruption in the peaceful relations that have happily existed between the two nations for more than a century;

Desirous of reaffirming their adherence to the policy of submitting to impartial decision all justiciable controversies that may arise between them;

Eager by their example not only to demonstrate their condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy in their mutual relations, but also to hasten the time when the perfection of international arrangements for the pacific settlement of international disputes shall have eliminated forever the possibility of war among any of the Powers of the world.

Those are fine words to put in any treaty. But, unfortunately, they must be looked at in the context of their history. M. Briand wanted to negotiate a treaty definitely and totally outlawing war. Our State Department refused. The words were deported to the preamble, because a preamble, unlike the articles of a treaty, is not legally binding.

Secretary Kellogg's plans and ideas throughout these arbitration negotiations have been uncertain and conflicting. There are intimations that he is at present engaged in the effort, first, to negotiate similar arbitration treaties with the other nations of Europe, and second, to work out some system by which the Great Powers of the world may take joint steps to prevent any war arising anywhere. We do not know the details of this plan, and we may do Secretary Kellogg an injustice, but it smacks to us of the Holy Alliance. We suspect concerts of the Great Powers, and fear that such a system might work rather to prevent small national movements toward freedom than to block the really dangerous belligerence of the big nations.

Yet this talk of peace, small as may be some of the points upon which it is focussed, helps. The first step toward peace is to talk peace, want peace, will peace. More important than the text of any treaty is the spirit in which it is drafted. That is why the attitude of our State Department seems to us a positive menace. That is why the outburst of protest against the navy bill and the widespread uneasiness about our Nicaraguan adventure seem to us genuinely encouraging.

In the American Air

DIEUDONNÉ COSTES and Joseph Lébriz are with us, and it dawns upon us that all great aviators are not North Americans. These Frenchmen, sea eagles themselves, have flown 23,000 miles without an accident since they left Paris last October. Over the Mediterranean and the Sahara, straight across 2,000 miles of open ocean, above the jungles and the pampas they have flown. They visited the Central American capitals whose names Lindbergh has taught us, and received as royal a welcome. Only Yankee jealousy kept them from Havana. Now they are in our United States, in the same Hispano-Suiza-motored plane which carried them across the South Atlantic, and which before that had hummed its way to Siberia, Egypt, India, and back. Theirs is a marvelous performance; they, like Lindbergh, have helped tie the world together, and we salute them.

We should like to add a word of belated greeting to a group of airmen who have also played their part in knitting the Americas together—the men of the Skadta company which for seven years has maintained an efficient and profitable seaplane service along the Magdalena River in Colombia. Air lines in Europe in America are, directly or indirectly, government subsidized. But P. P. Bauer, the genius of the Skadta company, has made his way without government aid. He had two advantages: Colombia is one of the few countries in the world where mail is not a government monopoly; and Colombia's capital lies 600 miles from the sea, up a river which sometimes runs almost dry. At first Colombia was not air-minded; the losses piled up dangerously; but in 1922, after a drought when river transportation stopped and the air had a natural monopoly, Skadta paid a 3 per cent dividend, and in 1927, despite heavy reinvestments in equipment, the return was 12 per cent. Bauer's twelve-passenger planes make in seven hours, for \$200, the journey which by boat takes at least eight days, sometimes more, and costs \$150. For a thirty-cent stamp he delivers in a day mail which might take two weeks by ordinary post to reach its destination. Smaller hydroplanes carry mail up the rivers branching off the Magdalena; where there are auto roads, automobiles deliver mail, and where there are no roads Indian runners carry the letters. A branch line now carries mail over the Cordillera to Buenaventura on the Pacific Coast.

Naturally this most efficient private air line in the world hoped for an outlet to world trade. Colombia is isolated. In 1925 Bauer and his associates flew from Colombia to Venezuela and back to Colon in Panama, where they were welcomed by Canal Zone officials; on through Central America, reversing the route traversed by Lindbergh, across to Havana, and north to Palm Beach. A remarkable flight, but Bauer was an Austrian, and the North American press ignored their feat. Bauer came to New York, seeking the aid of American capital; he went to Washington and met the President. But some subtle force prevented the development of his plan for Inter-American Airways. He returned to Colombia, reorganized his company with largely Colombian capital; and last September the Colombian Government asked in his behalf under what conditions the United States would permit Colombian-owned and controlled seaplanes to land in or near Colon. Bauer had given up his plan to link the two continents; he asked only an outlet to world trade

and to world commerce routes for his Colombian service.

Even that was not granted, and the cheap opposition of a Yankee air line which, while it has copied Bauer's plans, has not yet worked out its service made itself felt again at the Havana Conference. There Henry P. Fletcher, in the name of the United States, introduced an amendment to the Pan-American aviation convention which would have made it possible to exclude Bauer not only from the Canal Zone itself but even from the whole of Panama. Naturally Colombia protested; and the final form of the convention seems to avoid the effort to clamp a tight Yankee monopoly upon Pan-American aviation. Bauer's seaplanes, which two and a half years ago were welcomed by the officials of the Canal Zone, will not be permitted to touch at Colon; but they will be allowed to land some twenty miles away, and to connect with the canal traffic by gasoline launch. It is petty enough as it stands; but at least the effort of one group of air capitalists to use the cloak of "defense of the canal" to squeeze out a superior rival has not entirely succeeded.

Lindbergh, darting across the North Atlantic, followed the route of Alcock and Brown, but he made the first clean-cut success and earned every bit of his fame; Costés and Lébriz were first to bridge the South Atlantic, and like our own Lone Eagle, have set new records for punctuality and precision in the international air. Bauer, in his more modest field, has laid the foundation of practical commercial flying in South America. There is room enough in the air for all. If the United States can prove superiority in the air, we shall reap the fruits of superiority. Nationalistic jealousies and exclusions are out of place; an open field and an even chance is all we have a right to ask. Panama is destined to be as important to air commerce as it is to sea-borne traffic, and it should be as free.

Can We Get Out of Nicaragua?

WHERE do we stand with regard to Nicaragua? For what are the marines in Nicaragua to die? How can we stop the waste of this expedition, the footless attempt to supervise an election that is none of our business, the wasteful and even criminal effort to protect by the lives of our soldiers an almost negligible amount of American property in a foreign country?

Here are the possibilities.

1. We can withdraw at once. The chief objection is that this would involve an admission that we had made mistakes. That is, perhaps, too much to ask of an Administration that has never, even through Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Coolidge, expressed indignation at the perfidy and corruption in the oil cases. Even if we admit error, it is contended, we have an obligation to Sacasa and the Liberals. His group forfeited their position on our promise to supervise the election. Would we not then have to give back the arms we bought from them—arms purchased from us in the beginning with money lent to Nicaragua by the Guaranty Trust Company? Can they now return us the money paid to them for the bullets and guns? It is difficult, but if we don't get out now the bankers will have to make a new and larger loan, and then matters will be worse still.

2. We can invite Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to join us.

They speak similar languages; they are intellectually and emotionally kin to this Nicaraguan people. If we do this, of course, we lose some of our dominance over Central and South America. Nevertheless, if they should consent, their sons would die in jungles alongside boys from Western plains, and parallel graves might breed a friendship remote from the silk hats of high commissioners.

3. We can accept the official assertion that we are in only by invitation, and see if we are still wanted. Mr. Kellogg never has admitted that the bankers' loans affect our position even though his Department feels that it possesses a power of supervision and veto over all foreign loans. What if we asked our hosts to reaffirm their invitation previously tendered to us? What does an arbitrator do if he finds one of the parties wants to withdraw? Does he continue to inject himself into the picture? Does he not suggest that some one else might be able to settle the matter more successfully?

4. The country might communicate with Sandino, as *The Nation* has just done through Carleton Beals. Why not ask him what he wants? We are not at war against Nicaragua. Therefore this would not be communicating with an enemy. Congress has the sole power to declare war. The United States is big enough to be generous. Should we not inquire whether Sandino will lay down his arms if we will guarantee to examine publicly the relation of the bankers to our intervention, if we will withdraw after getting the consent of the Diaz and Liberal groups? Perhaps he has other suggestions. We are not bound to do more than listen. Why send to death even a single boy for a cause unknown?

5. Finally, we may continue what we are doing. This means eventually victory by bullets, death, and waste. The spirit will be unchanged. Those 20,000 Nicaraguan members of the Labor Party will hate us more in defeat than during the fray. And what then—if we supervise an election? Will we then leave, realizing that on our withdrawal the defeated party will threaten an auto da fe?

If we cannot settle this problem, if we have to muddle through without plan or philosophy, let us at least apply some minor correctives which might lessen to a slight degree the possibilities of repetition next year in Honduras or Salvador. Even though they mean no great advance, several constructive measures are possible:

1. Legislation could be enacted to prevent a government official acting on behalf of private interests. The United States High Commissioner in Nicaragua is an official of the State Department. That department assures us that he is not an "employee"—only an "official." The purpose of this legislation portends no good. Let us prevent even an American official from acting for more than one master. Our present Commissioner owes allegiance to the United States, he sells his services for \$9,000 a year to the bankers, and possibly as a director he might vote on the boards of the railroad and the bank for the stockholder, to wit: the Government of Nicaragua. No good can come from triple allegiances. Our government officials should not be placed in such embarrassing positions.

2. We could provide that all contracts between American individuals or corporations and Central and South American countries be recorded with the State Department? We should have full information at all times as to all loans placed by these Latin countries, whether here or abroad. For their repayment we pledge our lives. Would it

not be well for the nation to know how these bankers' contracts read? The Nicaraguan-Guaranty Trust agreement, so far as we know, has not been printed in any North American paper, although it has been published in full south of the Rio Grande and summarized in *The Nation*.

3. Finally, Congress might provide for a Constitution Week. Article I, Section 8, provides that Congress shall have the power to declare war. Is war a word, a myth, or a state of fact? When does bandit-chasing stop and war begin?

Write Your Own

WE do not know what any of the following things mean. We take them all from one section of one issue of one New York Sunday newspaper and we suggest that our readers draw their own deductions and compose their own editorials.

SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND.—A woman who, for thirty years, drank a pint and a half of vinegar a day has died in the Salop Infirmary weighing thirty-eight pounds. Dr. D. A. Urquhart, who attended the woman recently, said she never ate anything without washing it down with vinegar. At one time she weighed 112 pounds, but when the doctor was called she had taken no solid food for five weeks, drinking only vinegar, and weighed thirty-eight pounds.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Chaplain Raymond C. Knox, of Columbia University, announced a bequest of \$500,000 from Mrs. John Innes Kane for the study of religion. Dean Hawkes says the \$500,000 "will provide opportunity for unprecedented religious activity at the university."

LONDON, ENGLAND.—In a new book Dr. Hwuy Ung, an accomplished Chinese, states that, so far as he has been able to observe, the whole range of English literature contains "neither beautiful examples of filial piety, nor heroic actions, nor wise maxims, but always and everywhere the same story: A man and a woman speak of their great love, and want to die, but they do not die." Dr. Ung adds his opinion that European civilization can never attain perfection so long as the fan is not in universal use. "These soldiers who have no fans, how do they manage to march in good order in this torrid heat? And the orator, how can he give to his words their value without this indispensable auxiliary?"

ONTARIO, CANADA.—During five months of 1927 American tourists bought 54,000 liquor permits in Ontario. These cost \$108,000 and it is estimated that they spent at least \$400,000 more in exercising the privilege granted them by the permits.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—A London business man learned in astronomy advises his friends to have their hair cut at the time of the new moon. Mushrooms and similar vegetables, he says, grow best when the moon is approaching the full; and it is the same with human hair.

BOREHAM WOOD, ENGLAND.—After this village had been chosen as the sight for motion-picture studios in England it was discovered that "Boreham" is a name unfortunate under the circumstances. The producers wish to change it to "Hollywood," but some of the inhabitants violently object.

We repeat that we have no idea what conclusions concerning our civilization are to be deduced from these items—neither, we are sure, do the editors who printed them—but for those who do not care for editorial writing we have another suggestion. Properly scrambled they would make an excellent scenario for an expressionistic play.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"I AM," says the man of the modern world, "in a great hurry and whoever wishes to speak to me must do it quickly."

Most gallantly the artist has met this challenge by turning out novels in two volumes and writing plays which begin at five o'clock in the afternoon. As one who is not a business man and, even so, no artist, I qualify as neutral in this battle to extend the deadlines placed upon creative effort. Possibly, my neutrality is subject to challenge. My admiration goes out to Eugene O'Neill, who has made the captains and the kings of industry come early at his bidding. They really never were as busy as they pretended. The haste one sees about him in great cities is largely what the Freudians call defensive mechanism. People whose tasks are trivial or non-existent must bustle about to keep their egos limber.

And yet I must admit that I fear a growing critical misapprehension which tends to translate length into depth. Any novel which breaks the limit of one hundred thousand words is almost certain to command respectful attention, and by writing a trilogy a competent performer has a good chance to get his name numbered with the masters. I myself would not include Galsworthy among the truly great, but it is dangerous to say as much, for the man writes not ordinary books but instead he has composed a saga. And in our own land I feel that it is possible to look at the work of Louis Bromfield without either blinking or bowing, but again, the author has any potential reviewer at a disadvantage since he has announced that his books are "panels for a screen."

Still even a long and heavy book can be thrust aside if only the reader will make an effort. The obligations imposed by the long play are more onerous. Already tragedies have clustered around "Strange Interlude." Along Broadway they tell with bated breath the tale of Horace Liveright and Otto Kahn who saw the play together. The publisher cogitated long about his costume and then decided on a dinner coat since, though he would be slightly out of mode for the first half hour, six would boom before the curtain fell upon the first instalment. But to Mr. Liveright's horror when he met Mr. Kahn at the entrance he found the banker decently attired in a cutaway. In dealings with himself Horace Liveright is humble and he made a mental note of error to be corrected as rapidly as possible. Accordingly, the publisher hurried home during the intermission allowed for dinner and on returning he, too, had yielded to the cutaway convention. Otto Kahn was in the lobby and wore a dinner coat.

But not all the problems imposed by "Strange Interlude" are sartorial. There is, for instance, the gastronomic question. In kindly fashion the Theater Guild has listed nearby lunchrooms and more gaudy cafes, but even so it is not easy to dine well in half an hour. Quite palpably it has been O'Neill's intention to wring the soul, but is it right for him also to unhinge digestion?

Some of the stories told about the long play are possibly a shade fantastic. Without confirmation I am not ready to believe the one concerning the young man who left his grandfather in good health and returned from "Strange

Interlude" to find that the old gentleman had passed away from a lingering affliction. And also, it is said, his little sister had grown up and married. One reviewer, with a reputation for truthful speaking, assures me that on his own return his faithful house-dog bit him in the ankle, mistaking him, no doubt, for a stranger.

Since I have not seen "Strange Interlude" I may not speak of it with any show of dogma. At least one concession may not be withheld from Eugene O'Neill. No drama of the day has aroused more bitter controversy. Of half-way opinion there is none at all. The spectator goes away converted or comes home to scoff and mock. Some marriages have been overturned and a large number of ancient friendships dissolved by the resulting arguments, but no playwright can be held accountable for all the ripples which rise upon the water because the rock he threw into the pond was extra large.

Generally speaking, I am against all extra length in writing. I have never seen a two-volume novel which would not be improved by cutting. Granting the high achievement of Dreiser I must still protest that "An American Tragedy" might have been reduced by careful diet. The criticism of H. L. Mencken was pertinent. He advised each of his clients to give the first volume to the local pastor and begin upon the second.

Surely nobody will deny that after-dinner speeches never stop at the point where all but one would be contented. Even anecdotes take on frills and gables by which the original intent of entertainment becomes severely compromised. Singers do one number or more too many. Even the greatest of fiddlers can hardly be restrained from throwing in an encore which might have been dispensed with. All the curtain calls at the opera, after the first six or seven, are lacking in sincerity and excitement. And when the delegates go mad after some nominating speech and proceed into a demonstration they are no more than well-drilled propagandists when the first five minutes have come and gone.

Terseness and accuracy are the slogans known in the city rooms of daily journals, and these qualities, deservedly, are coupled. There is to be sure the danger that one may tell a little less than the truth if he stints himself for space, but give a writer too large a canvas and he cannot resist the temptation to introduce lugs and flourishes which are false as well as needless. It is along toward the end that speeches, novels, and plays break down. The painters manage these things better, for they say that it takes two to do a picture and another to hit him over the head and stun him when he's finished. Perhaps I speak too slavishly about the obligations imposed by time and space. As copyreader on a newspaper I have in my day slashed many sentences to death. Perhaps fine thoughts and even great ones died under my attack. Who knows? Not I. They made no sound but all went peaceably down to extinction. And also I speak as one whose own efforts have been most grievously wounded by the pruning-knife. Much may be said against journalistic departmentalists, but not by me. It is possible for them to grow long-winded, but at least there is a constant check upon prolixity. No one can argue with the bottom of the page. It is the court of last resort.

HEYWOOD BROWN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

I. To the Nicaraguan Border

By CARLETON BEALS

*By cable from Managua, Nicaragua,
February 11*

SEVERAL days ago I rode out of the camp of General Augusto C. Sandino, the terrible "bandit" of Nicaragua who is holding the marines at bay. Not a single hair of my blond, Anglo-Saxon head had been injured. On the contrary, I had been shown every possible kindness. I went, free to take any route I might choose, with permission to relate to anybody I encountered any and every thing I had seen and heard. Perhaps my case is unique. I am the first and only American since Sandino began fighting the marines who has been granted an official interview, and I am the first bona fide correspondent of any nationality to talk to him face to face.

"Do you still think us bandits?" was his last query as I bade him goodbye.

"You are as much a bandit as Mr. Coolidge is a bolshevik," was my reply.

"Tell your people," he returned, "there may be bandits in Nicaragua, but they are not necessarily Nicaraguans."

It was the high hour of a cold night when I galloped in the teeth of an icy wind with three Sandinista officers into the main Sandino camp at San Rafael. It marked the climax of months of effort. It marked the climax of two weeks spent in establishing proper contacts all the way from Mexico City through Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. It marked the climax of more than two weeks of hardship and the danger of being shot or bombed by both sides. Riding horseback from Tegucigalpa halfway across Nicaragua with Sandino troops through the almost impassable mountains of Nueva Segovia, through the jungles of the Coco River basin, occasionally within a few rods of the American lines, I finally reached my goal at San Rafael. There Sandino had been considerate enough to await me before marching south to Matagalpa.

My difficulties were not limited to making contacts and overcoming physical odds. The governments of at least two Central American countries through which I had to pass, because of their Conservative Party complexion and the activities of the accredited American ministers, are bitterly hostile to the Sandino movement. I was first warned of this fact in Mexico by Dr. Leon and Dr. Zepeda, both friendly to the Sandino cause. Dr. Leon, president of the Union of Central and South America and the Antilles (UCSAYA), ex-Minister of Education of Venezuela, and also Dr. Zepeda, Minister to Mexico of the Sacasa Government at the time it was recognized by Calles, gave me letters and credentials

for Sandino and for Froylan Turcios, Sandino's representative in Tegucigalpa, and for others. Both advised me to use much caution in dealing with officials in Salvador and Honduras, who would attempt to obstruct my mission.

In Salvador I was warned again by Dr. Jose de Jesus Zamorra, president of the Nicaraguan Autonomist Association, who is also actively pro-Sandino, that my effects might be searched, especially as all of Salvador is under martial law as the result of the recently attempted *cuartelazo*. Zamorra cited exam-

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story begins in this issue. The second installment, On the Sandino Front, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.

ples of the Government's attitude and declared that the Government, at the request of the American Minister, had given orders to the entire press not to print Sandino news under large headlines. Zamorra also declared that the American Minister had been seeking to have him expelled, but thus far had been unsuccessful. The Minister was particularly resentful because Zamorra's association had placed a letter in Lindbergh's hands pointing out the violation of Nicaraguan sovereignty by the United States, and urging him not to submit to being used as a tool of imperialism.

It is certain that the Government of Salvador is thoroughly in accord with American policy in Nicaragua. As a result, just before embarking for Honduras in Port La Union, I was taken to a small room by half a dozen police, and my person and effects searched. Even my shoes were removed. My clothing and suit-case were pawed over by a pair of orange-stained hands which had not been washed since Rameses II. My letters from Zamorra for Turcios and Sandino and my other papers were arbitrarily confiscated, and seven dollars in loose bills were stolen out of the top of my trunk. Thereupon I was permitted to embark. I would have lost all my credentials had I not sealed them in an official envelope addressed to His Excellency Minister Summerlin in Tegucigalpa.

In Amapala, the port of entry to Honduras, I was not molested; but the guide whom Dr. Zamorra had provided to take me to Sandino's camp was arrested and subsequently turned over to the Diaz authorities in Nicaragua. My trip from San Lorenzo to the capital at night in a combination auto-bus and truck, banging over dangerous mountain roads, was made in the company of Eugenia Torres, Mexican recitalist. Several days later the Minister of Education advised her not to recite several patriotic poems by Froylan Turcios, the Sandino representative, "because we are on very good terms with the Americans just now"—on very good terms indeed, the bait being the half-promise of a loan.

The Government has massed most of the Honduras

army on the Nicaraguan frontier to prevent supplies from reaching Sandino and to stop all persons traveling in either direction. All travelers are searched and their documents confiscated. Froylan Turcios is under constant police surveillance and is probably protected from arrest only by his international prominence as a man of letters. By order of the Government the press of Tegucigalpa prints only unfavorable news concerning Sandino. A Nicaraguan poet recently published a poem which was favorable to Sandino. He cooled his heels for a month in jail. The attitude of the Honduras Government forced great secrecy on my part.

Froylan Turcios, as the only representative in a foreign country, is the key to any outside approach to Sandino. Turcios, truly free and noble soul, is the leading poet of the region. Once minister of state, Turcios is now dedicating himself to publishing *Ariel*, an anti-imperialist bi-monthly, which is now mostly dedicated to the Sandino movement. Fortunately Turcios knew *The Nation* well and he was familiar with my own writing, so the letters I brought him carried double weight. He put himself at my disposal and provided me with a Sandino passport and a letter which bordered on the eulogistic. Enthusiastic about my trip but seriously concerned with my safety, he declared there was danger from both sides. He therefore secured as my body-guard and companion General J. Santos Sequiera, formerly a Liberal officer in Tela.

Some years ago Sequiera had been shipped to Guatemala in an American battleship. He is tall, dark, and imperious. After fifteen years of exile he burned to throw his lot in with Sandino. As he is the object of suspicion by the Honduras Government, however, his accompanying me increased the possibility of official interference. We had much difficulty in finding horses in Tegucigalpa. Finally we were helped by an old Indian rancher named Simon, who also offered to accompany us as guide as far as Danli. Attired in khaki riding habit, puttees, and a Honduras straw sombrero, I left Tegucigalpa on Sunday noon with my guides. Our credentials were in oilcloth envelopes and sewed in our saddle blankets.

Late in the afternoon we reached San Juancito, noted for the greatest silver mine in the world. A driving hailstorm, however, compelled us to make our beds on the hard, frozen ground in a wattle-woven lean-to, through which the wind howled. Our supper consisted of tortillas, cheese, and oranges. At three in the morning we were off again. Through a mist thicker than curds over the mountains we went down into the sun-baked valley. For breakfast, dinner, and supper we had that interminable Honduras diet of scrambled eggs, sausage, beans, and coffee offered in a surly manner by Indian or Zambo types. Our meals were eaten in smoky palm-thatched or tiled huts in the center of circles of naked, brown children and mangy dogs, surrounded with swarms of flies, heaps of

corns and beans, and dangling strings of red peppers or dried meat.

At sundown we reached Morseli, an uneventful village wedged between mountain and hill. We were off again at midnight. Dawn found us dragging wearily down into the Jacaleapa valley, our guide Simon reeling drunkenly in the saddle. He had imbibed too much sugar-cane brandy, viler stuff than even American prohibition has produced. At Jacaleapa we rested in the house of a Liberal Honduras general named Carmona. The house was half hacked to pieces during the last Conservative revolution.

Danli is a primitive town, the center of a frontier coffee region. On the edge of town we slipped into the humble home of a Nicaraguan refugee, a black-bearded Saint Peter who carved wooden and gilt idols to eke out a livelihood in his enforced exile. As a result of the fighting between Sandino and the Americans in Nueva Segovia, he had been driven from the departmental capital, Ocotal. We gave him our credentials to lock up in a carved chest. Then we paid our respects to the local commandant and dictator, a black barrel of supercilious flesh. After dark we dodged around the corner to the house of Don X., the next link in the Sandino underground railway. Don X., a sparse man with blond, bushy eyebrows and husky voice, informed us that he was constantly under surveillance, unable to lace his shoes without the fact being reported to the commandant. It was dangerous to hire horses at Danli, but we had no other alternative unless we were prepared to go afoot. Don X. informed us that the Honduras Government had cut off all the customary entries into Nicaragua and suggested a roundabout route, lengthening our journey from three to four days.

"Does Sandino's mail still get in and out?" we asked.

"Yes, by Indian runners; but they go afoot to avoid the troops and populated places."

We did not wish to go afoot, knowing that we might need horses on the Nicaraguan side. We decided to consider the matter further on the following day. That night we slept on a table in the rear of a widow's store. Her husband had been murdered in the recent Conservative revolution. Everywhere was evidence of this political bitterness and violence. Consulting Don X. again on the following day, we asked, "Can you give us a reliable Indian guide who will put us on the straightest, quickest, and safest line to the frontier?" Don X. said he could.

The guide proved to be a Honduras Indian in his early twenties. He seemed thoroughly reliable and appreciative of our confidence. He told us: "To get by you will have to go afoot."

"But if we travel at night?" we questioned.

"Then horses would be possible."

We instructed him to hire three horses and to have them ready saddled at seven-thirty the same night.

Sandino's Demands

The following is a summary of Sandino's demands as he told them to Carleton Beals:

First, immediate withdrawal of the American marines; second, the appointment of a provisional president who has never been president or ever a candidate for the presidency and who must be a civilian, although of any party; third, supervision of the elections by Latin Americans.

Sandino promises that if these conditions are met he will immediately lay down his arms and never take them up again in a domestic fight between Liberals and Conservatives or in any other domestic trouble, but only to repel an invasion. He will never accept any public post or salary, but will gain his livelihood in civil pursuits.

The Case of Anastasia

By JOHN R. COLTER

IN failing to present the established facts in the case of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky, the Berlin correspondents of the American press have given the public here an utterly untrue picture of the situation. There is good reason to believe that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the Czar's daughter, and good reason to believe that the nearest relatives of the late Czar and Czarina of Russia have been so misled by false evidence injected into her case that they are abandoning their own kinswoman in a tragic blunder.

For the Romanoffs of Copenhagen have been the victims of propaganda foisted upon them privately and publicly by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, brother of the Czarina—the bitterest opponent of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. And this man, however pure may be his motives in attacking her, has never consented to visit her himself. If it is alleged repeatedly that your niece, long thought dead, may be alive, you may rationalize the impossibility of such a thing in your own mind; but until you stand before the claimant and see for yourself that she is an impostor, it is unfair to sponsor an attack upon her “proving” that she is an insane Polish peasant, especially if you avoid public admission of your part in the work.

There is of course nothing conclusive to prove that one of the Czar's children might not have escaped the Ekaterinburg murder of 1918. The various investigations, conducted long after the murder took place, are full of loopholes. An escape is improbable, but not impossible, and anyone seeking the truth in this case would do well to begin with enough openness of mind to consider at least the possibility.

For my own part, having investigated the case of Anastasia for eighteen months, here and abroad, having talked with witnesses, studied their character and probable motives—and having tried to account for the existence of some hundreds of established facts by each of the four conceivable hypotheses which follow, I do not hesitate to maintain that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the daughter of the Czar.

Obviously, this girl who has come to New York is one of four things:

1. A fraud, persistently seeking recognition by ingenious misrepresentation.
2. An insane person, with hallucinations of grandeur.
3. An hypnotic subject, controlled by plotters.
4. The real Grand Duchess Anastasia.

I have found many persons with a penny skepticism who, not caring to examine the facts, dismiss the whole claim as impossible. But I have not found one who, judging the evidence, will argue publicly for any other explanation but that she is the Czar's daughter. This carries implications that some of the girl's relatives have not been as judicial as might be expected. That is true; for this reason newspapers, not wishing to take sides in a difficult controversy, avoid the most significant facts.

In July, 1925, I was the assistant manager of a newspaper organization which specialized in the acquisition of striking news features. When Berlin correspondents of New York papers first reported this case, they said that the ex-

Crown Princess Cecilie of Germany had visited the “mystery woman” and had been “impressed by the sincerity of her claim.” In the course of routine I turned for an opinion to my friend Gleb Botkin, son of the Czar's physician murdered at Ekaterinburg. Botkin dismissed as unthinkable the claim that Anastasia was alive. He stated so in a newspaper interview that day, and I dropped consideration of the matter. Six months later the *New York Times* carried a Sunday supplement story by Bella Cohen, an American journalist who had been in Berlin. It was the report of a dramatic scene in a Berlin hospital, with the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, seemingly on the verge of recognizing the mysterious invalid as her niece. The wealth of special knowledge of Romanoff affairs attributed by Bella Cohen to Anastasia von Tchaikovsky amazed Botkin. It was obvious that here was one of the greatest stories of the decade or one of the greatest fabrications. I began investigating in earnest. It is impossible here even to summarize the several hundred thousand words of evidence accumulated in this case. I can merely outline the salient points and challenge any question of their truth.

Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was rescued from drowning in the Landwehr Canal in Berlin by the city police just eight years ago this month. She had attempted suicide. She appeared terror-stricken and, because she was a very sick woman, she was committed by the police to the Elizabeth Hospital. She refused to answer any questions as to her identity. Remark that. After six weeks of such silence, and because of that silence, she was committed to the Dahldorf insane asylum. The asylum records are explicit in their description of her case: “Very reserved; sits in stubborn silence; said she had nothing to say and had her own reasons for it. Said doctor could believe what he wished, she would tell him nothing.”

From that day in March, 1920, until the following summer she preserved the apathy and depression which have characterized her in every hospital record made over a period of six years. All physicians and nurses who have had anything to do with her during her many years in hospitals have testified explicitly in affidavits that so far as they could judge human character for deceit or sincerity, Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was genuine; that she was a pitiful case of a terror-stricken woman, usually not caring whether she lived or died. Since then, according to medical testimony, she has been near death again and again. Anyone choosing one of the four possible hypotheses to defend would prefer insanity, I think, to that of fraud. At any rate, no one has taken the opportunity to have her arrested and thus disposed of. Why?

The medical and legal evidence is equally explicit that she is not insane. The five doctors who have examined her in the last eight years have testified that she is not. Their testimony reveals a woman apparently slowly emerging from a state of fear, from so terrible a shock that it developed in her an inhibition against speaking Russian, which they say must have been her native language. She has, however, spoken Russian and English on occasions. I found, in Ger-

many, reputable witnesses to that among doctors and nurses who had attended her. But apart from talking Russian in delirium or narcosis, or from blurting it out upon rare occasions, she persists in a poor German. Her case is extraordinary, but not unprecedented in the matter of refusing to talk a language which she understands perfectly. However rapidly questioned in Russian, she replies in German.

She was never regarded as insane at the Dahldorf asylum. The asylum wanted her to leave but she would not. She remained there two years, voluntarily, and was finally dismissed when a Russian emigrant offered her shelter. Never since then has anyone sought to have her adjudicated insane. Last March the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* sought to have the identity of an insane Polish peasant fastened upon her by publicity. But they never took it to law. Why?

Is she then a weak-minded creature who has fallen into the hands of super-clever plotters who for some reason or other seek to foist her upon the Romanoffs? That is, has she been hypnotized all these years, coached into answering thousands of questions with answers which have amazed the Romanoffs and their representatives? The impossibility of this is attested by three doctors who have examined her and studied her case over a period of years. They have staked their professional reputations on the genuineness of Anastasia's strange mental quirks. There is no evidence that she is a victim of hypnosis. During 1925, when the Romanoffs and their agents visited her hospital room, she was in charge of doctors and nurses approved by them as reputable persons. She was under the direct protection of the Danish Ambassador to Germany, Herluf Zahle, who represented Prince Waldemar, uncle of the Czar, resident in Copenhagen. Ambassador Zahle not only approved the doctors and nurses; on behalf of Prince Waldemar, he paid the hospital expenses for nearly a year, and supervised the investigation for the Romanoffs. The theory of hypnosis, indeed any theory of a plot among her friends are absurdities which no Romanoff or anyone else will charge publicly.

Briefly, the story of the development of the evidence for Anastasia is this:

In July, 1925, the Romanoffs of Copenhagen, at the urging of German royalty, decided to take the case seriously. They cautiously dispatched to the hospital in Berlin an old servant, Volkoff, who had known Anastasia of old. Deeply puzzled by her refusal to talk Russian with him, but amazed at her special knowledge of the Siberian exile, he broke down and wept. As was the case with all investigators who visited her in the summer and autumn of 1925, Volkoff was in profound and honest doubt. He could not believe that that wreck of a woman was Anastasia and yet he dared not take the responsibility for saying it was not. He said to Mrs. Harriet von Rathleff-Keilmann of Berlin (then in personal charge of the invalid): "Think what a position I am in! If I were now to declare that she is the Grand Duchess and others later declare the opposite, where would I be?"

Volkoff left the hospital room weeping. He kissed the invalid's hand and said: "All will yet be well."

Volkoff's report brought several further visits from Romanoff investigators. All were deeply impressed; they swore that nothing should keep them from patient devotion to the solution of the mystery. With the girl seriously ill with tuberculosis of the bone all this time, often at the point of death, it was impossible, as they admitted, to question her

adequately. The final visit of the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, with the Gilliards (former tutor and governess of Anastasia) was marked by the deepest tenderness toward the invalid. Dr. Rudneff and Mrs. Rathleff, attending, were shaken by the tragic drama of the situation. Mrs. Rathleff testified as follows:

Mr. Gilliard called me out in the hall, and referred to her specifically as the Grand Duchess Anastasia. He was appalled at her physical and mental condition. In the deepest earnestness he pledged his devotion to clearing up the mystery.

The Grand Duchess Olga said, as has often been repeated and never denied: "My head tells me that this cannot be Anastasia, but my heart tells me that it must be."

"Shura" (Mrs. Gilliard) sobbed in honest doubt: "Why should I love this woman so?"

That they would never return to see her again was never in our minds.

Mrs. Rathleff's testimony is corroborated by Bella Cohen who visited the hospital that day and gathered first-hand evidence from "Shura." The record is clear that the Romanoffs were impressed and confounded by the mystery. Yet they never came again. They made no explanation whatever. Gilliard's letters promising full cooperation in investigating further are proof of his belief that the case was worthy of profound and patient consideration. His later writings contradict his private letters in many important points.

In October, 1925, the doctor in charge of the invalid had told the Romanoffs that she could not live another two months. But she recovered her health. A few months later she was identified positively as the Grand Duchess Anastasia by Tatiana Melnik, sister of Gleb Botkin. In December, 1926, Mrs. Rathleff of Berlin, amazed by the disappearance of those who had wept over Anastasia and then abandoned the case with no explanation, prepared a record backed by affidavits. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt asked to see the manuscript before it was published. Permission was granted. A month later the brother of the Czarina, who had refused persistently to visit the girl, started a secret investigation of his own. The Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* was running the Rathleff compilation serially. Two weeks after it finished this confirmation of Anastasia's claim, *Nachtausgabe* right-about-faced, announcing sensationally that the mystery was ended: The woman, it said, was now proved an insane Polish peasant. It presented an elaborate case, which was subsequently proved to be a frame-up.

The German government authorities refused to change Anastasia's passport and the whole job was exposed in detail by the *Tägliche Rundschau* last October. The facts revealed that agents of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt had collaborated with *Nachtausgabe* in the attempt to discredit her. They themselves had been imposed upon by some overzealous underling who believed so thoroughly in the reality of the Polish peasant story that he manufactured evidence to prove it.

With identifications flying so carelessly around Europe, it is perhaps well that Anastasia has come here. The tragedy of her plight is not recognized by the public. I think it will be. She has now been identified explicitly by Tatiana Melnik, Gleb Botkin, Felix Dassel (a former Russian officer), and the Grand Duke Andrew, brother of Cyril, and cousin of the late Czar, who saw her in Paris en route.

The case of Anastasia is only beginning.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
February 9



ROBERT W. STEWART, powerful head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, chooses to risk a year in jail rather than tell what he knows about who got the \$3,000,000 in Liberty bonds accumulated by the fake Continental Trading Company in its shady oil deal. Even the imperative urgings of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,

were insufficient to persuade Stewart to give the Walsh committee the facts. As the situation stands at this writing, it has been disclosed that Sinclair got a share of the bonds, and that he passed \$233,000 of them to Secretary of the Interior Fall a month after Fall secretly leased the Teapot Dome naval-oil reserve to him. James E. O'Neil, head of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company—whose company was mulcted of \$1,500,000 in the deal—got \$800,000 of them, and later turned them all over to that company as partial restitution for the loss it had sustained. Harry M. Blackmer, former head of the Midwest Refining Company, a Standard of Indiana subsidiary, who, like O'Neil, is a fugitive in Europe to avoid testifying, is tacitly accused by his associates of having participated in the profits.

IT is fairly well established that the Continental's \$3,000,000 jackpot was split four ways. O'Neil's \$800,000 represented one share, plus accrued interest. Assuming that Sinclair and Blackmer each received a share, there remains the question of who was the fourth partner. Since Sinclair, Blackmer, and O'Neil are virtually convicted, it is logical to conclude that the fourth partner is the object of Stewart's desperate solicitude. He would hardly risk jail to protect men who have already been exposed. The report persists that a large portion of these bonds was applied on the deficit left from the Harding-Coolidge campaign of 1920. The suspicion that this deal really originated in the hotel rooms where the Republican nominees were chosen that year, and that it had some connection with the choice, has not been dissipated. By persistent and courageous probing, Senator Walsh and his colleagues may yet get the truth.

IT was not Senator Walsh, however, who threw the net over Stewart's bulky shoulders, but a couple of newspaper correspondents. By alternately blarneying and bulldozing, Stewart so upset the courteous and punctilious Walsh that the latter never was able to get from him either

a direct answer or refusal to answer, and finally abandoned him in disgust, if not in despair. Busily writing at one end of the table were Paul Y. Anderson, correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and Robert Barry, of the New York *Evening World*. As Walsh relinquished the burly oil magnate, the two reporters whispered hastily together, and Anderson scribbled two questions on a slip of paper and passed them along the table to Chairman Nye. Without a moment's hesitation, Nye put them directly to the witness. The first question was:

Do you know of anybody who got any of the Continental Trading Company bonds?

The second was:

Did you ever discuss any of these bond transactions with Harry F. Sinclair?

Stewart squirmed, but the questions were too broad and too pointed, and after a brief and futile attempt at evasion, he threw away pretense and defied the committee—and through it, the Senate—to compel him to answer. In a few days—perhaps before this appears—he will be indicted under the statute for violation of which Sinclair is now under sentence of three months in jail and \$1,000 fine. Meantime, after having ordered his arrest, the Senate will proceed, in contesting his application for a writ of habeas corpus, to determine whether it has the right to commit him to jail until he is willing to answer. That proceeding will take a long time.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH Senator Walsh won his fight before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate to conduct an investigation of the power trust which controls the public utilities of the country, the power-trust lobby has not abandoned the field, and new evidences of its influence and resourcefulness appear every day. There is imminent danger that the trick which failed before the committee—to have the investigation sidetracked to the "packed" Federal Trade Commission—may succeed on the floor of the Senate. The ability of this lobby to line up votes is one of the most amazing demonstrations, and one of the most brazen, which the capital has seen since the Mulhall days. Democratic Senators upon whom Walsh has every right to depend for support are busily knifing the investigation in the back. Already partially emasculated by the committee, the inquiry is in dire peril of being completely shelved.

* * * * *

ALLUDING to newspapers which do not always support the Administration's foreign policies, President Coolidge told the National Press Club that "the candor of the situation would be greatly increased if the foreign connections [of those newspapers] were publicly disclosed." The insinuation was not accompanied by a shadow of proof, and few in the capital believe that Mr. Coolidge possesses such evidence. However, the principle which he stated is hardly to be questioned. Thus, the candor of the situation might

be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that some newspapers which do support the Administration's policies had received favors from the Administration—in the form of tax refunds. There is William Randolph Hearst, for example. His newspapers have vigorously supported the Administration's Mexican policy at its worst, and its finan-

cial policies at all times. The candor of the situation might be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that Mr. Hearst, in making out his personal income-tax return, had been permitted to deduct the losses sustained by the rotogravure sections of his newspapers. In raising the subject of candor, Mr. Coolidge may have struck a contagious note.

Shadows of Cuba

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, February 2

THE hot sun of Havana casts black shadows. The narrow old streets are jammed with big American automobiles, and the shop-windows on the long, cool arcades tempt the tourist; the hotels are crowded, the sea is incredibly blue . . . and then some soft Cuban evening one takes the wrong car and loses one's way and walks home through the wrong streets, and sees men and women sleeping on the sidewalks, with newspapers over their heads.

The Pan-American Conference meets in the splendid new buildings of the University of Havana; the flags of twenty-one republics fly beside the magnificent monumental stairway that is President Machado's pride. But there were no classes at the university. One day we learned why. Students had protested against the Machado dictatorship, and Machado accordingly had shut down classes for a period of months, suspending some student leaders for ten years.

Elections are disturbing affairs, and uncertain, even under a Latin dictatorship; so President Machado is putting through a law extending his term of office without election. A decade ago he was a leader in the revolutionary movement provoked by President Menocal's effort at reelection. But Machado is stronger than Menocal. It does not pay to oppose him; nobody older than a college student would do it today. When Aurelio Alvarez, former president of the Senate, and Carlos Mendieta tried to form a new Nationalist Party in opposition, Machado's cavalry broke up their meetings with drawn swords. One meeting was spared; and on November 23 last Captain Alfredo Pereira y Rodriguez of the National Guard was court-martialed and sentenced to fifteen days' arrest, loss of two-thirds of his wages, and loss of promotion, for the crime of "not acting energetically against the Nationalist Party meeting at Calimeta"!

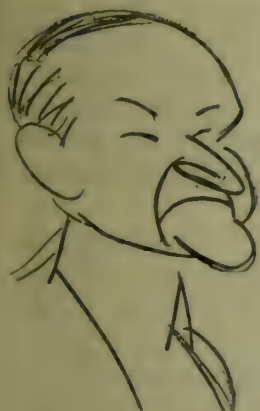
You do not learn these things from the pages of the Havana newspapers. They are great newspapers in their way, but they are good to the government. Fuller cable news, from all over the world, is printed in three or four dailies in little Havana than in any newspaper outside New York in the United States; but the news of Cuban politics is all pro-Machado. There is no opposition press to inform the Conference. And for good reason. There was once. But *El Heraldo* and *El Dia* and *El Nacionalista* were forced to stop publication in 1927. Two opposition editors were

killed, and the editors of two surviving papers were advised to take long vacations. When they returned their health required them to be regular. It is a curious experience to read these orthodox papers, and then to walk into their offices and find the staffs seething with repressed revolt.

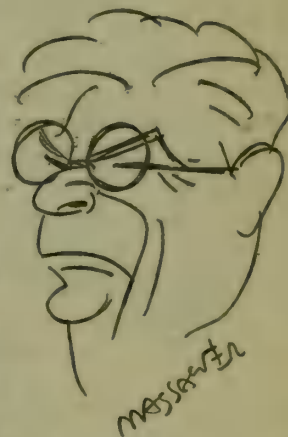
There will be a "plebiscite" on March 5—a "constitutional convention" will indorse the Machado proposal to extend for several years the terms of the President, senators, representatives, mayors, and boards of education; and will authorize further extensions by the same procedure. Machado has the three old parties in his grip, and there will be no opposition. All the power of office is with him; he has the graft of the National Lottery in his hands to help him; and he has shown what fate opposition will meet. President Coolidge's phrase that Cuba's "people are independent, free, prosperous, peaceful, and enjoying the advantages of self-government" was almost 100 per cent false.

There was an opposition in the labor unions. But since the autumn of 1926 such labor unions as have survived have been "good." One hears that Lopez, secretary of the Cuban Federation of Labor, was taken from his home by the chief of the secret police and has not been seen since; that Enrique Varona, president of the railwaymen's union of Varona, who had dared attempt to organize sugar-mill workers, was jailed, released, then killed, as, with his wife and children, he was entering the door of a motion-picture theater; that Domingo Dumenigo, of the railwaymen's union in Cienfuegos, on his way to a drug-store to buy medicine for a sick child, was shot through the head; that eighteen lesser labor leaders in the provinces of Santa Clara and Oriente met death similarly. In none of these cases has there been a prosecution or even serious investigation. When the Pan-American Federation of Labor complained to the Cuban Ambassador in Washington he said the labor leaders were mere bandits. He had learned something by contact with our State Department! When a Canary Islander wrote to his home paper that conditions in Cuba were bad and advised his countrymen not to emigrate, he was deported for that heinous crime.

Last April General Machado came to New York, and J. P. Morgan & Co. gave a luncheon in his honor. Machado said "The wealth of foreigners in Cuba must and will be protected." Thomas W. Lamont expressed the bankers' appreciation of Machado's views and hoped he would continue



President Coolidge



President Machado

in office. Mr. Lamont's remarks meant little in New York; but they were a front-page display story in Havana. Cubans understood them to mean that American capital—and the American Government, which they carelessly identify with American capital—supported General Machado in his desire to override the Cuban constitution and extend his reign.

The Platt Amendment is the excuse offered for all Machado's crimes. He must maintain order or the United States will intervene—that excuse covers the suppression of strikes, the crushing of unions, the smashing of the opposition, everything.

It must be admitted that Machado, and his energetic understudy, Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, the Minister of Public Works, have beautified Havana. There is the monumental stairway at the university to prove it. There is the park that gives the Presidential Palace a vista of the sea. There is the very new park about the Maine Monument, with its palms, hastily transplanted the week before the Pan-American Conference opened, which are already dying. But beneath the surface Cuba is a sick country. The sickness, to be sure, goes beyond Machado's control. It is the sickness of a one-crop country. Cuba lives on sugar. Seventy per cent of her exports are sugar. When the price of sugar goes up, Cuba prospers. When it goes down, she flops. In 1920 sugar was high; the sugar crop sold for \$1,005,451,080, and the salaries of all government officials were doubled overnight. In 1921 the price of sugar broke; a crop larger than in 1920 sold for only \$273,197,696, and the entire island went bankrupt. In 1923 and 1924 the price of sugar averaged four cents or better; but in the last three years it has hovered just above two cents. Every year Cuba plants more sugar, but if the price goes down what good does it do? In 1907 Cuba produced 1,427,673 tons of sugar; in 1917 3,054,997 tons; in 1927 she grew cane for 6,000,000 tons, but the Government, in an effort to keep the price above three cents, is this year restricting the grinding to 4,000,000 tons. In the end the smaller crop may bring more money—Colonel Tarafa of Cuba has persuaded the European sugar producers to limit their crops also—but at present it seems to spell ruin to the small Cuban producers.

Fifty years ago Cuba was a country of small farms, growing their own produce. In 1877 there were 1,190 sugar-mills in Cuba. Today there are only 180, three-quarters American-owned, and they own a quarter of all the land in Cuba. The small farmer is disappearing; the feudal serf has returned. The growth of the sugar industry, which has seemed to be Cuba's wealth, has destroyed the basis of her independence. She is threatened with the fate of the Barbados, where absentee landlords of vast estates draw their tribute from a stagnant serf population. Immigration from Spain has been checked; and every year hordes of Haitian and Jamaican Negroes are imported to work at infinitesimal wages through the cutting season.

A third of Cuba's cane will this year be left standing in the fields. With the supply so far in excess of the demand the price the mills pay to the *colonos* will be lower than ever. Most of the planters live all year on the small cash advance made by the mills at harvest-time. Nominally this advance is made for administrative purposes, and the planters are later paid for their cane; but the cane payments are used to liquidate their credits, and it is rare that there is a cash balance. This year the planters in Camaguey are receiving an advance of 15 cents for 100 arrobas, about a ton, of cane! There is talk of a strike, but if there is a strike it will fail.

If there is disorder, it will be downed. There is not the vestige of a union left in the sugar-fields owned by the great American sugar families. The slightest threat of a strike is crushed; it might lead to intervention under the Platt Amendment!

Article III of the Platt Amendment grants the United States the "right to intervene for the . . . maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." The threat of intervention for the protection of property is constant. But, so far as I know, it has never occurred to anyone, in Cuba or in the United States, that we might intervene in behalf of individual liberty. It ought to work both ways, or not at all.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just had another of those notices from the bank. It is firm but kind, and more in sorrow than in anger. It informs him that he has overdrawn his account. The Drifter feels very humble about it. He wishes a little sadly that he had some of the spirit of an aunt of his who, when she received, for the first time in her life, a like notice, rushed to her desk and sent the following message to the offending bank: "This is outrageous. Please don't let it happen again." The Drifter admires that spirit. In a feeble way he understands it. Surely the function of a bank is to hand out money, and his aunt was quite right when she complained of its carping spirit in bothering her with the details of the transaction.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter himself would never have dared to assume such a tone. He has an awe of banks amounting almost to worship. If man's most sincere reverence is accorded to what he does not understand, then the Drifter should certainly bow down before the teller's window. It is amazing to him that a man can tell him at any given moment just how much money he has, especially as he himself, the person most concerned, has no idea. Then there is his savings account. When he was a boy some one induced him to deposit five dollars. When he was grown up, the some one told him, he would be a rich man. In those days he believed what people told him. Now he knows better, generally, but he still leaves that five dollars untouched, and takes his little book once a year to have the interest put down in it. The girl behind the brass bars knows immediately how much the bank owes him. This is incomprehensible to the Drifter, who has never been strong on arithmetic since he tried to solve the difficulties Alice got into when the Red Queen asked her to take nine from eight. And then, he has a strong suspicion that it's a question of *compound* interest, too. However, a great light has dawned on that subject since he realized that compound interest was just like walking up the moving stairway.

* * * * *

THE Drifter well recalls another lady of his acquaintance who, desirous of crossing a street through heavy traffic, did so by the simple expedient of stepping down the curb and starting across, her hand held up in a warning gesture as she confidently made her way. Motors ground brakes for her, trucks came to a hasty stop. And the driver of one of the latter, almost jerked from his seat by the violent action of his brakes, expressed the opinion of all who

saw her as he leaned down and shouted: "Wot is it—a h'empres?" This admirable spirit is really not so unusual, but in most people it is coupled with a little more timidity; or, if you prefer, prudence. These two intrepid ladies assumed that the world's institutions existed for their especial benefit. Most people assume that fact, and act on it as far as they dare, but most people also are like the Drifter, and their courage falters when faced with ten-ton trucks and banks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Nicaraguan Holiday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It might amuse you, as it does me, to note that Nicaragua celebrates, as a holiday, the Fourth of July, in honor of the United States Declaration of Independence.

New York, January 25

EDWARD C. MACK

Anti-War Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we ask the help of your readers in getting information concerning the difficulties met by persons convicted during the war for their anti-war views? All of them are still without the rights of citizenship. These rights are fixed by the States, and therefore vary. In some they cannot legally vote or serve on juries. In others they cannot get licenses for certain professions or hold public office.

The Civil Liberties Union has tried through quiet work at Washington to secure restoration of the rights of citizenship to all the 1,500 persons convicted for their opinions during the war. We have not secured results by quiet methods and we are now about to engage in a public campaign. For that purpose, we want material directly from the persons affected, showing just what difficulties they have met. Will any of your readers who know any pertinent facts or who have the names and addresses of any persons so convicted be good enough to inform the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, February 6

ROGER BALDWIN

Forgive Miss Mayo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We Hindus welcome honest and unbiased criticism, based on facts, but when Katherine Mayo uncompromisingly condemns all that is holy and pure to us then it is our duty as sons of India to challenge her book.

Several invitations were sent to her recently, requesting her to debate with us. These she wisely declined. When we heard that she was to make her first appearance before the public, a small group of Hindus, proud of our country and our people, decided to stage a demonstration against her book. Two of us on the morning of January 21, the day of her lecture, began distributing hundreds of leaflets outside of the Town Hall to the public at large, and specially to those entering the hall to hear Miss Mayo's lecture on The Women and Children of India. These leaflets contained an invitation to her for an open debate and also the opinions of greatly respected leaders, both Hindu and American who vehemently denounce her book as untrue to the facts. A miniature bonfire was set up in front of the Town Hall as a sincere and deeply felt protest.

The burning of the book, the distribution of the leaflets to the audience, and the carrying of large signs on my shoulders challenging her for a debate, all had a remarkable and culminating effect, both on Miss Mayo's audience and herself. Meanwhile the management sent for a special police officer who, I suppose, was strongly urged to arrest me. From the moment this officer emerged from the hall his treatment of me was rough and brutal. I never disobeyed him and also pointed out to him that I was doing nothing unlawful. He was immune to my appeals. Therefore I submitted to force, because I believe in the righteousness of an unselfish and noble cause. I was arrested and imprisoned for over ten hours in a dark cell. During this time my conscience and courage grew stronger and in this frame of mind I appealed to God through my soul-force to forgive that poor woman for her impure thoughts and actions.

New York, February 6

JAN KOTHANDA RAM

A Doctor Needed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Unless funds are speedily forthcoming for the upkeep of a physician at Avella, a mining center about forty-five miles out of Pittsburgh, a striker population of over four thousand families will have to go through the winter cut off from medical aid. This, too, with hundreds of families being evicted and diseases arising from cold and hunger steadily on the increase.

Dr. Kartub, the young physician brought in by the local union at the Duquesne Mine, Avella, last spring, has stuck to his post, doing splendid work for the strikers' families, unpaid, throughout the nine months of the lockout. The lockout was declared only a few days after his arrival in Avella, and the check-off for medical service through which the local supported a physician and provided its membership with medicine automatically ceased.

The young doctor was drawn to the courageous men and women fighting grimly month after month up there in the hills, and stayed on even when it became clear that he would have to work without pay. His reserve funds were as slight as those of most young physicians, and he was forced to borrow continuously, where he could, to get money to live on and to buy medicine for his striker patients.

Borrowing has its limits, and finally Dr. Kartub tried working with a physician in Pittsburgh during the day to earn enough to keep going, driving back along the steep hill roads at evening to Avella, and then beginning another day's work with his own people in the mining camps at night. The combination was impossible—and dangerous. One evening not long ago his car broke down, and it was impossible for him to get back. The strike-breakers' physician refused to come to a striker's wife who suddenly fell desperately ill, and she died.

We are asking you to call this to the attention of sympathetic physicians in New York City. We are hoping that a group of them will see the need of coming to the assistance of this needy doctor so that he may continue his good work.

Pittsburgh, January 20

V. KEMENOVICH,
Relief Director

Costa Rica

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Gannett's article Hughes at Havana, in your issue of February 8, he says that "Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American Court." May I call your attention to the fact that, while Costa Rica did not sign the conventions passed at the Hague in 1899 and 1907, she is a signatory to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague (organized after the war) and has also signed the op-



THIS drawing shows the noblest thief of the ages—Vesalius, who stole corpses from the gallows of Montfaucon and Louvain, wrote *De humani corporis fabrica*, and founded the modern science of anatomy. "The human body was his Bible, and he cared not how he obtained copies," says Dr. Logan Clendening. Across the title page of his 16th-century Latin treatise Sir William Osler wrote: "Modern medicine begins here."

THE HUMAN BODY

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE fight made by Vesalius against superstition is but one of many a stirring, heroic, or grotesque episode in the long history of man's study of himself. Dr. Clendening narrates these episodes in a way to thrill the mind. The picture above (greatly reduced) is one of over a hundred of his illustrations and diagrams. The volume containing them tells today's man-in-the-street more about that universal subject, the body, than yesterday's most brilliant anatomist could learn in a long lifetime.

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tional clause of the court protocol providing for compulsory arbitration of all disputes?

New York, February 6

MILDRED S. WERTHEIMER

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my introduction of Joffé's letter in your issue of February 1 I said that the letter had not been published in Russia. It was finally published in Russia, having appeared elsewhere and become notorious, on December 31, 1927. The Russian text is substantially the same as the French one from which my translations were made.

Croton-on-Hudson, February 3

MAX EASTMAN

Stuart Sherman's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Homer Woodbridge and I are undertaking, at the request of Mrs. Sherman, to prepare a book on the life of Stuart Sherman. We should be grateful to any one who would assist us in our task with letters of Sherman's, or with excerpts from letters if for any reason they cannot be submitted to us in their entirety. Copies will be made and the originals promptly returned.

Urbana, Illinois, January 10

JACOB ZEITLIN

Letters That Fly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Living in far-away California I have been spending large sums of money upon air-mail stamps, and I am wondering what for. On December 28 I paid eighty cents to mail a manuscript to a magazine in New York by air mail. On December 30 I took the precaution to send another copy of the manuscript by ordinary mail. I have just learned by telegraph that the one sent by ordinary mail arrived this morning, the one sent by air mail arrived the same afternoon.

There is a big storm just now; but ten days ago I received two air-mail letters, one from Boston and one from New York, and the postmarks showed that each had taken six days. The time for ordinary mail is four days. I noticed the same thing on two occasions a month ago. These are the only letters I have bothered to check up. I hope you will not begrudge the Post Office Department this free advertising.

Long Beach, Cal., January 4

UPTON SINCLAIR

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, as *The Nation's* special correspondent, spent several days with the Sandino forces in Nicaragua.

JOHN R. COLTER was sent by the North American Newspaper Alliance to Europe to investigate the case of Madame Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. He is now a freelance writer.

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has just returned from Havana.

S. BERT COOKSLEY is a California poet.

A. J. MUSTE is director of the Brookwood Labor College.

B. H. HAGGIN frequently reviews music for *The Nation*.

GLEN MULLIN is author of "The Adventure of a Scholar-Tramp."

Books, Music, Plays

Night Is a Time to Weep

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

It is a long night that does not know weeping;
night is a time to weep. In the next room,
where they are tired of each other and sleeping,
the seed of your tears will take bloom.

"Hush!" one says to his stupid wife.
"Someone there—you hear?—crying?"
They will listen; thinking of life,
thinking of virtue, thinking of dying.

Night is a time to weep. Tears must give
people weary of each other a small
stab of recollection. They will live
again, their ears to the wall.

First Glance

THE principal danger a satirist runs is the danger of being dull. To be sure it is dullness he is out after; by tradition he is the enemy of fools and knaves, and by a still subtler tradition he is one who can make a knave look like a fool, and so doubly reduce him. There is nothing he must hate so much as dullness. Yet nine times out of ten he will write a book which it is hard work to read, and one of the reasons is that his material in itself is hard to think about. It is the material of our daily lives, and we are already too familiar with it.

Charles Merz's "The Great American Band-Wagon: A Study in Exaggerations" (John Day: \$3) does not wholly escape this peril. Its subjects are golf, radio, filling stations, fraternal orders, soda fountains, newspaper murders, college education, Spanish suburbs, beauty-contests, foreign tours, the movie, the campaign, the drive, the prize-fight, the Channel swim, and the like—stuff we are intolerably weary of seeing in the headlines and intolerably weary of hearing opinions about. That Mr. Merz has some new opinions does not altogether matter. He deals in fluff, and some of the fluff sticks to him. He invents a rapid style which will in itself be satire on our life; but the style becomes infected with the life so that it is difficult after a while to distinguish between them, and Mr. Merz seems windy and tedious. To that extent he pays the penalty of one who has decided to touch pitch.

Yet he does make a contribution. He does juxtapose two ideas which so far as I know have not been so juxtaposed before, though a generation of satirists has been busy with each of them by itself. These are the ideas, first, that the American wants romance, illusion, escape to some other world than this clicking steam-heated one in which he is condemned to live, and second, that the American does not really want his new world to be different from the old one. In other words, he hates irregularity while he loves change, and since the second cannot be had without the first he is in a bad way. Mr. Merz points with considerable shrewdness to the fact that golf is the business

man's way of remembering the frontier (the multi-colored hose being but descendants of a certain famous pair of leather stockings), that we sweep our sons into the colleges with the same enthusiasm that used to send them West into new territories, that we join the Red Men or sip a Mandalay Delight or build ourselves a Spanish balcony in order that we may taste the exotic, and that we are willing to make a hero out of almost anybody because there must always be somebody through whom we can vicariously live. But—says Mr. Merz—we don't carry the thing through. We have our ideas as to what men ought to be, and we distrust our neighbor as soon as he becomes authentically eccentric. The movies, for instance, have made "an art of our regularity." And our heroes, after all, must be just plain men like ourselves. "Henry Ford is so rich that he could buy a Balkan nation, but he likes puttering around in his garden and spends part of his time hanging bird-boxes from his porch on old bits of wire spring." So we approve of Henry Ford.

That is Mr. Merz's contribution, and it is an important one; and it has been made with gaiety and skill. But it is thickly swathed in words; it might have gone better as an article.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Bellows on Stone

George Bellows: His Lithographs. With an Introduction by Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$15.

A VOLUME of the complete lithographic work of George Bellows was inevitable sooner or later, and this one in all respects leaves little to be desired. The plates, numbering 195, are beautifully printed. The index not only makes their chronology clear but offers interesting bits of information about individual drawings. The value of the book is further enhanced by Thomas Beer's splendid prefatory essay which creates an abiding sense of Bellows's personality and at the same time interprets his work with sympathetic understanding. The dramatic instinct, the restless love of unconventional subjects, the technical bravura displayed in Bellows's paintings overflowed abundantly into his lithographs; so that by turning the pages of this volume one may attain a singularly complete perception of all the phases of his artistic energy. He is to be seen as a graphic journalist delighting in raw sensation, as a humorist and satirist, and lastly as an artist striving for an idealistic, an imaginative vision of reality. His subjects, which are largely inspired by the life of his own time in America, cover a wide range: prize-fights, religious meetings, crowds swarming in the streets and parks, people grotesquely gregarious always, whether it be in their swimming, their love-making, or their search for God.

It is this constant preoccupation with mobs, and this delight in what engrosses them at the time, that makes one think of Bellows as a super-feature-writer on canvas or stone. Unerringly he plays up the most vivid moment in a given happening, suggesting in terms of crude sensation whatever emotion envelops it, sadistic, sentimental, hysterical, or buffoonish. His prize-fights are tremendous snapshots disclosing at a single burning glance the naked bodies of the gladiators in such a brutal agony of strife that they are almost painful to contemplate; and about the ringside a throng of distorted faces are howling for the kill. Bellows found no subject too painful or preposterous for a full-page spread—a lynching bee with a shrieking Negro writhing in the flames, a dance in a mad-house, a hold-up, a mine disaster, an execution in the electric chair—all

were grist for the lithographic stone. As might be expected, Bellows's taste sometimes lapses, but never does his dramatic instinct degenerate so far into sheer melodrama as it does in the war lithographs. With Goya's "Desastres de la Guerra" in the back of his mind, he projected a series of compositions exhibiting the fiendish cruelty of the Germans. These "hallucinations," as he afterward called them, while horribly effective as propaganda are so steeped in hatred and so mannered that they fall short of high artistic merit. The Execution of Edith Cavell, however, is a noteworthy exception; a beautiful tragic vision it is, a composition at once noble in its illustrative conception and aesthetically moving.

From the dramatic excesses of the war lithographs one turns with relief to those drawings which express Bellows's genial and sly sense of humor. Business Man's Class, YMCA is one of the most amusing. A grotesque assortment of male bipeds are engaged in setting-up exercises. The spectacle is pathetic as well as ludicrous—these middle-aged and elderly men who all their lives have neglected their bodies are at last aroused to an awareness of age creeping on, and the necessity of prolonging their span of life by a little, not too strenuous, body-building. Bald men, pompous thin-chested men with carefully parted whiskers, men with bloated stomachs and dewlaps like mastiffs, cocky runts with bowed legs—all are funny without caricature. They are recognizable human beings. In Artists Judging Works of Art is gay comment on the capers of an art jury passing judgment on its contemporaries. Village Prayer Meeting presents a group of smug psalm-singers soaking in a kind of besotted enjoyment of their own sanctimoniousness. In the Billy Sunday lithographs the satire is sharper. The Sawdust Trail, with its atmosphere of evangelical hysteria, is so well suggested that one averts the eyes and feels a slight shiver of vicarious shame.

In view of the sensational gifts so far commented upon it would seem useless to look for the qualities of grace and charm in such a swashbuckling master of dynamics as Bellows, but these qualities are to be found in some of his pictures and especially in his portraits of children. One suspects that in his aggressive assault on sentimentalism and "sweetness" of conception he submitted all the forms of things to an artistic lens which was opaque to graciousness or tenderness of spirit. In striving with such determination to avoid conventional beauty of treatment he came very near achieving conventional brutality. His nudes, particularly his women, are insensitive and heavy. It has been said that he once remarked caustically to a novice who had painted a handsome naked girl: "Couldn't you have got a prettier girl and made her a little better looking?" The novice might have scrutinized one of Bellows's nudes and rejoined: "Couldn't you have got an uglier girl and made her a little worse looking?" In Bellows's portraits of his two little daughters, however, there is a subtle expressiveness, a lovely delicacy of perception and handling not commonly found in his work. The grave sweetness of Jean and Anne is interpreted with a warmth and imaginative sympathy which promises an enduring life of art for them when many of the episodic lithographs will be interesting chiefly to the social historian.

But beside the portraits may be placed other drawings in this book upon which beauty has brushed delicate wings, touching them with imaginative aspiration. Among these may be accounted The Allan Donne Puts to Sea, lovely in the range and subtlety of its values; Irish Town, charming in its counterplay of strong blacks and whites; and Evening Snowstorm, a fine study in silvery nuances. Then there is the series of illustrations for Wells's "Men Like Gods." The glorified landscapes of Utopia charmed into sudden florescence all the latent romanticism of Bellows, and the strange beauty that Wells helped him to evoke is as unfamiliar to us as the stars of Utopia. It is our loss that Bellows divined so late in his career the guise of beauty in strangeness. The treasures he might have left he carried with him into the invisible and the unknown.

GLEN H. MULLIN

What Is the West?

Defense of the West. By Henri Massis. Translated by F. S. Flint. Preface by G. K. Chesterton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

IN his now famous essay called "The Intellectual Crisis" Paul Valéry gave picturesque expression to his distrust of the East in the phrasing of a question: "Will Europe become what she is in reality; that is, a little cape on the Asiatic continent?" Valéry was not, I presume, the first to imply such a question, but the vast prestige of his name has given it a general currency and has made the fear which it implies almost an intellectual fashion. That fear furnishes one of the chief themes in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," it is the pole around which most of the discussions published in the *New Criterion* revolve, and it bobs up sooner or later in the writings of every member of the newly constituted "intellectualist" group. The West, say the expositors of the theme, stands for faith in man, in order, and in the intellect; the East for fatalistic despair, for anarchy, and for mysticism. We, they add, have been moving slowly toward the East ever since the Renaissance and our only hope of salvation lies in a return to Western ideals—that is to say, to a faith in the validity of logic and metaphysics which will eventuate in the establishment of an ultimate authority in government like that represented by the Roman empire and an ultimate authority in the realm of mind and spirit like that represented by the Catholic church.

Henri Massis, whose book, by the way, is post-Valérian but not quite new, has evidently in mind the production of a *locus classicus* for the whole discussion. One section is devoted to proving by means of quotations from Keyserling, Spengler, and others that Germany is spiritually "Eastern," another to proving that Russia is the same, a third to pointing out the orientalizing influence exerted especially by Gandhi and Tagore, and still another to a glorification of the Catholic church as the one surviving institution which is still uncorruptedly "Western."

"Christendom" and "the Western world" represent, he says, identical ideas, but true Christianity is not, of course, that "Eastern" philosophy expounded by Tolstoi or Gandhi which teaches us that "Christ forbids his disciples all jurisdiction, all human justice, all coercive authority," but rather that truly Roman one which regards God as the "All-powerful Jurisconsult" and the officers of his church as his policemen and bailiffs. Just how he proposes to get around the fact that Christ was an Oriental who delivered himself of various sayings having a characteristic "Eastern" flavor is not apparent, but one may assume, I think, that Christ plays but a small role in what he calls Christianity, and in any event he concludes that "the Catholic church seems to us the sole power capable of restoring true civilization."

In spite of a keen if somewhat skeptical interest in the whole intellectualist movement I cannot but wonder whether that precision so much insisted upon by its members can in any way be served by the hypostatization of entities as vague and intangible as "Asia" and "the Western Mind" or whether the present crisis of the spirit is to be haply survived through any expedient as simple as a dutiful return to that Catholic church with which even those "intellectualists" less definitely than Massis its partisan are perpetually flirting. A part at least of the "Defense of the West" was published in the *New Criterion*, and it is surely an odd sort of movement which unites the author of "The Wasteland" with Mr. Chesterton. That famous exponent of cakes and ale is in temperament too far removed from Mr. T. S. Eliot actually to join with him in anything, and one may justly suspect that some loose thinking is being done somewhere when the two come together.

Perhaps, indeed, the skeptic anxious not to be taken in by any sophistries however modish would do well to ask himself whether the whole pother about "the Western mind" be not, in

BORZOI BOOKS OF 1928

MENCKENIANA: A SCHIMPFLEXIKON

This *Schimpflexikon* (i.e., lexicon of abuse) is an amusing selection of 430 of the tributes paid to Mr. Mencken by his best enemies. "The most amazing mass of vituperation ever assembled between covers. . . . Had Mr. Mencken so

maliciously described any of the people who regard him as ■ total loss he would not only be devilish and damned but in jail."—Herbert Asbury, in the *New York Herald Tribune*.
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"The ironies, the implications and the frustrations of these glimpses into widely varying households suggest those searching tales which made Katherine Mansfield famous. . . . A polished elegance which is so perfect that it appears entirely spontaneous and simple."—*The New York Times*. \$2.50

THE AMERICAN NEGRO: A Study in Racial Crossing

By MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

A most original and unusual book about the American Negro. For the first time anthropological data are collected and interpreted to show that a new type has been evolved on the

American continent. And Mr. Herskovits finds that the salient characteristics of this type are far other than those with which the Negro is popularly accredited. \$1.75

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By WILLA CATHER

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By ANDRÉ GIDE

Eighth large printing. \$3.00

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Illustrated. Fifth printing. \$3.50

THE BORZOI BOOKS of January-June, 1928, will include over seventy new publications and a number of reprints. In materials, workmanship, and typographic design, many will achieve a merit hitherto undreamed of in American-made trade books. Our Spring, 1928, Catalogue, which describes them individually, will be supplied on request. The books themselves will be shown by your bookseller as they appear.

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part at least, merely a more intellectually respectable analogue of the now subsiding furore over "Nordic" superiorities; and if he does so he will be struck by the fact that whereas the proponents of the last-mentioned theory were compelled to prove that the Germans were not really Nordic the supporters of the Western mind must now maintain that this same unhappy people, whom no one seems to want, are not really Western either. Any argument which is based upon the supposed existence of entities as ill-defined as the Nordic race or the Western mind must indeed end in something no better than the calling of names. Who shall say that the Middle Age was more characteristically "Western" than the Renaissance? In all such discussions the truly "American," "Nordic," "Democratic," or "Western" is likely to be merely what one happens to like. What one does not like is "Un-American," not "Nordic," "Bolshevistic," or "Eastern."

And as for the other contention which plays so large a part in the intellectualist argument—the contention, that is to say, that order and authority are excellent things—it can only be said that these new writers are not the first to perceive that the political rule of a perfect government and the intellectual jurisdiction of an all-wise court of appeal would be highly desirable if they were ever to be obtained. But the question is still, as it has always been, where to get them, and the intellectualists have none but the old and futile answers which conjure up ghosts in the form of divine rights and vicars of God. The real sanction of all the revolts, political and intellectual, which have taken place since the Renaissance is purely a pragmatic one. Governments were overturned and oecumenical councils defied, not primarily because people had rejected the principle of authority but because they found themselves compelled to put up with bogus authorities. And what they learned we are not yet ready to forget: the most benevolent despotisms and the most impressive academies have a way of growing bogus in time.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

To the Left

Misleaders of Labor. By William Z. Foster. Trade Union Educational League. \$1.25.

THE thesis of this book is that cultural and economic conditions in the United States are largely responsible for creating a backward and ultra-conservative labor movement, the only one "which still frankly defends and supports the capitalist system"; that naturally such a movement has developed an ultra-conservative and backward leadership; but that this leadership in its turn has become a very powerful cause in retarding the struggles of the workers for more effective organization and higher standards, and must therefore be energetically exposed and relentlessly fought.

Mr. Foster does the exposing in a work of 336 pages in which, to put it mildly, a spade is called a spade. Special attention is given to such subjects as graft on the part of union officials; their affiliation with "capitalist" organizations such as the National Civic Federation; stealing of elections; frenzied financial ventures in connection with labor banks; corrupt alliances with the old-party political machines; the failure to attempt the organization of the masses of the unskilled and semi-skilled. On these subjects there is presented a mass of information not hitherto readily accessible, though not much of it is the result of original investigation or research. Very many of the things that are said are so. It is the more unfortunate that some important statements are not supported by any citation of evidence and that some are inaccurate, while others are at least highly debatable.

From the analysis here presented of the development and present position of the American labor movement and the role of the main body of its leadership there will be little or no dissent except perhaps on the part of those leaders and their

henchmen, though some will quarrel with the tone employed, and the picture is, of course, all in blacks and whites. Many serious students and trade unionists will agree also with the general program of organizing the unorganized, democratizing the unions, etc., here presented.

It is when one tries to think out the problem of how the American labor movement may gain in numbers, intelligence, and effectiveness that this book stirs doubts and leaves one with unanswered questions.

According to Mr. Foster it is the Left Wing, specifically the Worker's Party and the Trade Union Educational League, that alone can lead the movement out of the wilderness. The book assumes that the present Left Wing is quite capable of doing this little job and that it has intelligent, fearless, and honest leadership. It is a big assumption, the soundness of which is questioned by many who are not reactionaries and not altogether ignorant of the facts. Much is said about extravagance on the part of conservative unions and their leaders. Are we to assume that extravagance in the use of union funds by Left Wingers is never reprehensible? A great deal is said about democratizing the unions and against dictatorial and strong-arm methods on the part of the old leaders. Are such methods always entirely proper and effective when employed by the Left Wing? If the progressives in the American labor movement are at present impotent, is it merely because the conservatives were strong and brutal and the progressives "yellow"? Or have the Lefts by occasional little tactical mistakes, as, for example, by premature and melodramatic attempts to "capture" organizations, by indiscriminate and bad-tempered mud-slinging, played into the hands of the reactionaries and placed their natural allies in an impossible position? And there are even more fundamental questions.

One of the most crucial problems confronting those who hope for the development of a vital and militant labor movement in this country has to do with the extent to which the development of the movement on the economic (trade union) field can be subjected to the needs and the control of a revolutionary political party, especially one which takes its orders from across the sea, the extent to which those who are to take part in a united front on the trade-union field shall be required to worship in the same church, subscribe to the same creed, and to perform the same rituals. On that issue continuous and bitter controversy rages between the Foster faction and their opponents in the Worker's Party. This book does not touch upon the issue. Yet this issue cannot be evaded and it is urgent.

The book argues for absolute opposition to all "class collaboration" schemes, every form of cooperation between union and management for efficient production (such as the B. & O. Plan), just as the Lefts of a generation ago, under I. W. W. leadership, fought against unions making any collective agreements with employers. The fight then was between blind antagonism to collective agreements and equally blind advocacy of them; the fight today is between blind antagonism to all schemes in which the union takes a positive interest in the production process and a blind advocacy of such schemes as heralding a new and glorious day for labor. In practice the trade union cannot follow an absolutist policy in these matters. It must both develop relatively stable relations with employers and management and it must fight them. Its supreme need, in other words, is a sound philosophy and tactic of compromise. Neither side to such a controversy as we are referring to has such a philosophy and tactic. The result is that the official movement gets into a swamp and loses the road to its goal, while the Left Wing by its own lack of realism gets shoved off into a corner, becomes a propagandist sect, and fails to exercise a continuous and preponderant influence on the movement as a whole. Mr. Foster is the man who has been dinning it into our ears that this is what happened to the I. W. W. Does he think that the same cause will not produce the same results today?

A. J. MUSTE

MARCH 1ST—MARCH 13TH

To Newsstand Readers of *The Nation*:

March 13th is Oswald Garrison Villard's fifty-sixth birthday, and we have decided to make that date the climax of our Tenth Anniversary Celebration, with a dinner* in New York where at least a thousand Nation readers will be able to make their tribute felt personally.

Dinners in Mr. Villard's honor will also take place in Washington, March 1st, Rochester, March 5th, Baltimore, March 7th, Philadelphia, March 9th, Boston, March 10th.* And those of us who live near enough will have a chance to come and shake him by the hand, and thank him for his ten years' service in the cause of honest liberalism in America.

But what can the rest of us do?

Mr. Villard has given ten years of his life and a good share of his modest fortune to creating a paper which has come to fill an indispensable place in our national life. Hundreds of people write to him every year to tell him so. And still his paper has not yet reached

that point in circulation at which it can command advertising enough to sustain it. 10,000 more readers would do it.

What better birthday present could we give Mr. Villard than 10,000 new subscribers for *The Nation*? What better present could you personally give him than one new subscriber to make part of that gift? This will mean more to him than a gold-headed cane or a silver loving-cup or even a hundred laudatory speeches.

May we count on you to read the announcement below and act on it *within a week*? Then at least one copy of the Nation Book, with our names in it, can be printed in time to present to Mr. Villard on March 13th with the gift of new subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
ZONA GALE
CLARENCE DARROW

For the
Tenth Anniversary Committee
of Nation Readers

*Seating space will be limited at all of these dinners. If you wish to make sure of your reservation, write now to the Secretary, Tenth Anniversary Committee, 24 Vesey St., New York, but send no money until you hear from the Dinner Secretary.

About the Nation Book

There are no prizes or commissions connected with this plan to double the circulation of *The Nation*, but there is the Nation Book—a beautiful little leather-covered volume which the Committee is preparing to commemorate this celebration. It will contain the most famous and significant Nation editorials of the past ten years, a few memorable cartoons, line drawings of the editors, and, finally, the names of all those who have helped to make this Tenth Anniversary a success.

One new six months' subscriber will put your name in the Nation Book. Two new six months' subscriptions or one new year's subscription will mean that we can send you a complimentary copy of the Nation Book as soon as it is published.

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A Psychologist Looks at Music

The Borderland of Music and Psychology. By Frank Howes. Oxford University Press. \$2.25.

MR. HOWES applies relevant psychological theories to a number of musical phenomena for whatever enlightenment or stimulation the procedure may afford.

His most important chapter is the one entitled *Emotion in Music*. In this he reminds us that psychologists do not countenance the division of the mind into separate faculties, that instead they hold its activity to be an amalgam of thought and feeling in varying proportions, hence that the mental activity of composer or listener always involves emotion, and that this emotion is not a specific musical emotion but the emotion involved in the production or the appreciation of any other art. He concludes that any music of value, though it may vary in its method, is program music, and as such a commentary on life, or what he calls a judgment of value. It appears from this that he considers identical the emotion involved in the mental activity of composer or listener, and the emotional connotation of the musical sounds. But my own understanding is that they are often different. And this leads to an important distinction. A demonstration in higher mathematics usually possesses qualities that arouse aesthetic emotion in one who can appreciate them; and it may be the product of considerable emotion in the one who worked it out; nevertheless its terms, as we know, have no emotional connotation themselves. Just so a group of musical sounds may arouse aesthetic emotion or be the result of it, and yet have no emotional connotation itself. That is, music exists which conveys none but a musical meaning, a meaning sui generis, the meaning precisely of a group of musical sounds (which is the primary meaning even of music with emotional content). And such music can possess value even though its sole necessary connection with life is that something in life set off the energy which created it; and this for the same reason that music which does comment on life can be without value. The reason is that value in music is not, as Mr. Howes contends, a matter of emotional content.

Important also is Mr. Howes's application of theories of crowd psychology to the behavior of performers and listeners at a concert. The essential conditions of group mental activity, he points out, are a common object of the activity, a common mode of feeling toward the object, and reciprocal influence—intensifying this feeling—among members of the group. These conditions are satisfied by an orchestra, or rather by an orchestra in cooperation with its audience (to which I should add the conductor as a third and distinct member of the group), united in an act of creation; and by the audience alone, e.g., in applause. The applause expresses, first, a mere need of physical movement, a need created by the fact that whereas normally there is no thinking or feeling without doing, "artistic activity, especially the activity of listening . . . is a species of cognition divorced from conation." The applause expresses also, if crudely, the judgment of the listeners, not a qualitative aesthetic judgment but the mere amount of pleasure; and also, therefore, attitudes like sympathy with an artist's handicap, approval of his courage, or sheer good-will for whatever reason. But the applause results, finally, from the fact that a sufficiently large number of persons are seated sufficiently close to one another for suggestion to intensify these common intellectual and emotional attitudes, together with the tendencies to physical action resulting from the attitudes; and in this connection Mr. Howes points out that an audience is split up ordinarily into smaller groups with different objects of interest creating cross-currents of feeling which are united only by something with universal appeal, so that the strength of the physical demonstration testifies mostly to the homogeneity of the audience.

Such phenomena as distinguished the Furtwaengler and Toscanini debuts are, then, accounted for: given a conductor, an orchestra, and a capacity audience all stimulated by the momentousness of the occasion, the orchestra prepared to do and the audience prepared to approve, and both keyed up to a high pitch of emotional excitement—given these conditions, one can expect performances more glamorous than orchestra or conductor would achieve ordinarily, and no less extraordinary physical demonstrations of approval by the audience.

B. H. HAGGIN

Books in Brief

The Inner World of Childhood. By Frances G. Wickes. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

This is a Freudian view of childhood, but far better sustained than other approaches which have been vitiated by the Freudian insistence upon sex. Mrs. Wickes, a disciple of Jung is interested in the rich imaginative expressions of the child's mind. This brings her into sympathetic relation with the considerable group of imaginative children who perhaps have more to tell us than the ordinary child, and likewise offer the troublesome problems of understanding and management. Following the lead of Jung, who makes the field of mind a difficult and perplexing exploration troubled by doubts and uncertainties of adjustment, Mrs. Wickes concentrates this point of view upon childhood. Her best chapter is on psychological types; for, obviously, the introverted type alone develops an inner world sufficiently rich for exploration. Yet this emphasis is quite in line with the modern view of primitive mentality, which sets forth that the world of the inner life parallels and offsets the coercion of the world of things and circumstance. We are coming to realize, as never before, the dominance of this reconstructed duality. Freud's original formulation in part holds. His "reality" principle opposed to the "pleasure" principle is part of the story. It is not so much pleasure as it is the total life of adjustment determined by emotion. The play of fear is of equal consequence with the play of pleasure; and guiding both is that creative and constructive process which at the early age gives rise to imaginary companions and imaginary worlds, and is now being utilized in the program of "creative youth." Mrs. Wickes has chosen well in recognizing here a distinctive field as yet but partly occupied. This inner world of childhood naturally blossoms in the family setting. At every stage it is a socialized world, which must recognize the complication of powers separating the wish from the fact. To bridge the gap arises the world of myth and fairy-tale, so closely related to that of dreams, and brings us back to Freud's parallel formulation of the two orders of thinking, dream thinking and fact thinking. Still another alternative is the rising and submerging of the thought-procedure above and below the levels of the conscious and subconscious. While many will feel that Mrs. Wickes has gone too far in her adherence to the Freudian lines of argument, they must admit that without this Freudian approach the inner world would have had a literary rather than a scientific interpretation. For those who are engaged in following the double unfoldment of the child, in the world of imagination and in the world of reality, this competent essay will prove a suggestive guide.

Menckiana: A Schimpflexikon. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

What a sumptuous crop of enemies Mr. Mencken has! And with what Christian meekness—and Teutonic thrift—he suffers their taunts and slanders, their heavy insinuations about his race, his family tree, his Wassermann reaction, his morals, his patriotism, and his intelligence! Like Sherwood Anderson's mother he treasures every cabbage, no matter how odoriferous, that is flung at his door, and from the most succulent of them he has brewed a savory pottage and invites the public to come

dip in its spoon. "Menckeniana" is an anthology of the bad-wordings with which Mr. Mencken has been greeted in these last ten years. All parts of the United States are represented in the collection, but the most eloquent and heartfelt seem to emanate from south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers and are ample evidence that the oratorical tradition of John Randolph of Roanoke and of Henry Clay still lives. The contributors include some names eminent in learning and letters, and several have sent their shots into the center of the target. The cleverest hit is the late Stuart Sherman's: "Mr. Mencken talks about truth as if she were his mistress, but he handles her like an iceman." There are others almost ■ good.

The Realm of Literature. By Henry W. Wells. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

An excellent work whose sobriety, honesty, and care will probably cause it to be overlooked by those in search of the seasonal violences of literary criticism. Professor Wells approaches the special problem of literature through the path of general aesthetics. Dissenting from the romantic Freudianism of Prescott's "The Poetic Mind" he manages to strike ■ nice balance by considering the artistic activity as an evolution from both the dreaming and the awakened mind. This conservative synthetic viewpoint is especially favorable to Professor Wells's interesting treatment of the various "phases of literature"—form, content, brevity, fulness, depth, motion, symbolism. His most striking and thoughtful remarks occur in the chapter dealing with the relations of literature to science. Unlike most aestheticians, Professor Wells has an amazing fund of erudition and ■ ready memory: two qualities which enable him to temper his theory with concrete and apt reference.

Two Forsyte Interludes. By John Galsworthy. Scribner's Sons. Fifty cents.

Two slight tales forming links between the last three novels of the Forsyte Saga. Neither a Silent Wooing, which connects "The White Monkey" with "The Silver Spoon," nor Passers By, which connects the latter novel with "Swan Song" (to be published this July), has anything of the melancholy exquisiteness which distinguished *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte*. The latter interludes, like the larger works which they serve to connect, are labored and anti-climactic.

The Way Things Are. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

A superficial but engaging English counterpart to "Main Street" in which Laura Temple Carol Kennicotts her way along to an almost-rebellion against country-home respectability, to discover at the end that "only by accepting her own limitations could she endure the limitations of her surroundings." Mrs. Delafield has written better books in her day, but one is willing to forgive a deal of frothy dialogue for the sake of the two priceless youngsters she has managed to create.

Georgian Stories. 1927. Edited by Arthur Waugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

This annual collection of English stories indicates a sad-denying fact: that in proportion to the growth of the contributors' reputations their products are likely to appear more and more enfeebled. Both A. E. Coppard and Liam O'Flaherty, probably the two finest English writers of tales, disappoint badly. Ethel Colburn Mayne and G. B. Stern are practically unreadable. The rest write superior magazine stuff.

NOTE: The name of the author of "An American Soldier and Diplomat," reviewed in *The Nation* for December 21, 1927, was wrongly given as Elsie Porter Meade; it should have been Elsie Porter Mende. Also, the writer of the unsigned review of "Farm Income and Farm Life" in the issue of December 14, 1927, wishes it stated that the words "interesting functions" should have been "interacting functions."

Music On the Way

PLAIN is the way being indicated by the American Opera Company. To take a stale and sentimental Gallicism like Gounod's "Faust" and freshen it to the point of enjoyment is art. To do this in English is even more—it is history. If this offshoot of the now defunct Rochester Opera Company had no more to its credit than the new settings by Robert Edmond Jones and the modern staging by Vladimir Rosing it would have justified its existence as a progressive operatic force. But it has more. It has a new and logical libretto made into good, singable English by Robert A. Simon, and sung with ■ clear, understandable diction by the members of the company. These members are uniformly young and inexperienced. In spite of their fresh, pretty voices and genuine acting talent, amateurishness sticks out from each and all. And yet the sum total was the most beautiful and moving performance of "Faust" seen and heard here in years. Not the least interesting thing about it was the intelligent expression on the faces of the audience instead of the usual patient incomprehension. And not the least startling to hear was the audience laughing at the jokes. This may not be the ultimate goal of opera, but it is the most practical one for making it universally popular. It may even be a way of making it profitable instead of dependent on the beneficence of the rich.

In the meantime Mr. Simon has remade other librettos and we have even better singers than these. Only the other day I sat at the dress rehearsal of Alfano's "Madonna Imperia." It was being sung in Italian—for the most part by a Brooklyn boy and ■ New York girl; and it was to be billed with ■ Russian opera to be sung in French by ■ cast in which four out

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of the five principals were Americans. Ten years ago one would have thrilled at such recognition of our singers. But then, ten years ago such recognition would have come singly and at intervals. Now that it *was* here in numbers, one was merely aware that we were using seven English-speaking artists to sing grand opera in Italian and French.

The Metropolitan only points the case. Every so-called international opera house in the country from Philadelphia to the Coast is leaning more and more heavily on native-born singers. Even Fortunio Gallo's itinerant company combs them for recruits. We are furnishing the extraordinary spectacle of turning out first-class American artists to sing grand opera for their fellow-Americans in languages which neither understands.

We have been told rather forcibly of late that we need a new opera house. We do. But why stop at the building? We need new opera, too. We need it in the spirit of the modern theater, elastic and free from formulas. We need it also in the spirit of the musical world about us—all-embracing, intensely curious, and alive. And we need it as the American Opera Company is giving it to us—intelligible to eye, ear, and reason. To give it otherwise is to strangle it eventually with its own traditions. Let us have our Metropolitan, if only as a point of departure. But let us also have a house for opera in English that will be in consonance with our eclectic musical life. There is enough of a foreign population and cosmopolitan society to support the former, and enough musicians, one hopes, to do the same for the latter. And then there is always some Maecenas of the arts.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Actors to the Rescue

THEORETICALLY the sole duty of an actor is the interpretation of a text. If playwrights always knew exactly what they wanted to say and if they always knew, besides, just how it ought to be said, then the exploitation of a personality upon the stage would be as impertinent as the verbal "gagging" of a conceited comic and the best actor would be he who most nearly approached to Gordon Craig's ideal of the de-humanized but all-flexible marionette. Playwrights, however, do not always get even so far as having anything to say, and it is only by virtue of an illegitimate sort of acting that their works are rendered tolerable. Some man or woman with a charm, a pathos, or a greatness of his own supplies the deficiencies of the text out of his own humanity. He is himself alive enough to make an audience forget the deadness of the character he is supposed to be portraying and to fill with his own flesh and blood the void left by the author of a mere scenario. At his worst such an actor has only a small bag of tricks; at his best he can give us no more than a limited number of variants of himself; but in either event it is only to a very good play, to one very solid and complete in itself, that he is not an asset.

We all know by what delicate and carefully defined co-operation a perfect theatrical performance *should* be produced. At the top is the great and ideally articulate playwright. Just below him stands the director, gifted with the power of seizing the most subtle of that playwright's intentions. And below him are the actors, perfectly plastic—like clay in his hands or, more exactly, like puppets obedient to his fingers. The playwright has delivered the manuscript, the director has first meditated it in solitude and then experimented with his equipment. At last the great night comes. He pulls the strings; the puppets dance in perfect obedience to his will; and the thing which our author dreamed is bodied forth exactly as he dreamed it.

But this ideal is not, alas, very often realized, and it is at the top no less often than elsewhere that the defection begins. Our author has delivered himself of a monstrosity. It ambles along with the gait of a wind-broken horse and, likely enough, either the head or the heart has been entirely left out. The director, instead of meditating its perfections in long sessions of reverent thought, wonders what in heaven's name he can make out of such an abortion. Turning playwright himself, he, in consultation with the original author and his leading lady, performs various necessary surgical operations and grafts on a few select bits that have always helped in the past. Then finally, when he discovers that the chief character cannot be interpreted for the simple reason that there is nothing to interpret, he throws his hands in the air and, turning to the leading lady, he says: "Oh, for God's sake, just be yourself." This being, in general, the best thing which leading ladies do, she proceeds with a sigh of relief to do it, and the first-night audience (which has learned by this time not to expect too much) is presented with a thing of shreds and patches which, even at that, is probably better than it would have been if the actors and directors had undertaken to produce in the ideal way a work which is far from ideal. If the play is very dull but the actor a very interesting personality, he may help us to forget what he is called upon to say, and even at the very worst we are pleasantly aware that Miss Jones, the ingenue, is fetchingly gowned. Actors have been often blamed for getting in the way of the playwright's conception and I have sometimes blamed them myself, but one cannot very well interfere with intentions unless there are some visible intentions to interfere with.

Miss Pauline Lord is perhaps our finest exponent of what I have called (in a purely technical sense) "illegitimate" acting. She has a highly individual, vivid, interesting, and appealing personality; she always "exists" even when the role she is playing does not; and in "Salvation" (Empire Theater) she is once more clothing bare bones with the life which is her own. Only twice in her career has she had a play really worthy of her and though she has never, I think, ever got in between the audience and any conception of the author's more interesting than herself, there have been occasions when she and her role were engaged in a contest for supremacy from which she emerged victorious; but of "Salvation" it may at least be said that whatever its other defects it fits her perfectly. There is no conflict between the playwright and her, she is merely left to fill in what he left out, and she does it magnificently. Playing the role of an innocently sweet and childlike evangelist exploited by a calculating mother, a manager, and a press agent, she is alternately radiant and pathetic, exultant and crushed—now so much wiser and now so much simpler than those around her. They conquer her while, in a certain fashion, she conquers them, and Miss Lord succeeds in doing what few actresses could do—she makes her audience feel the charm and the magnetism which are supposed to hold a tabernacle hypnotized. The play itself is well enough as far as it goes, but it is to Miss Lord that the real credit for making it effective must be given.

The text leaves room for all the excellences she exhibits but it does not itself reveal them; it calls for a great woman but it leaves it to Miss Lord to convince us that that great woman is really there; and it is her triumph that she does just that. Without her "Salvation" would be only an ordinary play; with her it has moments of pathos and beauty. Some mention should also be made of the excellent work of Osgood Perkins as the press agent.

Roland Young in "The Queen's Husband" (The Playhouse), a neat but insignificant comedy by Robert Emmet Sherwood which contains some satire on Marie of Rumania, makes his play as Miss Lord has made hers. Mr. Young plays perfectly in the role of mild, downtrodden, lovable husband, and such a role—perhaps intentionally—has been supplied him here.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Nicaragua's Constitution

COLONEL HENRY L. STIMSON, personal representative in Nicaragua of President Coolidge, in May, 1927, forced the opposing armies in Nicaragua, under threat of further compulsion by the United States marines, to lay down their arms and to accept North American supervision of the coming 1928 election. The form of supervision was not at that time settled, but Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy early in January, 1928, presented the text of an election law drafted in Washington, which would make the American chairman of the Electoral Commission a virtual dictator. This law was to suspend the election law of 1923, drawn up by H. W. Dodds, an expert sent to Nicaragua by the State Department at that time. On January 17, after prolonged debate, the Nicaraguan House of Representatives, dominated by members of the Conservative Party, of which President Diaz, maintained in power by Colonel Stimson and the marines, is a member, rejected the Washington draft. David Stadthagen, Speaker of the House, on January 22 issued a statement explaining this action:

THE SPEAKER'S STATEMENT

It is not true, as certain news reports have given the American public to believe, that the Nicaraguan Congress has manifested hostility to the idea of American supervision of the elections in Nicaragua this year, or that the Nicaraguan Congress now seeks to defeat the purpose of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada peace agreement of last May. This trilateral agreement among the representatives of the President of the United States, the Nicaraguan Government, and the commander of the Liberal revolutionary army in the field was, in so far as Nicaragua was concerned, subject to ratification by the Congress of Nicaragua. Nicaragua being neither an absolute despotism nor under a dictatorship, but a constitutional republic, President Diaz obviously could not bind the Nicaraguan Government without express authority from the National Congress.

The Nicaraguan Congress, however, has not disavowed any of the ad referendum engagements assumed by President Diaz, but merely exercised the very natural and constitutional right of interpreting and ratifying the agreement and of determining what shall be the legal manner of its execution.

The agreement was signed as a result of Colonel Stimson's peace ultimatum. President Diaz, on learning from Colonel Stimson that President Coolidge had decided to undertake the pacification of Nicaragua and the solution of its electoral problem, accepted the Stimson-Moncada conditions out of a sincere desire to win for his country the blessings of an early peace, which we all devoutly hope may soon dawn for Nicaragua.

With a view of carrying out one of these conditions which required American supervision of the elections of 1928, the State Department presented to the Nicaraguan Government, for prompt enactment by the Nicaraguan Congress, without modification, a draft of a transitory electoral law, suspending the existing electoral law and giving to an American appointed by the President of the United States powers which under the constitution of Nicaragua can only be exercised by Congress. The Nicaraguan Congress, upon due examination of this draft, found that it contained provisions clearly contrary to both the letter and spirit of the Nicaraguan constitution.

Certain Americans and some Nicaraguans have taken the position that while the State Department's electoral law might possibly be unconstitutional, it was a part of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada bargain and should therefore be enacted regardless of

the question of constitutionality, the familiar argument being invoked that the end justifies the means. A majority of the members of the House of Representatives, however, have taken a somewhat different view, feeling that their constitutional oath may not lightly be disregarded, that a violation of the constitution is not a necessary part of the agreement, and that it is wholly unnecessary to violate the constitution in order to achieve the real ends sought. They believe that the national legislature of Nicaragua can only lay a solid foundation for future peace and orderly government by insisting on an unswerving adherence to the constitution in electing the new Government. . . .

The constitutional questions involved do not admit of a satisfactory exposition in a very brief document. The important and pertinent provisions of the constitution are that Congress alone has power to regulate voting and to qualify and declare the election of the President and Vice-President, hence these powers cannot be constitutionally taken away from Congress and given to an American electoral supervisor.

The constitution is most explicit in stating that these powers of Congress may not be delegated and that any official act executed without constitutional authority is null and void.

These constitutional limitations, it may be added, are the rule rather than the exception in the constitutions of republics. After so much Nicaraguan and American blood has been shed in civil war and in war carried on by the American intervention forces against certain rebels, it would seem a travesty of legality and a solemn mockery of the principles of constitutional government which the United States Government has so insistently proclaimed throughout the course of these gloomy events, were the culmination of it all to be the holding by American supervisors of elections under a law which was contrary to the Nicaraguan constitution and the effects of which legally could only be null and void. The Nicaraguan Congress has drafted a bill which it believes will not be in conflict with the constitution of Nicaragua and which will at the same time permit of effective American supervision.

The issues are whether Nicaragua is to have its elections conducted constitutionally or not, and whether the Nicaraguan Congress is to be allowed to apply the constitution of its own country, or whether it is to be coerced to accept an interpretation with which a majority of its members profoundly disagree. We feel convinced that these issues must be settled in accordance with the dictates of justice, constitutionality, reason and fair play, and not force. We have faith in President Coolidge's Havana declarations and in the high principles that have always inspired the decisions of the United States Government, and hope to find a sound constitutional formula to legalize the contemplated American electoral supervision in a manner satisfactory to all the interested parties.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S LAW

The text of the electoral law rejected by the Nicaraguan Congress follows. Portions held to violate the Nicaraguan constitution are printed in italics.

ARTICLE 1. In order to consummate the arrangement made between the Government of Nicaragua at its request, and the President of the United States whereby the latter will extend friendly assistance to the end that the election for the supreme authorities in the year 1928 may be free, fair, and impartial, the election law proclaimed on March 20, 1923, together with any laws or executive decrees which may subsequently have been passed or promulgated to amend or amplify said law, is hereby suspended during the period of said election. This act shall be known and may be cited as the Transitory Provisions Governing the Election of 1928. It shall take effect upon passage and shall continue in full force and effect until the said election of 1928 has been held and the results thereof proclaimed by Con-

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gress, and the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall have no force or effect until said results have been proclaimed.

ART. 2. For the purpose of said election of 1928, a National Board of Elections is hereby constituted, to consist of three persons, appointed by the President of Nicaragua as follows: A chairman, to be appointed upon the nomination of the President of the United States, and two political members, to be appointed in like manner upon the nomination of the executive committees of the Conservative and Liberal parties respectively. The chairman of the board shall be a citizen of the United States. Two political alternates, one of whom shall be a member of the Conservative Party and one a member of the Liberal Party, shall be chosen in the same manner as the regular political members. If any political member be unable or fails to perform the duties of his office temporarily on account of absence or other incapacity, his place shall be filled by the alternate during the period of absence or incapacity of such regular member. The members of the National Board of Elections and the alternates shall take possession of their offices from the President of the Republic of Nicaragua. *The President of Nicaragua shall remove from office any political member of the National Board of Elections or alternate upon recommendation of the chairman of the board, but no such removal shall be made without such recommendation. Any vacancy shall be filled as the original appointment.*

ART. 3. The National Board of Elections as constituted herein shall have full and general power and authority to supervise said election and to prescribe the regulations having the force of law for the registration of voters and for the casting and counting of their ballots and for any other matters properly appertaining to the election.

ART. 4. A majority of the National Board of Elections, *one of whom shall be the chairman*, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; provided that *the presence of the chairman alone* shall be deemed to constitute a quorum at an emergency meeting. An emergency meeting is one the holding of which is considered by the chairman to be indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election and which has been so designated by him in formal announcement, under one clear day's notice, to the political members and suplentes. No action or resolution of the board shall be *valid unless concurred in* by the American chairman, and in case of a tie vote the chairman shall have power to cast a second and deciding vote. The chairman shall also *have power to declare any action or resolution*, which in his judgment is indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election, *an emergency measure, and such measure shall come into full force and effect as an action or resolution of the National Board of Elections* twenty-four hours after its presentation at a formal meeting of said board as an emergency measure.

ART. 5. The National Board of Elections shall canvass the votes cast at the elections conducted under this Act, shall determine all questions and contests which may arise as to the validity and count of any such votes, and shall issue certificates of election to those lawfully elected to their respective offices. Such certificates shall be returnable to Congress, to which the National Board of Elections shall, in conformity with Article 83, clause 2, and Article 84, clause 2, of the constitution, transmit the report of the election in detail for certification and proclamation of the results of the election.

ART. 6. With respect to the said election of 1928, the National Board of Elections, *through its chairman*, is vested with the authority to command the services of the National Constabulary and to issue orders thereto for the purpose of preventing intimidation and fraud and of preserving law and order during the various acts of registration and voting.

ART. 7. The members of the National Board of Elections constituted under Section 2 of this Act shall hold office until the results of the election are proclaimed as provided in Section 4 thereof. Upon the taking possession of office by the members

of the said National Board of Elections, the term of office of each and all persons serving as members of election boards and electoral councils under the law of March 20, 1923, shall cease. Upon the proclamation of the results of the election as provided in Section 5, the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall be restored in full force and effect.

ART. 8. Upon the restoration of the electoral law of March 20, 1923, in full force and effect, as provided in the preceding section, the National Board of Elections and the several departmental boards of elections and electoral councils prescribed in said law shall forthwith be reconstituted in the manner provided by said law for the appointment of members of said boards and electoral councils respectively, and the basis for the selection of chairmen of the several departmental boards of election as prescribed in Section 22 of said law shall be the presidential election of 1928.

The respective terms of office of the members of all boards of election and electoral councils appointed in accordance with this section shall expire at the time they would have expired had such boards and councils been appointed to serve under the electoral law of March 20, 1923 in the election for the Supreme Authorities in the year 1928.

THE NICARAGUAN CONSTITUTION

The sections of the Nicaraguan constitution with which the McCoy law is said to conflict read as follows:

ART. 2. The sovereignty is one, inalienable, and imprescriptible, and resides essentially in the people, from whom the officials provided for by the constitution and laws derive their powers. Consequently, no compacts or treaties shall be concluded which are contrary to the independence and integrity of the nation, or which in any wise affect its sovereignty, except such as may look toward union with one or more republics of Central America.

ART. 3. Public officials shall have no other powers than those expressly conferred on them by law. All acts performed by them outside the law shall be void.

ART. 19. The following shall be rights of citizens: (1) Suffrage; (2) Holding public office; (3) Having and bearing arms, all in accordance with the law.

ART. 84. It shall be the duty of Congress: (2) To regulate the votes and judge and declare the election of President and Vice-President of the Republic, and to elect these officers in the cases provided by the constitution.

ART. 85. It shall be the duty of Congress when convened in separate sessions: (1) To enact, construe, revise, and repeal laws; . . . (7) To approve or disapprove the conduct of the Executive; . . . (8) To approve, amend, or abrogate treaties concluded with foreign nations; . . . (12) To determine the duties of the officials of the republic, and designate the territorial jurisdiction within which they are to act.

ART. 87. The powers of the legislative branch can not be delegated, except that of legislating in the departments of Public Works, Police, Charity, and Public Instruction, which may be delegated to the Executive during a recess of Congress; and the powers relating to the administration of the constitutional oath to officials whom it elects or declares elected.

ART. 114. The heads of departments must be citizens in the exercise of their right, natives of Nicaragua, laymen, and twenty-five years old.

All decrees, resolutions, and orders of the President must be authorized by the heads of the departments within their respective spheres.

ART. 134. All expenditures made outside the estimates shall be unlawful, and the official ordering payment and the employee making the payment shall be jointly responsible for the amount expended, without prejudice to whatever penalties may be incurred according to law.

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THE TIDE OF PROTEST against the President's naval program continues to rise, and it is now admitted by the jingo House Naval Affairs Committee, headed by that remarkable Quaker, Congressman Butler of Pennsylvania, that virtually the entire program asked by the General Board and indorsed by President Coolidge must be abandoned. This is a gratifying sign of an awakened public opinion. It looks as if the number of cruisers to be authorized would be fifteen, instead of the twenty-five asked, while the thirty-two submarines will not be authorized, the number of aircraft carriers will be cut to one or two, and the destroyer-leaders reduced to one. Further, the committee has receded from the position it took last month that whatever ships were authorized should be pushed to completion by a given date, thus giving the President no power to stop construction. This is a great step forward. The jingoes are also discovering how weak a reed Mr. Coolidge is to lean upon, for they are confronted at every turn with the President's assertion in his message of 1926 that "no navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours, and none surpasses it." The reading of this to the House Committee by a protesting clergyman led Representative Woodruff, Republican, of Michigan, to declare that

when the President wrote that he did not know what he was talking about. If this was treason in his own party camp, we go a step further. We maintain that Mr. Coolidge has never known from month to month what he was talking about, for his whole record on this navy question is one of contradiction and of blowing hot and cold.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENT of the navy situation is, however, the declaration of a British technical journal of high authority, the *Engineer*, that the reason for the admiralty's abandoning its plan to build two 10,000-ton cruisers is the decision of the leading British experts that cruisers are an inefficient type of warship. Says the *Engineer*:

Proportionate to their size they are the most vulnerable warships ever built. It is difficult to see how they could survive a determined attack on them, the success of which would involve not merely the loss of a costly ship, but the lives of seven hundred people crowded into her fragile hull. No wonder, then, that most naval opinion in every country but the United States favors the reversion to a more reasonable type of cruiser.

Our British contemporary need not wonder about the United States. Ever since the new American navy was founded we have copied foreign methods and plans. As far back as 1915 the head of our submarine flotilla testified that he wanted larger submarines, and when asked by the House Naval Committee why he wanted submarines of that particular size could give no other answer than that the Navy Department understood that the new German U-boats were of that type. He admitted that he had never seen any plans of them or made any study as to whether the boats of that type were adapted to our coast and our fleet needs. The United States Navy, we prophesy, will abandon the 10,000-ton cruisers just as soon as it finally hears that foreign experts think them of no value. Yet it was about the 10,000-ton cruisers, as well as the 8-inch guns, that the whole controversy at Geneva raged, and because of disagreement on them the conference adjourned with the British and American delegates equally disgraced.

MR. HUGHES'S ELOQUENCE in the closing days of the Havana Conference apparently stopped a growing landslide of opposition to the privilege of intervention claimed by the United States. A subcommittee had rejected the weasel-worded text offered by Dr. Maurtua of Peru; unanimous agreement was equally impossible upon the Rio de Janeiro text, which flatly banned intervention. Dr. Guerrero of Salvador brought up the Rio text at a plenary session, and asked for a vote. A dozen delegations expressed their approval. It took the full force of Mr. Hughes's magnetic personality to prevent what would have been a sweeping condemnation of United States policy. Even the Latin yields to the moral vigor of Mr. Hughes's eloquent self-righteousness. The United States spokesman had no doubt as he spoke that God was with him. Unfortunately for the second thoughts of the Latin delegates,

God was not in his logic. "What are we to do when government breaks down?" he cried. "Are we to see our American citizens butchered?" To such floods of emotional oratory the only answer is calm fact. There was no threat of butchery when Wilson landed troops in Vera Cruz, no pretense that an American hair was threatened when he took over the administration of Haiti and of the Dominican Republic, nor even when Admiral Latimer on Christmas Eve, 1926, seized Puerto Cabezas, clapped down a censorship, and announced neutral zones that prevented further Sacasa victories in Nicaragua. Mr. Hughes's speech sounded well, and apparently its emotional quality cowed the delegates of the Latin Governments, but it was totally irrelevant. We do not intervene to protect lives; the primary concern of the State Department, and the cause of our military policing, is property.

QUITE PROPERLY the House committee dealing with the question of Mississippi River control has reported to the House of Representatives a bill which in its every aspect throws overboard the recommendations of the Army engineers which were approved by President Coolidge and transmitted by him to Congress for action. Never, in our judgment, will the Congress have disregarded one of President Coolidge's recommendations to better purpose than if this bill should become law. Primarily the committee has decided that the federal government shall bear the entire cost of the new flood-control work, whereas Mr. Coolidge and the engineers wished to assess 20 per cent of the cost upon the stricken States. Next, the committee has raised the sum to be spent from \$290,400,000 to \$473,000,000, and thirdly, the proposed bill sets up a flood-control commission of seven members, to include civilian engineers and scientists, whereas the Administration plans only to continue to intrust the work to the army engineers, with the Mississippi River Commission as an advisory body. This is genuine statesmanship; the army engineers having blundered in their levee plan during all these years ought certainly not to be given complete control of the new work, and are properly relegated to a minority position in the new commission, which will take the place of the old one as soon as the bill becomes law.

OF COURSE, there will be a great outcry from the Administration about the greatly increased cost and its effect upon the economy program, but the last man to remonstrate on that score should be President Coolidge with his ill-digested and incessantly changing naval increase proposals which, if adopted, would waste \$750,000,000, for no constructive purpose. Finally, the Senate committee has demanded the attendance of Herbert Hoover. This is hard for a candidate who has tried to dodge the issue, although he had charge of the flood-relief work, has a great reputation as an engineer, and might be expected to have decided ideas as to what form the permanent prevention of further disasters should take. But the difficulty for this compromiser has been that Mr. Coolidge wanted the States to bear part of the cost, and the river States felt that the federal government should assume the entire burden, and the House committee has now decided that it should. Now if Mr. Hoover appears this week before the Senate committee and declares against the President, his course cannot be expected to make the White House more enthusiastic

for Mr. Hoover's candidacy. If, on the other hand, he should stand with the President, the Southern States will rise as one man against him, and it may not be as easy to obtain the votes of their delegates to the Republican Convention. Life is hard for the politician, especially when he is a member of a Cabinet and without the courage of his convictions.

NOW THAT WINTER is almost over, and the Colorado coal strike has passed its peak, the federal courts have begun to function again in that State. When conditions were acute miners were locked up and held incommunicado without charges; but Judge J. Foster Symes has just ruled that neither the Governor, the Adjutant General, nor the National Guard has any right to hold men without charges or admission to bond. Accordingly four strike sympathizers, including our correspondent, Frank L. Palmer, have been released from illegal detention, but without compensation. Another United States district judge, Frank H. Kerrigan, has helped reestablish respect for law and decency in California. Although the Chinese population of the United States has been declining decade by decade the immigration authorities at San Francisco have a habit of annoying Chinese merchants and students arriving at that port in quite uncalled-for fashion. It usually costs a Chinese more in time and in money to get from Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay, to the mainland, than it does to travel from Hongkong to Angel Island. Even after landing Chinese are subjected to unusual bureaucratic persecution. One Chinese student who was deported not long ago—his friends say because of his revolutionary sympathies—was executed on arrival in North China. Somewhat later Tsiang Hsi-tseng, a student, was arrested, charged at first with being "red." He had applied for admission to Columbia University, but pending decision he was held in San Francisco. As a non-quota immigrant he could remain here only as a student. Detention in San Francisco cost him his student status, and when their first charge fell through the bullying immigration authorities sought to deport him as no longer a bona-fide student. Judge Kerrigan, however, held that "the rule cannot be construed to require them to do more than in good faith to try to continue their studies."

GOVERNOR ED JACKSON of Indiana, charged with conspiracy to bribe, has been acquitted upon order of the presiding judge because there was no evidence that he had sought to keep the crime dark. Judge McCabe may have been legally correct in asserting that the statute of limitations had run, that Governor Jackson had not been indicted within two years of the commission of his crime, that there had been no evidence of continuing conspiracy to conceal the act, and that therefore under the laws of Indiana there was no ground for conviction. But what an appalling garbage-heap is Indiana politics if such a governor can profit by such a plea, and continue to hold office. Former Governor Warren T. McCray, recently released from prison himself; Fred B. Robinson, former State Purchasing Agent; and D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and boss of the Republican Party in Indiana, testified that Jackson, with others, had offered \$10,000 and a promise of immunity in the courts, if McCray, then Governor, would name Jackson's man Prosecuting Attorney. Jackson did not go on the witness-stand. He an-

nounces that it was only out of consideration for the Republican politicians with whom he was indicted that he consented to permit his attorneys to make the technical motion for an instructed verdict. If Indiana likes politicians who set loyalty to fellow-conspirators above loyalty to the State, Indiana may have its Ed Jackson. In that she will not be very different from certain other States.

WE ARE CALLOUSED by corruption. We have become used to the spectacle of politicians and millionaires using the trickery of the law to stave off justice. The tactics of the oil men in Washington are a disgrace to the national conscience. Harry Sinclair's attorneys are now claiming that they hired Burns detectives to investigate the mortgage on a juror's home because they feared that some of Sinclair's enemies might pay it off! Business men are not surprised at the disclosure of the deal by which a fictitious oil company, organized for the purpose, made \$3,000,000 in a day and then went out of business, nor are politicians appalled at the disclosure that a part of the loot went to pay the campaign deficit left from the campaign which made Harding President. There is no indignation because Will Hays, former United States Postmaster General and chairman of the 1924 Republican Campaign Committee, testified under oath that it was "libelous" and false that Sinclair bonds went into his party's campaign chest. Mr. Hays will now blithely assert that he did not know, and no one will hold his previous lie against him. In New York City we have our own legal farce, with the astute Mr. Max Steuer successfully defying the State and using the courts to prevent investigation of Borough President Maurice E. Connolly's curious habits in granting profitable sewer contracts. Sinclair, branded as "corrupt" by the federal Supreme Court, is still an honored director of the Petroleum Institute, and no active oil man has seconded Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion that the skulking oil officers return from Europe and tell the whole truth. It seems to be an accepted canon of American ethics that loyalty to corrupt friends outranks loyalty to the American people.

THE INTERBOROUGH Rapid Transit Company of New York City, which operates the dirtiest and most crowded subway cars in the world, has lately come before the courts with two extraordinary demands. The first was a request for an injunction to prevent the American Federation of Labor from organizing its employees on the ground that they had signed a contract not to belong to any union except the company's own during their employment. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court has refused such an injunction, holding that the agreement between company and men is one-sided and inequitable, not truly a voluntary contract at all. If adopted elsewhere, this view is a highly important gain for labor and may lead to a re-examination of many agreements, including the "yellow-dog contracts" in the West Virginia coal mines. The other demand of the Interborough is still before the courts. It is an attempt to break its contract with the city for a five-cent fare on the ground that so low a rate is confiscatory. As a precedent the company urges the action of the courts in overthrowing the one-dollar-gas law passed by the New York Legislature. There is no similarity between the cases. The gas decision involves no contract; it was concerned with conditions which the companies had opposed from the start.

If the Interborough can break its agreement with New York City, it seems to us that there is no contract left that is worth the paper it is written on.

WHO PREVENTED Charles Yale Harrison, American newspaper man, from landing in Honduras? Harrison had a commission from Big News Features, a Macfadden syndicate, to follow Carleton Beals's trail into Nicaragua. He had a passport, properly visaed; but when he sought to land at Puerto Cortez, the commandante of the port told him "You may not land." Asked why, the commandante said, "I am not to give you a reason." The American consul gave Mr. Harrison no assistance. Now, Mr. Harrison had been engaged in defense work for Sacco and Vanzetti, and in other mildly radical activity in New York; but it is extremely unlikely that Honduran secret-service agents in New York had been following his trail. Honduras is not blessed with Burns detectives. If the Honduran Government learned that Mr. Harrison, a radical, was on his way to Central America hoping to see Sandino, and decided to keep him out, it is reasonable to suppose that it acted upon a tip from our own State Department. There is no other explanation. It is the business of the State Department to defend the rights of American citizens abroad, not to infringe upon them, and a radical has precisely the same right to its services as a bank president. When it secretly spies upon American citizens and prods little republics into doing its dirty work for it, the State Department sets itself a new mark in petty meanness.

IN THE LOWER HALF of the fourth column of the second page of the second news section of the New York Times for Sunday, February 19, appeared a dispatch stating that an American ship-captain at Amoy, attempting to shoot an alleged flour-thief, hit and killed a Chinese boatman, and that the dock-laborers of the port had accordingly gone on strike. The Times, in giving the dispatch an inconspicuous position, judged news values precisely as did thousands of other American newspapers. If an American had been shot by a Chinese, the fact would have flamed across five thousand front pages. What's the difference?

WINTER HAS BEEN KIND this season, and the February thaws bring a less sudden relief. But the maple sap and the robins recognize the calendar; and although the ground is still hard and heavy, the seed catalogues renew their perennial charm. In midwinter their colors seem crass, and the legends obviously exaggerated; but as March draws near faith follows hope, and visions of tomatoes neatly tied, of peas that do not sprawl, of abundant lima beans, headed lettuce, rust-proof roses, ever-flowering larkspur, early zinnias, blue poppies, sweet peas fresh in August, stately hibiscus float through the steam-heated mind, and the wildest superlatives of the seedsman's copy-writer become part of a vision of a weedless garden. Three years does not seem too long to wait for asparagus, and one ponders over the catalogue's account of the simplicity of mushroom-growing. One plans new stone walls and new rock gardens; vines grow where they are asked to, and trees put out branches as the pruner willed; one fertilizes and cultivates with constant zeal. These are the most ardent weeks of the garden year—before the soil is ready for the first plunge of the back-breaking spade.

Asquith, Last of a Line

NO statesman of the modern world can have been more completely typical of an institution and a national culture than H. H. Asquith, the last old-Liberal Prime Minister of Britain, whom in the evening of his day we had to speak of as the Earl of Oxford. Asquith was a northern Englishman who came of Yorkshire stock, non-conformist in religion. His mental habit was formed by "the grand old fortifying classical curriculum." He was the ablest, if not the most brilliant, of that band of young Britons (Milner, Curzon, Edward Grey, and the rest) who were trained at Oxford in the privileges of the English governing class by Jowett of Balliol. Before he left the university his eminence in the law and his attainment of the highest political office were taken for granted. He was already master of that sonorous eloquence which, as Ramsay MacDonald said in his obituary tribute, was destined to lull the watchful intelligence of his opponents to sleep.

Asquith never grew. What he was at the end he had been as a fledgling lawyer—extraordinarily complete and assured, polished, imperturbable. The volume of his speeches published three months before his death showed that the mastery of logic and phrase which the world associated with him during the nine years of his premiership was no less perfect when he entered Parliament forty years ago. His style of speaking was as remote from the style of Gladstone as from that of Disraeli, and it was much closer to the classic tradition than either. Measured and weighted with adjectives, it was never anything but lucid, admitting of no surprises and hardly any glow, and only too frequently marked by the lawyer's aridity; but immensely powerful and effective in Parliament as on the platform. After he became Prime Minister Asquith fell into the habit not only of writing his speeches but of reading them. The series of orations made in the first year of the war (a series far more adequately expressing the national mind of England than Lloyd George's utterances ever did) were delivered from manuscript. But Asquith was so thorough a master of expression, and so organically one with his manner, that to the end he could speak in debate with the rounded periods of his set performances. His greatest distinction lay in his sense of the dignity of public life. To that he was unwaveringly faithful. No politician of his time was more free from pettiness than he. It is a most noteworthy fact that in almost half a century of political controversy his opponents did not hold against him a single remembered word of harshness or unfairness.

Asquith was first and last a parliamentarian. In directing the House of Commons he displayed not only eminent powers of mind, but a skill and understanding that were not easily associated with his reserved character and detached bearing. He had no popular gifts. He could never be induced to cultivate the press. When in the final encounter with Lloyd George, after the general strike of 1926, Asquith learned that the party newspapers had nearly all gone over to his rival, the discovery must have been a bitter blow to him. But so long as the leading place in Parliament was his, his command was absolute. He was more completely master of the House than any Prime Minister had been since Pitt, for his authority was ex-

ercised without the assertiveness and angularity which, in the case of every leader from Peel to Balfour, had provoked and sustained the enmity of the opposition.

Asquith won, and deserved, credit for abolition of the Lords' veto, but the main credit for the measures of social amelioration which marked the Liberal administration before 1914 has been given to Lloyd George. It belonged of right to Asquith, who never claimed credit even for old-age pensions, although he had provided for them in his own budget before, on his elevation to the Premiership, he called Lloyd George to his old post as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Without Asquith's steadiness the Lloyd George program could never have been carried through. As cabinet chief and colleague, Asquith was generous and loyal; but his friends conceded that there was one crucial occasion when he fell short of his own standard. That was in the first year of the war when the mob demanded the dismissal from the Government of Lord Haldane, the man who had introduced Asquith to politics and had been one of the conspicuous successes of the Liberal administrators. Asquith surrendered him.

His essential adherence to principle could not be questioned, yet in Asquith's record we may find a series of capitulations, several of them momentous. For the disaster to Irish Home Rule before 1914 he was not to blame, and seven years later he manfully denounced the iniquity of the Black-and-Tans. He was outspoken in 1919 about the Treaty of Versailles. But as early as Boer War days he had faltered, separating from his outspoken chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and revealing himself as the familiar type of "liberal imperialist." His treatment of the woman-suffrage movement was deplorable, and in the supreme crisis of 1916 he committed Britain to universal military service after having made the solemn affirmation that if the majority wanted conscription they must get another Prime Minister to carry it out. Asquith's word was a word of majesty; but it could at times be forgotten.

He had no popular arts. There was no pettiness or jealousy in him. If his last encounter with Lloyd George revealed a decline in his superb intellectual power and even the fraying of a temper never previously damaged, we should remember that for ten years he had been withstanding the politician whose monument is a Liberal Party in ruins. But whether, if the Lloyd George of 1918-1922 had not emerged, Asquith could ever have governed a post-war England is another matter altogether. Long ago he had reduced the tariff nostrums of a Chamberlain to powder. By a display of triumphant generalship he had set the Commons above the Lords. He was capable of a fine magnanimity toward Ramsay MacDonald, and that at a moment when the English Liberals, aided by the simplicity of Stanley Baldwin, had come almost within sight of the goal; but his mind was closed. His logical processes were those of 1870. His formulas were an echo. To that England which, burdened and bewildered, is now painfully coming to realize that the old simple world has vanished he had nothing to say. He was the last of his line. Thomas Hardy, Haig, Asquith; the great oaks of the British forest seem to be falling fast.

The Power Lobby Wins

NOT in the memory of many Senators and Congressmen has there been in Washington as bold and brazen a lobby as that which, on February 15, defeated the Walsh resolution for an investigation by a Senate committee of the public utility corporations doing an inter-State business. The investigation was referred to the Federal Trade Commission, a body notoriously inefficient so far as achieving anything worth-while is concerned. There the inquiry will drag along its weary length until the whole matter is forgotten. Certainly there is not the slightest reason to believe that any inquiry undertaken by the present Trade Commission, packed with Coolidge appointees, will amount to anything.

We repeat that the lobby defeated this measure. It was not public opinion, or the President, or any party policy, or any pretense whatsoever that a Trade Commission inquiry would be more effective in bringing out the facts which the American people ought to have if they are to work out an adequate legislative policy for control of the public-utility corporations and development of a sound super-power policy. The simple fact is that the corporations to be investigated took charge of the situation, through their lobby, although it was denounced on the floor of the Senate, and proceeded to have done what they wanted done. The interests of one of the corporations affected were in the hands of a \$50,000-a-year vice-president, recently appointed and charged with the duty of attending to "public relations." There was even witnessed the amazing spectacle of an ex-Senator of the United States, the turncoat ex-Progressive, Irvine Lenroot, of Wisconsin, now the head of a group of lawyers representing from fifty to sixty law firms in different cities of the country—all retained to oppose the Senate inquiry—using his privilege as an ex-Senator to appear upon the floor of the Senate itself in behalf of his clients. Money was spent like water—if not to purchase votes, to procure the flooding of the Senate with petitions, letters, and printed matter.

The excuse given was, of course, that to intrust the inquiry to a Senate committee would mean irresponsible muck-raking in the months just before the Presidential campaign, when, it was alleged, the whole matter would be thrown into the domain of party politics. There were too many such investigations, it was explained, already being carried on by the Senate. The validity of this charge is apparent when one recalls that the Trade Commission has been conducting twelve major investigations this winter, seven of which were instituted by Congress and five undertaken of its own accord. These twelve investigations deal with stock dividends, petroleum prices, bread and flour, electric power, cooperative marketing, price bases, Dupont investments, lumber-trade associations, open-price associations, the cotton-seed industry, blue-sky securities, and retail price maintenance. While some of these have been concluded and have been reported on, it can hardly be maintained that the docket of the Commission is so clear of inquiries as to make it possible for it to take up a far-reaching inquiry of the kind the power situation calls for.

It is, of course, also true that the Senate has a number of investigations of its own on hand, such as those of our diplomatic service, of the S-4 disaster, of the election of

Mr. Vare, of the coal situation, and of the Continental Trading Company, which last is netting such rich revelations as to the campaign fund of 1920. But no one can deny that the Federal Trade Commission has a record neither for severity nor thoroughness in dealing with a subject of this kind, nor that an inquiry by a Senate committee would attract far greater public attention and interest than anything the Federal Trade Commission could possibly do.

So the lobby carried through its program by a vote of 46 to 31. The Senate sat until late in the evening, and the debate was one of the bitterest in years. It made no difference that Senator Walsh of Montana, who introduced the bill, pointed out that the Trade Commission was precluded by law from examining the alleged political activities and connections of the power corporations, and that that was precisely one of the objectives that a Senate inquiry would and should have. The only satisfactory thing about the resolution as passed is that it required the Commission to make a preliminary report within thirty days as to the financing of electric and gas companies furnishing power and light in inter-State business. The lineup of Senators speaks for itself. Those Republicans who voted for an honest investigation were Blaine, Capper, Couzens, Cutting, Johnson, La Follette, McMaster, McNary, Norbeck, Norris, and Nye. Paired in favor of a Senate inquiry were, naturally, Borah, Brookhart, Howell, Frazier, Shipstead, and King (Dem.). Among the Democrats who stood up with the Progressive Republicans were Dill, Hawes, Gerry, Glass, Walsh of Massachusetts, Walsh of Montana, Wagner, Wheeler, Reed of Missouri, and Harrison. It is sufficient to point out that the bill as passed was favored by Bingham, Edge, Gillett, Reed of Pennsylvania, Smoot, Warren, Watson, Willis, Heflin, Blease, Caraway, and Bruce in order to establish our contention that the reference of the matter to the Trade Commission was contrary to the interests of the people of the United States.

America's Vaudeville

THE great American sport of Red-baiting was not abandoned in 1920 or thereabouts. That was the year it reached national popularity, being presently superseded by mah jong and the cross-word puzzle. But even today, while the mah jong set rots under the table, there are persons who not only snoop into the affairs of their fellow citizens but earn a living by publishing "findings" to selected organizations and individuals.

The Reserve Officers' Association is one of the busiest of these "investigators," and, according to its own statement, it is "associated with seventy-seven other patriotic societies." Together with the Key Men of America, under the directorship of one Fred R. Marvin, it manages to keep track of most of the "radical" and "subversive" activities in the United States. The *New York World*, in a series of articles on Mr. Marvin and his coworkers, is unkind enough to call their work "espionage." But surely it is espionage in a good cause, since it supplies "voluminous and authentic information of the leaders and organizations identified with the Communist world-revolution movement in this country" and are "now waging a relentless war against all those who would pull down our public institutions, national standards, and democratic ideals."

Who are identified with the "Communist world-revolution movement in this country"? Mr. Marvin and the other patriots inform us. For example, we read these notes:

John Dewey. The *New Republic* of March 2, 1921, calls him an "advanced liberal."

W. E. Burghardt DuBois. In February and March he toured the country to build up a friendly sentiment toward the Negro.

Zona Gale. She . . . is said to stand in with the Communist crowd.

Senator Robert Marion La Follette, Jr. During his father's life he was his secretary.

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken [President of Vassar College]. In the *Forum* of December, 1926, the following statement appears: "Dr. MacCracken has made it publicly known that cookery is not his ideal of a liberal education for women."

George Foster Peabody. He is interested in Negro schools, being a trustee of the American Church Institute for Negroes, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The latter is said to be a hotbed of race equality.

This is by no means the entire list. It includes Jane Addams, for instance, and designates her as the "most dangerous woman in America." Scabbard and Blade, the national fraternity of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, describes these Bolsheviks in one of its bulletins:

The biographical sketches herewith given hit only the "high spots" in the careers of but a very small percentage of that element in our country who, possessed of constipated mentality, engaged in their favorite pastime of tearing down, offer nothing constructive as an alternative for a supposed solution of the all-embracing subject matter of national defense.

It is easy to be flippant about such a list and such a style. We know, for example, that Mr. MacCracken is not desirous of pulling down a single national standard; that John Dewey is one of the great philosophers of his country; we know that Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin and Bishop Benjamin Brewster of Maine and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and J. Henry Scattergood and Mary E. Woolley and Senator Borah—all of whom are on the list—are not "red," are not traitors to America, are infinitely removed from "the Communist world-revolution movement." Nevertheless, when one has a good laugh over lists such as these, a residuum of annoyance remains. Lecturers are interfered with, meetings are forbidden, all sorts of petty difficulties result from the industry of men like Mr. Fred R. Marvin, men who think that "radical" and "bolshevik" and "communist" and "liberal" and "pacifist" and "socialist" are synonyms. Ignorance is only funny up to a certain point. After that it becomes dangerous. It was dangerous in the years just after the war. It was dangerous when it caused pecuniary loss and bodily injury to decent and hard-working men and women—as many, many times it did. It was dangerous when it built up barriers between these men and women and the admirable work they were trying to do. And having been dangerous once, it can be dangerous again. We can laugh at our Fred R. Marvins and our Key Men for a while. But there is work to do in America. The acrobats, the trained seals, the trapeze performers, the song-and-dance men must give way to the endeavors of men like John Dewey, of women like Jane Addams, who have a vision that concerns the men and women of the United States, and their children; who are willing to devote them-

selves to the carrying out of that vision to the end that this country may be a better and more enduring place even for the Fred R. Marvins to live in.

The Loneliest Man

LINDBERGH, we read, had a little difficulty with his motor in taking off from Havana, but soon he got the cylinders to working smoothly and, after circling back over the Cuban field to flash a signal that all was well, he disappeared "over the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico," bound for St. Louis, where, as everybody knew, thousands would be waiting the next day for him to descend. It was only another solitary flight; but it brought home to us the full loneliness of this eagle who has crossed an ocean and covered a continent with only the curving earth beneath him for company.

There was a thrill last year in realizing that he had had none but himself to talk to while he drove through sleet and sun and dark past Newfoundland and Ireland to France; and the news that once he had swooped down to ask of a fishing-vessel how far he was from the coast of Ireland merely gave charming emphasis to the fact. Now, however, he has done it once too often for us to feel comfortable any more about it. Not to speak of all the American cities he has flown between, he has threaded the countries of the Caribbean on the rosary of his triumph; and we cannot help thinking of him as of one condemned so to exist—condemned to live aloft, out of all contact with us except that contact which is established through the sound of his cylinders as they pass over our heads, or through the clicking of telegraph keys as they tell us where he is.

Even when he descends among men he is alone. The receptions must long ago have begun to be meaninglessly alike. First the rush of people over the field; then the clearing of a place to land; then the stepping out and shaking of hands, followed so soon by the uncereemonious flight to safety on the folded top of an official automobile; and at last the dinner where all the talk is of the air he has just come roaring through, and of the further air he will go roaring through when his brief engagement is fulfilled. Always the emphasis on his being up there alone—the "lone eagle," brought down now for inspection but quickly to be released for other flights. Go on, Lindbergh. The air is your element. You are a symbol, and it does not take long to look at a symbol. God bless you, but go on.

"From now on until further notice," he announced in St. Louis, "I am in retirement. I need a rest in private life and am going to try to get it." We hope he will. We hope that for a long time to come he will be let alone—which means, paradoxically enough, that he may henceforth be less lonely. Only in the privacy he speaks of can he find human company, only with his feet on the ground can he cease to be something more—or less—than a human being. Our information is that before long he will fly the Spirit of St. Louis to Washington and put it in a glass case at the Smithsonian Institution. With that act, melancholy as it may be in some respects, it is possible that he will himself end his career as a museum piece. He is a great man, but he has been asked to pay too lonely a penalty for his greatness. The kindest thing we could do for the moment would be to forget him.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

MANY feel that Monday is a dull day in the papers but not for me because that is the morning that they print the sermons. Some prefer to hear the preachers by radio and I have even known those who went to churches, but my own inclination leans to the press reports. There within the compass of eight columns the reader has spread before him the entire range of doctrine. Brimstone burns if he wants it while to the right a Unitarian admits that he is doubtful if there is any such thing as the hope of Heaven.

Browsing on divergent doctrine, one cannot escape the impression that church unity is still a long way off. The differences between these various sects remain pretty fundamental. Potter and Straton cannot both be right and it will require the mightiest of engineers to build a bridge between them. Only in one respect is there hope of unanimity in every pulpit. Obviously the Christian churches cannot agree concerning God and His nature but I do not see why they should not come together by virtue of their attitude about the Devil. Naturally one must expect some little argument as to the precise length of his horns and disagreement on the issue whether or no his pitchfork is practical. Some see him as a stoutish man in red silk tights and others know him as a principle of evil. There is as yet no commandment which forbids the faithful to take Satan's name in vain or even to call him just a symbol.

Whatever the differences of opinion all the preachers regard him with an emotion so lively in its content that it is not easy to separate this feeling of terror from one of admiration. If the clergy falls at all short of the injunction to be God-fearing, amends are made by the palpable panic which is inspired by the Devil. In the *New York Times* I read: "Healthy-Mindedness Draws Pastor's Ire." At first glance I thought there was some mistake about the headline. But the label was adequately supported by the story. The Rev. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, according to the paper, "took the youth of America to task for subscribing to the code of moral behavior which has come to be known as the 'cult of healthy-mindedness.'" "There is no awe," he said, "in such a code of living and no humility." And further he added that he looked on those who do right simply because they lack the courage to do wrong as "not genuinely good," but as "moral cowards," adding that, "if cowardice is all that keeps one doing right, then one is leading the furtive life."

Universally, preachers seem to believe that vice is by many leagues more attractive than virtue. This is logical enough for fundamentalists who insist upon the actuality of the fall of Adam. Yet even modernists insist that man is a pretty poor creature unless he chins himself with regularity upon some code of transcendental ethics. Since Rousseau there has been almost no theologic philosopher to state the case for the noble savage. Seemingly there is general agreement that there can be no good living without a program. Haphazard goodness and instinctive righteousness have gone completely out of fashion. And yet I must contend that within my own experience most of the decent acts which I have ever done, or seen in others, were matters less of principle than impulse. As an undergraduate I had a

room-mate who was agnostic while I was strict Episcopalian. Always I argued that but for my faith I would leave the dormitory on the instant and indulge in a life of the greatest depravity. It was my notion that nothing stood between me and the career of Casanova but the Book of Common Prayer. Unfortunately, I talked with such fire and sincerity that my atheistical friend was pretty well convinced of the validity of my inclinations. Himself a sober and industrious junior, he looked with awe on me as one whose volcanic passions were but insufficiently banked by dogma which seemed to him of little worth or moment.

In later years, but still within the flush of youth I may add, the doctrines to which I once subscribed grew dimmer. Shaw was the one and "Man and Superman" the book which took me pretty completely out of the fold. And this divorce from dogma filled me at first with hot elation. I watched myself in wonder, expecting that from this day forth I would have no civil word for any man and rather more than that for women. Nothing happened.

If I had been sinless up to the time of my conversion things might have been very different. But, as sometimes happens, a few of the things which had been assigned to the life of an agnostic had managed to creep into the existence of a Christian. It has been said that transgressions committed with an epilogue of remorse are more fascinating than any others. This I doubt. It is just as easy to assail yourself for silly conduct as for sinful. If and when these feet carry me to the mourners' bench there will be no resulting disclosures rich enough to startle the congregation. Still I have danced and dined and before the Volstead act I was acquainted with the taste of liquor. Since I plan presently to write a book entitled "My Seventy Years of Journalism" it is just as well to have in reserve a few things less than admirable. There must be at least some corner of contrition in any biography worthy of the reader's attention. In print vice does seem more attractive than virtue. Yet even on this side of forty there is ample room to debate the proposition that reasonable righteousness is more fun than whoopee.

The Devil as the perfect host has been vastly overrated. It is not so much his lack of kindness as his absence of taste and discretion. Nor is he equipped with any saving sense of humor. The trouble with preachers is that they are ignorant when they contend that man would inevitably graze on vine leaves but for fences. The theological schools should look to this. In every one throughout the land I suggest the establishment of a course (lectures and laboratory work) to be called General Depravity I. There might even be Advanced Depravity. The examination for the students in both courses should consist of just a single question: "Did you really like it?" Those who say "Yes" should not pass but be sent instead to fit themselves as entertainers in night clubs, prohibition agents, or bootleggers. The ministry is not for them. Only burnt children should get up in pulpits. No, not that; better the slightly scorched ones. Then on a Sunday morning the preacher might speak of the primrose path and refrain from smacking his lips as he does so. He will be in a position to say that though it's all right for a visit he would not like to live there.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

II.

On the Sandino Front

By CARLETON BEALS

*By cable from Managua, Nicaragua,
February 20*

GRIPPE had me nailed to a cross; my bones were cracking with fever, but at eight o'clock at night we set out in a driving storm. We wove in and out of the back alleys of the town, took to the meadow, and sought at full gallop the southeast trail. Dogs barked, doors flashed open, but we vanished, leaving many to wonder what travelers were doing on the road at such an hour in such a storm. The rain poured down its floods upon us endlessly.

Up over the ridge we rode, and down into a slot of valley which was a sea of fireflies. Flashlights in hand, we slid sickeningly along the edges of cliffs which veiled inky nothingness. My oilskins and my fever made me feel burning hot, but my knees grew wetter and wetter. The water ran down inside my puttees to my freezing feet. About eleven the rain slackened and we stopped to take a drink of whiskey a guard against exposure. A thousand apprehensions still made us uneasy. The sound of hoofs, the crackle of oilskins, seemed to echo and magnify into an army of pursuit there beyond us in the dark where the fireflies lit a thousand watchfires. At eleven-thirty a thin moon was following over our left shoulders, slinking along like a tawny, famished mountain cat through the tangled branches and clouds. Mountain and valley made velvet-black silver patterns of shifting beauty. At midnight the wind and rain again dashed great sluices of water at us.

We stopped in a wayside cabin where lived a friend of Mariano, our guide, to ask about frontier troops. An Indian rose naked out of a red blanket. Two days ago, he told us, there were no troops on this trail, but they were expected tomorrow. We decided to time our arrival at the crucial point at daybreak, so we sought to rest in front of the Indian hut under a shelter of branches. We passed two hours trying vainly to sleep in our damp clothes.

On again for endless hours, up over ridges, down into valleys, here past cultivated fields, there through long cactus lanes, at other times through dense woods. Finally the morning star beckoned us through tangled jungle tracts known only by our guide. Dawn greeted us at a ford where a silver river was walled in by silver trees. Just beyond, on a hill above an enormous twisted metapalo tree, we approached a large thatched Indian cabin still in the morning shadow.

"When did the troops go up into Escuapa (the next town)?" "They went up two days ago and came back yesterday," was the surly response. We were relieved, but

remained cautious. At eight o'clock we came to a straggling line of Indian shacks on a razorback ridge—Escuapa. There were no troops, but the sun was tobogganing gleefully down a mangy mountain. We drank steaming coffee from gourd bowls and munched parched corn. No troops, but Sandino couriers. Everybody from here on was a Sandinista; the trail was full of Sandinistas. In the shaggy mountains just beyond there would be no Honduran troops. We had passed the first serious obstacle. We had an open road to Nicaragua, an open road to the war zone. Indeed, we could hear the dull boom of cannon miles away beyond the miles of virgin mountain.

"Where is Sandino?"

"In his mountain fortress, El Chipote, with American airplanes bombing overhead, American cannon mounted on the opposing heights, American troops gnawing little by little into the mountain fastness, slowly encircling El Chipote, cutting off Sandino's supplies and outposts, with a general attack expected at any moment."

Another told me: "If you go in you may never come out again. The situation is acute."

We went in. We dismounted, clambered on foot, up, up into the perpendicular Dipilto range, hand over hand, right up against the sky. It still remains a mystery how the horses made it. For hours we toiled along the very edge of colossal cliffs, on a trail no better than a thread. But in the steaming struggle of that ascent, now under a burning sun, despite the previous night's exposure and lack of sleep my grippe was burned out of me—clean. We had a meal of tortillas and cheese on the mighty shoulder of the mountain, with Nicaragua and Honduras dropping off, one on either side.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we were plodding wearily but gladly into Limon, Nueva Segovia, the first outpost of what but yesterday had been declared a republic by Sandino and was still his heart and hope, where people with a guttural twist in their speech call him "San Digno"—Worthy Saint.

Even before crossing into Nicaragua we had met General Torres, a Sandino officer who was taking his family, his cattle, asses, concubines, and household goods to safety. He gave us an additional guide to conduct us to the first Sandino outpost, a young chap well known by the sentries, so that we would not be ambushed. And so at the foot of the mountains on the Nicaragua side, shortly before descending into Limon, we were halted by the two most poverty-stricken "bandits" that I ever saw. Captain Gilberto

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story began in last week's issue. The next instalment, On the Trail of Sandino, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.

Herrero, chief of the rich Limon sector, wore a shirt hanging from his back in tatters; his bare feet clung to stirrups made from sticks and tied with rawhide. His saddle-blankets were of gunnysacking—but he had a gun and a full cartridge-belt. Surely banditry should have brought him better returns, here where the meadows were full of cattle and horses and the cribs overflowing with corn.

Herrero was suspicious of all Gringos (Americans) and suspicious of me, but he sullenly conducted us to his quarters. People at the Sandino house where we were ordered to sleep were extremely cordial, risking all in the Sandino cause. Herrero promised an armed escort early the next morning, before the airplanes were abroad. A dozen men begged to be included in the escort, for every one was eager to visit El Chipote, which loomed afar, beyond the lesser mountains.

The house where we were quartered overlooked a beautiful valley opening down toward Ocotul, which was held by marines. This valley in the evening was bathed by silver floods of moonlight, while the grim mountains circling Sandino's mysterious fortress, El Chipote, rose austere beyond. Marines had also taken the neighboring town of Jicaro in the days just previous. The family where we were quartered was now concerned for its personal safety, and planned retreating into the mountains. Seated on a wide veranda overlooking the vast mountain scene I listened to stories of American atrocities that made our own tales of German misdeeds seem tame—a reiterated lesson of the universality of war psychology, for this is war in Nicaragua. In subsequent articles I shall discuss the truth of these stories. I can only say here that in these articles the names of all civilians and befriending guards accompanying me everywhere on this trip will not be mentioned, for tomorrow it might happen that marines would descend upon them. Arrests and shootings would follow and houses would be burned.

Early the following morning before airplane-time—for the airplanes drop bombs on any chance travelers—I was conducted from Limon to Las Nueces by seven Sandino soldiers with red and black ribbons in their hats. We proceeded over a trail which passed between Jicato, in American hands, and Jalapa, where more marines were reconnoitering. Las Nueces is a picturesque hamlet, clambering up the two steep banks of a little stream, with high mountains on all sides and everywhere great stretches of timber. Here at Las Nueces an Englishman sits on his mining claim, calmly smoking his pipe, the Union Jack flying in the front yard, and here we had our first real meal since Tegucigalpa. He was astounded at seeing me.

"Out of what cloud have you dropped? You've got plenty of nerve. Any of these fellows is likely to take a whang at an American."

I left him my card. In his casual drawl, between puffs, he remarked: "I'll keep this as a little memento of the foolishness of mankind."

He lent me a new mule. From Las Nueces, with a new escort, we headed for Guadalupe. Zelaya, a coffee-grower, led me along hidden trails through jungle canyons.

Gradually, though no word was spoken, I became subtly conscious of the fact that the actual military hold of Sandino on this region was already crumbling. As we advanced into the tangled mountains, a still, nameless terror seemed to hang over the world. The cannonading of the previous day had ceased. The airplanes, which had circled over these heights for months on end, did not appear. Somewhere beyond were machine-guns, cannon, battle, the limbs of dead men hanging from the trees. But all that came to us here on this secret trail was an inexplicable silence—as though the whole countryside had died. It sounds incredible, but I can swear I became growingly conscious of some overwhelming change in the military situation. The occasional houses we now passed on the upper stretches where several trails joined were all deserted, though the animals stood in the corrals and the cribs were full of corn. Presently we met refugees on the trail. Dogs without masters scurried off. "The Machos (Americans) have taken El Chipote," we were told. All our plans fell into a jumble.

Other refugees, more details: Sandino had evacuated El Chipote without firing a shot. He had avoided a final fight and had slipped out with supplies of dynamite, ammunition, guns, and machine-guns, leaving the Americans a deserted mountain top as the reward of months on end of skilful and cautious approach.

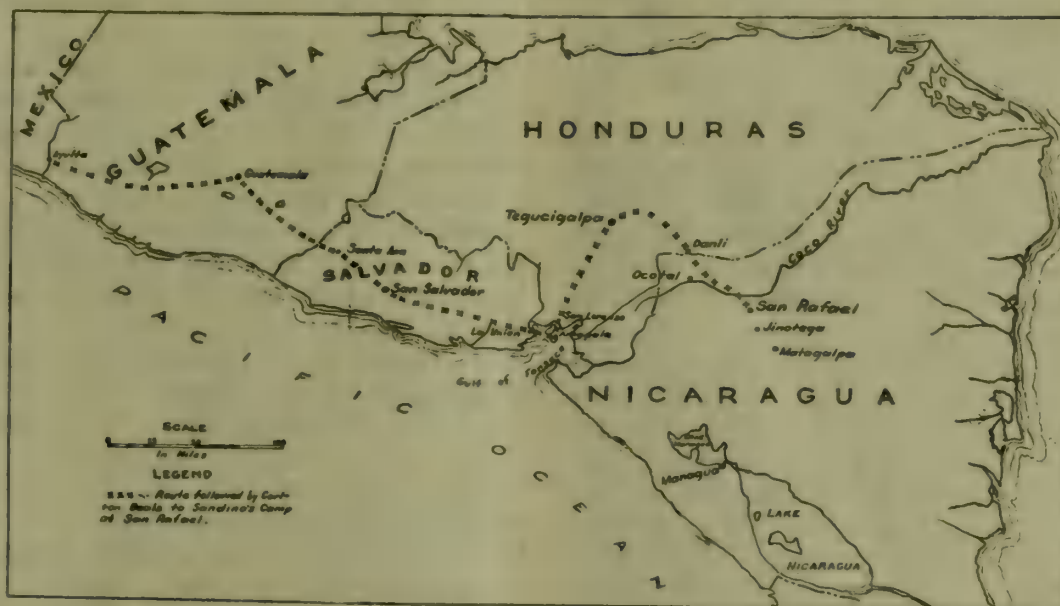
Toward sundown we dropped into Murra, a cold mining town in the elbow of a cold, dark stream, wedged tight between gloomy mountain walls. Empty! Deserted! Not even a stray cur.

Zelaya, his rifle slung across his back, his jaw set, slouching over his mule, rode grimly on and on—for all we knew right in-

to a nest of machine-guns. The rain fell in torrents. We floundered along a trail by the river, struggling for a foothold in the muck, peering for our path in the murky dark, driving our animals on ahead, wearily, apprehensively. A light! We stumbled into a lone house on the steep mountain side. Three male voices greeted us with friendliness. Welcome hands seized our blankets and saddle-bags and lifted the saddles from our tired animals.

"Where is Sandino?"

"God knows."



Presidential Possibilities

IV

Herbert C. Hoover

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HERBERT HOOVER is qualified to be a political President of the United States. I say this because

thirty-one years of journalistic observation of men in political life has forced me to the conclusion that certain qualities are to be found in almost everyone who reaches our highest American office. The ability to play politics, to compromise, at times to deceive oneself and the general public; the ability to wear one aspect today and another tomorrow; the ability to be bravely humane and peace-loving one day, and to send American youths to their deaths in some foreign country the next; the power to talk incessant platitudes and ardently to defend the Golden Rule and the Commandments against all comers—as Calvin Coolidge has recently done for the five-hundredth time in Havana—and then to keep silent in the presence of national sin, and, above all, to be able to prevaricate when necessary—these are some of the attributes that carry men to final political success.

Mr. Hoover has these attributes in such marked degree that he is surely completely qualified for the Presidency—I cannot see how he can be kept out of it, or how anyone can doubt that, barring a miracle and the open and avowed opposition of Calvin Coolidge, he will be the first Californian to occupy the White House.

This is my thesis; it is admittedly but one side of the picture. A Lloyd George, or a Roosevelt, or a Bismarck can lie and steal (as Roosevelt “stole” the Panama Canal) and yet feel certain that he is serving humanity by doing so, and still have most engaging and admirable qualities. Indeed, men like these, or like a Woodrow Wilson, are capable of rousing such intense loyalty and enthusiasm that their most unethical acts take on a righteous aspect and are most hotly defended by men who would denounce similar misdeeds in a private individual. Herbert Hoover is capable of rising to great heights in his passion for righting a wrong; he is a rarely gifted administrator and executive; he has most admirable qualities, and he, too, has a following that in its adoration will not admit that he is capable of a single error. Any black act of his inevitably appears white to these devoted servitors. Yet he can face two ways, can compromise, and on occasion deceive, and play politics from morning till night while rendering great public service; he can, like Charles E. Hughes, be silent in the presence of the most scandalous criminality in the history of the Republic, although sitting beside it for years.

Consider the solemn assurance which Herbert Hoover, Charles E. Hughes, and twenty-nine other Republicans gave in 1920 to the Republicans who favored our entrance into the League of Nations. Over their names they pledged their word that the best way to put the United States

The fourth in a series of studies of the candidates

into the League was to vote for Harding. “I have to admit,” said one of Mr. Hoover’s former associates and present support-

ers the other day, “that Hoover in signing that document was either a fool or a knave, and so were Hughes and the rest. There is no getting away from that, much as I like him.” Now anyone may err in judgment, and Mr. Hoover may well have believed sincerely in the truth of that amazing statement, but when it was proved that he had been guilty of a monstrous deceit he continued to stay in Harding’s Cabinet and never once apologized or referred to the matter in any way. Indeed, he stayed in the Cabinet—still without a word of regret or of shame—when President Harding again declared, in 1923, that he was absolutely opposed to the United States ever entering the League, and asserted that this country would never go to Geneva.

Like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, and Daugherty throughout the period when they sold out the oil lands. If he did not know what was happening in the naval oil reserves, Senator La Follette did, and told the Senate so more than a year before any Senatorial action took place. Newspapermen in Washington knew about it. Did Mr. Hoover act? He did not. Did he resign? He did not, any more than he has protested against the wrongdoing of Colonel Forbes, Jess Smith, or the other members of the Harding entourage. His friends indignantly declare, as George Soule has pointed out in the *New Republic*, that Mr. Hoover is not the custodian of public morals, or of those of his associates; that he is Secretary of Commerce, not President, and that he cannot be resigning every day when something that he dislikes happens. Yes, but Mr. Hoover has stood before the public as something more than a mere politician; multitudes have felt that in Belgium he expressed a great moral indignation; that he then did combine conscience with administrative power. They looked to him to express these same things in the political life of America when he entered it. He even said himself (June 15, 1920) that “there has come to be a demand for a better justice and a higher standard of political conduct, and it would be well for the old-line politicians to pay heed to this.” And then he went into the Cabinet of Harding, and allied himself not with a higher standard of political conduct, but with the lowest we have known. Even before that (March 10, 1920) he had declared: “I still object as much to the reactionary group as I do to the radical group in the Democratic Party.” And then he was content to be a part of the two most reactionary administrations in our recent history. His fame and standing were loaned to give a cloak of respectability to men whose deeds have now found them out. He called himself once an “independent progressive” bitterly opposed to the “manufacture of offi-

cials by machine methods," and a year later took office under the President who had been manufactured solely by machine politics in an upper room of the Blackstone Hotel, with whose nomination the members of the Republican Party, and the convention itself, had no more to do than had the natives of the Hawaiian Islands. Promptly he found that the reactionary Harding platform was "constructive and progressive. Nothing prevents the compromise planks on labor, the League, etc., from being given a forward-looking interpretation." On March 4, 1921, having long been in doubt as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, he chose to be a Republican and entered the Cabinet.

When it comes to the ability to turn a complete somersault, Mr. Hoover obviously leads all candidates. He is now being supported by some of the most ardent opponents of the League of Nations, the World Court, and all the other post-war Wilsonian proposals which Mr. Hoover so eagerly espoused in 1919-1921. The explanation given is that Mr. Hoover has recanted every one of those heresies. He must now oppose the League of Nations and the World Court since his party is squarely committed to opposition. He has become the darling of such reactionary newspapers as the *Cyrus K. Curtis* properties, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Boston Transcript*, and the *Kansas City Star*, and there is nothing of the moral and the spiritual in their support of anybody. They are not only out for the maintenance of the existing social order, but of the political status of the moment. They are for the exaltation of business, as Mr. Coolidge has exalted it, and their taking up of Mr. Hoover is indisputable proof that he has forgotten all that stuff he was talking, when he came back from Europe, about a new deal and a better political life in America, when he promised to be the one who should lead America out of its materialism into a union of political efficiency and idealism.

So it is a totally different Herbert Hoover with whom we have to deal today. He has become a skilful politician himself. A splendid Hoover machine has been built up throughout the country, for the Department of Commerce touches our national life at innumerable points, and Mr. Hoover has never even been restricted to the confines of his department. He has extended its functions by having the Pensions Bureau and the Bureau of Mines transferred to it. Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, sarcastically called by the German Fascisti the "uncrowned Kaiser of Germany," once referred to Mr. Hoover as "Secretary of Commerce and Under-Secretary of all other departments." It was said admiringly, but it is a half-truth bitterly resented in the departments in question. He is hated in the State Department because he won the fight to keep control of the commercial attaches of our legations and embassies, because he has often thrown his weight with the President against the State Department, and in the matter of loans to foreign countries has flatly demanded that they be made for economic reasons alone. At times the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Treasury Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Shipping Board, the Federal Trade Commission, were reported to have protested against Mr. Hoover's playing the under-secretary in their shops. Their resentments have been carried to the President and constitute one reason, Washington believes, why President Coolidge publicly castigated Mr. Hoover in April, 1927, when the rumor again appeared that Secretary Kellogg was retiring and that Mr. Hoover would

be his successor. With obviously intense feeling Mr. Coolidge assured the press correspondents that the Secretary of Commerce would never, never be Secretary of State. To some this may appear as evidence that Mr. Hoover has played his cards badly. Let us not be too sure of that.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has become a marvelous self-advertiser and publicity expert. His speeches are endless; his Department's press releases come like flakes of snow in a heavy storm, and they do not forget to mention Mr. Hoover. Situations like the Mississippi flood have played into his hands precisely as did the Belgian relief, and justly so, for he deserved the credit, and being the head and forefront of the undertaking, he naturally took the spotlight. But even in periods when he was not doing one of his magnificent pieces of relief organization, Mr. Hoover won the first page of the newspapers so often that Mr. Coolidge was known to be distinctly nettled. Some men would have resigned after such a rebuke as the President gave him, but when it comes to resigning Secretary Hoover is not interested. This is the more curious because with regard to critical publicity he is the thinnest-skinned man in Washington. Mr. Hoover is, like Woodrow Wilson, apt to be bitter and intolerant toward all who take issue with him—a trait that will be intensified if he enters the White House.

This sensitiveness is directly connected with Mr. Hoover's emotionalism. For all his outward calmness he is an extremely emotional man, capable of transmitting that emotion to others, and of becoming almost hysterical. Yet he can also be an admirable and an evenly balanced advisor. When excited he exaggerates, and uses very strong language. He can do so at all times when a gentleman and an honest man ought to swear at injustice or human weakness. But that tendency to exaggerate has its dangers, for he can and does overstate a situation as in Belgium where he poured in much too much food and money. There were measures which he put through as Food Administrator during the war that were rather bits of emotionalism than necessary economic measures. Again, his attack on the British rubber trust was unsound and emotionalized. But, I repeat, it must be written in golden letters to his credit that his emotions are deeply moved, as one should expect a Quaker's to be, by suffering anywhere. I was with him at the Crillon in Paris on that day in March, 1919, when he got the French to agree with the English and Americans to permit the German fishing fleet to get fish for the starving German women and children. It was a joy to hear him tell of his final success after four months of unceasing and exhausting effort.

But Herbert Hoover will now make no frontal attack against heavy political entrenchments, nor batter himself against a stone wall, nor even stand up to a good public give and take. He likes best to be at his desk pulling the strings, a person of immense resources directing gigantic enterprises and getting all the credit for them; wielding enormous power like the Governor of the Bank of England, who has been able to affect the destinies of a people on the other side of the globe by a single word. Seated there he makes remarkably quick decisions, often involving millions upon millions of dollars. The great merits of Mr. Hoover's organizing have been admirably set forth by William Hard in his article on The New Hoover in the *Review of Reviews* for November, 1927, which everyone should read who desires a complete picture of it. It is not only that he picks able lieutenants and that he collects figures admirably and knows how to use them. When he moves in a matter like the Missis-

issippi flood, or in feeding children in Russia or Austria, he puts the bulk of the work upon those who are involved—"for every American serving as assistant to Mr. Hoover in Vienna, there were literally more than one thousand Austrians so serving him." On the other hand, he seeks to concentrate all the relief work in his own hands—notably in the Russian famine aid—and throws his influence against any independent organization. When dealing with the problems affecting a given industry, he wisely gathers around him a group of its leaders. In this way he has initiated great reforms—he is said to have saved \$200,000,000 for the consumer by changes in the lumber industry initiated by him, and it is asserted that he has won better wages for millions of Americans. As Mr. Hard puts it, Colonel Roosevelt got pure food by legislation; Mr. Hoover set about "giving us pure lumber without a law."

In other words his slogan is "self-government in industry." He prefers conferences and cooperation to legislative compulsion—the government, he thinks, too often becomes the "persecutor instead of regulator." Indeed, he declared on May 7, 1924, "it is vitally necessary that we stem this tide if we would preserve that initiative in men which builds up the character, intelligence, and progress of our people." Therefore, he seeks to change the attitude of the government toward business "from interference to cooperation," which he believes can be accomplished "if it is possible to devise, out of the conscience and organization of business itself, those restraints which will cure abuse." He sees in process a revolution in the whole organization of our economic life. "We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activities." He admits that there must be a "better division of the products of industry," but how to obtain it he does not suggest.

For Socialists and Bolsheviks he has only the bitterest scorn—that was an utterly false speech which he made on his return from Paris in 1919. Upon socialism he blamed the entire situation in Europe at that moment—just as if capitalism were innocent of the war and its horrors, and of the ruination of Russia. Socialism, he said, "has proved itself, with rivers of blood and suffering, to be an economic and spiritual fallacy." Fundamental intellectual honesty would have compelled Herbert Hoover at that moment to recognize the fact that socialism took hold of a dozen countries when they were utterly wrecked, and no one else was there to take charge. In all business transactions honesty personified, he does not hesitate to misrepresent his opponent if it suits his propaganda.

Hoover an economist? No, indeed. Even the *New York Times*, in justly praising his power of analysis, his marvelous grasp of facts, his untiring industry, and his efficiency, admits that some of his official acts or decisions "seem to be a bit hasty." He is a mining engineer in politics. The farmers are right in holding him guilty of the sudden deflation in wheat prices after the war, although his friends have tried to shield him by unloading upon a committee the responsibility for that colossal economic blunder—committees, his critics say, are often his convenient smoke screens. So in the matter of the hog-raising farmers and the meat packers, there is no doubt that Mr. Hoover was partly responsible for the outcome that the farmers did not get the prices they understood were promised to them while the packers were protected.

In the matter of the unemployment problem, for which

he called a conference in the fall of 1921, there has been no following up of the matter, and no results beyond the acquiring of useful data. He has never been really against the Power Trust though he has breached his own rule against the government's going into business by urging that it should build and equip and operate the Boulder Dam and its power plant. As to the coal situation, there, too, he has held a most useful conference with producers, distributors, and consumers of bituminous coal to eliminate waste, but the industry remains in chaos. It is well to tackle waste, but to grapple with the fundamental questions bravely and demand consolidation and complete reorganization, that Mr. Hoover cannot do, perhaps because it might lead to a logical demand for government ownership.

I suppose that Mr. Hoover must have called or instigated by this time some two hundred and fifty industrial conferences. Among them was one to consider his proposal to link the hydro-plants and steam-electric plants in eleven northeastern States; committees are still at work studying the plans, but nothing is to date accomplished. He has, it is true, reduced the number of different types of grinding wheels in use from 715,200 to 255,800, and has done much for American fish and fishing. He is sincerely bent on raising the American standards of living and eliminating waste, and he has helped to raise a \$20,000,000 national research endowment to further laboratory progress in pure science in the interest of discovering things to benefit the individual American, precisely as he headed the commission to save the individual American from being killed by automobiles. None the less, for all these excellent moves, Mr. Hoover will never reorganize our industry, although he has the courage to dwell upon its faults and the wrongdoings of its managers, and to counsel them to reform themselves from within.

Light on Mr. Hoover's economic vision is further shown by his attitude toward Soviet Russia. He has repeatedly been of the opinion that the Bolshevik regime would collapse. On January 17, 1920, for instance, he spoke of the "total industrial demoralization and bankruptcy in production which will continue as long as Socialism and Bolshevik rule lasts. . . . No one is going to give them credit." Since that time the Soviet has been more and more firmly established, has celebrated its tenth anniversary, and has just arranged to have further credits in America. The removal of the blockade in 1920 he favored so that the "real truth of the horror of Bolshevik rule" might come out of Russia; it would take, he said, "from under them one of their greatest props." Yet large delegations of Americans are constantly going to Russia, and our trade with Russia steadily increases. His mental attitude toward ideas which he does not like is further shown by his statement on the same day that "our frontier and port officers must redouble their vigor against the export to us of Bolshevik agents, propaganda, and money for subsidizing criminals to create revolution!"

For labor Mr. Hoover has never shown any special understanding or feeling. He has given the impression that he was opposed to child labor and then has refused to come out against it. Labor feels uncomfortable, too, about his record on the Lever food-control law. He positively assured the representatives of labor that it did not forbid non-political strikes. Yet in 1919 a federal judge enjoined a national coal strike and based his action on the Lever law. If Mr. Hoover was shocked by this, as his intimates assert, he never betrayed this fact publicly.

But that again is one of his marked traits; Mr. Hoover

keeps silent when he wishes to do so. Here are some of the important matters about which he has not spoken out:

1. He has never said a word against the protective tariff or shown that he in any way comprehends its vital bearing on the foreign debts owed us, the plight of the farmer, or our export trade, or on the whole question of our international relations.

2. In the post-war period of hysteria and the red raids of Mitchell Palmer, he never said one word for sanity and the American policy of free speech and free assembly. Nor has he ever gone on record against the countless violations of our civil liberties.

3. He has never once denounced the oil-grafters or expressed any regret for the vast robbing of the public during the Harding regime.

4. In the face of the Illinois and Pennsylvania election scandals he is as silent as an oyster.

5. While he has protested by inference against the use of American loans to buy arms and ammunition for Central-American governments we are upholding, he has never voiced one sentiment which would give ground for the belief that he in any way disapproves our policy toward Mexico, or our killing of 3,500 Haitians by American marines (as attested by Major General Barnett of the marines), or our present bombing of Nicaraguan men, and probably women and children, on the ground that we are destroying "bandits."

6. During the Mississippi flood disaster Mr. Hoover directed the rescue operations, but he has committed himself to no one of the relief plans before Congress.

He has, however, declared that if elected he will "carry forward the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies"—which means that he wishes to be an abler, a glorified Coolidge. Heaven forbid!

Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb super-salesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is President.

But those who look for something else, for an idealist who holds to his ideals at all times, for a President who will again give to America the moral leadership of the world and the friendship of the nations where we have today their contempt or fear or hatred—such as these need not turn to Mr. Hoover. In foreign affairs there will be no appreciable change if he enters the White House. There is no reason to think that he will alter our policy on the war debts owed to us, or that he will do anything to rewin the lost Latin-American belief in us and in the honesty of our intentions. On the contrary, the fact that he is our greatest efficiency engineer may well cause those smaller American nations to tremble whose industrial and social development has not reached our plane. As for those to whom the question of peace is supreme, who deny that there is anything on earth worse than war, let them not look to Mr. Hoover for support. The backsliding Quaker is one of the men most to be feared—witness A. Mitchell Palmer of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. Mr. Hoover still goes on Sundays to the Friends' Meeting House in Washington; in their tolerance and sweetness of spirit they admit to their communion one who favored war and helped bring it on; who quivered with just rage at German

wrong-doings in Belgium, but despite his Quaker upbringing, abandoned doctrines of love and forgiveness and could see no other way out except more killing and destroying.

I spent the first day of January, 1919, visiting in Pentonville jail some of the true Quakers, the true descendants of Fox and Joan Fry and all the long line of Quaker martyrs, and observed the wonderful spirit in which they took their imprisonment because they placed the teachings of their faith above any worldly might. To Quakers like these one could safely turn over the management of any section of human affairs—to Herbert Hoover *never*, that is, if one believes that a glorious faith like theirs cannot be forsworn and then picked up and put on again, like an old glove. Mr. Hoover, in my judgment, would have no scruple whatever about going to war for rubber, for iron, or for hemp, or "to save the world" again from bolshevism. And he would do so with passion and emotion, self-convinced that it was another war-ending crusade for humanity.

Herbert Hoover is qualified to be a *political* and super-salesman President of the United States. Those liberals and progressives who seek something more will continue to scan the political horizon.

Germany Looks Ahead

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Cologne, January 25

GERMANY has given no more satisfactory proof of national unity to the world than was afforded by the spectacle of the representatives of the German states quarreling over the Länderkonferenz which has just come to an end. The fact that these representatives could be summoned to tackle the thorny problem of the future constitution of the Reich (over which disagreements were bound to arise) is alone proof of the progress which has been made during the last five years. No German statesman could, in 1923, have thought of calling such a conference when the complete dismemberment of the Reich was the aim of France, clearly avowed in actions if not in words. It was left, perforce, for the jail birds and fantasists used by the French for their mock "Rhineland Republic" to voice the dissatisfaction which the bulk of the Rhinelanders felt with the Weimar Constitution. Under the circumstances anyone who ventured to express his doubts of the perfection of that arrangement stabbed his country in the back in an hour of need as dire as any country can have experienced in history; today respected leaders of the Center Party do not hesitate to speak of their wish that Prussia should have less power in the affairs of Rhineland. For with the evacuation of the first (Cologne) zone of occupation by the Allied troops two years ago, the back of the policy of dismemberment was broken. The precedent of adhering to the treaty limits of the duration of the occupation has been established.

The real problem before the Länderkonferenz was that of Germany's eternal triangle—Prussia, Bavaria, and the Reich. The Weimar Constitution was hastily framed in days of collapse and tumult as a lifebelt is thrown to a drowning man. As a lifebelt it served its purpose admirably, but something more comfortable as well as more stable is required to enable the rescued man to continue his voyage. In 1919, small free states were created for the continued exist-

ence of which there is neither political nor economic justification. It was simpler at the moment, however, to take over the little principalities and grand-dukedoms intact and rechristen them "Free States" than to enter upon general administrative reforms. Prussia was forced to make concessions to Bavarian particularism that have ever since hampered the conduct of the affairs of the German Reich, but which do not satisfy Bavaria. The root of the matter is that the states which allowed Prussia to preserve at a time of revolution the predominance which Bismarck secured her, feel that the time has now come when she must be made to consent to a readjustment. The Center Party, the party of the Catholic Church, is at one with Bavaria in disliking the hegemony of Protestant Prussia and is therefore supporting from its stronghold in the Rhineland the federalist ambitions of the Rhenish population with particular enthusiasm.

So diverse are the views as to the lines on which future development should run that the representatives of the states at the Berlin conference felt called upon to declare that they were unable to speak for their respective states, but merely to give personal views. Even so, the only important thing upon which they were able to agree was that a strong central Reich Government was essential; for the rest, they agreed to record their disagreement. They could not even decide whether the tendency should be unitarian or federalistic, but a strong committee has been appointed to work out a scheme; it is very certain that the Center will not allow this body to forget the whole question. It seems most likely that the committee will recommend rather a regrouping of states and the abolition of such *enclaves* as, for instance, the Bavarian Palatinate (which is separated by Baden from Bavaria) than the creation of a number of smaller states out of mighty Prussia. The great aim of the reformers will be reached if they can alter the balance in the Reich in favor of the non-Prussian states; no one wishes to see the evils of *Kleinstaaterei* perpetuated or increased. Small states and *enclaves* would combine with those neighbors toward whom they were impelled by economic and industrial developments.

These matters are discussed with the greater timidity in Germany because the Occupation is still in existence. It is a curious reflection, though not new to those who lived in the Rhineland during the terrible days of 1923-1924, that the French efforts to weaken Prussia were—and to a minor extent still are—the principal bulwark of Great Prussia. The Occupation, which grew out of the French determination to split up both Prussia and the Reich, still prevents the Rhineland from taking a firm stand in the matter of independence from Prussia. Furthermore, it would only need a revival of M. Poincaré's former separatist schemes to postpone for an indefinite period any consideration of the reforms which the *Länderkonferenz* has been discussing. Make Germany master in her own house, and she will put it in order as quickly as possible; at present it is still necessary to proceed with caution because of the presence of foreign soldiers on German soil.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* predicts that a great effort will be made this year to get rid of the Occupation. One country alone stands in the way of the realization of this—France herself. It is an open secret that no British interest is served by the presence of the British Army of Occupation in Wiesbaden, and that the principal motive for its remaining is an unwillingness to leave France alone in occupation

of German territory. France obviously appreciates that there is no longer hope of realizing one iota of her former dreams of a dismembered Germany, and the question which she expects Germany to put to her is "What will you take to go?" There is not one thing which can be said in favor of this military occupation, which puts a constant humiliation on Germany and especially on the inhabitants of the occupied districts. However great the desire to avoid friction, "incidents" are bound to occur and any of them might again provoke international conflict.

The state of affairs at Coblenz is extraordinary. There, a worthy body of English, French, and Belgian temporary officials has settled down, apparently forever, to keep up a strictly legal interference with Rhineland affairs and with general progress. Why, for example, has Wiesbaden no airport? For the same reason that all occupied territory is without one—the prohibition of German aeroplanes within its limits. More and more documents relating to all kinds of obscure details of German administration are accumulating in the cellars of the Rhineland High Commission, of whose amazing industry far too little is heard—perhaps because its results are so supremely unimportant. Metaphorically across the road is a German department (that of the *Deutsche Reichskommissar*) which obligingly provides an occupation for the leisure hours of the High Commission officials by carefully numbering and forwarding complaints of irregularities or brutalities by individual soldiers. These pass through an even more perfect numbering and docketing machine on the "Interallied" side of the road and eventually inspire a stereotyped reply. It is all very pleasant in these days on the Rhine, of course—no alarms and excursions on either side. But even if, as is devoutly to be hoped, none ever recur, it will presumably dawn on somebody some day to enquire *cui bono*? It would also be interesting to consider what chance there is, now that dismemberment schemes have themselves been dismembered, of the French insisting on remaining on the Rhine, were the British authorities to indicate that they had spent quite enough on this particular form of amusement and proposed, accompanied or not, to move this very year.

In the Driftway

IN Cleveland the other day the Drifter discovered a—to him—new breakfast food, or drink. It stood near the top on the hotel menu, along with "Orange juice," "Grapefruit, half," "Stewed prunes, 15 cents," "With cream, 25 cents." It was "Sauerkraut juice." It is the Drifter's custom to try anything once, and in foods and drinks he likes to try whatever is native to, or a specialty of, any place in which he happens to be. He does not call for a rare T-bone steak in an Italian restaurant or *spaghetti al burro* in an American one. Both as a matter of economy and experience he orders *vin de pays* in preference to imported drinks; he has coffee for breakfast in America, tea in England, and chocolate in Germany. Eat what the cook best understands how to prepare and the natives insist on having right is the Drifter's rule. Thus in Cleveland he prefers to wait half an hour for some broiled whitefish—which presumably came out of Lake Erie—rather than accept ready-to-serve scrod from the Atlantic seaboard. The fact that the whitefish proved to be indifferent

while a neighbor's scrod looked excellent did not worry the Drifter. His theory is impregnable.

* * * * *

THUS by all his principles the Drifter should have ordered sauerkraut juice. But the Drifter is not a strong breakfaster. Had sauerkraut juice been on the card for lunch or dinner there would not have been a moment of hesitation. But for breakfast! What strange things is this our America coming to in the quest for novelty. Each morning the Drifter decided to postpone sauerkraut juice until the next; and he left town without having tried it at all.

* * * * *

IN the city of Washington a day later the Drifter told some friends about the unique and eccentric drink he had found in Cleveland. He even went so far as to descant upon its origin and the ground for its popularity—about which he knew nothing. "Cleveland has no monopoly on sauerkraut juice," piped up a listener. "It's the latest word in dietetics. It's as fashionable as having your tonsils out or collecting hooked rugs. The only odd thing about sauerkraut juice is that people of the other cities of the country find that nobody has heard of it when they order the drink while visiting New York." "Still," replied the Drifter, "I can't see sauerkraut juice as an early-morning bracer. It must be mostly vinegar." "There is no vinegar in it," the Drifter's friend remarked in a tone which was at least acid. "Sauerkraut is not made with vinegar in spite of a considerable amount of vulgar ignorance in support of such belief. The juice is the result of the sauerkraut's own ferment."

* * * * *

THERE seems to be something in this. Upon consulting a dictionary, the Drifter read that sauerkraut was made by laying successive layers of cabbage and salt in a jar and leaving the rest to nature. But as an early-morning pick-me-up the Drifter would as leave take vinegar as salt water flavored with cabbage.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mexican Claims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The public is hearing much regarding the \$800,000,000 claims for damages "owed" by Mexico to the United States. It is perhaps timely to consider the history of a previous damage-claims negotiation between the two countries, that of 1868-1876, in which more than \$500,000,000 were claimed; but less than 1 per cent. were found well based. Bancroft's "History of Mexico" state that a total of \$556,788,600, damage claims were filed, those against Mexico being \$470,126,613, while \$86,661,891 was asked for Mexico. Seven years were spent in considering the claims, by a commission composed of one American, one Mexican, and Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to the United States. The amount awarded to claimants against Mexico was only \$4,125,622, while the awards against the United States were \$150,498. To quote Bancroft:

With regard to the 2,000 claims that were laid before the commission, the greater portion of them were fictitious and the legitimate ones exorbitant. The joint commission

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opened a field for speculation to every class of rascals. Every device was practiced to rob one government or the other, the claimants hesitating not at all at perjury and forgery. ■ ■ ■ Out of 1,017 American claims examined by the commissioners, 831 were rejected, and out of 998 Mexican claims only 167 received awards. The Mexican government regarded several of the awards as unfair, especially those given to Benjamin Weil and the La Abra Mining Company respectively in the sums of \$487,810 and \$681,041—\$1,168,851, over one-fourth of the total amount awarded. It was held that these claims were supported by false statements. The Mexican government made representations showing their fraudulent character. The first instalment was paid, though the government was compelled to have recourse to a forced loan.

The amount paid was subsequently refunded to Mexico by the United States, the fraudulent character of the claims mentioned having been fully demonstrated. What reason is there for believing that the present claims have any better foundation than those of the former commission?

Washington, D. C., January 11

G. F. WEEKS

From Burma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Burma exhilarates, while India depresses one's spirits. The Burmese temperament is gay and artistic; Hindu moods are gloomy and pessimistic. But the dingy picture unrolled in "Mother India" is incomplete; Miss Mayo squints; her views are one-sided. Mayakovski, the Soviet laureate, suffers from the same distorted vision. When he visited New York, he had no eye for the grand features of the marvelous city; he could only see America's weak points. Deliver us from preconceived notions and inherited delusions!

The Burmans hail from China, and wrested Burma from the Keren animists who are earlier immigrants from Tibet. The Kerens have long ceased to be slaves to their Buddhist masters; they are independent and prosper. More than sixty dialects are spoken here, all resembling Chinese or Tibetan. Hindustani too prevails, since all the menial work in Rangoon is done by Hindus. No Burman or Keren would condescend to act as a carriage horse in front of a rickshah, but nimble Bengalis or Madrasis gladly do so, earning a few nickels for a ride, and running as fast as ponies. What a contrast to the slow and stately elephants who carry in pairs, with their trunks, huge logs from river-ferry to the sawing-mills!

The natives of Burma are tidy and good-natured. Their chocolate faces look intelligent and handsome, their bodies slim and symmetric. They are the best dancers and finest actors in the East; their mimicry and "plastic" is superb. Folk-plays start at 9 p. m. and finish about 3 a. m. Rangoon women smoke enormous cheroots. Their dark hair is neatly rolled up like a man's hat, and adorned with fragrant blossoms. Many wear trousers, while the men use embroidered jackets and skirts, yellow, green, red, in every rainbow color. Swarms of orange-robed monks throng the streets. Early in the morning they turn out to have their alms-bowls filled with rice by charitable Buddhists. The rice is often thrown into the river, I am given to understand; daintier morsels await the priestly palates in the seclusion of the monastery.

Rangoon is a fine and modern city with spacious buildings and choice bazaars. Most interesting are the richly-stocked silk stores. There are broad avenues, elegant colonades, well-laid-out parks, electric cars and cinemas in plenty. Some streets are named in the American fashion; yesterday I went to see "The Last Days of Pompeii" in a movie near Thirtieth Street. Sanitation and sewerage, however, are most defective. The governor's palace is a splendid mansion. Pompous and majestic are the golden pagodas, glittering in the blazing sun, and visible far and wide even in a pitch-dark night,

since they are lit with hundreds of electric lamps. Pagodas are more than sanctuaries; they are temple-cities. Countless statues and statuettes of the Buddha, bedecked with jewels and flowers, are enshrined in pagoda-niches, devotees kneeling and praying before them. The straight nose and fine-chiseled chin of the Buddha idols is distinctly Aryan, but the slit eyes wherein a Burmese ruby gleams show a Mongolian type.

Western scholars like to compare Christianity and Buddhism on ethical and psychological merits. The real test lies in the actual output of social orderliness and efficient organization. These largely result from the Christian faith and life. The American mission established here more than one hundred years ago does splendid social and educational work; as a Baptist missionary remarked the other day, sociology and economics are almost Christian sciences. Americans have reason to be thankful for the comforts at home and their prestige abroad. Their culture is often belittled, but everywhere they are recognized as a "cosmic force."

Rangoon, Burma, December 18

ERNEST P. HORRITZ

Mrs. Besant

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing "The Hindu View of Life" in *The Nation* W. Norman Brown says: "Would that we had more of them [Vivekanandas and Radhakrishnans] and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers"—and he cites Mrs. Besant as one of these.

For fifty years Mrs. Besant has worked for India as few have. She founded the Central Hindu College, which has been the nucleus of the Benares Hindu University. Ask Pandit Malaviya whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India! She healed the breach between Tilak and the Congress, which had divided India from 1907 to 1914. Tilak is in some other *loka*, or we might ask him whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India. Rabindranath Tagore has seen many years of Mrs. Besant's work for India. Ask him! I have heard V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, successor of Gokhale and head of the Servants of India Society, say (after his visits to America and Australia) that wherever there are Theosophists there are friends of India. Ask him about Mrs. Besant! No doubt the lady has been Mr. Gandhi's most successful opponent on some points, but I venture to say that Mr. Gandhi would rebuke Mr. Brown for his language. If Gokhale and Surendranath Bannerjea and Pherozshah Mehta and Dadabhai Naoroji—every one of whom in their times admired and loved Mrs. Besant—were in this world today, they, too, would speak.

Seattle, Washington, January 6

FRITZ KUNZ

Revolutionary Ancestors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to register a protest against those correspondents of *The Nation* who never forget to say, "I am of Mayflower ancestry," or "My forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War."

It is of little importance, I feel, whether or not one's ancestors came to America from England in 1620 or from Lithuania or Galicia in 1900. Those who actively oppose our existing industrial oligarchy in 1928 may be assured of a jail sentence on one pretext or another or a clubbing at the hands of the police irrespective of whether their ancestors were Revolutionary (1776) or revolutionary (1905).

The members of the D. A. R. all had forefathers who fought in the Revolutionary War. Look at them now.

New York, February 15

CHARLES YALE HARRISON

Books and Plays

Koheleth

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I waited and worked
To win myself leisure,
Till loneliness irked
And I turned to raw pleasure.

I drank and I gamed,
I feasted and wasted,
Till, sick and ashamed,
The food stood untasted.

I searched in the Book
For rooted convictions,
Till the badgered brain shook
With its own contradictions.

Then, done with the speech
Of the foolishly lettered,
I started to teach
Life cannot be bettered:

That the warrior fails
Whatever his weapon,
And nothing avails
While time and chance happen.

That fools who assure men
With lies are respected,
While the vision of pure men
Is scorned and rejected.

That a wise man goes grieving
Even in Zion,
While any dog living
Outroars a dead lion.

may be effortless either about something or about nothing, and if it is something—if it is indeed something, then the effort might as well show, in order to prove that the author has taken his subject seriously both as man and as artist. And as for general awareness, I find myself longing occasionally for some of that blundering, shouldering prose of three hundred years ago when men hugged like bears the vast, formless body of Error. We have a few "bad" writers today, but not enough.

Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," was in many ways a very bad writer, as well as a man who could swallow more wrong science, entertain more contradictions, commit more irrelevancies than any of his contemporaries even; and they were a race of prose monsters. But he produced, sitting more than three hundred years ago in his quiet chambers at Oxford, a book which for all of its badness has been steadily fascinating to readers of a chosen sort, and which is an excellent example of the kind of book I have been talking about. It lumbers and rumbles along in its endless search for whatever up to Burton's time had been written about melancholy by ancient and modern philosophers, astrologists, historians, moralists, medicos, and poets; and Burton's definition of melancholy was so loose that practically everything human could be brought in somehow. As a collection of stories, as a repository of quotations it is rich enough to have deserved its fame; but that fame, I think, comes in large part from the unusually thick richness of the style, which is the style of an eccentric genius tumbling over itself to say all that can be said about our maladies of body and mind.

The "Anatomy" has gone through a number of editions, none of which is more beautiful or desirable today than one just published under the editorship of Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan-Smith (Two volumes: Doubleday, Doran: \$25). These new editors have modernized Burton to the extent of turning all of his Latin, of which there was a great deal, into English, and although this is taking liberties with the old pedant the procedure is amply justified by the result, which is a gorgeous book to have and hold and read.

MARK VAN DOREN

First Glance

"IN deftness, precision, and clarity, in swiftness, crispness, and wit, in general awareness and competence, the present age of essayists obscures the past." I saw this sentence the other day in the preface to an anthology of modern prose, and thought it true. But not quite as interesting or conclusive as its author evidently believed it to be; and certainly not the last word on prose. We are undoubtedly deft in our writing; we have long been competent; and we are proud of our general awareness. Every now and then, however, one misses the other qualities—music, passion, and ponderability—and would like to see them coming in again even if they brought with them, as they probably would, a certain amount of confusion and wrong-headedness, together with many signs that the writing had been done with effort. We like in our own prose to seem effortless, just as we like in our lives to seem to be without illusion—"generally aware" is the phrase. But effortlessness is surely no important end in itself, since one

George Sand

The Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

George Sand: The Search for Love. By Marie Jenney Howe. The John Day Company. \$5.

IT is natural enough that George Sand should be a tempting subject for biography, and still more natural that she should appeal particularly to women. The standard life, an exhaustive work in four volumes, is by a woman, Mme Wladimir Karénine, and now two more biographies, also by women, have made their appearance. The method adopted in these two is approximately the same. Both authors leave George Sand to tell her own story. "In this biography," says Mrs. Howe, "there are no guesses and no bold assumptions. Paragraph after paragraph consists of writings from the hand of George Sand." Miss Schermerhorn goes even further. She has not allowed herself "any external judgment or comment on this remarkable woman."

This seems a pity. The facts of George Sand's life have been gone over so many times that surely by now the biographer might venture on some sort of synthesis. For one who, ac-

according to Miss Schermerhorn, was "the least egotistical of women" George Sand was, to put it mildly, extraordinarily expansive. She never hesitated to share her love affairs with the whole world. Her life with Alfred de Musset is meticulously set forth in the love-letters which, incidentally, she took care to publish, and in the autobiographical novel "Elle et Lui." If the reader wants the other side of the question he can get it in Paul de Musset's counterblast, "Lui et Elle," and best of all in Alfred de Musset's "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." The liaison with Chopin was reported no less faithfully in "Un Hiver à Majorque" and in the novel "Spiridion." That was the way with George Sand: no sooner had a passion cooled than it was relegated into fiction. We can hardly blame her for it. In order to lead her own life she had to maintain a worthless and extravagant husband in a state of idle luxury. That meant writing at least two novels a year besides innumerable journals, souvenirs, and letters of travel. Naturally she capitalized her own experience.

Certainly the story of George Sand is eternally interesting. The woman who lived with Jules Sandeau, with Mérimée, with Alfred de Musset, and with Chopin, to mention only the more distinguished of her lovers, and who still impressed everybody who knew her with the simple downright goodness of her character, will never want for biographers. Any one in search of a thoroughly readable but entirely objective record of George Sand's life will find it in Miss Schermerhorn's "Seven Strings of the Lyre." She writes with just as much gusto about the dabblings in socialism and Saint-Simonism as about the Musset affair, whereas Mrs. Howe confines herself more exclusively to her heroine's ceaseless quest for love. Beginning with the statement that George Sand was the greatest feminine genius known to literature, Mrs. Howe proceeds to exonerate her from every charge of folly or inconstancy. We have become so accustomed to the biographer who feels it a sacred duty to scrape off all the whitewash that it is refreshing to come upon one who refuses to admit in her idol a single flaw. Having decided that George Sand was the world's champion feminist, for which point of view there is a good deal to be said, Mrs. Howe's eulogy becomes positively relentless.

Both biographers are so intent upon George Sand's life and personality that they are inclined to ignore her books. After all, she was primarily a writer, and one of the most prolific and hard-working writers that ever wrested a living from literature. One of the qualities that so irritated Alfred de Musset was her terrible capacity for work. Like Anthony Trollope she set herself a definite task every day and no lover was allowed to interfere with it. That was not Alfred de Musset's way of courting the Muses. She affirmed her freedom right and left, as Henry James says, "but her most characteristic assertion of it throughout was just in the luxury of labor." The results of that labor can be seen in Calman Lévy's ninety-volume edition of her complete works. And the variety of her output is no less surprising than the quantity. First of all come the typically romantic novels like "Lélia" and "Indiana" with their impossible plots and their perpetual undercurrent of agony and revolt. Gradually the Byronic element fades away and we get the novels of semi-political, semi-social theorizing. George Sand was always a peasant at heart. On her father's side she traced her descent from the kings of Poland, but her mother's family were essentially of the people, and she was prouder of the grandfather who sold birds on the streets of Paris than of her picturesque ancestor the Maréchal de Saxe. The passion for social equality which so engrossed men's minds in 1848 found its reflection in such novels as "La Compagnon du Tour de France."

Lastly there are the stories of country life, like "La Mare au Diable," which have achieved a spurious immortality as school textbooks. Probably they will last longer than anything else she has written. George Sand was one of the first French writers to keep us closely and truly intimate with rural nature. Hitherto romanticism had spurned the soil of France. Rous-

seau had discovered the grandeur of the Alps, Bernardin de Saint Pierre the fascination of India, Chateaubriand had fallen under the spell of the American forest primeval. It remained for George Sand to discover the countryside of Nohant.

No doubt there are people who will always be curious about George Sand herself, but who will never want to read any of her novels. If that is so, it may be that her correspondence with Flaubert, dealing almost exclusively with literature and the technique of writing, will outlive the countless volumes of fiction. What a strange contrast they were—Flaubert the aristocrat of literature, living a hermit's life at Croisset, whittling away at his novels, glad if he can hammer out six pages a week, and George Sand, the genuine democrat, loving everybody, swayed by every gust of her emotions, and all the time writing page after page of lucid undistinguished prose.

Posterity will have more and more difficulty in understanding George Sand as romanticism recedes further into the distance, but her friends and acquaintances found nothing particularly complex in her character. Matthew Arnold, who made a pilgrimage to Nohant in his youth, was struck by her frank, cordial simplicity. That seems to have been the general impression. But the question posed by Charles Maurras, the scathing critic of romanticism, still remains. Was this woman ever really in love?

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

The Physics of Light

Studies in Optics. By A. A. Michelson. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

IN a modest preface Professor Michelson describes his little volume as containing a résumé of his life-long investigations in light, and as including also a brief account of his most recent work. It will be obvious at first sight that it is not a book for the uninitiated, for while the mathematical portions are not very intricate or difficult, a reader must certainly be able to appreciate their significance in order to get a clear insight into an instrument like Professor Michelson's interferometer and other apparatus which he devised for his researches; and yet, even to those readers who have but slight acquaintance with the refined methods of modern experimental physics in the domain where Professor Michelson gained his great renown, the very nature of the contents of this slender volume must convey some kind of thrill.

There is nothing trivial here. Professor Michelson has always been concerned with problems of the highest import, and without an unnecessary word he tells as simply as possible how he has tried to solve them. For instance, in the chapter on The Application of Interference to Astronomical Investigations he describes the highly original and ingenious, yet extremely simple, method which he devised for measuring the size of a star so far away that it has no appreciable apparent size at all—one of those measurements which, like the determination of the component of a star's velocity along the line of sight, we used to suppose was forever beyond the power of the human race to ascertain. According to measurements carried out at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, Betelgeuse, the red giant in Orion, was found to be 240 million miles in diameter, its huge bulk being such that it would completely fill the entire orbit of the planet Mars. In the following chapter on the Velocity of Light, Professor Michelson, whose earliest determinations of this all-important constant of the universe were made nearly fifty years ago, tells us of the experiments that were made last year when the velocity of light was found to be 299,799 kilometers (186,186 miles) per second—the most accurate measurement up to the present time.

Of course this volume contains an account of the famous Michelson-Morley Experiment, the original conception of which can be traced to a suggestion of Maxwell in 1880. This *experimentum crucis*, in which quantities of the "second order" (that

is, magnitudes involving the square of the ratio between the velocity of the earth and the velocity of light) had to be taken into account, and which was intended to settle the vexed question as to the relative motion between the earth and the so-called luminiferous ether, was first performed in a decisive fashion by Michelson and Morley in 1887. As is well known the result was "negative"; in other words, not the slightest sign of any relative motion or "ether drift" could be detected, although, according to the undulatory theory of light of Young and Fresnel, this effect was positively to be expected. On the contrary, according to this experiment, the ether (if it really existed at all) was "entrainé" and carried along by the earth in its orbital and interstellar motions. From time to time subsequently this experiment has been repeated, each time with improved appliances and under more perfect conditions and invariably with the same "negative" result until within the last few years, when it was again performed at Mount Wilson Observatory with every possible precaution by Professor D. C. Miller. Concerning Miller's experiments Professor Michelson says, in a footnote on page 154, that they "seem to give a positive result, indicating a small fraction (one-thirtieth) of the hypothetical velocity of the galactic system of 300 kilometers per second. Such a result," he adds, "would contradict the principle of relativity. Experiments are now in preparation for a rigorous test."

These are some of the great questions which come up for discussion in the volume—questions that are of fundamental and far-reaching importance for science and philosophy. They are here set forth with characteristic modesty and simplicity by one who has himself been a foremost worker for a whole generation or more in the extraordinary developments of physics, of which indeed it can be said with truth that Professor Michelson was *magna pars*. JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL

Young George III

The Correspondence of King George the Third from 1760 to December 1783. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. In six volumes. Vol. I, 1760-1767; Vol. II, 1768-1773. The Macmillan Company. \$8 each.

GEORGE III was not a great man, nor even a great king, and his memory is not cherished today on either side of the Atlantic. Yet he stood at the center of the English political stage for a long generation, and his voluminous correspondence, therefore, can scarcely fail to take its place as an important historical source. Some of his letters, notably those to Lord North, have already been published, but the great mass of his papers disappeared about a hundred years ago and was not recovered until 1912. This collection, which is now in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, consists of letters written by and to the King and other documents which he deemed worthy of preservation. From it comes the bulk of the matter contained in the authorized edition of his correspondence during the first twenty-three years of his reign which Sir John Fortescue is bringing out in six volumes. The editor adds all letters by or to the King that could be found in other sources, but these form only a very small part of the contents of the two volumes that have appeared.

The documents are arranged chronologically and are printed as they were written. Approximately two-fifths of them are letters and memoranda written by the King. The editor warns us to expect no literary treat, for George III, though a fluent writer in English, French, and German, was not strong in grammar, punctuation, or spelling. In his state papers, however, he was not indifferent to phraseological propriety. When Lord North sent him the draft of a speech from the throne he expressed general approval of its style but pointed out that the King of Spain should be referred to as "My Good Brother the King of Spain," not as "His Catholick Majesty."

The conception of George III as a malevolent tyrant, consecrated by the Declaration of Independence, receives no support from this instalment of his papers. It appears that he preferred repealing the Stamp Act to enforcing it; and in 1769 he objected to taking certain strong measures against Massachusetts which the Secretary of State for the Colonies had advocated. He thought that colonial governors should be instructed, in addressing their assemblies, "to hold a moderate yet firm language" and "to avoid as much as possible giving occasion to the Assemblies again coming on the Apple of Discord." American questions, however, do not bulk large in these volumes.

Foreign affairs gave the King more concern. More than once during the ten years following the Peace of Paris a renewal of hostilities between Great Britain and the Bourbon powers seemed imminent. In foreign policy the King professed himself to be a disciple of William III and regarded a combination of Great Britain, Holland, and Austria as the natural barrier against the "Family Compact" of France and Spain. It is clear, however, that he desired to postpone war as long as possible, and his influence was thrown on the side of moderation. It would appear from a remarkable memorandum in his handwriting that the partition of Poland by Prussia, Russia, and Austria in 1772 led him to contemplate a diplomatic revolution. To judge from this, he actually looked forward to an alliance between Great Britain, Holland, and France against the three Eastern Powers which would "extricate Poland from the Tyranny that now seems impending." This plan might appear chimerical, "but if Britain and France would with temper examine their respective situations the antient animosity would appear absurd and that they have by it agrandized other powers and weakened themselves."

The correspondence reflects the constant and anxious thought that the King gave to domestic politics. It is evident that he took pains to keep himself accurately informed of proceedings in Parliament and in the Cabinet. The modern rule of Cabinet solidarity had not yet been established, and in the early years of the reign he was constantly in communication with trusted ministers who did not hesitate to express disapproval of their colleagues. There are many documents relating to the formation and disintegration of ministries, but no light is thrown on the use of patronage as a means of influencing Parliament. Royal electioneering activities will presumably be reflected in later volumes of the correspondence.

The impression left upon the reader's mind will probably be that of a well-meaning, hard-working young king, with a strong sense of what was due him, to be sure, but with a genuine interest in the welfare of his country. In the main he accepted the conditions of public life as he found them, and the age of the Duke of Newcastle is not noted for its political purity. The English constitution, as it worked in practice, was good enough for George III, and he had no sympathy with those who found fault with it. But few kings, after all, have been reformers.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Another Fairy Tale

The Story of the Law. By John Maxcy Zane. Ives Washburn. \$5.

THE humanization of knowledge proceeds apace. It is interesting, however, that the story of the law should appear so late. A story of philosophy, of literature, of science is, after all, hardly a test. Blackstone's elegant "Commentaries" was a best seller in the American colonies, but the average American nowadays believes that if he is given the making of the Mammy songs and the Blues he cares not who makes the laws.

Mr. Zane's book will, I suppose, constitute a temptation to some. It may be said right off that it would be easy to take frequent issue with him. His story of the law is designedly

Anglocentric, and to a large extent consequently misleading and false. His account of Jewish law is hardly more than a short and unilluminating résumé of the Bible. He might have greatly profited even from the short essay of Professor Isaacs in "The Legacy of Israel." In dealing with Greek law he misses one of the central factors, that the Greek system allowed for no public prosecutor. One wonders, since he gives no bibliography, if he knows the little book of Professor Bonner. His criticism of Benthamism is scandalous and his treatment of international law the last word in superficiality.

Yet with all its inadequacies, faults, and distortions, "The Story of Law" has one solid virtue which makes it worth a reckoning. The cultural contributions of most jurists have the futile and irritating quality of the drear volumes in the "Modern Legal Philosophy" series. Stammmler's abstract "Theory of Justice" may be perfect, for instance, but it would not have been comforting reading at the time of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. We have had too much speculation on the origin of legal institutions from Plato and Aristotle to the present, and too little fact. The contribution of Mr. Zane lies in his fundamental method. It is chronological rather than institutional, but at all times it is evolutionary. He may often miss a great many factors which are important, and more intricate correlations elude him; but he never departs from a fundamental realism.

If one eschews technical doctrines as of little interest to the layman, there is often little left that is not within the scope of an ordinary cultural history. The time when history was a succession of dates and generals is happily past. No historian who knows his business will nowadays do a history without an account of the development of political and legalistic institutions. Thus, "The Story of Law" often hardly differs from a general cultural history. In ancient law Mr. Zane is simply in the domain of cultural anthropology. In modern law the differential calculus he has devised is not always happy. When he introduces even a shadow of a technical doctrine he feels it necessary to inject at once a seductive witticism or personality. But after all it is better to read a little anecdote about Pliny the Younger than a distinction on the nature of property in ocean waves.

In part this virtue may be due to the general pattern of all the "story" books. But it is no paradox to say that fundamentally it also has a great deal to do with the fact that Mr. Zane is a barbarian. He is too good a Republican and a Chicago lawyer to be anything but hard-headed and to be satisfied with anything but the low-down. The fact is eloquent that the introduction to the book is by James M. Beck, formerly Solicitor General of the United States. But if this closeness to the earth accounts for the book's advantages it also explains Mr. Zane's limitations. What legal evolution teaches him is that this is the best of all possible legal worlds. When he is dealing with the communism of the primitive patriarchal family he takes the opportunity to belittle socialism. The popular election of judges, he lets you know, misses the evolutionary lesson, too, as do super and inheritance taxes and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Constitutional law is, indeed, the absolute reign of law; but he voices no disquieting doubts.

In America law has achieved its triumph. It is the reward of mankind through the ages and we live in a Golden Age. Indeed we are destined to live more or less happily ever afterwards with the princess of the Common Law. The story of the law thus remains to be written, at least for those who are not so smug. Perhaps its ironies can be better revealed with a more institutional method. Perhaps it requires a renegade from the law. Perhaps, too, the layman will say that it is at least written in part. He may go to the author of the "Forsyte Saga" for insight into the man of property. He may go to Anatole France, who wrote much of it in "Penguin Island" and who long before the day of Sacco and Vanzetti wrote their essential tragedy in "Crainquebille," who came to know the majesty of the law.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

The New Ireland

The Blessing of Pan. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Etched in Moonlight. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

THE recent development of the Irish literary renaissance appears to have been conditioned more intensely by political than by aesthetic forces. The phases through which Irish writing has passed are paralleled by similar evolutions in Italy and Russia, where the emergence of a realistic national temper has deflected writers in the direction of a hard-bitten prose and a generally materialistic conception of subject matter. Those Russians who still cling to the pathos and emotionalism of Chekhov or the cloudy mysticism of Andreyev find themselves intellectually as well as geographically exiled. Home-grown Russian novelists of today produce works bearing such hard-boiled titles as "Cement." In Italy too, despite the popular adoration in which the hero of Fiume is held, the iron temper which Mussolini is seeking to establish as the national psychology works to discredit D'Annunzio's lush romanticism. Novelists who have enlisted under the Fascist standard find themselves impelled more and more to a lean and pitiless depiction of life. Revolutions and imperialisms have ceased to engender romantic literature.

Nowhere has this change been more marked than in Ireland. Not many years ago the banshee-and-moonlight spirit ruled over Irish prose and poetry. The "folk-plays" were saturated with the thin mysticism of Maeterlinck. Political satire softly masked itself in an ambiguous symbolism. Yeats announced his belief in fairies and anticipated Oklahoma by issuing Rosicrucian tracts.

The first flush of that romantic day produced some charming work and in "Riders to the Sea" it may even have produced something enduring; but the roseate dawn has disappeared and left few traces of its glory behind it. Even if Joyce had not been present to point out another road, civil strife, economic responsibilities, bloody and inglorious revolution would have sufficed to alter the entire course of modern Irish literature. Today Yeats is loved and respected but you will find little trace of his intricate and elaborate art in the writing of the younger generation. In a new country which must develop an indurated temper if it is to subsist at all, Yeats's romantic and mystic preoccupations suddenly appear irrelevant. Accordingly, the standard bearers today are men who, like Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty, have forgotten all about the fairies and prefer to face a world of unpleasant fact.

It is this metamorphosis which gives such a strange and outlandish look to Lord Dunsany's latest novel. Still strumming the single string of fantasy, he seems to have no connection with his countrymen or his country. His new book takes up the threadbare theme of the return of Pan to a modern community. All the old ingredients are in it, all that "Celtic magic" which the schoolmaster's wand of Matthew Arnold pointed out to us many years ago. Here are moonlight and paganism and slightly biblical poetic prose and little miracles and elfin charm—the entire bag of tricks, once so amusing and original, now so sickly and unmoving. Somehow Lord Dunsany's delicate delvings into a world of pretty fancy seem almost childish. The effect of inanity is due not only to the growing feebleness of his prose style but to the fact that his entire universe of feeling appears irrelevant today. His significance never inhered entirely in himself but was bound up with the movement that included Lady Gregory and Yeats and the earlier "A.E." Now that the wave of that movement has receded Dunsany's art is left high and dry.

This is not entirely the case with another member of the group, James Stephens. His fantasy may seem a bit saccharine, but the humor of "The Demi-Gods" and "The Crock of Gold"

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will save him. His new book of short tales scales no heights and adds little to a reputation that appears now firmly established and evaluable. What is interesting about it is the definite impress which the new realistic temper of his country seems to have made on Stephens, an impress from which Lord Dunsany is entirely free. In the present volume the least successful pieces (such as the extremely boring title story) have in them the greatest admixture of fantasy and "natural magic" and atmospheric prose. On the other hand, the finest tales, such as *The Boss*, *Darling*, and *Schoolfellows* might, in their lean rapidity and careful avoidance of the decorative, have been written by Liam O'Flaherty. The lightness and whimsy of "The Demi-Gods" are gone, to be replaced by a rigorous depiction of hunger and dulness and frustration, a little set of stern snapshots of modern Ireland. Though not entirely absent, the glamor of the heroic age is diminished. When the horns of elfland do any blowing it is a cracked and unconvincing sound they give forth. "Etched in Moonlight" is a misleading title for the book. It is the title of the worst story in a volume for which a more fitting, if triter, appellation might have been "Etched in Acid." Whether for good or ill, the elves have left Ireland and their disappearance cannot help reflecting itself in the work of the more intelligent Irish writers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

Conditioned Reflexes. By Ivan Pavlov. Oxford University Press. \$9.

The first authorized translation, made by G. V. Anrep, one of his students, of Pavlov's lectures on his own and related studies in the field of cerebral physiology by the method of conditioned signal reflexes. The lectures cover the researches on dogs done in the laboratory of the Russian Academy of Sciences and the Institute of Experimental Medicine over a period of twenty-five years. Although Pavlov's expressed scientific interest is that of the physiologist, he does not fail to estimate the far-reaching psychological significance of his work for the theory of learning and the processes of discrimination. He is aware that the phrase "conditioned reflex" has become the shibboleth of an American school of psychology known as Behaviorism, and it is particularly in relation to this domestic doctrine that the report of Pavlov's elaborate researches, accompanied by cautious if subtle theorizing, may be recommended to American students of animal and human behavior.

Social Sciences and Their Interrelations. Edited by William F. Ogburn and Alexander Goldenweiser. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Another attempt in the direction of the stock-merger of the sciences of human and public affairs. This volume contains short essays by a galaxy of such famous names as Dewey, Lowie, Sapir, Boas, Seligman, Hale, Pound, Barnes, Hobson, Cohen, Montague, and others. Each essay considers the interrelation of two of the so-called sciences, and there are as many essays as there are combinations of six departments taken two at a time—with initial and terminal statements of the general field and significance of social science. Perusal of this symposium suggests that the chief problem which the social sciences face, though not here stated, is the dilemma which Ben Franklin so tersely phrased when advising the thirteen colonies concerning union.

Dreams. By Percy G. Stiles. Harvard University Press. \$1.50.

Dr. Stiles, a layman in psychology, here publishes some extracts from an illustrated diary of his dreams which he has kept for a number of years. The book makes very pleasant reading in spite of the fact that the orthodox Freudian will chortle with unholy glee over the ease with which some of the

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dreams can be given interpretations much less innocent than those suggested by the author.

The Problem of Lay-Analysis. By Sigmund Freud. Introduction by S. Ferenczi. Brentano's. \$2.50.

In Austria the practice of psychoanalysis is restricted by law to licensed physicians. Freud here gives his reasons for believing that while a physician without proper training in psychoanalysis may be a dangerous practitioner of the art, a medical layman dealing only with cases whose disorder has been certified by a physician to be not organic may perform a useful service. The argument is presented in the guise of a series of conversations with an outsider, and in the course of it Freud gives a popular exposition of his theories.

The Best Plays of 1926-27. Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

The eighth annual issue of Mr. Mantle's useful compilation. Besides condensed versions of the ten "Best Plays" the volume contains complete casts of all plays of the year and much other information concerning the current drama.

Sir Charles Sedley, 1639-1701. By V. De Sola Pinto. Boni and Liveright. \$6.

The first extended biography of the poet, dramatist, wit, and man of fashion who is now known to most readers only as the author of one lyric (Not, Celia, that I juster am) and, perhaps, as the hero of one very scandalous anecdote recounted in Pepys. This agreeably written book is the result of conscientious researches and is addressed both to scholars and to that part of the general public which is interested in scholarship.

Moving Pictures

Charlie Chaplin

LOOKING at our great and incomparable Charlie Chaplin I feel like patting myself on the back. Did I not argue as long as fifteen years ago that the ordinary "legitimate" actors should be barred from the motion picture? It was of these actors that I said in 1913: "Are they aware that the cinematograph play is the most abstract form of the pantomime? Do they realize that if there is any stage on which the laws of movement should reign supreme, it is the cinematograph stage? If they did they would not have monopolized the cinematograph play, but would have left it to the dancers, clowns, and acrobats who do know something about the laws of movement." A few years later came Charlie, the perfect clown and acrobat, and by way of confirming my dictum at once leapt to such heights of artistic distinction that ever since there have been only two kinds of motion-picture actors: Charlie Chaplin and the rest. The classification is based not only on the singularity of Chaplin's genius, but equally so on the singularity of his methods as an actor. This fact, however, is often ignored. Chaplin's mannerisms, the peculiar traits of the screen character he has created, have been imitated and plagiarized times without number. On the other hand, his consistent pantomime acting (I cannot recall a single picture in which Chaplin moves his lips as if actually speaking), his emphasis on expressive movement (his gait, for instance), and his puppet-like, essentially non-realistic treatment of his role—these are the characteristics of Chaplin's acting which have found but few imitators, and certainly none to show anything like Chaplin's appreciation of their meaning and importance.

In "The Circus," his latest picture, Chaplin is again at his very best. His inexhaustible comic imagination has provided the picture with a more than ample supply of side-splitting "stunts" of characteristic Chaplinesque quality, the most strik-

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ing of these being the scenes at Noah's Ark and the lion's cage. The "big scene" of the picture, in which Charlie performs some amazing feats in tight-rope walking (with the help of an attached wire), is funny too, but suffers somewhat from the attempt to join the wistful buffoonery of Charlie's little trick to the cruder and different fun of his helplessness in disengaging himself from the attacking monkeys. And through all these mirth-provoking scenes there flits the unforgettable image which has so endeared itself to the world—the image of a childishly simple and quixotically noble Pierrot who occasionally borrows the impishness of Harlequin.

In "The Circus" Chaplin's is a solo performance. The rest of the actors are not more than competent, and the direction of the picture as a whole lacks distinction. This last feature is disappointing. Chaplin showed his mettle as director in "The Woman of Paris," and though there is no place for realism of this kind in his own grotesqueries, there is place in them for something which he is preeminently fitted to accomplish. His style of acting and all his dramatic upbringing proclaim Chaplin for what he actually is; a superb vaudeville comedian. We have motion pictures that are equivalent to comedy and drama. But we still have no motion-picture vaudeville, i. e., entertainment shunning illusionist effects and making its appeal direct to the audience simply and solely as entertainment. I cannot help hoping that perhaps one day Chaplin will turn his mind to this richly promising field of experimental effort. There is waiting for him a full-size job worthy of his genius.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama Rights for Men

IN "These Modern Women" (Eltinge Theater) Lawrence Langner has cast a critical eye in the direction of a certain type of "modern" woman and written a somewhat argumentative play likely to be the subject of acrimonious discussion between the male members of the audience and such of the ladies as feel that the cap is intended to fit their heads. Mr. Langner is at some pains to make it clear that he holds no brief for the old-fashioned female. Woman's place, he seems ready to admit, is not any more exclusively than man's "in the home," and virtue in women is much the same thing as virtue in men. But "modernity," he would have us understand, has, like all other religions, its pharisees and its hypocrites. The cant of "freedom," of "self-expression," and of "social service" may serve as well as any other cant to mask a complacent egotism and to impose upon the simple-minded victims who do not know how to protest against the persuasive eloquence of the self-righteous who happen to have all the good new words on their side.

For his heroine Mr. Langner has chosen the supposedly brilliant wife of a plodding novelist. Because she earns about one-twentieth of their combined income she calls herself "economically independent," and because she goes as a "Miss" she is able to forget that her husband's name is the only thing she does not take from him. Motherhood is a great experience; she grows lyrical upon the subject of the "ecstasy of pain" which she underwent at the hospital and even threatens to write a book on the subject; but she turns the boy over to a very advanced nurse who "psycho-analyzes him every night instead of telling him bed-time stories." When she finds herself enamored of a visiting English author she persuades herself that her husband ought to have a little affair with his secretary in order to leave her free, but she cannot understand why he, who is perfectly willing to let her do as she likes, can see no particular reason for continuing to support her while she is living with someone else. Claiming all the privileges of complete indepen-

dence, she is nevertheless dependent enough when it is profitable to be so and she is, in a word, not unlike certain of those feminists who, forgetting that special favors must be paid for, rail against the decline of chivalry at the same time that they advocate the abolition of all distinctions between the sexes.

Mr. Langner's play is frankly devoted to the exposition of its thesis, but it is both dramatically conceived and logical in the working out of its problem, for the easy compromise solution is avoided and the wife, robbed of her husband by another type of "modern woman"—the secretary, who is perfectly willing to give herself to the husband but equally determined to hold him if she can—is left to meditate in her empty house the perennial difficulties involved in the problem of eating your cake and having it too. Personally I have no universal formula for the solution of modern marital difficulties and I presume that Mr. Langner has none either. I am not at all certain that some couples may not get along very nicely on a program which includes occasional and frank adultery on both sides, but I am at least equally convinced that there are others which find the arrangement unsatisfactory. Probably even the most enlightened age will discover that marriage is still an individual problem, and Mr. Langner's play is a very interesting working out of one such problem. Incidentally it is very well acted, with Chrystal Herne as the wife, Minor Watson as the husband, Helen Flint as the secretary, and Alan Mowbray as the visiting Englishman.

Among other recent events may be mentioned "Sunny Days" (Imperial Theater), which is an elaborate but thoroughly conventional musical comedy with Frank McIntyre, and "Rain or Shine" (Cohan Theater), which is quite the brightest, pleasantest, and merriest of the recent song-and-dance entertainments. This latter is all about life in a circus as Jim Tully very decidedly did not see it, and it is graced by that particularly ingratiating young comedian Joe Cook. Mr. Cook is extremely versatile—besides being master of a certain air of contented and pleasing imbecility he can perform a great variety of circus stunts quite well—but his great gift is for a certain likability which to my mind at least is conspicuously absent from some of our most popular comedians. He is surrounded by a very active company, and one of the scenes—a practical realization of an invention of the sort popularized by Rube Goldberg's cartoons—convulses the audience.

A new stock company containing several well-known names—Violet Heming, Vivian Martin, and Robert Warwick—has opened at the Cosmopolitan at popular prices. Unfortunately the first offering was that mild and now very much faded much-ado-about-nothing called "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Adopting the technique of the almost forgotten mystery cinema "thrillers," "The Silent House" (Morosco Theater) presents a melodrama incoherent, ingenious, nerve-racking, but none the less enjoyable.

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International Relations Section

Baron Hatvany

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON February 1 the Royal Hungarian Tribunal of Budapest sentenced Baron Ludwig von Hatvany to seven years in prison and a fine of \$100,000. He had been found guilty of slandering the Hungarian nation in several articles published seven years ago in the daily paper of the political emigres, *A Jovo*. Baron Hatvany is a Jew and a member of one of the richest families of Central Europe, known as the Rothschilds of Hungary.

During the war Baron Hatvany was editor of *Pesti Naplo*, which under his management was a liberal and pacifist journal. He was highly regarded in the Karolyi Party and he participated with Count Karolyi in the preliminary negotiations of the armistice.

Baron Hatvany fled Hungary during Bela Kun's regime and settled in Vienna where he rented the chateau of the Hapsburg dynasty in Lainz. He was for a time the center of what might have developed into a political action of the emigres. The founding of *A Jovo* was a part of a larger scheme having in view the overthrow of the white terror in Hungary. The articles for which Baron Hatvany has been sent to prison dealt with the atrocities of the white terror and have been fully confirmed by later disclosures. His book "The Wounded Land," published in German and translated into other languages, was the literary sensation of Central Europe. Although it is one of the most sympathetic accounts of Hungarian history the book was excluded from Hungary. The heads of the present political regime in Budapest hate Hatvany almost as much as they do Karolyi. They cannot forgive Hatvany because in spite of his great wealth he became a radical and a pacifist.

Quite recently Baron Hatvany made inquiries through his friends in Budapest as to whether there would be any difficulty about his return to Hungary. He was very anxious to work in familiar surroundings. Some weeks ago he received word from a friend whose cordial relations with the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, are well known, to the effect that it was safe for Baron Hatvany to go back to his native land. This friend intimated that it might be necessary, for the sake of appearance, to stand trial, in which case he would be acquitted. Thereupon he left Vienna for Hungary. As soon as he passed the frontier he was arrested.

Political trials in Hungary are decided by the Government through the courts. The opinion of liberal circles in Budapest is that the trial was part of a scheme to please the anti-Semitic die-hards and at the same time to blackmail the Hatvanys. They will, it is thought, be willing to pay the fine of \$100,000 in order to have the jail term reduced.

This is only one of many political trials which remind one of the most critical days of the white terror in Hungary. The other day the Tribunal of Pecs sentenced Joseph Magyar, editor of a labor newspaper, and Joseph Pecs, former town councillor, to twelve years in prison for trifling political offenses. Julius Abonyi, a staff correspondent of *Magyar Hirlap*, was sentenced to fourteen days in prison for a book review in which he took exception to the statement of the author of a history textbook that the Jews are responsible for Hungary's present plight.

The South African Native Worker

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Cape Town, South Africa

WHERE two gray, paper-strewn streets meet, in a dingy slum area, stands the Workers' Hall, the headquarters in Johannesburg of the I. C. U., that is to say the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa. It is just opposite the great gray barracks where the natives go to get the passes which in Johannesburg they must always be ready to produce, day or night, the instant they are asked for them by the police. Here the natives fresh from the kraal squat on the ground in their gay blankets, and stare from dark, limpid eyes in uncomprehending terror at the clanging trams and hooting cars that go past them in an endless stream. Here the native, no longer afraid of either, knowing of the first that he may not avail himself of them, and of the second that it is only for him to clean the magic things or fill them up with petrol, comes to have his pass renewed, and on his way back he is more than likely to turn into the Workers' Hall for a minute or two. He may stroll around the big meeting-hall and admire the walls, painted from end to end by a young native enthusiast, with a portentously bearded Karl Marx in the place of honor, and a series of politico-propagandist cartoons, crude but brightly colored, stretching away on either side. He may go and read in the library, where the severe though instructive collection sent out by the I. L. P. from England awaits him. Or he may, if he has any complaint against his employer, report it to the complaints office, where he will be heard with sympathy and intelligence, and as a rule helped swiftly and effectively.

All this, of course, provided that he is a member of the I. C. U. By this time a considerable proportion of the natives working in Johannesburg must be so. For the organization, which includes all the principal towns as well as many smaller places, has a membership of over 30,000. It has funds sufficient to take up the case of a member who has a grievance, and to bring it into the law courts if necessary. It follows that its complaints department has acquired a real importance, and that the threat it holds out of unwelcome publicity does act as a brake on the greed or ill-temper of unscrupulous employers, who often take advantage of the ignorance or entire illiteracy of their native employees to tamper with their passes, which are also business contracts, for their own advantage.

It cannot be supposed that a community in which the natives have hitherto quiescently fulfilled the role of the serfs under a feudal regime will approve of the aims and activities of the I. C. U. Far from it. On this issue the parties are united as they are on no other. The Labor Party, that curious anomaly, will have none of it; the Chamber of Mines and other big employers of natives are openly hostile to it; while farmers, whose native laborers have been the worst-paid and most docile of all the native workers, view it with a disfavor which has nothing to do with party. A meeting of the Kroonstad District Farmers' Union recently decided to ask a forthcoming agricul-

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MORE SCRAPS OF PAPER

Albert Jay Nock

Minority persecution continues in Eastern Europe despite the Versailles Treaty clauses which are supposed to protect minorities. The former editor of *The Freeman* realistically analyzes the economic roots of this persecution and little hope for political action.

REDRESS FOR MINORITIES

Henry Noel Brailsford

What are the possibilities of political action to protect European minorities? How can world opinion be used to compel observance of the Treaty? The distinguished English publicist and editor replies to Mr. Nock.

BRANDEIS IN ZIONISM

Jacob de Haas

The man closest to the Supreme Court Justice throughout his leadership of the Zionist movement sums up the work of Mr. Brandeis in a remarkably informative article.

A RABBI TAKES STOCK

Solomon Goldman

Orthodoxy and Reform, says this Cleveland Rabbi, have both failed of their tasks. He attempts to answer two questions: What does religion hold for the modern Jew? On what basis should he reorganize his religious life?

WILL SCIENCE CHANGE OUR MORALS?

Bertrand Russell

Science has changed religion for the modern man. What changes will it bring about in his ethical concepts? Mr. Russell at his most lucid, on a subject of primary importance.

BIBLE INTO DRAMA

Gilbert Gabriel

The dramatic critic of the *New York Sun* discusses modern stage treatment of biblical subjects, with reference to plays by Werfel, O'Neill and others.

OCHS OF THE TIMES

Silas Bent

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the man who built the great respectable newspaper of our day is subjected to a keen biographical and critical study by the author of *Ballyhoo*.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL CONCEPTION OF JEWISH HISTORY

Simon Dubnow

The leading contemporary Jewish historian explains the dominant concept of his *World History of the Jewish People*, soon to be published in English.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE WANDERING JEW

Lion Feuchtwanger

Brilliant, witty causeries satirizing Anti-Semitism by the author of *Power*. Suppressed by the German Government during the war, these Conversations appear now for the first time in English.

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Louis Lozowick

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A RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

Herbert Solow

In the classic land of Sephardic decay, the followers of Alfonso Pacifci reassert the Jew's capacity for survival. Mr. Solow reports a colorful chapter in modern Jewish history.

FICTION, POETRY, PLAYS

Among those whose work will appear during 1928 are Jean-Richard Bloch and Paul Morand (France), I. Babel (Russia), Franz Werfel (Austria), Charles Reznikoff, Lionel Trilling, Louis Berg, Ludwig Lewisohn, Kenneth Fearing, and others, both noted and new.

BOOK REVIEWS

Is there such a thing as Jewish opinion? *MENORAH* reviews by competent critics and scholars express the rapidly crystallizing views of American Jews on modern life and letters, in addition to providing the most strenuous test for books by and about Jews.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Louis Fischer in Russia, Louis Lozowick in Germany, Ludwig Lewisohn in Paris, Gershon Agronsky in Constantinople, others in Berlin, London, Warsaw, Vienna, Kiev, Riga, Moscow, Vilna, Kovno, and Jerusalem keep *MENORAH* readers informed of developments in politics, art, music, and letters.

ART INSERTS

An eight page portfolio each month, reproducing selected works of important modern artists, with brief comment by competent critics: Jacob Epstein in January, Israel Paldi in February; Adolf Feder, Leopold Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Chana Orloff, Max Pollack to come.

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tural congress "to consider the best steps to be taken by farmers to combat the influence of the I. C. U." Two of the associations belonging to the union had taken a resolution to the effect "that every member of a farmer's association who has natives on his farm who are members of the I. C. U. should give them notice to leave immediately and that their passes be marked 'I. C. U.' and that no farmer who belongs to the association should employ such natives." And when some members asked how they were to tell members of the I. C. U., since the natives, naturally enough, it would seem, often denied being members of it when questioned, the reply was "that as soon as natives joined the I. C. U. they would be recognized as they then became impertinent and lazy."

That reply, in its simple brutality, gives in a word the mental attitude of the white man in South Africa to which the inception and organization of the I. C. U. is the inevitable reply. The minority which does not share in that attitude may not approve of every public utterance of I. C. U. leaders, but it cannot but sympathize with their resentment and wish well to their organization. The whole trend of legislation and of public feeling on the part of the white community as a whole has made a race-conscious combination of the natives and colored people of the country both natural and necessary in their own interest. It has made natural, too, the distinctive feature of the I. C. U., and the one which has aroused the greatest suspicion and resentment against them—their determination to run their own affairs entirely by themselves. Recently, at the end of a conference of some of their members, they went to a local hotel and asked to have a dinner arranged. The request was refused in contemptuous terms, and featured, next morning, in a well-known daily as an amusing item, the cream of the jest being that a table-cloth and napkins had been asked for. Against the intolerable assumptions which make such a report possible, and against the economic exploitation which is its concomitant the educated natives are now definitely in revolt, and such is their bitterness that it is no longer easy for them to feel friendly toward any white man or to believe in his sincerity if he offers them friendship.

What is to be the future of the I. C. U.? It is already a power in the land, and the pressure of legislation, administration, and public feeling that will undoubtedly be brought to bear upon it, while it may drive its activities underground, will do nothing to retard its development. The natives of South Africa, like all oppressed peoples, are afraid; but for some time now they have been more afraid not to combine against their oppressors than to encounter their anger as a result of such combination. The I. C. U. is affiliated with the Amsterdam International, and up to the present has been peaceful enough in its methods. Whether it will always remain so rests largely with white South Africa.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and Mexico: "An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

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RUTH ALEXANDER is a journalist living in South Africa.

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DEBATE

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Chairman, Dr. Chas. E. Buery
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LINDSEY

vs.

REV. PETER
AINSLIE

Chairman, Rabbi Edward Israel

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SECRETARY HOOVER celebrated his formal entry into the Presidential race by answering Senator Borah's prohibition questionnaire thus: "I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I stand, of course, for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen President is under his solemn oath and duty to pursue this course." He evaded the question which was the very heart of the questionnaire, namely, whether he favors modification of the Volstead Act. Again what does he mean by "efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement"? Does he believe that there is efficient, vigorous, sincere enforcement at the present time or not? Mr. Hoover ought to be too much of a man to indulge in such evasion. But candidacy makes cowards of us all. A questionnaire of much more importance and appropriateness would ask Mr. Hoover how he stands on the issue of corruption. He indorses the Coolidge policies. Would he have Mr. Doheny into the White House for tea? Would he accept campaign contributions from Blackmer and Sinclair? Does he approve the failure of the Department of Justice to take a single step toward tracing the Continental Liberty bonds? Is he in favor of seating Smith and Vare? Does he believe the investigations of the power trust and the aluminum

monopoly should have been shelved? Does he stand for further reductions in the taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 a year and over? Secretary Hoover would, to use Mr. Coolidge's felicitous phrase, contribute greatly to the candor of the situation by answering these.

"W. J. B.," as the Burns detectives call him, was seated in one of the jury boxes. His face was a study, the ruddiness, always under normal conditions conspicuous, was gone. His face was as pallid as that of his son. Nervously the older man fingered his short, gray mustache. . . . In a voice that quavered with emotion and a tone so loud that it could be heard in the corridor outside, Burns declared his innocence. "Before my God, I am innocent as a child unborn."

THUS, MELODRAMATICALLY, William J. Burns, when sentence of fifteen days was passed upon him for contempt of court in "shadowing" the Sinclair jury in Washington. The great man who has sent so many men to jail, and as head of the Secret Service during the war persecuted thousands with complete ruthlessness, was found guilty by Judge Siddons, together with his son, and Henry Mason Day, and Harry Sinclair, who received a penalty of six months in jail. Pleas by his counsel that Sinclair did not know that it was an offense to "shadow" the jury the judge overruled. No such plea could be made for the Burnses; they had "shadowed" juries before. Are they now sitting in jail? They are not. They are rich men and they have now appealed from Judge Siddons to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and they will appeal, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Sinclair is already appealing from one sentence of three months and the papers say it will be a long, long time before he is actually in the grip of the law. None the less, we are grateful for this verdict and what it connotes. But we have not changed our belief that in all such contempt cases there should be a jury trial and not merely a judge deciding how far his own sacred judicial majesty has been impaired.

CONDITIONS IN THE PITTSBURGH coal region are "a blotch upon American civilization." Modern pigpens are better than the squalid hovels in which the miners dwell close to Secretary Mellon's home town. Statements like these are familiar to some of our readers; they are new from the mouths of United States Senators. A committee headed by the standpat Senator Gooding of Idaho as chairman, and including also Senators Wagner, Pine, and Wheeler, made these statements as it emerged from Pennsylvania into Ohio. They had but to scratch the surface to uncover the running sores of the medieval baronies of the coal region. In Rossiter they learned of the injunction which prevents miners from singing hymns on the property of a Magyar church which overlooks the coal mine. "This is an absolute violation of the right of free speech," said Senator Wagner, and three of the Senators boldly entered the little church and, defying the injunction, exercised the constitutional right to sing hymns when and where one pleases. For lesser men, however, the Constitution of the United States

is no protection in the coal towns. There serfdom and peonage prevail. The swinish squalor of the mine towns is only a part of the picture; the despotic control exercised by the companies over their subjects' lives is more significant still. They own the homes, the roads, the police. The committee discovered one town, however, where control was incomplete. There the corporation paid the sheriff \$7.50 a day for each deputy on guard at the mine, but the deputies received only \$6.50. The sheriff apparently did what the United States has thus far been unable to do: he proved himself stronger than a coal company. The Senators are advertising the shame of the coal counties, but they have more to do; that shame must be ended.

THE FLOOD CONTROL BILL has had many jolts and twists since Representative Reid first introduced it last December. However, quite the pleasantest shock came when President Coolidge most unexpectedly conceded that the federal government should bear at least the entire first costs of flood control for the Lower Mississippi Valley. Since last summer he has stubbornly maintained that in the interest of economy the flood-stricken States should be made to contribute to the cost of flood control. Even as late as February 22 the *New York Times* reported that the President still held this opinion and that a veto of the bill was threatened if it carried a provision for full payment of flood-control expenditures by the federal government. His concession, therefore, amazing and unexpected as it is, indicates that he has at least listened to the opposition arguments with an open mind and that, finding his earlier position impracticable, has been liberal enough to admit it.

THE FINDING of the Naval Court of Inquiry into the S-4 disaster was that Rear Admiral Brumby should be removed from command of the Control Force of the United States fleet because he "failed to contribute that superior and intelligent guidance, force, and sound judgment expected from an officer of his length of service, experience, and position" in directing salvage operations for the submarine S-4. Which, in our opinion, is putting the matter very nicely and with a mildness by no means warranted by the circumstances. When questioned about submarine construction, about salvage, about rescue work, about the particular history of the S-4—about almost anything, indeed, even remotely connected with submarines, Admiral Brumby was compelled to answer feebly that he "did not know," he "was not sure," he "had left that to the young men in charge." Without him the navy will be a safer place. But the rest of the naval court's report, that Commander Jones of the S-4 and Lieutenant Commander Baylis of the Paulding—the destroyer which rammed the submarine—were jointly to blame for the accident which resulted in the loss of the S-4 and her crew, has already been challenged, especially by the Treasury, to whose Coast Guard service the Paulding belongs.

THE SENATE has passed a bill providing for the return of enemy alien property seized by the United States during the war. This is another step toward clearing our national name of a blot. The measure passed by the Senate is somewhat different from that approved by the House, the Senate providing for compensation payments to Austrian and Hungarian as well as German nationals, and adopting Senator King's amendment requiring the payment of 5 per

cent interest on \$25,000,000 of accumulated interest on German property now held by the Alien Property Custodian and designated by the Senate as part of the fund for the liquidation of American private claims. The bill also provides for compensation for German ships, radios, and patents seized by this Government, but there is no possibility of weighing the wrong done by the sale of the most valuable German patents to the American chemical trust. That act, we were told, was necessary if we were to come out of the war chemically independent of our former enemy. As Senator Copeland pointed out in an excellent speech in the Senate on February 21, those privileged persons to whom the German chemical patents were turned over have had for two years the benefit of our high tariffs, embargos, anti-dumping laws, and investigations of foreign costs. The holders of these stolen patents have been unable to make a go of the business—there is not today a single plant turning out nitrogenous fertilizers. Now these patriots propose an alliance with the wicked Germans and the Assistant Attorney General, William J. Donovan, declares that this will be entirely acceptable to the Government!

THE KILLING IN NICARAGUA continues. The press reports, for instance, that a scout plane killed two with its machine-guns when it observed a small band east of Narajo. To other airplanes a captain signaled that he had killed two members of a band that he had encountered, and a Lieutenant Shiebler surprised a "small party" six miles from Homonico and wounded several of them. It is also stated that if the marines do not "clean up" Sandino very soon the rainy weather will defer operations from three to four months. So the great United States Government, headed by such Christian gentlemen as Calvin Coolidge and Frank Kellogg, continues to let its men shoot down anybody they meet, or see and judge to be "bandits" when they are flying well above the jungle. Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg have taken no note of Sandino's peace terms offered through Carleton Beals of *The Nation*. Indeed, the United States Government is not able, apparently, for all its marines, to communicate with this "bandit" and negotiate with him. It has neither the enterprise nor the simple common sense of a weekly journal in New York.

THOSE RUSSIANS have been at it again. The Soviet observer at the Geneva Security Committee meeting, Boris Stein, had the impudence to resubmit the Soviet proposal for speedy and practical disarmament, beginning with the reduction of all armed forces by 50 per cent, the destruction of arms and munitions, the stopping of all military and naval construction, the disarmament to be completed in four years, after which there will be nothing but police and frontier guards and such left. This time the usual course of sneering at the insincerity of the Russians, or denouncing the proposal as a trick was not taken. Instead, Mr. Stein was instructed to transmit his proposal to the secretary of the League of Nations. The *New York Times* correspondent reports that there can be no doubt that the Soviet leaders are "honestly anti-war." Other correspondents report that there is enough in the Russian scheme to prevent its being sidetracked when the Preparatory Disarmament Commission meets on March 20. They report also that "the establishment of neutralized, demilitarized land zones, the abolition of nationalistic, militaristic teachings, and the plans for the assimilation of disbanded military staffs, are regarded as

practicable." In addition, the Canadian commissioner to the Geneva Security Committee, Walter Riddell, has joined the Russians in urging immediate disarmament as "more effective at the present moment in advancing security than pledges of armed assistance."

ITALY IS SECRETLY ARMING HUNGARY. According to the Treaty of the Trianon Hungary has no right to import arms, but the Interallied Control Commission has been withdrawn, and Italy is eager to build up a new military ally against Austria and Yugoslavia. The Council of the League of Nations has the duty of supervising enforcement of the treaty, but with Italy's influence thrown boldly into the scale against it, enforcement is doubtful. Apparently several trainloads of arms have gone from Italy to Hungary consigned as "vegetables" or otherwise falsified; but the decisive scandal occurred in January, when Austrian customs officials discovered five trainloads of machine-guns in a frontier station, falsely labeled and falsely addressed to Warsaw. Warsaw knew nothing of the consignment, but Budapest did, and the machine-guns were promptly moved out of range of Austrian protests. Inevitably the question went up to the League Council; and as we go to press it is still uncertain whether that body will lie down before the defiance of the Hungarian Whites, backed by Mussolini, or demand compliance with the treaty.

IN HIS DEBATE with Mrs. Bertrand Russell as to the canceling of her lecture scheduled to be given at the University of Wisconsin, it does not appear to us that President Glenn Frank comes off the better. As we understand it, Mrs. Russell was engaged by some undergraduates to speak on the subject of the protection of women, and when a synopsis of the lecture was received at Madison it appeared that it was so frank in its treatment of sex matters as to make the young men feel that they would be greatly embarrassed by any such discussion before a mixed college audience. Their decision, taken before they saw Mr. Frank, was approved by him. He felt that a mixed student audience was not the best place for discussion of her sex theories. Diplomacy might have suggested that Mrs. Russell be told of the difficulty and be given a chance to substitute another lecture. She declares that she had other subjects to offer; and that she had no intention of forcing her views upon anybody is shown by the fact that when her Madison meeting was finally held, off the campus, she limited the field of her discussion because of the obvious excitement and hysteria. As is always the way when authorities come out in opposition, Mrs. Russell and her opinions have been brought to the attention of thousands who would never have read her books or heard her lectures.

THE DAY WILL COME when discriminations against women will have vanished and special institutions for women will close their doors. But that day is not here. In the thirteen leading hospitals of New York City, public and private, only eleven women doctors hold staff positions. Women medical graduates are accepted as internes—although hardly on equal terms with men—but are shut out from later hospital experience. The only hospital to open its doors freely to women doctors is the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, founded in 1853 by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and since then run and staffed entirely by women. The need for such a hospital was, of course, more acute

in her day—when women doctors were insulted and denounced and when women medical students were subjected to ridicule and physical violence by their men colleagues. But if the position of women doctors is better, they face a difficulty more serious, perhaps, than the barrage of rotten tomatoes that showered their sisters of the last generation. They face the apathy of a world that assumes too lightly that women have won the fight against inequality and professional ostracism. The trustees of the Women's Infirmary have announced that its doors will close on July 1; that the need for a hospital staffed by women is no longer serious enough to warrant the expense of maintaining it. The entire staff of the hospital and the Women's Medical Association have protested this decision. If it stands, a great loss will be suffered by the women of the country, and through them by the whole community.

YVES GUYOT, whose death at eighty-five is reported from Paris, was almost the last of a great European group of liberal free traders and sound-money men who fought a gallant fight against bimetallism and protection in Europe, winning one battle and losing the other. M. Guyot lived to see Europe divided by tariff walls never before. The new states, rising out of the wreck and chaos of the war, saw in protective duties a means of defense against other nations and the easiest way to raise the large revenues they imperatively needed. Guyot's voice, and those of others who spoke with him, was raised against this folly, pointing out that those tariffs were the greatest stumbling-block to Europe's economic recovery and the source of further wars. In other fields this veteran writer for French and American journals was less sure and less clear. He, the arch-enemy of socialism, beheld socialist governments on every hand standing in the breach to save Europe from collapse. He found himself challenging in pure theory the new-found currency doctrines born of the war and was unable to accept the logic of facts which went contrary to theory. But he was a fine fighter to the end, a sturdy leader in France of the liberal free traders of the Manchester school, and the loss of his pen is a genuine one to economists everywhere.

THE DEATH OF MILDRED ALDRICH in France is one more reminder of those remote days when the war was not yet a world war and when the quality of its stupendous drama overshadowed its character and its significance for humanity. A veteran American newspaper-woman who had settled in France to enjoy her declining years in peace and quiet, Miss Aldrich suddenly found herself in the very vortex of a continental war. The dramatic scenes which she witnessed at closest range she described in a series of articles, extraordinarily moving and effective, which first appeared under the title "A Hill-Top on the Marne" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then became a book. This picture of the gray tides of war flowing in upon her from all sides remains one of the permanent literary accomplishments of the war. Miss Aldrich wrote other books and articles upon the struggle as it seemed to an American woman, but nothing equaled these spontaneous pictures of what the world appeared to be when in the twinkling of an eye the most gigantic and unexpected of catastrophes burst over her. To her literary skill she added personal devotion to her ruined neighbors, who thus also have an admirable reason for remembering her.

Jim Reed and Al Smith

AS ■ candidate we are for Senator James A. Reed of Missouri and would rejoice should he be nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats. He is Wet, and we lean the other way; he is an old-fashioned Democrat of the vintage of 1893, and we have accepted new conditions and new ideas. He opposes federal supervision of everything, and we believe a lot of it is inevitable. He is for the navy, we against it. But we waive all these and other differences and say wholeheartedly that if Senator Reed should be nominated and should talk on the stump as he is talking now the country will be in for the finest educational campaign it has had since 1912. In a day when almost all our dailies have abdicated the critical function in their editorial columns, when we have been told that we must not criticize the President because he happens to be President, it is refreshing and inspiring to have one man willing to stand up and tell the truth, to be brutally frank, and to go for the rotten Republican Party and handle it as it deserves to be handled.

Of course, it will be deplored that any man should use such severe language; the stale, old, false argument that such criticism is purely destructive and not constructive will be trotted out against Mr. Reed by those who approve of the present era of corruption in public life and in certain business quarters, or by those who do not wish to have corruption exposed. Nonsense! What the hour calls for, as it did in 1924, is a prosecuting attorney, some one who will go for the crooks hammer and tongs and demand of the public that it drive the rascals out. The mere prospect of Jim Reed loose on the stump ■ the Democratic candidate would scare the Republicans half to death. Hoover would almost decline the nomination if he knew that he would have the Missouri Senator on his trail for four months describing him daily, ■ he is now doing, as "Sir Herbert Hoover, that great British statesman." That is unfair, of course. Yes, but the situation calls for a man of flaming words who can blister and sear and excoriate with the wrath of a just indignation. It is a fine thing for the country, if not for the smug occupant of the White House, to have Mr. Reed pointing out on his present speechmaking tour that Mr. Coolidge has never said one word in deprecation of the oil scandals and has "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in the month of August"; that he retained Daugherty in his Cabinet until compelled by public opinion to force him out; and that he has retained Mellon in his Cabinet, although Mellon's appointment to it was plainly in violation of law.

It is the more proper that Mr. Reed should speak thus because the latest revelations in the oil inquiry show that Calvin Coolidge was one of the two indirect beneficiaries of the Continental oil scandal. The 1920 Republican campaign deficit was paid off in part with Liberty bonds derived from the fly-by-night Continental Trading Company, which came into being for a day only, but made a profit of \$3,000,000 during its brief existence. We assume, of course, that Mr. Coolidge knew nothing of this transaction at the time. But the very fact that it is now known that the campaign managers who elected him sought and took money to meet their deficit from the men to whom the Harding Ad-

ministration corruptly sold the naval-oil lands makes it incumbent on the President to say something and say it quickly, before he is goaded to it by Mr. Reed and others. An honorable person of fine and sensitive feeling would not have hesitated one moment to declare that he desired the matter probed to the bottom; that he approved what the committee was doing and wished the campaign managers called to testify to the whole truth. The fact that he is the head of the Republican Party makes it his moral duty to demand that the party purge itself now or never, and make a clean breast. Since the President remains silent, Mr. Reed is eminently justified in scoring him. It is a duty to the good name of the Republic to do so.

We welcome Mr. Reed's entering into the Presidential arena because he is the only one of the candidates of either party who is dealing squarely with the public and is talking straight from the shoulder. Nicholas Murray Butler has again asked plaintively, this time of the Hudson County, New Jersey, Republican Committee, why we are "so patient with sonorous platitudes," and why "we permit our candidates for public office, even the highest, to be either without opinions or to content themselves with resounding phrases in undying support of the multiplication-table and the moral law." That is precisely the criticism to be made of Herbert Hoover at this writing. Indeed, it is the criticism that is now beginning to be made justly against Al Smith. That candidate must not be lulled into security by the rapid progress of his boom. It is by no means all over but the shouting, so far as his nomination is concerned. The very best thing that he could do to aid his candidacy would be to come out and tell the public what he really thinks about national issues and the kind of government that we have been having in Washington. We are heartily in accord with our contemporary, the *New Republic*, in its warning to Governor Smith that he cannot remain silent much longer. We were told last fall that he would not discuss national issues until the State Legislature met, and now we are told that he cannot speak until the legislature has adjourned. The people of the whole country want to know about this man, whether he is another pussyfooting politician or whether he has really something to say and proposes to say it; whether he will leave the multiplication-table alone and the Ten Commandments also. Governor Smith could do nothing better for himself than to take a leaf right out of Jim Reed's book. The last Democratic Governor of New York who went from Albany to the White House made that change in his residence because the people came to believe that he was honest, downright, hard-hitting, and willing to call a spade a spade. We believe that the people of this country are thoroughly sick of the bunk that is being talked by politicians, of the empty phrases and the careful concealments. For all their alleged fondness for the mythical Mr. Coolidge, they will rise spontaneously, we feel, to a man who will make it clear that he has convictions on every subject, that he is willing that everybody should know them, and that he does not care whether they make him votes or lose him votes. If such a man becomes a standard-bearer, we may be sure that something worthwhile will take place in this country next fall.

Japan's People Vote

JAPAN has just held her first general election under the new manhood-suffrage law, and although the result is not striking the event is itself dramatic. For the first time in one of the old empires of Asia poor men without property have walked to the polls and voted.

It is less than forty years since Japan hesitatingly adopted a constitution. It is not thirty-eight years since she held her first general election, hedged about with property and other restrictions, in which only 460,000 voters were permitted to participate. Compared with the slow history of expansion of British suffrage, Japan has been advancing with giant strides. The 460,000 voters had grown to 1,450,000 by 1918, when another reform bill doubled the electorate; in March, 1925, the bill which has just had its first trial was passed, and universal male suffrage—excluding only paupers and certain other small classes—went into effect. As in England's struggle to abolish the Lords veto, only the aid of the Mikado made this liberal bill possible. The Emperor prolonged the session of the recalcitrant House of Peers first one day, then two days more, then another two days, before it consented to pass the measure which made voters of 12,000,000 Japanese.

Enthusiasts may be disappointed that the enlarged electorate brought little change in the party representation. Governments control the election machinery everywhere, and they use their control in Japan as effectively as in the West. Japan has not yet thoroughly accepted the principle of responsible government; a government may continue to hold office without a majority in the Diet, but the recent dissolution, provoked by fear of a no-confidence vote, was a tacit acceptance of the Western theory of responsibility. The Seiyukai, which had been in power since the banking crisis of last spring, had only 188 of the 464 seats of the old Diet. The Minseito, the chief opposition party, had 219 seats, and 61 were scattered. The Seiyukai, holding power, expected a smashing victory, but the result of the election is that the two parties stand virtually on a par with each other. A group of 20 "Independents," together with 8 representatives of the new proletarian parties, holds the balance of power. But governments in Japan have facilities for winning the support of "Independents."

Political parties in Japan, as in the United States, have had little to distinguish them. There is a tradition that the Seiyukai represents the large landed interests, and the Opposition the business interests of the cities. But the Seiyukai election funds this year are supposed to have been received in large part from the steel companies, which were assured of comfortable protection for their products. The Seiyukai, when in opposition, denounced the dilatory Chinese policy of the former ministry, but its own "Positive Policy," after a little preliminary blustering, simmered down to something very like that which it replaced. The Opposition charged the Seiyukai with incompetence in handling the financial situation, but it had thoroughly demonstrated its own incompetence before resigning a year ago. Its most eloquent plea was against the Government's abuse of its power to influence the elections.

Opposition meetings were broken up during the campaign; censorship shut off too outspoken criticism; and bribery seems to have been applied upon a vast scale—Japan has

always been expert at copying the follies of the West. But the sharp denunciation of these tactics by some of the powerful Japanese newspapers, such as the *Tokio Asahi*, marked a new stage in the development of Japanese democracy; and the fact that common workers participated, even if no more intelligently than propertied voters, at a national election, marked another advance. The little group of eight representatives of proletarian parties is the most interesting outcome of the election. Readers of *The Nation* know with what elaborate attention the Japanese Government has supervised the operations of these working-class parties. The working-class parties were split into five groups, but they polled 447,000 votes. Their very existence is a triumph. If the leaders of these parties carry on with the idealistic spirit of their founders they will introduce a new seriousness into Japanese parliamentary debate. Japan's is a volcanic climate; her people are impulsive; her industrial and social status is more like that of 1917 Russia, where large-scale industry abutted on a medieval peasantry, than that of any other great country in the world today; and the result will be worth watching.

Yosemite's Trees

A THOUSAND years before Genghis Khan's hordes swept west from Asia, in the days when Jesus of Nazareth was preaching His gospel in Galilee, the sequoias of the Yosemite Valley were already big trees. They have towered skyward for three thousand years—and now they are being cut for lumber. They can still be saved—if the American people and Congress care enough.

The Yosemite National Park is not a solid block. The rectangular area marked on the maps includes several thousand acres to which private lumber interests still have a legal claim. The National Park Service, which owns several outlying tracts of forest land, is attempting to "consolidate" the park property, and it has reached an agreement with the lumber companies to exchange lands inside a concentrated park area for others which it regards as less desirable. Doubtless it has acted with the highest intentions; but the result of its bargain is that, unless Congress acts at once, some of the finest sugar-pine forest on the continent, and some of the few surviving giant sequoias, will be lost forever. At the highest estimate, lumber worth less than \$200,000 is involved. The money could be replaced; the trees never can.

It seems mere cussedness to cut the giant trees of the Yosemite. Their timber, unlike that of the coast redwood, is coarse-flaked and not particularly valuable. The sugar pines—"the noblest pine yet discovered"—are better wood and younger; it takes only a few centuries to grow a sugar pine to maturity! But none of them can ever be replaced within the lifetime of the grandchildren of the present generation. Sequoias once stood in a proud belt that crossed the Arctic Zone to Spitzbergen, but before man appeared upon this earth they had been reduced to a million and a half acres upon the Pacific Coast, mostly of the lesser redwood. Puny creature that man is, he has felled the best half of that mighty forest, and year by year he is eating into its remainder.

"The forests of America," John Muir once wrote, "must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best

He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe." And it was upon the Pacific Coast that this American forest garden reached its mightiest beauty. The cedars of Lebanon and the deodars of the Himalayas seem poverty-stricken beside the glorious pines, the silver firs and sequoias, kings of their race, of our own Pacific Coast. The savage Indians did those towering forests no harm. But the puny white man, with his saw-mill civilization, has toiled to turn them into a desert. He is still at work. Even the templed beauty of the Yosemite Valley is no protection to its trees. We are the richest country in the world, but we haggle and barter and swap big trees with the lumbermen. In France no forest land has been sold merely for profit since 1870; Japan treats her forests with more respect than we. We chop and saw, and cut forest patriarchs into shingles and doll's furniture, and call it progress.

It is time for a new John Muir. Thirty years ago, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he pleaded for the trees he loved, and, with Roosevelt's aid, won a first battle for the Yosemite. His appeal is as eloquent and valid today; are our ears deafer?

Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much toward getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but He cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that.

New York "Homes"

LAST year fifty-three persons died in fires in "old-law" tenements in New York City. Even a minimum of fireproofing in the halls would have saved some of them. Only the undeserved mercy of providence has kept the acres upon acres of flimsy packing-box houses in Queens borough from a terrible conflagration. A year ago the situation from every angle had reached a point where it became necessary to appoint a commission to revise the present tenement-house law now twenty-seven years old—a law which never applied to all dwellings. This commission, which has just reported to the State Legislature, did a competent piece of work, as a result of which for the first time New York State has for its two principal cities, Greater New York and Buffalo, a fairly comprehensive building plan.

This plan provides, for new dwelling-houses of every sort, a far greater measure of fire protection, sanitation, and light than has heretofore been required. While it is impossible to undo the mistakes of the past the proposed law compels owners of converted dwellings to make minimum

changes that would undoubtedly add to their safety; it gives even to the dwellers in the "old-law" tenements the poor boon of some additional fireproofing, and it ends those pestiferous disgraces, the yard toilets. One of the soundest features of the bill is the division of land in Greater New York into two classes according to its present value. The high-value land is permitted to have higher and deeper apartment buildings than the low-value land. By this limitation on the use of land not yet heaped up with buildings, the city of New York may be spread out without increasing the congestion which puts so great a strain on transit, sewage, and every other facility.

At the hearings on this proposed law in Albany mild-mannered representatives of tenants' leagues and social workers argued for the bill. More vociferous delegations represented the real-estate interests. Among these was one group interested in new buildings for the well-to-do and rich, who sought to throw dust in the eyes of the legislators by talking piously about the additional costs the bill would create for housing the poor. A second and noisier group was composed of rooming-house keepers and the holders of small equities in old-law tenements. The nominal owners of most old-law tenements are indeed squeezed to the limit by the holders of second mortgages on their properties, but these tenements as a class have paid the original investment on them over and over again. When the now ancient and inadequate "new" tenement-house law was passed in 1901 it was hoped that these old-law tenements would soon be replaced by better dwellings. Almost a third of the inhabitants of New York City still live in them! The interest of this enormous mass of our population should outweigh the interest of the present holders of the deeds to such nurseries of danger, disease, and crime.

In a really civilized and intelligent community these old-law structures would be condemned, beginning with those which now have most violations accumulated against them. Even under our laws and with our courts it ought to be possible at a conservative estimate to get the people out of the old-law tenements within the next decade.

Of course nothing of that sort can be done unless other housing is provided at a cost which underpaid workers can afford. That is a problem no regulatory law can solve. In nearly two years the State housing law which was supposed to stimulate new building by limited-dividend companies has failed to bring into action one single new corporation. The Walker-Heckscher plan of which much was heard at the last election has also resulted in nothing but talk. We are increasingly of the belief that this vital question will have to be solved by municipal housing under a non-political housing authority. That issue, however, is not involved directly in the law now under discussion. The city authorities, for reasons of their own, seem to be lined up in opposition. They talk about home rule, but they do nothing.

If the masses of the people understood this bill and what it means, unquestionably they would demand its passage as a meager first instalment on that decent program of housing which is their right. So far neither of the big political parties nor any great newspaper has seen fit to try to arouse them. If they are not aroused we may have to record once more the melancholy fact that in our State capitals the voice of the property-holder fearful for his own interest even to the point of stupidity rings louder and clearer than the voice of those who demand a decent measure of safety, sanitation—and beauty—for the city's children.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PROHIBITION, in its effect upon politicians, is worse than conscience. From Willis up and down not a single candidate has failed to weasel in some cowardly way upon the issue. Take, as the most conspicuous instance, the usually forthright Jim Reed of Missouri. He is quoted as saying: "I do not think the prohibition question ought to control the convention. The question is important, but it is largely a moral one."

Now what does that mean? If I am a voter anxious to have drinking made more easy, or even if I want it more difficult, how can I tell what Mr. Reed intends to do in the matter? To many Herbert Hoover has been crystal clear upon the matter and yet it seems to me that he has left some open corners in the field for speculation. It seems to him that prohibition is a noble experiment. He does not favor the repeal of the Volstead act or the Eighteenth Amendment. "I stand, of course," he declares, "for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder."

"Efficient" and "vigorous" are strong words but even so they need a little tonic of definition. Mr. Hoover did have an opportunity to clarify the conditions by mentioning the present Administration of which he is a member. I would like to know whether Mr. Hoover feels that under Calvin Coolidge we have had efficient and vigorous enforcement. By using the present status as a tape line he might have given us a precise indication of his intention. He could have said: "I will give you exactly the same amount of prohibition as existed under Calvin Coolidge." Or he could have promised a little less or a great deal more. Then we would know how we stand. Since political positions are largely determined by public taste I am surprised that no Republican has adopted the attitude suggested here. "I'll do just the same as President Coolidge" has much to recommend it. Prohibition, present style, is popular. It should come close to pleasing every faction. For prohibitionists there are ringing words and promises and pledges. The Wets get gin and whiskey, ale and champagne. Why cannot we accept this golden age in which the partisans on either side are happy?

It would not be fair to say that Governor Ritchie has done much to dissemble his wetness and yet he has chosen to state his position in a sort of crossword puzzle. "Either the Volstead law must be changed or it must be enforced," says the Governor, "and I am convinced it cannot be enforced." However, this is at least as frank as much that has come from the most vigorous of the Drys. Everybody knows that Senator Curtis is in no way damp and at first glance his words seem ringing. In answering Borah he wrote: "I am heartily in favor of enforcing all our laws and I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead act."

That's fine, but Senator Curtis has not committed himself as to the manner in which he purposes to enforce this particular law. By now we know that prohibition costs money. I am not oblivious of the fact that it has put billions into the savings banks and so on. I mean that we cannot have prohibition without heavy appropriations. In fact we can have just about as much prohibition as we want to

buy. A few timid spirits have suggested that the amendment and its resultant law are not enforceable. Surely there is insufficient proof of this. Maybe we have been generous in setting up drying machinery but surely the Government has never yet proceeded with the last ounce of its power. The amount of effort put into the fight against rum is still insignificant as compared to the vast force which we exerted in the war with Germany. By mobilizing man power and conscripting prohibition agents there is small doubt that abstinence could be made to prevail. To be sure, there might be need of a sedition act to still the tongues of those who sneer at the Anti-Saloon League and in other ways give aid and comfort to the enemy. But that we can do. The trick of forcing public opinion into a single channel is not unknown to us. We have had experience. When next a candidate replies to Borah I hope he will be franker and not only give his opinion but also budget it. It is our right to know whether the prospective President favors ten-cent or ten-dollar prohibition.

It does not seem to me that Governor Smith has covered himself with glory in his recent public utterances upon the prohibition issue. For a man much given to plain and simple talk on public questions his present foggiess is almost disgraceful. In the case of other men it may be said, perhaps, that they never learned how to attack a problem except by stalking it Indian fashion and never coming out of cover. Smith has been better than that. Some have said that his present strategy is excellent. As one of the Democratic politicians has explained, "The Governor already has the Wet vote in his pocket; why shouldn't he go out now and make his peace with a few of the Drys?" To that I can only answer that it was not tactics of this sort which brought Al Smith to his present eminence. "I advocate," he says, "nothing that will infringe upon the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is nevertheless a fact that the definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one." I don't think it is particularly honest either to snipe at prohibition from behind the camouflage of "beer and light wines." It would be interesting to take a census if ever the Volstead Act is modified enough to permit the legal use of these milder alcoholic beverages. According to my notion, the statisticians will find not one in ten of all the light-wine shouters actually consuming these commodities. Not all the hypocrisy now current can fairly be placed upon the shoulders of the Drys. It is no secret, I believe, that "beer and light wines" is merely a code for "heavy gins and satisfying whiskeys."

As yet Smith has made no very strong affiliation with the prohibitionists and he runs a chance of losing those of us who loved him for his wetness. Indeed it seems to me as if I may be able to stay away from the polls this year with small compunction. You see I'm waiting for a candidate who will say: "If elected President I shall make no attempt to enforce the prohibition amendment. I believe in nullification." Such a candidate would deserve the votes of all the Wets and he might even get the ballots of some Drys who would say, "Well, here, at least, is an honest man."

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

III.

On the Trail of Sandino

By CARLETON BEALS

(Via Tropical Radio Telegraph Company)

Bluefields, Nicaragua, February 27

OUR Odyssey had begun. From the San Pedro ranch, the point where our connections with the next Sandino outpost were broken and we lost track of the route taken by General Sandino after his evacuation of El Chipote, our way led us even deeper into the mountains in an ever-widening inland circle about the scene of operations of the American marines. On every hand loomed height after height, crags and ridges, profound valleys, enormous precipices, all blanketed with the most dense tropical vegetation. On some days the earth simmered under a hot, tropical sky; at other times it was almost invisible while tropical storms deluged it. These would have been difficult mountains to cross even if we had known the exact direction of the trail we had to follow in order to reach Sandino.

Immediately upon our arrival in San Pedro on that rainy night, one of the three boys of our host promptly set out on a two-hour trip through the rain with my flashlight and raincoat to where Father Don Y was located in a secret nook with the women of his family. By midnight Don Y arrived to talk with us. His uncle is a colonel in the Sandino forces and in charge of a nearby *reten*, so Don Y himself is not merely an ardent Sandinista but had direct connections with the Sandino forces—or had till this night. He read my credentials and was duly impressed. He promised to land us at Sandino's camp by two o'clock the following afternoon if we would follow a short-cut trail on foot.

On the strength of this promise we set out the following morning across Don Y's mining claim, over a pineclad ridge past well-timbered shafts. We were to be at Sandino's camp by two o'clock, so I left everything behind except my blankets—even my toothbrush. A sad error.

Shortly, we met two Sandino soldiers on the trail with rifles and red and black ribbons who almost took a pot-shot at us before discovering we were friends. They informed us that Sandino was now in El Remango, a lofty height directly back of El Chipote, and though we were close enough both to El Chipote and El Remango, the marines cut us off from both. To reach the latter without a skirmish meant fully two days of hard marching.

One of the soldiers, a stocky, moon-faced Indian, offered to serve as *chan* or guide as far as Zungano. So we plunged over a scarcely legible trail through mountains and jungle in a wilderness stricken with terror and starvation. Here and there we left blazes on the trees with our *machetes* in

order better to find the trail should we have to return over it hurriedly. The Indian huts here had for the most part been deserted by the frightened inhabitants. We were told that not a living soul remained in Zungano; that there we would not find a bite to eat. From here on we were lucky to get a few *tortillas*, glad to roast green bananas or an occasional sweet potato. We sometimes got water from *bejucos de agua*; it came fizzing out of the cut stems as if from a soda-fountain tap.

Then and later we slept either on the ground or on bunks made of rough branches. Once we slept on a *tobanco*, a sort of raft of hard branches slung up near the thatched roof, alive with unwelcome insects, where the

camp smoke covered us with grime and made our eyes smart. The few people we met were all loyal Sandinistas, fleeing ever deeper into the wilderness in order to escape the dreaded *macho*, the hated American marine. Their homes were burned, their crops destroyed, their possessions smashed, but one and all vowed never to give up the struggle.

In little Mataguineo, a place I shall always remember because of the black, buzzard-like *macacalgas* screaming and circling about, we were told the marines had crossed our path just ahead at Zungano. This would naturally result in difficulties for my companions and might bar my own advance. But we also learned that the *reten* on the other side of Zungano was in charge of Colonel J. Colindres, one of Sandino's most trusted officers. We sent an Indian courier ahead with our letters to be dispatched by Colindres to General Sandino.

Next morning Colindres replied. Two soldiers and the guide, the last yellow from malaria, came with orders to conduct us to the *reten*. We slung our blankets over our shoulders and set out on foot. One of the two soldiers, Pedro Montoyo, viewed me with ugly hostility, mumbling something about "Yankees." He regarded me with a constant sharp glare from his black eyes that made me uneasy.

"Most of those who have wanted to see General Sandino," he said, "have wanted to ask him to lay down his arms, to let the marines remain in Nicaragua."

I assured him I had not come to offer Sandino advice of any sort, nor was it proper that a subordinate of Sandino's should concern himself with whom Sandino should or should not receive.

It so happened that Montoyo remained at my side clear to Sandino's camp. By that time he had lost every trace of hostility and had become my staunch, unquestioning friend. He was ever ready to skirmish for additional food supplies for me—sugar-cane, oranges, roots, berries. I

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The fourth instalment, *Sandino: Patriot or Bandit?* will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.

learned a great deal regarding the commissariat of a Central American army. At times our forces looked like a walking sugar-cane field. Montoyo discovered my interest in flora and told me the name of practically every plant which I examined, together with its medicinal uses—*zorilas* root with its skunk-like smell for headaches (better the headache, I decided); *coyol*, an insipid fruit; *golondrina* for the eyes; *malba* for the kidneys; *dormilon*, the leaves of which closed tight at the slightest touch. Montoyo's information was mixed with much folklore and superstition. He told me of *recamotillo*, a plant that grows on the Atlantic Coast: "If you give this plant to a person one day after cutting he will die within twenty-four hours; if you give it to him a week after cutting he will die a week later."

The final approach to Colindres's camp was made at dusk by hacking an entirely new path through the dense iron wall of the jungle across a valley and a ridge but a short distance from the American lines. We dropped into a clearing where there were barracks harboring about thirty soldiers and a dozen camp *juanas*, women who had attended to the cooking and washing at El Chipote. One of them, Theresa, a vivacious, slender girl with a little boy about five, was also bound for the camp and promptly offered me two packs of Camel cigarettes which she had taken from the body of a marine—rather a gruesome gift. She had been wounded in the forehead by shrapnel during an American airplane bombardment on January 14, and lifted the towel from her head to show me an ugly star-shaped scar over her left eye. She declared that Sandino in that attack had lost one man killed and another and herself wounded—a decidedly different story from the marines' report.

Here at Colindres's *reten* I had my first taste of passable food since the Englishman's at Las Nueces. Colindres, Sequiera, Don Y, and I all ate chicken, boiled potatoes, rice, and gravy from a common camp skillet, dipping them out with *tortillas*, since utensils were non-existent.

Colonel Colindres was a young, round-faced officer of heavy build who has served with Sandino longer than any other. He is a member of a well-known Liberal family and claims distant relationship with the Liberal presidential candidate of the same name in Honduras. While awaiting a reply from Sandino to his letter about me, Colindres told of the earlier stages of Sandino's career and his interpretation of events. "I worked alongside Sandino in the San Albino mines in Nueva Segovia some years ago," he told me. "Even then Sandino had ideas about freeing his fatherland from foreign control." He continued:

We were with Vice-President Sacasa when he established the Government at Puerto Cabezas in December, 1926, and I was with Sandino when he fought his successful battles throughout the republic—in Yucapuca, Trinidad, and the more recent successful attack on Chinandega. Despite American support of the Diaz faction Liberal arms were everywhere successful because the country was overwhelmingly Liberal. Then one day American battleships anchored in port and three hundred marines landed without asking anybody's consent. Puerto Cabezas, the seat of Sacasa's Government, was declared a neutral zone. Everything became a neutral zone where the Liberal forces were successful. Sacasa was ordered to deliver his arms to the American forces, though to my mind Sacasa was the only legal President following the illegal coup d'etat of Emiliano Chamorro in October, 1926, when President Solorzano resigned and was driven out. Sacasa had to leave the coun-

try to save his life. Diaz was put in by American coercion and a rump parliament—and not merely a rump parliament either but a parliament containing many illegal members. When the marines appeared at Puerto Cabezas, Sandino was all for resistance, but Sacasa calmed him down. Thereupon Sandino, instead of delivering his arms, returned to the hinterland, into the mosquito-infested marshes where every drop of alkaline drinking water was obtained by digging wells and straining out the mud. He secured some 25 Indians to carry what he had salvaged to Prinzapolka. From there he made his way with untold hardships up Cabo de Gracias and with a small group ascended to Rio Coco mountain in Nueva Segovia. When the Stimson-Moncada agreement was made at Tipitapa, Sandino disbanded his troops but refused to deliver his arms. After thoroughly acquainting himself with the terms of the agreement he reached the conclusion that it represented not only the betrayal of the Liberal Party but the betrayal of the Nicaraguan people. So he raised the banner of revolt in Nueva Segovia, where he has remained under arms for nearly nine months. His experiences at Puerto Cabezas with the marines gave him the firm conviction that the first duty of a patriotic Nicaraguan was to establish his country's sovereignty in the face of the world and make foreign invasion impossible.

I shall consider Colindres's statements in a later article.

The reply from General Sandino to Colindres arrived at the *reten* by Indian courier:

January 28, 1928

DON JUAN J. COLINDRES,

ESTEEMED FRIEND: I received your little note in which you advise me that persons have arrived who wish to speak with me. You may have them proceed to the encampment El Remango. From there the gentlemen mentioned will be conducted by Captain Pedro Altamirano, who will take them to the place where I am to be found. Let their march be rapid in order to reach my camp soon. I greet you in company with your family. *Patria y Libertad*.

Signed: A. C. SANDINO

P. S. Have them come before the battle at Jinotega which we intend launching. Vale.

We broke camp early next morning and began our forced pilgrimage with Colindres's soldiers and *juanas* through risky country to Remango. We circled the *reten* El Retiro, where the marines were now burning the houses—smoke curled up grimly over the side of the mountain. Finally, on a late, cold evening, under a brittle, gray-green sky, we climbed up a bald mountain knob swept by a remorseless wind out of the great valleys beyond and below. Grinning rifles menaced us over log barricades tilting against the skyline. Red and black hat-bands, bodies crouching low, waiting. This *reten* is one of the key outposts. It is almost inaccessible to attack and had been held by Sandino since the beginning of hostilities. Its corrals were filled with animals—cows, pigs, chickens. A number of outhouses clustered around the main barracks. And here at El Remango we found Captain Altamirano and about seventy-five soldiers.

Captain Altamirano is a rough, middle-aged soldier who has fought all over Nicaragua and Honduras. He is ponderous, slow, and sure both in thought and speech. He was dressed in white flannels, a pink sash, and a lemon-colored shirt without buttons over which was criss-crossed a cartridge belt. Over one shoulder was slung a plaid cloth bag. His face was covered with a week's growth of beard. Here, too, was a column of thirty-odd men whom Sandino had disposed to accompany me to his encampment.

Pan-Americanism in Action

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN a railroad connects Hudson Bay with Punta Arenas, when a network of automobile roads carries tourists from El Paso through Mexico City to Managua and Panama, to Bogota, La Paz, Antofagasta, Sao Paulo, and Rosario, and when airplanes fly on schedule from New York to Santiago and from San Francisco to Buenos Aires, Pan-Americanism will be real. That day may come in ten years, or twenty-five, or fifty. It will come. But meanwhile, the French expect this year to open an air-post service across the South Atlantic; Buenos Aires is nearer Paris than New York; the United States is rapidly swallowing the Caribbean countries; and Pan-Americanism is something of a will-o'-the-wisp. Like the drifting mists of November it is there; but you never know quite where you can put your hand upon it.

What is Pan-Americanism? Why should the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere bother to meet together? There is geography; but geography includes Canada, and "Pan-Americanism" does not. There is the republican form of government, but that is a mere form, veiling Mussolinian dictatorship in at least four of the richest American republics. There is the tradition of the struggles for freedom from Europe; but in the last quarter century the only threats to Latin-American independence have come from the United States, and the only war for freedom being fought today is waged against United States marines, in Nicaragua. There are the ties of commerce, but they work unequally. Mexico, Cuba, and Colombia do two-thirds of all their trading with the United States, but to Argentina and Uruguay trade with France or England is as important as trade with the United States. There is no Pan-American unity of race or language or religion.

Nevertheless Secretary Kellogg was right in saying that the Pan-American Conference was a success. It accomplished what it was intended to accomplish. There was nothing on the agenda to justify the concentration of world attention upon Havana; it was because the atmosphere was electric and a sharp challenge to Yankee prestige seemed possible that Havana held the spotlight. When the conference closed without such a bold challenge Mr. Hughes had a right to breathe a sigh of relief. He had done his job.

Thirty-odd conventions were signed at Havana. Most of them refer unsettled questions to future minor Pan-American conferences; but the sum total of these subsidiary conferences and organizations is impressive and must mean something. The Pan-American Sanitary Code adopted by the Seventh Pan-American Sanitary Conference was indorsed; so were the resolutions of the First Pan-American Red Cross Conference, of the First Pan-American Conference of Public Health Officials, and of the Second Pan-American Conference on Eugenics and Homiculture. Further Pan-American journalists' conferences were recommended; and suggestions were offered to the Fourth Pan-American Commercial Conference. A Pan-American Institute of Geography and History was created, and a Pan-American Educational Conference called for. So was an

Inter-American Conference on Animal and Vegetable Quarantines, which may eliminate some of the friction due to the present arbitrary course of North American officials. The International Commission of (Pan-American) Jurisconsults was asked to consider regulation of traffic on international rivers; tasks were assigned to the next Pan-American Highways Conference, to the committees on a Pan-American Railway (which are to be reorganized), to Pan-American steamship experts, to the Second Pan-American Conference for the Simplification and Unification of Consular Procedure, to the Third Pan-American Conference on Uniform Specifications. The radio convention adopted at Washington in 1927 was indorsed; the Pan-American commercial aviation convention, also adopted in Washington, was modified, and Canada and other American territories not represented in the Union were invited to sign the new document. A code of private international law was accepted by most of the Latin countries; the metric system, a common monetary system, and legislation to protect pregnant working women were recommended; and it was agreed that the next Pan-American Conference should consider the protection of labor. Codification of public international law struck several snags, but texts dealing with the right of asylum, duties of neutrals in civil strife, maritime neutrality, treaties, diplomatic agents, consular agents, and the status of foreigners were voted—although the United States made reservations to several of these texts, as it did to the code of private international law and to the resolutions suggesting principles for control of immigration.

Individually these resolutions and references seem unimportant; together they indicate that impressive machinery is being built up, the basis of a continuing organism. Such a series of conferences must operate somewhat as does the League of Nations in Europe. It may fail to function in dramatic political crises and controversies, but it is constantly at work binding the nations together wherever they really have common interests. And since more than half the population of the Western Hemisphere dwells in the United States and vastly more than half the capital is concentrated here, such an organism is a potent instrument of Yankee influence.

No wonder, then, that the Mexicans wanted to reorganize the Pan-American Union, so that the governing body which directs the work of all these conferences would be less completely under the control of the United States. They did not propose shifting the headquarters from Washington, but the proposal was in the air. They did propose rotating the directing offices, which have always been held by United States officials, among the twenty-one republics. That proposal failed, but one step toward "disdiplommatizing" the Pan-American Union was taken. Hitherto its Governing Board has consisted, *ex officio*, of members of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, who have to be accepted as *persona grata* by our Government before they enter upon their duties; hereafter the Latin governments may name anyone they wish. A modest change; but a step in the right direction.

Whenever the conference touched politics it was mired. The Argentine representative wanted the preamble of the Pan-American Union to recommend lowering the economic barriers between nations. Forty years ago James G. Blaine, Yankee father of the Union, wanted a customs union in this hemisphere. Today that does not fit into the American political situation. Argentina being the only Latin-American country which finds our tariff a hardship, she stood alone, and the proposal, after causing a slight ruction, was dropped. Agreement was, of course, impossible upon intervention. Only the representatives of firmly saddled dictators like President Leguia of Peru and President Machado of Cuba could afford to countenance the principle of intervention; and Mr. Hughes was determined not to abdicate the unlimited privilege which the United States today asserts, of interfering wherever, whenever, and however our irresponsible Executive may deem desirable. Mr. Hughes's policy was one of conciliation without compromise; he smiled graciously, but he yielded nothing. The wonder is not that he won his point but that the Latin opposition was so weak. That lack of bold, forthright, frank challenge to our Yankee arrogance was in effect a negative confirmation of our self-asserted special privilege.

After the flurry about intervention the conference

closed in sweet harmony. It accepted two aspiring resolutions. One provided for another conference to discuss compulsory arbitration, except upon certain reserved subjects; the other agreed to outlaw all aggressive war in this hemisphere. Since there is not likely ever to be serious international trouble except upon the reserved subjects, and since no nation has ever been known to admit that its war was aggressive, these resolutions, which provided beautiful texts for the closing anthems of friendship, are not likely to mean much in the world of international affairs.

Meanwhile Yankee capital continues to absorb the resources of Latin America and the marines police more and more of the Caribbean. Nothing happened at Havana to check those processes. The network of minor Pan-American conferences, centering at Washington, is likely even to accelerate the tempo. Thirty-three years have passed since Secretary Olney made his pronunciamiento that "the United States is practically sovereign upon this continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." Mr. Hughes has better manners than Mr. Olney, and all our statesmen have learned to make prettier speeches, but at bottom what Olney said is truer, far, today, than it was in 1895. And it is, probably, the essence of the kind of Pan-Americanism which has a future.

Mussolini and the Mafia

By JOHN DI GREGORIO

THE world has been subjected to a flood of romantic news and laudatory comment on the arrest of a band of criminals in Sicily and their conviction by the Tribunal of Termini-Immerese, in the Province of Palermo. The Fascisti have exploited this episode to beguile the unwary into the belief that they have attacked, conquered, and forever obliterated an age-long evil peculiar to Sicily, an evil against which neither government nor citizen had ever dared to raise a hand—the Mafia. Mussolini ordered its extermination; Prefect Mori of Palermo accomplished it. So runs the Fascist legend.

The Mafiosi are not knights-errant or even Robin Hoods. Nor does any place exist for picturesque outlaws in our modern life. All sensible citizens would welcome their complete disappearance; but the credit taken by Mori and Mussolini and the praise lavished on them by the press for their prosecution of the Mafia seem in the light of the facts a bit absurd. This is not principally a prosecution of crime, but a persecution of recalcitrant rivals and political opponents.

It is, in the first place, absolutely untrue that the Mafia, or criminal element of Sicily, has never been prosecuted before. All governments, of course, proceed by spurts. Because of negligence or for purposes of expediency they let evil-doers largely alone during long periods, and then, for some reason or other, they wake up and start a campaign of purification. All cities and all countries have experienced such uprisings of governmental righteousness. Italy is no exception; from time to time her statesmen and police, after using the Mafia as a political aid and closing an eye to its criminal exploits, have suddenly recognized its existence and decided to clean out the

miscreants and bag a few unfriendly folk in the bargain.

Mussolini is not the first Italian politician to go after the Mafia. Premier Crispi, in 1894, sent General Morra di Lavriano and Commissioner Count Codronchi and a large army to do away with the criminals, while in the course of sternly suppressing the famine and fiscal riots of that time. Both Mafia and socialism were declared dead—even as now—after this show of severity, but the only thing that relieved the situation was the wholesale emigration of Sicilians to America.

Nicotera, before Crispi, made a gruff gesture against the Mafia, and, reversing the latter's method, started to clean up ordinary criminals and ended by jailing his political enemies. And before that, soon after the annexation of Sicily by Piedmont in 1860, General Medici was given the formidable task of wiping out the ubiquitous Mafia; but he left things little better than he found them.

Even before the unification of Italy under the Savoy scepter, in the time of the Bourbons, efforts were made to root up the band. The memory of Maniscalco, unspeakable police chief and the Nemesis of liberals, Carbonari, and Mafiosi alike, still rankles in the minds of Sicilians. Evidently his labors were wasted, for the Carbonari ousted the Bourbons and the Mafia did not disappear. For all his inhumanity, criminals, singly and in bands, continued to crop up.

And now we have the grand show of Mussolini and his henchman, Prefect Mori. Mussolini at first tried to ally himself with the Mafia; then he split it, and conquered and annexed part of it; and later, true to form, he turned against unsequential associates and the section that was still in opposition to him.

In his fight against ex-Premier Orlando in 1924, Mussolini used and personally praised and rewarded those Mafiosi who, with the help of revolvers and similar electoral accoutrement, won seats for the Fascist candidates. Orlando, who had counted on the support of this same element, came out of the fray with only a part of his following and barely escaped with his life. Bullets from the "strong rurals," partisans of Mussolini, had missed him by a hairbreadth.

Prefect Mori, the man who is described in the newspapers as a pillar of strength and a paragon of duty, is merely a hireling who will go to any length to please and serve his masters. He always did his best, while he was a police official in Sicily, to procure the services of the Mafia, in order to make certain the election of government candidates. And it made no difference to him what sort of candidates they were: all men and all parties looked alike to him. His only concern was to do as his superiors told him.

When the Fascisti seized power, Mori was at first against them; but his career and his very job were at once placed in jeopardy. So he soon reversed his position, brought about the conviction of a dangerous rival, Dr. Cucco, Fascist lord of all Sicily, and became an instrument of torture in the hands of the black-shirted reaction.

It must be remembered that at the time of the March on Rome and after, many enemies of Fascism took refuge in Sicily and, together with the redoubtable islanders, started preparations for the overthrow of the new regime. Some Mafiosi, especially the rich owners of the latifundia (who are responsible for most of Sicily's criminality), quickly embraced Fascism and helped Mussolini, as rich people did everywhere; but the bulk of the Mafia never submitted to it. It is distasteful and unethical for a Mafioso to wear a uniform or a distinctive cap or shirt, or to carry a card that labels him a tool of the government, or to obey orders emanating from remote authorities whom he does not know and does not recognize. Furthermore, the Mafia saw in Fascism a rival; it understood that thousands of upstarts would claim the positions and the privileges it had held, and so it balked. Other people balked too; but the Mafia, from the point of view of law, was the most vulnerable group and therefore easiest to attack.

This lack of servility, nay, the belligerent hostility of most of Sicily, so enraged Mussolini that in 1926 he issued a decree "applicable only to the seven provinces" of the island, whereby anybody "suspected by public opinion" of being a transgressor of the law could be arrested and banished without a regular trial. And since the only "public opinion" having weight is that of the Fascisti, an army of citizen spies was created and a fearful weapon forged to send to the detention islands all enemies or suspected enemies of Fascism.

The vendetta was on. Mori had already arrested thousands of persons, mainly political opponents, on suspicion, and the infamous decree backed up his arrests. No proof of guilt could be found against many of the prisoners and none was needed. The authorities simply sent to jail or to forced domicile the men and women they wished to get rid of. Criminals and political offenders alike were assigned to the same barren and primitive places of banishment and treated with the same harshness. Ustica and Lipari swarmed with them. Once the steam-roller was started nothing could stop it. It crushed indifferently men of ideas and the Mafiosa, sixty-two-year-old "Queen of Ganci." As

for the Mafia, some of its hapless members are in jail, but the causes which brought it into existence are untouched.

The Mafia is not a regular organization with written laws and elected officers but, like outlaw groups everywhere, it has a code of ethics and recognized and outstanding leaders. It has grown up as a result of economic and political conditions dating back to the earliest history of the island.

By a strange and persistent adversity of fate, the Sicilians have almost always existed under some sort of outside domination. The position of their island at the cross-roads of the Mediterranean Sea has made them, willy-nilly, hosts to various intruders and usurpers. Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Barbarians, Saracens, Normans, French, Spaniards, and North Italians have successively made themselves at home in Sicily and plundered it. While some of them left a little good in the wake of their bloody incursions, most of them caused only harm and resentment. Even after the annexation of Sicily by the Kingdom of Italy, during the more or less democratic administrations preceding Fascism, the Sicilians were despoiled and outraged. They often voiced their protest and contempt and commonly referred to the Italian Parliament as the "five hundred *ladroni*" (bandits).

Governmental tyranny in Sicily has resulted through the centuries in the rise of secret societies having the purpose of avenging wrong and establishing private justice; a state within a state, more powerful and often more just, although more crude, than the state itself. In the course of time habits of secrecy and of lawlessness became inveterate and degenerated. Brigands posed as avenging angels; to this very day there are people who insist that a real Mafioso will fight the oppressors and defend the weak and will take from the rich to give to the poor. This, of course, is sheer nonsense, made faintly plausible by patent misgovernment and inequalities. Still it enlists the support of the people and inspires *omertà* (manliness) or the principle of secrecy, so much affected by Sicilians. To be a *cascittuni* (informer, stool-pigeon) is the lowest degree of degradation among them. The ability to keep a secret and to scorn police and judges under the greatest duress is a badge of honor among all *picciotti*, or stout-hearted and right-minded men.

Taking the flourish, bluster, and glitter out of the whole matter, it must be admitted that the criminal life and spirit prevailing in a small part of the Sicilian population is due principally to poverty added to a long history of injustice. The working population, and particularly the great mass of lower peasantry, has always been kept in desperate straits. The peasants have worked like slaves, or actually as slaves, for centuries. Since the time of Rome most of the ten thousand square miles of land in Sicily has been exploited under the system of *latifundia*. The nobles, who have been and still are the absentee landlords of these huge estates, know nothing about agriculture and care less. They let their property to lessees who, in turn, sublet it, establishing thus a chain of leeches who suck the blood of the actual tillers of the soil.

The agricultural workers have no quarters on the land. Morning and evening they trudge along miles of miserable dirt roads to and from work. With their families they live in hovels clustered around a few old palaces, some churches, and a town hall. They work like beasts of burden from sunrise to sunset and at the end of the year they gather too

little to pay owners, lessees, church, and government. It is the same from generation to generation. Poverty, poverty, poverty—from which there is no escape. It forms a high and thick wall that can neither be scaled nor broken through.

There is another category of people that are abjectly poor: the sulphur miners. In the interior of the island are some old sulphur mines still worked as they were in the Stone Age. The most unfortunate helots in the world work them from the time they are six until, haggard, stunted, and poisoned, they drop down. They are born poor and die in rags. They are bitter throughout life. When they are

called to the colors, they don't go; they cannot go; they are not fit to go. Is it any wonder that some of the peasants and sulphur miners resort to a life of lawlessness to eke out a living? The crimes committed against them beget their own criminality.

Mussolini may, by bargain and barter, win over a few of the Mafiosi; he may arrest others; he will never, if he jails every known criminal on the island of Sicily, wipe out a spirit that breeds from the very heart of the feudalistic and Fascist systems—from the ruthless tyranny of the state and the helpless poverty of the masses.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington D. C.,
February 24

AT last Harry F. Sinclair and William J. Burns are well on their way to the common jail at which both are long overdue. Accompanying them is Henry Mason Day, Sinclair's international fixer and handy man. All of Martin Littleton's oratory in defense of the humble American citizen's inalienable right to hire a detective agency



at \$300 a day to spy on the jury which is trying him for a crime was unavailing. Six months for Sinclair, four months for Day, fifteen days for Burns, and a fine of \$1,000 for his son, Sherman Burns, were the penalties imposed by Justice Siddons for the jury-shadowing plot which wrecked the Fall-Sinclair conspiracy trial last November. Aside from the dilatory character of the hearing, which consumed eleven weeks, perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole proceeding was the explanation made by the learned Justice of the light sentence given the elder Burns. His leniency was induced, he said, by Burns's extraordinary record as an upright and honorable man! Apparently he had never heard of the Oregon land-fraud case, in which President Taft pardoned a man after it was discovered that Burns had "fixed" the jury against him.

* * * * *

THE usual notices of appeal have been filed, but the prospects are not too rosy for Hard-boiled Harry. In this instance the respondents were sentenced for a contempt committed against the court which had sentenced them, and the reluctance of higher courts to reverse such cases is well known. The jail sentences now standing against Sinclair total nine months. He is under a three-months sentence for contempt of the Senate, having been convicted a year ago. That case also is on appeal. Retrial of the criminal conspiracy case against Sinclair and Fall

is set for April 2, and if Fall is physically unable to appear, which seems likely, government counsel will move for a severance, and proceed with the trial of Sinclair. That prosecution has been rendered vastly simpler and surer as a result of the Burns-Sinclair jury-shadowing melodrama. The mistrial gave Senator Walsh time to get a bill through Congress depriving M. T. Everhart of the self-incrimination plea which enabled him to preserve silence in the last trial. Next time he will be required to testify that Sinclair sent \$233,000 in Liberty bonds direct to Fall a month after the Teapot Dome lease was signed. Thus did the dunderheaded bungling of the oil magnate and his sleuths result in supplying the one missing link in the chain of evidence against him.

* * * * *

ANOTHER great oil baron who is being speeded toward a cell in the District of Columbia jail is Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Standard of Indiana. His indictment for contempt of the Senate, in having refused to answer questions before the Walsh committee, is imminent — this is written. Meantime, Justice Jennings Bailey—whose promptness and vigor provide a welcome contrast to the methods of his colleague, Justice Siddons—dismisses the writ of habeas corpus on which Stewart had obtained his release from the custody of the Senate Sergeant-at-Arms, holds that Stewart was required to answer the questions, and characterizes his reasons for refusing as "frivolous." Again comes the inevitable appeal, and the inevitable release under bond. This case involves an important question, upon which there is no direct precedent. The Senate seeks to commit Stewart to jail and keep him there until he answers. Senator Walsh and the Senate's distinguished legal counsel, former Attorney General Wickersham, contend that the Senate can do this under its "coercive power," as distinguished from the "punitive power" of the courts to punish Stewart for his offense in refusing to answer.

* * * * *

ANOTHER block of the Continental Trading Company's tainted Liberty bonds turns up in the safe-deposit box of Harry M. Blackmer, whose flight to Europe to escape testifying had virtually convicted him — the possessor of

(Continued on Page 268)

in the

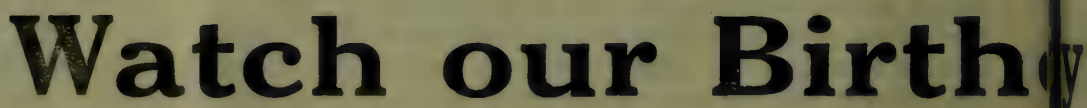
It is a direct kind of service to people to introduce them to The Nation, if by some unlucky chance they have not met.

This week we suggest that all good Nation readers wherever they live should concentrate on those "white" States. Send a Tenth Anniversary gift subscription to someone in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah or Nevada.

If, with the best will in the world, you can think of no one in any of these States, who would accept such a gift, then send us your check (for \$2 or \$4), choose your State and we will send The Nation to some public library or newspaper editor of that State not now receiving it. This will count for the Nation Book exactly as though you had found the subscriber yourself.

If, on the other hand, you are yourself one of the Nation readers in those "white" States, take this moment to do something for a friend, for The Nation, for your own state, and for America.

Yes, for America. It is no exaggeration to say that it would materially affect public opinion in America to get rid of those "white" States, i.e., to make sure that after March 13, 1928, there shall be no State in the Union with less than 200 Nation readers. 200 people hearing the truth every week represent a powerful bit of "leaven,"—even in a lump as large as Montana. As Henry Goddard Leach of The Forum says: "The Nation is America's outstanding champion of minorities. And it



is to the minorities, the informed minorities, that we must look if there is to be any real greatness in America's future.

For the "third and last time," then, we urge you to join the company of seriously devoted readers who have set out to give Mr. Villard ten thousand new subscribers in honor of his fifty-sixth birthday and his tenth anniversary as editor of *The Nation*.

Yours faithfully,

*For the Tenth
Anniversary Committee
of Nation Readers*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
ZONA GALE
CLARENCE DARROW

A NEW DEADLINE— MARCH 10th

As most of you know, the Tenth Anniversary Committee is preparing a small, handsomely-bound leather-covered volume to commemorate this Anniversary. It will contain the most famous Nation editorials of the past ten years, a dozen cartoons, some crayon portraits of the editors, and, finally, the names of all those who have helped to make this Tenth Anniversary a success.

This book must go to press March 1st, but it will be possible, the printer tells us, to insert a few additional pages of names at the very last moment, just before the Book goes to the bindery.

"What do you mean by the 'last moment'?" we asked the printer.

"Well, let me see," he said. "You want one volume completed in time for Mr. Villard's Birthday Dinner on the evening of March 13th. Don't you? I tell you what I'll do. I'll guarantee to get in every name you give me up to March 10th."

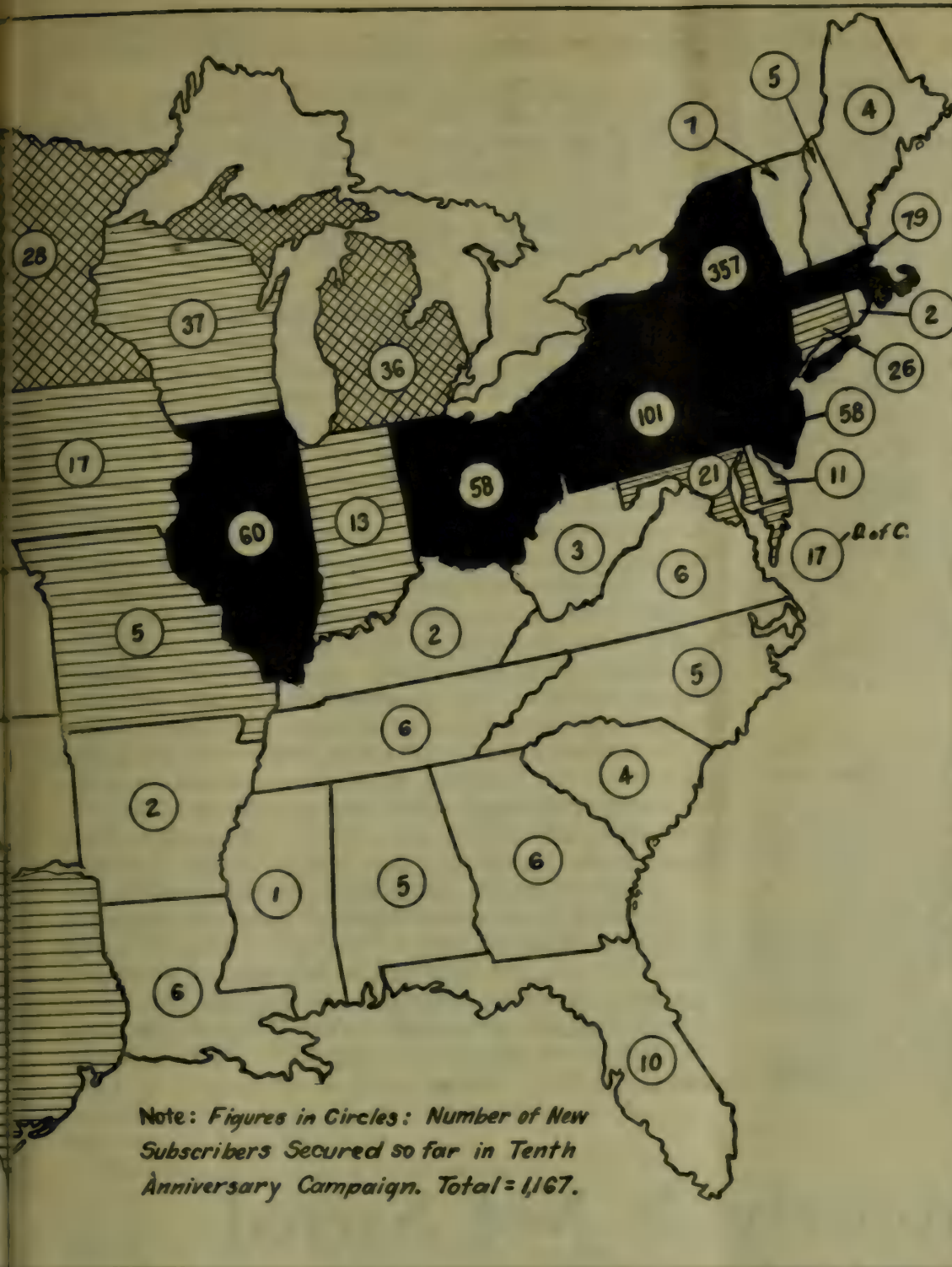
This gives every Nation reader, even those on the Pacific coast, one last chance to qualify for the Nation Book. Let us repeat the conditions: *One new six-months subscription puts your name in the Nation Book. One new year's subscription, or two new six-months subscriptions, will mean that we can send you a complimentary copy of the Nation Book as soon as it is published.*

If, despite this ten-day respite, you do not find your new subscriber until the eleventh hour,—the 7th, 8th, or 9th of March,—remember the Special Delivery letter, the Air Mail, and the Telegram.

If you telegraph to us on March 10th that your new subscription is on the way with check to cover, we will take your word for it and put your name in the Book.

Gustaf Eastman.

Secretary, Tenth Anniversary
Committee of Nation Readers



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them. Unlike his partner in that secret enterprise, James E. O'Neill, who made full restitution to his company, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, of the share which he had received, Blackmer is described by his attorney as being determined to hold on to his share of the swag. Of the \$3,080,000 in bonds which the Continental purchased, the following have now been traced: Blackmer received \$763,000; O'Neill got a similar amount; \$233,000 went to Secretary Fall; \$75,000 was donated to the Republican National Committee to apply on the 1920 campaign deficit (the latter two items coming out of Sinclair's share), and \$61,600 went to H. S. Osler for legal services and for acting as president of the Continental. This leaves undisclosed the destination of \$455,000 which remained of Sinclair's share after his generous gifts to Fall and the Republican Party, and the full amount of the fourth share—about \$760,000—which went to the mysterious fourth partner. There remains undisclosed, moreover, the identity of the fourth partner. It has been rumored that this partner was the Republican National Committee, and that the bonds were divided into blocks of \$5,000 and \$10,000, and contributed under various names. Perhaps the moral guardian of the movies, Mr. Will Hays, can answer that question. But will he?

* * * * *

LEST it be concluded that clean government is victorious on all fronts, let it be noted that the power trust won its fight against the Walsh resolution, and the investigation of the public utilities has been sidetracked to the Federal Trade Commission, presided over by William E. Humphrey, who was a lobbyist himself (for the lumber interests) until President Coolidge rewarded his public services by making him head of a government board to keep business straight. Senator George of Georgia, who signalized his announcement as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President by leading the fight against Walsh, protests that certain contributions to his last campaign fund were inspired by the personal friendship of the donors,

and not by the fact that they happen to be officers of the Georgia Power and Light Company. The most amusing aspect of the whole business is the expense and suffering which Samuel Insull endured in his futile effort to put Frank L. Smith into the Senate. Now it turns out that he did not need Smith at all—the power interests had a majority of fifteen votes without Smith!

* * * * *

SENATORS Walsh and Borah, acting as members of a subcommittee, recently have been engaged in exposing the character of one of the men who will conduct the power inquiry. Abram F. Myers was a young attorney in the Department of Justice until Harry M. Daugherty became Attorney General. Daugherty promoted him to a post of great responsibility. As an Assistant Attorney General, Myers made a deal with a combination of baking companies charged with violating the Clayton Act, and as a result of that deal the Continental Baking Company escaped prosecution. He presented to federal Judge Soper at Baltimore a consent decree which dismissed the case against the Continental on the stated ground that it was being prosecuted by the Federal Trade Commission. Myers knew that the commission had dismissed its complaint the preceding day. Myers says he gave Judge Soper that important fact. Judge Soper and half a dozen others who were present say he did not mention it. Meantime, doubtless as a reward for faithful service, President Coolidge appointed Myers to the Federal Trade Commission. To the accusation of perjury, Myers replies by shouting that Senator Walsh "has not a bit of fairness in him anywhere." Supported by this fragrant record, Commissioner Myers will now enter upon the stern duty of probing the power trust. Yet people still talk about poor old Harding's unfortunate appointments. The most respectable officials in the Coolidge Administration are those who were inherited from Harding. The worst are those whom Mr. Coolidge appointed—Kellogg, Myers, Humphrey, Wilbur, Sargent, Olds.

When Property Is Not Sacred

By A CHICAGO JOURNALIST

WHE Americans think these days in terms of billions, of gigantic enterprises, international deals of vast proportions, world problems of baffling complexity. A small raid on the part of a powerful and famous corporation passes unnoticed, a small gift to such a corporation from a mayor and city council at the expense of the community quite accustomed to spoils politics and administrative waste.

The theater of the little tale—or tragic farce—is Chicago, a city officially presided over by Big Bill, the super-patriot, the gallant foe of King George, the organizer of the America First Foundation, the bold champion—past, not present—of popular rights as against predatory public utility corporations and rich tax-dodgers. The characters in the tragic farce are Big Bill, the Aldermen of Chicago, the Daily Press, the City Club, and the Woman's City Club.

Curiously enough, the daily press played throughout the farce a part absolutely passive. It was conspicuous for its exceptional reticence, its aversion to publicity, its dense

and oppressive silence. This fact alone makes the tale engrossing.

The plot is simple. The city of Chicago owned a short street or alley forty feet wide called Holden Court. This alley runs between State Street and Wabash Avenue, and from Madison to Randolph Street. It has been bridged over, for one-half of its length, by the great, prosperous, and popular corporation known as Marshall Field & Company, which operates the most celebrated and attractive department store in the world. In theory the little street is open to the public, but in fact few persons use or have used it in recent years. It had been leased to Marshall Field by the city for twenty years at an annual rental of \$23,000, and the terms of the lease merely provided for a bridge over the street connecting two stores of the company.

The lease was made in 1912, and would have expired, therefore, in 1932. For some reason Marshall Field & Company decided to ask the city to vacate and surrender to it half the street—the half, naturally, that it had bridged

over. It had, of course, a perfect right to propose the sale and purchase of Holden Court, and the city had a perfect right to accept the proposal. Accordingly, an ordinance was drafted and introduced in the City Council to effect the deal. The matter received little attention and little publicity, and the aldermen, apparently, did not court any publicity. However, when it became known that the ordinance provided for the payment by Marshall Field & Company to the City of Chicago of but \$493,000 for the property, some citizen familiar with real-estate conditions, prices of land in the central district called the Loop, and with various precedents for the transaction sat up and took notice. They first of all demanded of the aldermen some light on the sale at so low a price. They found everybody in a position to give information on the subject extraordinarily shy and discreet. They ascertained, however, that a committee of appraisers appointed by the Real Estate Board had recommended the valuation in question. They ascertained, further, that seven of the fifty aldermen composing the City Council were firmly opposed to the ordinance and had steadily voted against its adoption. These seven dissenting aldermen were of the opinion that the price named in the ordinance was absurdly inadequate and arrived at by mysterious calculations and methods totally different from those approved by real-estate dealers and property owners.

One of the citizens who became interested in the deal was the president of the City Club, Ernest T. Gundlach, the head of an advertising firm and a man of affairs never suspected of communism, socialism, or insurgency of any sort. He appointed himself investigator, and, being a native and typical Chicagoan, soon realized that the unusual reticence of otherwise voluble persons was a bad symptom. He went deeper into the subject, only to be told that the affair was strictly private, and that no one wanted his name used in any muck-raking stunt. To his surprise, it was soon established by comparisons and record that the price of the property sold to Marshall Field & Company should have been fixed at about \$3,000,000.

The City Club called a meeting, discussed the matter thoroughly, made a strong protest against the ordinance, and urged Big Bill, the mayor, to veto it. The Club had difficulty in reaching him but at last he was seen and informed of the facts. He promised to study the ordinance and the objections thereto. Meantime the City Club secured the cooperation of the Woman's City Club—a most independent and courageous organization—and together these civic bodies circulated petitions against the ordinance and distributed ten thousand leaflets in which the facts were briefly set forth.

The press, meantime, boycotted the whole subject. The City Club said on this aspect of the affair in a bulletin:

For obvious reasons, the Holden Court matter received practically no mention in the newspapers; in fact, as far as our office could observe, this matter in its whole course occupied less than thirty inches of space in all of the seven Chicago newspapers combined—an average of four and one-half inches each spread over sixty days.

The mayor neither signed nor vetoed the ordinance. It took effect, and thus Big Bill saved poor Marshall Field & Company about \$2,500,000.

Now the company did not impose silence upon the press. It neither threatened nor begged. These things are not done—today. Subtler means are used. The press knew

that discretion would be appreciated by a big and generous advertiser. Editorially, the subject was not even alluded to, while the news columns managed to spare the thirty inches of space above mentioned.

Marshall Field & Company could well afford to pay a fair price to the city for the property. Several of the members of the corporation are multi-millionaires. Several former members retired with millions to their respective credits. Most of these are philanthropists. The city owes them much in the way of improvement and adornment. There is the Marshall Field Museum of Natural History, the to-be-built Shedd Aquarium, Simpson Hall, etc. But, somehow, property ceases to be sacred when a city owns it, and the pillars of individualist civilization become shaky and shadowy when a corporation that advertises liberally annexes something public for a song.

However, seven aldermen and two struggling civic clubs had the courage to stand up and denounce an injustice to the community in the teeth of hostility from the forces of big business, corporate privilege, official and press servility and cowardice. This is something to be grateful for, at any rate.

In the Driftway

THE NATION had something to say in its editorial pages recently about tests for prospective immigrants and citizens. The Drifter has a story about that too. At an examination for citizenship the question was asked: "What flies over public buildings?" The answer intended was "the flag," but an Italian replied equally truthfully "Pigeons."

* * * * *

THERE are fundamentalists in China as well as in Tennessee. In a letter from Shanghai to a friend in this country an American missionary recounts the Chinese story of the Creation. The male and female principles, *yang* and *yin*, gave birth to Pan-ku, the first man, how none knows. He grew six feet every day and lived 18,000 years. Anybody who is good at arithmetic, or even merely guessing, can judge that eventually he must have been considerable of a man. In some way Pan-ku came into possession of an ax with which he managed to *kai-pih tien di*, or hew out the universe. He did this out of nothing, or out of chaos, thereby showing himself much more resourceful than most modern mechanics. He spent all of his 18,000 years at the job, and in order to finish it he had to die.

* * * * *

PAN-KU's head became the mountains, his breath the winds and clouds, his voice the thunder, his arms and legs the four quarters of the earth, his blood the rivers, his flesh the soil, his beard the constellations, his skin and hair the plants and trees, his teeth and bones the minerals and rocks, his sweat the rain, and (most suggestive of all to evolutionists) "the insects creeping over his body became human beings." In spite of his long life—or possibly because of it—Pan-ku failed to put the sun and moon in their proper places, and the two luminaries disappeared ignominiously into the sea, leaving the people in darkness. A messenger was dispatched to request the sun and moon to ascend into the heavens and give light. They refused.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB

Then Pan-ku was called upon (the story tellers appear to have forgotten that he was dead). At Buddha's direction Pan-ku took the character *zeh* (sun) in one hand and *yuih* (moon) in the other. Then, going to the sea, he stretched out his hands and called the sun and moon, repeating a charm devoutly seven times. Thereupon the sun and moon ascended into the sky and have been giving light to the wicked generations of mankind ever since.

* * * * *

THERE were fifty-one stories to the universe as built by Pan-ku. Of these thirty-three were above earth, for heaven, and eighteen were below, for hell. The pick of mankind went to the thirty-third floor of heaven as their reward. Into the eighteenth level of hell went—but why elaborate an unpleasant theme? It is more comfortable to note that there were almost twice as many floors in heaven as in hell. Even in 18,000 years the work of making the world was not completed. A cavity was left through which many fell to the bottom. After a long time a woman, Nu-ku, was born. She took a stone, blocked up the hole, and so finished the work. A pretty story—credible as any.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading your editorial *The World Talks Peace* I immediately hunted out my old gas-mask and gave it a thorough testing. I remember once before when people were talking peace, singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," and electing a man President because he kept us out of war. Shortly after that they were reading "Over the Top" and singing "Over There." I recall that in both cases statesmen, churchmen, educators, and editors joined in a swelling chorus.

Syracuse, N. Y., February 20

DALE A. HARTMAN

The V. M. I. Carries On

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent recommendation of an educational survey commission of eleven outstanding Virginians that the State discontinue all appropriations to the Virginia Military Institute, on the ground that it devotes too much time to military affairs, as set forth in my article in *The Nation* for February 15, will not be enacted by the State Legislature at its current session.

I was definitely and finally informed today by the chairmen of the committees of the Senate and House of Delegates which have the matter in hand that both committees have shelved the bill, and that neither expects to report it out.

If "Stonewall" Jackson had not been a member of the V. M. I. faculty, and if the V. M. I. cadets had not done such excellent execution at the battle of New Market in 1864, the bill providing for discontinuance of appropriations to the institute might have passed. But the average Virginia legislator is swayed almost hopelessly by sentimental considerations, particularly where the Civil War is concerned.

Governor Harry F. Byrd's opposition to the measure also was an important factor in its failure. The Governor gave it as his opinion that the proposal was "not acceptable to the people of the State." He recommended instead that the curriculum be reorganized "to meet present educational demands." He took

occasion at the same time to commend the educational survey commission for its "courageous frankness," and said he had no sympathy with those who criticized it because of its recommendations relative to the V. M. I. He doubtless referred to those who denounced the commission as "slackers" and "pacifists."

Richmond, Virginia, February 21

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has recently returned from Havana.

JOHN DI GREGORIO is a frequent contributor to the liberal and radical press of the United States and Italy.

THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

WITTER BYNNER, author of numerous volumes of poetry, lives in New Mexico.

JACOB ZEITLIN is professor of English at the University of Illinois.

ELISEO VIVAS is in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

R. F. DIBBLE is author of "Strenuous Americans" and "Mohammed."

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a London journalist.

MARCH 1st — MARCH 13th

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE OF NATION READERS ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING DINNERS, AT WHICH OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD WILL BE GUEST OF HONOR:

Monday
March 5th in ROCHESTER, N. Y., at the Temple B'rith Kodesh, with Albert L. Stern presiding.

Speaker: Mr. Villard. (Tickets, \$1.00 each, can be secured from Temple Club, 117 Gibbs St.)

Wednesday
March 7th in PHILADELPHIA, PA., at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, with J. Henry Scattergood presiding.

Speakers: Congressman F. H. La Guardia, Freda Kirchwey, and Mr. Villard. (Tickets, \$2.50 each, can be secured from Miss Sophia H. Dulles, 1216 Guaranty Trust Bldg., 1420 Walnut St.)

Thursday
March 8 in WILMINGTON, DEL., at the Hotel Dupont, with Christopher L. Ward presiding.

Speaker: Mr. Villard. Public invited at 7:30.

Friday
March 9th in BALTIMORE, MD., at the Southern Hotel.

Speakers: Arthur Garfield Hays, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Mr. Villard. (Tickets, \$2.50 each, can be secured from Mrs. R. A. Spaeth, 307 Edgevale Road, Roland Park.)

Saturday
March 10th in BOSTON, at the University Club.

Speakers: Henry R. Mussey, Lewis Gannett, George W. Kirchwey and Mr. Villard. (Tickets, \$2.50 each, can be secured from Mrs. G. L. Winslow, 11 Byron St.)

Tuesday
March 13th in NEW YORK CITY. BIRTHDAY DINNER. At the Hotel Pennsylvania.

For Program see page 274 of this week's *Nation*.

Books, Music, Plays

To a Modern Girl

By WITTER BYNNER

Deep in old hearts, life lives again with green
Young shoots. Earth is now shedding the obscene
Interval, the decade of death, the darkness of war;
And heaven is vivid, as it was before,
With sun and heightened clouds and the small wings
Of a bird that so ecstatically sings
As to leave no part of the world unused to song.

Can you not feel that you as well belong
To the many other years beyond those few?
Shall even war have done this thing to you,
Given you only lust and no desire,
Made ashes of a heart that was never fire,
Turned you a mimic ape with an ape's grin
And an ape's cold fingers on a glass of gin?

History by Analysis

A History of English Literature. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. Volume II: *Modern Times (1660-1914)*. By Louis Cazamian. Translated from the French by W. D. MacInnes and the Author. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

The merely aesthetic plane in which the history of literature is usually placed tends to simplify overmuch our mental picture of the successive epochs, by neglecting to excess the secret differences within each age. A study of these differences helps one the better to understand the hidden connection between the periods, and the movement which makes them grow one from the other.

THIS sentence suggests in part the distinction of Professor Cazamian's approach, which has borne fruit in a literary history of remarkable philosophic depth and significance. Into the making of this book there enters a study and appraisal of all the currents of national life, philosophic, scientific, religious, political, social, and economic, for according to the writer it is the development of the national mind that supplies the clue by which the multiple phenomena of literature are to be organized. When one has ascertained the dominant moral and spiritual characteristics of a people, one will find that certain tendencies manifest themselves in accordance with a law of psychological rhythm. In the light of this rhythmic law English literature appears as "a succession of moments in the history of the English mind, each stage of which obeyed a craving for novelty and contrast, while consciously or unconsciously preserving the accumulated capital of all previous experiences." This determines a grouping of writers according to their psychological affinities rather than the traditional forms, the chief stress in the alternating rhythm falling on those mental attitudes which are commonly referred to as classic and romantic.

One may convey some notion of the refinement of analysis with which the leading principle is applied to the successive stages of literary history by an example or two. After defining the romantic spirit as "an accentuated predominance of the emotional life, provoked or directed by the exercise of imaginative vision," Professor Cazamian asks himself how the romanticism of 1820 differs from that of the Elizabethan Age, and his answer is that the former knows and feels itself to be a second period of its kind and is therefore "under the influence of feelings already experienced of a moral life which

has formerly been lived, and which memory would fain recapture. This subtle impression of regret mingled with the joy of a discovery, this recognition of a land at once strange and familiar, where the heart finds itself at home, as it proceeds to explore it, impregnates all the fibers of English romanticism."

Professor Cazamian is even more interesting in his reflections on contemporary tendencies. After the dominance of the classical temper in Victorianism and the romantic reaction that followed at the end of the nineteenth century, the two factors seem to have become so involved and interpenetrated as to bring about an interruption, or at least a "relative stagnancy" in the normal psychological rhythm. Moreover, the modern writer, because of the wide diffusion of literary culture, the growth of self-consciousness, and the accessibility of all sorts of aesthetic doctrines, has no center of authority. "It has become so easy and natural a thing to express one's originality to one's self, and to draw up a program, that all beginners are, or want to be, original; all are leaders of some school or other; the result is that there is no longer any real school." An excessive mental saturation and sophistication as well as the absence of a central impulse would seem to threaten the vitality of contemporary literature. But, he adds, there is no need to assume that such a state will long continue and points to possible sources of renovation. Important changes in economic and social conditions, "the inflow of sap from the people," may bring with them new creative energies, and there may be important influences from abroad. "A limitless contact with the variety of earth and of races, and the internationalism of imagination, seem to be at the present time the main ways through which the need of a psychological renewal is seeking satisfaction in England."

This summary does scant justice to the comprehensiveness of Professor Cazamian's view or to the subtlety and acuteness of his intellectual discriminations. It is only meant to call attention to the kind of literary problems which occupy his mind and to the penetrating thought which he contributes to them. It is, as he himself says, a method which "makes large demands upon the attention of the reader, and involves the upsetting of not a few cherished habits," but we are ready to admit that the price is not too high "when balanced with the facilities which our desire not only to remember, but to understand, may find in an orderly array of a vast number of facts." In spite of the austere compression of its style, unrelieved by quotation and extremely economical of concrete references, this history is bound, by virtue of its coherent principles and judgments, to take first place with all thoughtful students of literature. We cannot but regret that a work which in such a remarkable degree unites splendid scholarship with fine psychological insight and artistic feeling should not receive a more worthy and attractive typographical form.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Young China's Bible

San Min Chu I: The Three Principles of the People. By Sun Yat-sen. Shanghai: China Committee, Institute of Pacific Relations. \$2.

THIS is the Bible of Chinese Nationalism, the gospel of Sun Yat-sen. Like our Western Bible, it is a mixture of profound wisdom and of naivete; its teachings rise sometimes from the hand-planted rice culture in which Dr. Sun was born, sometimes from the machine civilization of the West amid which he passed most of his life, and sometimes stumble between the two. There are as many sects in Chinese nationalism today as in Christendom; all bow before the name of the master, and each selects its favorite texts. Stern rulers find passages to

justify their repression of popular movements; Communists draw from it their credo. As with our Bible.

It is easy to deride the man whose picture hangs in every Chinese student's room, and foreigners in China have done their best to picture the lifelong revolutionary who became China's first President, resigned in the interest of national union, reverted to revolution, and finally effected the Russo-Chinese alliance as an incompetent knave or a shallow dreamer. Yet Dr. Sun has continued to grow in the Chinese imagination; he is China's one twentieth-century national hero. Dead, he is a more powerful influence than he ever was alive, and these lectures, delivered at Canton in 1924, a year before his death, come as near to being a summation of his philosophy as anything he left behind him. (A more systematic manuscript was destroyed by fire in the civil war of 1922.) Only fragments had hitherto been translated.

The "Three People's Principles" are sometimes translated as "government of, by, and for the people"; sometimes as "liberty, equality, fraternity"; the words used here are "nationalism, democracy, and livelihood." Of the first of these we have heard most. China, Dr. Sun complains, is a "sheet of loose sand"; she lacks national cohesion. Sometimes he hopes that clan and family loyalty may be knit together into a national patriotism; sometimes, again, he seems to think that, as in Japan, they must first be destroyed. Certainly the destructive forces of railroads and revolution are combining to create a new set of loyalties. He has no use for provincial federalism; it seems to him a trick of local militarists. He wants a new national sense to wipe out foreign political and economic oppression, to build up industrial production, and to increase China's population so that she can continue to compete with the Western World. He predicts that America, because its population grew from ten to a hundred million in the last century, will have a population of one billion a century hence; and China must keep step.

These nationalist aspirations are vague enough, so that almost all politically minded China can agree upon them. At one point he suggests a boycott of all foreign activities—a refusal to buy foreign goods, use foreign banknotes, or to work for foreigners—but for the most part he sticks to safe general principles. On the principles of democracy and "livelihood" even his followers disagree. China, he thinks, has had too much individual liberty; she needs more of that discipline the lack of which, he says, caused the failure of the French Revolution. The young men who shout individual liberty to the sky are a peril to the national movement. Dr. Sun wants government to rest upon the people; but he wants the people to trust wise leaders. "Political democracy is not given to us by nature; it is created by human effort. We must create democracy and then give it to the people, not wait to give it until the people fight for it."

Here Dr. Sun's conflict between Confucius and Marx comes to light. He has the ancient Chinese faith in the leadership and example of the good ruler; yet he wanted to lead toward machinery and socialism. "Class war," he wrote, most un-Marxianly, "is not the cause of social progress; it is a disease developed in the course of social progress." "We can only make gradual changes in the capitalistic society; we must not try to overthrow it immediately." He even hoped to use "foreign capital to build up a future communist society in China"! Yet though his definition of "communism" was vague and unorthodox, and his faith in working-class organization slight, he had the Russian sense of economic realities. He saw, as few Westerners do, the importance of the land problem in China. "The capitalists in China with the largest incomes are still landowners, not machine-owners," he points out. Henry George as well as Karl Marx colored Dr. Sun's mind; and though his hope to "equalize landownership" by giving future increment in land value to the community seems to imply a stronger political organization than China is likely to have for decades, Canton city has paid for new roads by a condemnation, and Chang Tso-lin finances

railroads in Manchuria by building up new land values and selling at a profit.

"San Min Chu I" is a curiously abstract document to be a nation's bible. Dr. Sun loved to classify and simplify, to dwell upon the "three people's principles," the "four popular powers," the "four forms of economic progress," and "five administrative functions." Life is not so simple; it defies pigeon-holing; and China needs pragmatists who can adjust theory to unpleasant facts. Yet Sun obviously was a prophet with power to stir the Chinese people such as no other thinker of this century has had; the power of his patriotic example has been proved; and it will be interesting to see what the ferment of these confused, Confucio-Marxian ideas will do in the young generation which worships his memory. In him the Occident and Orient seem impossibly blended; but the mixture is no more curious than is the state of Asia in 1928.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Historian of Our Stupidity

Prejudices, Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Selected Prejudices. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IT is already too late to expect to find a new meaning in Mr. Mencken's significance to his contemporaries; he has been discussed too thoroughly for that. Yet it seems as if the concern of his critics for his immediate importance had made them overlook his true significance—his significance, as we might say in the argot of philosophy, seen under the form of eternity. Grant Mr. Mencken's rank as a stylist; for his eloquence occasionally equals in beauty and rushing euphony even Chapter LI, Book III of Urquhart's translation of Rabelais, and no American writer compares with him in his ability to get a new glitter out of a platitude. Grant also his importance as a crusader; for he has tried in his way to browbeat us into civilization with a laughter that has the abrasiveness of an emery wheel. Yet, important as are these aspects of his work, they can hardly be expected of themselves to enable him to survive. For certainly the fact that he has brought up a generation out of its diapers will not concern the future overmuch. Indications are not lacking already that his importance in this respect is very likely to be underrated, for some significance must be attached to the fact that a good many of his juniors have turned against him and a number of his disciples have repudiated him during the last few years. And exaggerated as this reaction no doubt is, there is in the complaint made of him a measure of reasonableness, for it is difficult to see what purposes he attaches to the freedom he fights for, or what vision guides him that would give a new orientation to the life he is blindly trying to improve. And as to his style, eloquent and mellow as it is—and it gains daily in the qualities that distinguish it, as these volumes attest—its ironic and satiric effects depend too much upon a mechanical formula of extravagant contrasts to remain fresh for long.

There is on the other hand an aspect of his work which must seem of secondary importance to us but which is bound to acquire a gradually increasing importance with time: its historical usefulness. This America which we are all trying to love and to understand—this weltering hodge-podge of sublimity and imbecility whose ugliness and beauty Sandburg and Frost have tried to sing, and Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser have tried to express; whose inevitable imperialistic tendencies our industrial Jeremiahs are in vain trying to arrest—this America has been loved and hated and misunderstood better by Mr. Mencken than by any of his contemporaries. For this reason his expression of it—or misexpression—possesses a partial yet permanent documentary usefulness that other contemporary expressions seem to lack. In this respect he is lightening the

labor of the historians of the future. They will not have to search into the minutes of our chambers of commerce; they will not have to digest the contents of our tabloids; they will not have to read the dull chronicles of Lions and Rotarians. Mr. Mencken is doing all this for them; doing it better, more thoroughly, with a greater regard for form than they could ever do it themselves. Here lies the real meaning and true importance of his work. His "Prejudices," the researches into contemporary buncombe conducted under his editorship, his archives of contemporary imbecility, these are documents which the future historian of our post-war period will not be able to overlook, for the picture will not be complete without them. And here, too, lies Mr. Mencken's true originality and greatness. His labors as a pioneer American philologist cannot be held ■ important—since they must be soon superseded if they are to bear any fruit—compared with his originality as ■ historian. For he has invented a new form of history, the realistic history of contemporary stupidity; has carried that form to perfection; and has trained ■ school of followers who, though of course not as great ■ the master, aim at the same qualities which mark him off. And this he has done, it seems to me, without any hints from the past. For it would be to overleap common sense to charge him with borrowing his method from his notable predecessors of the fifteenth century, the Italian realists, especially Lorenzo Valla. Consider furthermore what we would give to possess ■ "Helleniana," or six volumes of Greek "Prejudices," to throw light upon the comedies of Aristophanes.

It is not necessary to point out that Mr. Mencken's competence for the job of historian of contemporary stupidity is due to a great extent to his consanguinity with it, to his innate and secret fondness for the things he satirizes. The coarse earthiness of his prose, its Rabelaisian peal—the very qualities which give it its pungency and its resilience—give him away too clearly. Besides, it is difficult to ■ how ■ truly civilized man should make it the object of his life to record the antics of barbarians. Certainly we do not see Havelock Ellis—whom Mr. Mencken has called the most civilized Englishman living—occupying himself with British stupidity. From this point of view Mr. Mencken is then ■ little civilized as the bible-belters whom he objurgates. And this is one of the reasons why he often seems unable to understand things lifted six inches above the coarse preoccupations of those he scorns: true religious sincerity for instance, poetry, philosophy. These things he often seems less able to understand than the claptrap of our pulpit baboons, the puerilities of revivalists, the idiotic literary criteria of judges turned literary censors. The latter are the things in which he is truly interested, and in which he truly revels, very much as Rabelais reveled, for similar reasons, in the idiocy of his day. And a good thing he does, too, for the ungrateful task he has set himself, to be performed at all, must be performed *con amore*; otherwise it would not have the documentary and archaeological value it now possesses.

ELISEO VIVAS

Procopius of Palestine

The Secret History of Procopius. Translated by Richard Atwater. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$20.

BORN in Caesarea around the end of the fifth century A.D., Procopius fitted himself for the law and in his early twenties emigrated to Byzantium, then the capital of the Holy Roman Empire. Having abandoned his Samaritan faith in the interests of diplomacy, he became just enough of a Christian to flavor his writings with harmlessly edifying sentiments, and to pull a piously long face in the presence of Justinian during those moments when that myriad-minded emperor had ceased the wholesale slaughter of his subjects in order to feast upon the delectable mysteries of Christian metaphysics. Dur-

ing the everlasting wars that the empire waged against innumerable barbarians Procopius accompanied the great general Belisarius in the capacity of secretary and legal adviser. Fortune smiled so benignantly upon him that he was intrusted with even more important duties; and eventually he recorded the history of those wars he had witnessed—recorded them with relative impartiality and in a relatively dignified Greek idiom in an age that took far more interest in parasangs than in paradigms.

That his impartiality had been only relative, however, was soon made painfully clear to him. Justinian, whose countless avocations included ■ deep dislike of Belisarius, carefully noted that Procopius had lavished more praise upon the genius of that general than upon the virtuous endeavors of the emperor or of his spouse, Theodora, the former actress-courtesan. In some way that is not known but that was certainly very much to the point, Justinian made Procopius understand that his historical works did not please the royal rulers. The frightened fellow needed no further hint, for the mere thought of those dreadful palace dungeons made him shiver in his sandals; he therefore expeditiously undertook to worm himself back into royal favor by penning ■ sycophantic treatise that expatiated in glowing terms upon the wonders of the public buildings erected by the emperor and upon the unparalleled public and private virtues of Theodora. And Justinian, ■ susceptible to flattery ■ to the subtler allurements of mysticism, promptly rewarded his faithful subject by granting him permission to stitch upon the border of his toga the purple band that betokened the rank of a senator.

But ■ worm, even though a senator, will occasionally turn. Roused to ■ mighty though carefully concealed wrath on account of the indignities that had forced him to prostitute his talents, Procopius darkly meditated upon ■ worthy vengeance. Ah! He had it. He would write ■ *Historia Arcana*—a "Secret History" in which he would "retract what I have written before about the lives of Justinian and Theodora," and tell the unvarnished truth about their almost incredible crimes. In odd moments between his rubber-stamp senatorial duties he wrote his book at ■ white—one might almost say ■ purple—heat. So virulent was his pen and so lurid his picture of bloody deeds, intrigues, and gaudy scandals within the Byzantine court that some grave historians have questioned the truth of his memoirs; but Gibbon, filled with unholy delight at this scathing portrait of ■ Christian court, did not doubt its general authenticity, though it is true that he shook his critical head dubiously over the statement that Justinian had achieved the death of a trillion human beings. And today also the work is commonly believed to be genuine, notwithstanding the many embellishments of fact and rhetoric that were added by ■ mind almost disordered by consuming indignation.

The present sumptuous volume, urbanely translated and edited by Mr. Atwater, is the first adequate as well ■ unpurgated edition that has appeared in English. Among other things it makes clear that there never was any good reason why this exotic account of ancient Constantinople should have been subjected to editorial scissors; indeed, hardly a day now passes that does not see the publication of books which present far more explicit details concerning "the facts of life." What particularly strikes the modern reader, in fact, is that the charges levied against Justinian and Theodora are so general; for by far the greater part of the book is occupied with a vague and rather tedious denunciation of the royal couple. The material was doubtless there, but a Dumas rather than a Procopius was needed. Poor Procopius! Inflated with egregious conceit, he visioned future generations reading him with horrified amazement and delight; and yet very few people save ■ scant dozens of historians have dipped into his livid but rather prolix pages at all. Even this excellent but expensive edition must, unfortunately, remain caviar to the general.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books in Brief

The Unknown Barnum. By Harvey W. Root. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

If there is anything "unknown" about Barnum, Mr. Root has not supplied the missing information. Instead he makes a serious, sentimental, and occasionally ungrammatical attempt to prove that Barnum was an authentic genius. Some millions of people have already suspected as much.

Gallant Ladies. By Cameron Rogers. With illustrations by Charles O. Naef. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

When Mr. Rogers wishes to convey the simple fact that one of his heroines led an indiscriminatingly lecherous career, he writes that she was "lost in the labyrinthine convolutions of an extremely alien personality." His effort to appear languidly sophisticated after the fashion of Thomas Beer results, in fact, in a style that is merely precious; and thus a book that contains very promising matter—for its subjects are not often gallant and never ladylike—simply fails to come off.

In the Service of the King. By Aimee Semple McPherson. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Mrs. McPherson's "Story of My Life" reads precisely like an unbroken series of tabloid headlines. No matter what she screams about—evolution, Voltaire, the Rock of Ages, faith cure for tuberculosis of the knee joint, or her exotic affair with kidnappers—her language has all the indefinable charm of a well-aimed brick.

Red Rust. By Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

This is a romance of wheat. Matts Swenson, pioneer farmer in the New Sweden of Minnesota, has an Abraham Lincoln disposition and is considered queer because he burns the precious oil at night in order to read. The outlines of knowledge here find at last their most noble destiny: with the aid of a book entitled "Encyclopedia of All Knowledge, Complete in One Volume" and a copy of Darwin, Matts discovers the laws of selection and variation and succeeds in his life passion of breeding a superior crop of wheat which is rust-resistant. The human drama which runs parallel to this agrarian romance is obvious and colorless by comparison. An unpretentious, slow-moving tale, relieved by honest beauty in the description of the million meticulous details of nature by one who knows her Minnesota.

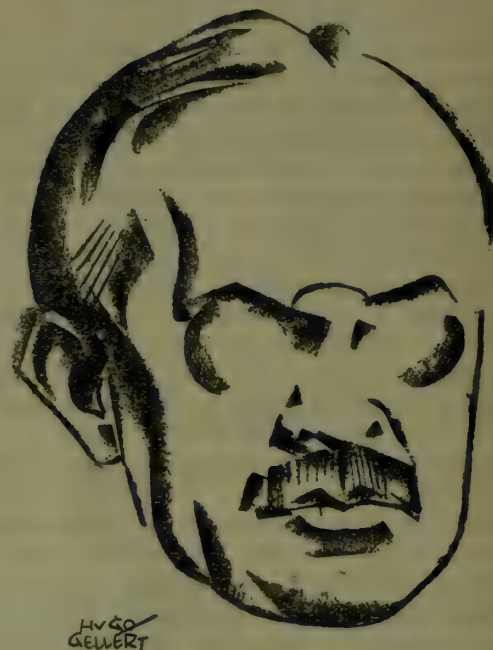
The Bonney Family. By Ruth Suckow. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The slow, very carefully and tenderly told story of twenty years in the life of an Iowa family. Miss Suckow tempers her over-straightforward naturalistic technique with an occasional poetry; but the basis of her art is too sober, too humorless, too vigilant in its attempt to be "sympathetic" and "understanding" ever to be very moving. She succeeds perfectly in achieving the only possible apex of the school of American writers to which she belongs: to describe fully and completely and with an easy competence people who essentially are not worth the energy the artist expends upon them. The Bonney Family in their basic goodness, their slight charming eccentricities, their lack of dynamic power, their decency, and their inherent conventionality remind one disturbingly of the characters of Louisa May Alcott as seen by a mature temperament. Some of the pages indeed might almost have been lifted out of those sweet masterpieces of our childhood, "Jack and Jill," "Little Women," and "Little Men."

The Story of Everest. By Captain John Noel. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

The epic of Mount Everest is once more told, this time by the official photographer of the British expedition.

Birthday Dinner



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Music

Mr. Horowitz and Others

CRITICS are often warned against adverse criticism because it is "destructive." But what about the dangers of misused superlatives? Many a career has been nearly wrecked on just such a reef, as Mr. Vladimir Horowitz might testify. For over a year there had been a whispered rhapsody on this young man. He was unique, wonderful, MARVELOUS. He was "the outstanding piano genius of the rising generation." There was no one in the world like him. One could not ever *imagine* what he was like. "Just wait until you hear him," was always the mysterious climax. Well, one can accumulate a good many expectations when one has to wait for a whole year. By the time that Mr. Horowitz finally did arrive he had a mountain of superlatives to rise above and a fabulous reputation to sustain. To increase the handicap his debut with the Philharmonic was coupled with that of Sir Thomas Beecham's. It was not surprising, therefore, that this double responsibility proved too much for the high-strung young pianist, and that his *cheval de bataille*, the Tchaikowsky concerto, became literally a run-away war horse. It was a wild, crazed flight without rhythm or reason, ending in a terrific clash of octaves that brought down the house and saved the performer, but not the concerto. Afterwards Sir Thomas was blamed for not keeping pace. But I doubt if any conductor could have coped any better with such uncontrol. A successful appearance with another orchestra and in another work a few weeks later partially restored the pianist's morale.

Such suffering seemed as unnecessary as it was deplorable. Had Mr. Horowitz's exceptional gift been more frankly proclaimed and perhaps less importunately (for still another orchestral appearance followed the recital the very next night), he need have had no qualms about living up to it. That gift is technique. It is his to a phenomenal degree and it is also his curse. Based on a loud, clear tone obtained from the forearm, it has an extraordinary brilliance and clarity, like a pianola. Unfortunately, however, this method of production, important as it is for certain effects, is anathema to overtones, legato, and tonal variety. It reduces every emotion to black and white, and every intention to technic. One feels the desired feeling breaking through only to be swamped the moment it appears. Undoubtedly there is a great musical talent buried beneath this virtuosity. But one fears that Mr. Horowitz has been following a blind trail.

A less spectacular case of inflated valuation has been that of Béla Bartók, the Hungarian composer and pianist. Mr. Bartók's visit was heralded both before and after his appearances as that of the most "significant" modern composer in Hungary and one of the most "significant" in Europe. In fact, there was a good bit of indignation when his latest work, a piano concerto, was pushed aside by Mr. Mengelberg for an early "Rhapsody." Since then we have had the concerto and a good many others of Mr. Bartók's works. One cannot in all honesty say that they have added much to the cause for which he now stands. This cause, one must explain, is not the one for which he earned the right to be called significant. In fact, it is just the opposite; for Mr. Bartók until late years was laboring to arouse a national musical expression through reviving the national folk-tune. Now he seems to be trying to kill it by disguising these same tunes in modern dress. In his concerto he has abandoned the tunes altogether. The result is not pretty. Broken bits of themes are hammered out angrily on the piano and answered by equally angry blasts of the wind instruments. The only sustained motive is that of bitterness, and the sum total is unmitigated ugliness. Fortunately for Mr. Bartók, no one knows what it is all about. But unfortunately for us we are afraid to say so. HENRIETTA STRAUS

"It is a torrential confession. I submit that this is a tremendous book, one of the great autobiographies in our literature."

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Drama

The Oldest Profession

IN the symbolic prologue to Simon Gantillon's "Maya" (Comedy Theater) a sailor stands facing a girl in a peignoir. He, it appears, is looking for her—or any woman—and she for him—or any man. Then, after a few minutes, the curtain rises upon a mean chamber and there follow nine scenes from the life of a prostitute of Marseilles to whom come all sorts and conditions of men for comfort, for sympathy, or for forgetfulness. One brings her the night-dress of his beloved in which she is to wrap herself; another leaves to plunge into the ocean; another—a simple Norwegian sailor—to talk of his little sister far away; and still another to recognize in her the girl whom he had loved and lost in youth. But when the procession has passed and the day's work done she takes up her crocheting where she had left it, and she is only half aware that she is in her own poor self the Maya of the Hindus—the object of all desire reduced to its simplest terms, and made accessible to all who seek it.

Now, the idea for the play is one which any youthful playwright or any manager, young or old, would hail with delight, but it is also, I think, one which a little reflection will enable one to recognize as more immediately striking than likely to be genuinely fruitful. There is a class of subjects so simply, universally, and directly interesting that they nearly always defeat the purpose of the artist who would use them, and prostitution is one. Even if we disregard its scandalous piquancy and the fascination which it has for all those who have lived too correctly not to imagine sin as romantically delightful, the subject is at once too tremendous and too simple to lend itself to artistic elaboration. It is in one respect like Birth or Death considered by themselves, for there is nothing to say about it and attempts to say something in any sense adequate lead almost inevitably to bombast, to rhetoric, or to sentimentality. Almost without exception the prostitutes of the stage, unless they appear as persons rather than as types, are too vile or too noble or too something. The woman who happens to be a prostitute may be anything as a person, but The Prostitute as *Ding an sich*—she is too large and too vague. Before her men grow indignant or rhapsodical or maudlin, but they seldom grow clear or articulate. The audience may squirm, or gasp, or titter, and it may even mistake its ambiguous interest in the theme for an aesthetic emotion; but the truth of the matter is that it is merely very easily pleased by so illegitimately fascinating a theme.

M. Gantillon has chosen a method somewhere between realism and symbolism, for his people are rather too much generalized to be individuals, and the incidents which he has selected are obviously intended to represent the essence of what happens everywhere and all the time. Moreover, he has idealized his prostitutes until they are something halfway between the common tart and the priestess, and he has treated the subject with a sort of taste which will inevitably lead various commentators upon things theatrical to remark how much more vulgar an American presentation of the subject would be. But though the difference is there, though "Maya," that is to say, is solemnly pretentious where most American attempts to treat such themes are stridently obscene, it may be questioned whether the difference is really important from any artistic standpoint. The one would smell to heaven, but the other, to my nostrils at least, reeks with perfume. "Maya" is not vulgar in our way but vulgar in another and more mincing fashion. It is subduedly melodramatic and tastefully bawdy, but not any the better for that, since, to my mind, it is merely sentimental and feeble.

Some of the performances, especially those by Aline MacMahon as the prostitute, Harold de Becker as the coal trimmer,

and Marc Loebell as the gentleman with the nightgown, are extremely good if considered by themselves, but either the problem set by the form of the play is unsolvable or, at least, the direction has not solved it. Ernest Boyd has made the translation, which is very good.

George M. Cohan's domestic farce about nothing in particular called "Whispering Friends" (Hudson Theater) is, like its author's "Baby Cyclone," a very adroit farce written on the strictly American model. The reviewers were not appreciative, but the audience seemed to recognize the verisimilitude of the scenes in which the man and wife quarrel over nothing, and it rocked with laughter. Mr. Cohan is never able to give quite the polish to his dialogue for which he obviously strives, and his fashionable people seem always to speak an idiom which does not quite belong to them, but he has a humorous ingenuity

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which serves him almost ■ well in polite farce as it did in the days when he was writing his raucously patriotic folk-dramas.

"Hoboken Blues," the new play by Michael Gold, which has just been produced by the New Playwrights Theater, awakens in the breast of the spectator the same despair which he felt in contemplating the earlier offerings of the same group during the present season. That it has possibilities I would be the last to deny, but many of the roles are so hopelessly acted that one cannot even guess whether the author intended his Negro characters to be played realistically or in some style which the actors are powerless even to hint, and the play itself

seems, like most of the group's other plays, so carelessly written and so disdainfully unrevised as to do itself a grave injustice. One suspects that the New Playwrights are altogether too easy on one another and that they gaily produce plays that have never in any real sense been written at all.

The week saw also two revivals, "Sherlock Holmes" (Cosmopolitan Theater) and "Our Betters" (Henry Miller's Theater). Neither is exactly a masterpiece, perhaps, but both have stood the test of time far better than most plays. The latter is certainly one of the very best of Maugham's comedies, and it is delightfully acted by Ina Claire.

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International Relations Section

The Polish Election

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

WITH the danger of a conflict with Lithuania eliminated at least for the time being, Poland has now plunged into a much bigger, even if less spectacular problem of its national life, that of the national election. The Polish Sejm has died a natural death, and was dissolved on November 29, after a stormy and checkered career of five years allowed by the constitution. Almost immediately the campaign for the new Sejm was started.

This is the first national election in Poland since the famous Pilsudski revolution of May, 1926, and it is therefore of unusual interest and importance. Whatever the Pilsudski revolution did or did not do it has surely swept away most of the old political parties, and has brought about a completely new alignment of forces in the country. Parties and leaders once the most powerful are now plunged in utter obscurity. Politically the country finds itself as after a real revolution.

To add to the complications, the Pilsudski revolution has introduced into politics a new political principle which no other country has as yet had to face. The revolution of May, 1926, was probably the most unique revolution of post-war times. It has destroyed, and at the same time it is attempting to uphold political democracy. One is not certain at the present moment whether Poland is now being ruled by a democracy or by a dictatorship. If it is the latter, then it is surely a dictatorship of a new kind. The very fact that the last Sejm died a natural death and that the country is now preparing for a quite normal election of a new Sejm shows that the Polish dictatorship is somewhat different in form than the now fashionable Fascist dictatorships in Europe. Whether good or bad, Pilsudski has introduced something original and new into politics. He is not a mere imitator. In certain respects, Poland, like Russia, is now experimenting politically.

The number and diversity of parties in Poland is so great (partly owing to the general European custom of many parties, and even more to the special Polish tendency to multiplicity of political opinions), that it is hardly possible to give an American public an idea of each party. As many as thirty-four parties appear on the list of state ballots at this election. The number of municipal parties is still greater. Warsaw alone has sixty-eight. Polish electors find it difficult to follow the programs and even names of their own parties. For this reason, Polish politicians usually deal, especially at election time, in party blocs rather than in individual parties. At any rate these blocs form the only unit which an American could go by in attempting to grasp the complex political situation of that country. At the present stage, not all the blocs are as yet formed, but all are sufficiently evolved to be classified.

There is, to begin with, the bloc of the Right parties, or as it is called, the National Catholic Bloc. The moving spirit of this bloc is the old, once powerful reactionary Narodowa Democratic Party (Endetzia, for short), which was the leading party of the country before the Pilsudski upheaval. That party is now almost obliterated, although

its spirit is not altogether dead. Whatever is left of it is now attempting to form the Catholic bloc which, if it could realize all of its original plans, would have controlled a formidable group in the next Sejm, for the religious appeal is still very strong in Poland.

But these plans were spiked from the very beginning by the clever manipulation of the government forces, which, by a stern warning to the clergy and a veiled threat of separation of church from state, succeeded in eliminating the religious appeal from all party platforms. Extreme Polish nationalism, which is the only policy that the bloc has left now, will hardly satisfy the various interests of all the parties concerned, who range from the so-called Polish Monarchists to the "Piast," a party of peasants and small landowners, once regarded as belonging to the moderate Left. In fact, a split in the Catholic bloc already seems unavoidable. Besides the tendency in Poland, as well as in the rest of Eastern and Central Europe, is now more to the Left. One may therefore confidently predict that the country is in no danger of a return of the old reactionary rule of the Right, apart from the fact that, if such an event were to take place, the dictatorship which once swept away such a regime from office by force of arms would almost certainly not permit its return while it has all the power of the government in its possession.

On the Left there is the Polish Socialist Party (P.P.S.) which is still the strongest of the old parties in Poland, but the Communists have made big inroads into the ranks of the city workers. Although the Communists are legally forbidden in Poland, and cannot stand at an election, they will nevertheless appear on the ballots under another name. To counteract this danger, the Socialists are now planning a Left bloc with a number of other smaller parties, chiefly the Left Peasant Party (of which M. Thugut was leader).

The most formidable group is that attached to the Government, the Bartell-Pilsudski Party, or the "Sanatzia," as it is popularly called (after Pilsudski's May slogan, the restoration to health of national affairs in Poland). This group controls the biggest press of the country, is largely in possession of the government machine, and has the strength of a ruling party. Its chief asset is the prestige of Pilsudski towering behind it. It is rather interesting that Pilsudski himself has so far failed to attach himself publicly to any party or to take an active part in the campaign. He either wishes to remain above parties or desires the election to go through without any coercion, even moral, from his side. But it is generally known that the "Sanatzia" expresses his personal wishes, and serves as his political tool. This party has made an alliance with the new Conservative Party of big landowners and manufacturers, also formed under the influence of Pilsudski, and the group corresponds to the German Center. Its program is still that of the May revolution, "the restoration to health and moral cleansing of internal affairs" and efficient administration. It is expected to control the next Sejm.

No political situation is complete in Poland without the national minorities which form political parties and blocs of their own. One-third of the population of Poland consists of non-Poles, chiefly Ukrainians in Galicia, White Russians in White Russia, Jews, Lithuanians, and Germans. They are all known under the general name of minority nationalities, and they form a considerable element in Polish

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politics. At the present writing the various minority nationalities have formed a bloc of their own as they did at the last election, five years ago. But the condition of the minorities in Poland has changed during the last five years, and the aspect of the bloc has changed as well.

Five years ago the minorities were fighting a most reactionary and outspokenly anti-Semitic and nationalistic government. The present regime is probably not less nationalistic than the previous one, but it shows signs of a desire to come to an understanding with the minorities. This is especially true in the case of the Jews. Compared to the persecution of the old Endek regime, the present condition of the Jews in Poland is greatly improved. The marshal himself is probably one of the best friends of the Jews in Poland, and his administration, under his own premiership and that of Professor Bartell, cannot be accused of lack of good-will and friendship toward Jews. The edge has been taken off the Jewish opposition to the government, and consequently the enthusiasm of the Jews for the minorities bloc has diminished. Three of the most important Jewish parties have refused to join the bloc. Similarly the strongest White Russian party, the Harmada, has not joined the bloc, nor have the left Ukrainian parties. So that the minorities bloc has much less chance of success than it did five years ago.

Such is the general outlook of the parties at the present moment. The people seem to exhibit less interest in the election than five years ago. This is partly due to marked disappointment in parliamentary action in general. The previous Sejm was a failure in every respect. The terrible economic crisis in Poland has not been solved, and is still the most important problem of the new nation. Almost every act of national importance in Poland occurred outside of, and often in opposition to the Sejm. Political parties, and especially leaders, are thoroughly discredited. With the exception of Pilsudski there is not a single popular figure in Polish public life. The country seems to be hovering between belief in parliamentary institutions and hero worship. A portion of the more liberal Pilsudski press is attempting to create some sort of union between these two, a fusion of the principles of democracy with those of an enlightened, somewhat liberal dictatorship. But the fusion is so far a vague and indefinite as the entire Pilsudski experiment, and all speculation about it is entirely premature.

Where China Conquers

By D. M. FRASER

Singapore, January 8

THE boarding officer was complaining bitterly. "It's the most filthy job you could imagine. I handle thousands and thousands of coolies coming in from China. Do you realize that Singapore is the greatest immigration station in the world next to Ellis Island? And these hordes pour in—diseased, dirty, and incredibly ignorant—always fighting quarantine rules. They come in herded like cattle on the steamers, but only too glad to get away from crowded China." And the talk went on in the white man's club where the silent-footed servants are the only Asiatics admitted.

The ruling race is becoming vaguely uneasy in the great rubber and tin lands of Malaya. For from the shores

of the Gulf of Siam to the remotest corners of Borneo and throughout the vast areas of the Dutch East Indies these newcomers spread. They are the laborers who built Penang's magnificent mountain railway. On their patient shoulders is borne the burden of rubber plantation life. Without them ships could not be unloaded. The English rely on them for house servants and the government offices use the second generation as clerks.

But it is as merchants, traders, and contractors that the Chinese most significantly dominate the lands to the south of their own country. The coolie of yesterday becomes the hawker or small shopkeeper of today. He toils unbelievably long hours and with his family and assistants dwells in one miserable mat-shed. The natives revile him as an extortionist but they insist on having cheap and gaudy European trash and become his needy debtors. The lordly "tuan," the masterful white man, scorns Oriental haggling and receives the servility he desires; but pays the yellow man's prices.

The coolie's son becomes a "towkay," a substantial merchant and capitalist. He uses the telephone and on occasion wears European clothes. He may have an automobile; his children go to school and speak English. He is not a "tuan," but he is one of the wealthy men of his adopted country, he has his finger in every speculation, and he could probably buy and sell half the whites in the place.

In Penang the houses of the Chinese millionaires are among the sights of the city, and a leading Singapore paper recently referred to the fact that among the richest men of the world can be numbered some dozen of the Chinese citizens of that capital. Their enterprise has set up automobile concerns in every town of any size in Malaya. The cinema is another of their favorite investments. Wherever profit can be made they are to be found, energetic and adaptable. There is nothing of the "unchanging East" about them. The younger clerks and towkays drop the religious superstitions of their nation; their womenfolk move about freely and drive in the family car as much as the men do.

What the colonial governments dread most in this vast population of Chinese is their clannishness. They protect one another; they conceal fugitives from the eyes of authority. A "coolie row" is the *bête noire* of every magistrate. In spite of the constant influx, labor is scarce; wages are rising and with them the spirit of independence. It is easy enough to crush a Malay outbreak—a moment's flash and fury; but a Chinese strike or boycott is different. Bullying words may stiffen resistance, and to employ armed force is to face a chain of consequences which may have a remote and terrible ending.

Secret societies are strictly forbidden from Kuala Lumpur to Batavia. Men remember the insurrection in Sarawak a century ago which led to a surprise attack and the occupation of the capital. Are these societies extinct in Chinatown? It matters little, since innumerable clubs exist openly. The leading citizens are, of course, "loyal" because prosperous and accept titles and places on councils. But they correspond with their mother country and never fail to help in moments of national disaster. Other peoples have built up empires in these lands; centuries ago the Chinese Empire had power in Borneo.

The European is already outclassed as a trader. When he loses his slight technical superiority, who will then be lord of Malaya?

The Nation

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THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

CARLETON BEALS in this issue of *The Nation* gives an unforgettable picture of Sandino, the man against whom the United States has gone to war. Sandino may be an outlaw but it is quite evident that he is of the breed of George Washington and the other great rebels of the past. His followers repay him with the same religious devotion; his words become proverbs and slogans. Some time he will probably be slain on his own territory by United States marines and his little army will be dispersed. Then he will become a legendary hero to Latin Americans of all lands, and the Gringo will be hated with even more bitter hate. But meantime the war goes on. Towns are bombed and destroyed by the new Huns, and occasionally a few marines go to their death on soil that is not theirs for a cause that they can hardly be expected to understand. The election, which even Mr. Borah seems to regard as an adequate excuse for our occupation of Nicaragua, is again postponed. Senator Dill of Washington has spoken with impressive and unequivocal vigor against the Administration's policy. He read into the record the dispatch telling of the death of five marines, killed in ambush; he demanded that the Foreign Relations Committee report out the resolutions on Nicaragua which "are sleeping the usual sleep that knows no

waking." "I want to know," said Mr. Dill directly to Mr. Borah, "if there will be a vote on whether we will continue this war in Nicaragua." Mr. Borah feared that the Senate had no authority in the matter; and Mr. Dill suggested that it might at least make its position known "and see whether or not it would have any effect on the President." The Senate galleries broke into applause as Senator Dill shouted his protest. We need more like him. This is no time for legalism. The time has come to look at the facts of a dirty business and to bring the marines out of Nicaragua.

DEMOCRATS CAN USUALLY BE COUNTED ON to stage a row in a Presidential year, and the Republican politicians are eagerly hoping that Senator Thomas Walsh's entry into the race for the Presidential nomination will bring about a three-cornered dogfight. Senator Walsh is backed by ex-Secretary McAdoo, who never forgets or forgives, and the Republicans count on that. They hope and pray that Jim Reed, who is Wet, and Senator Walsh, who is Catholic, will build up an opposition to Al Smith, who is both, that will destroy all three. It is, however, just possible that the Democrats have learned something after all. Both Reed and Walsh have points of sympathy with the New York Governor: they might carry the McAdoo forces with them into agreement instead of being used as instruments of vengeance. Walsh would be a novelty in candidates. He is modest, to begin with; he lacks all the tricks of the seasoned orator, but he has a habit of interesting his audiences in what he is saying and leaving them with something more than fire and flame to remember. His prosecution of the oil investigation has been a personal triumph—a slow, plodding task of burrowing through mountains of obscurity and opposition. He has little aid from his own party and, of course, none from the Republicans. Jim Reed's speeches today are woven out of Walsh's discoveries. But as a candidate Walsh has this weakness: he is essentially an honest, intelligent conservative. Progressives admire him, but disagree on crucial issues; and conservatives today seem to disapprove of his honesty.

WHEN J. D. GREGORY was dismissed from the British civil service as a result of the resounding scandal of his speculating in francs from his post of privilege in the Foreign Office, England knew that the affair of the Zinoviev letter must at last be probed to the bottom. Gregory was the under secretary whose signature was appended to the note in which the Labor Government trounced the Soviet on account of Zinoviev's alleged under-cover activities in England. In other words, he was the instrument used in October, 1924, for the destruction of the MacDonald Cabinet and when, a few days ago, he was disgraced, the Labor Party insisted upon investigation of the notorious incident. Thomas Marlowe, editor at the time of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, which forced Mr. MacDonald's hand at the crucial moment, now discloses the greater part of the story in a long letter to the *London Observer*. He did not buy the letter from Gregory or from anybody. Several

copies, it appeared, were offered to him, and Mr. Marlowe plainly hints that one of these was offered by somebody in a government department. He takes extreme pride in his own action, and the English press apparently assumes that his statement exonerates Gregory. But how so? Mr. MacDonald, campaigning away from London, did not know that the Foreign Office was releasing the so-called Zinoviev letter for publication. Gregory was the subordinate who sent it to the press, thereby creating the mob frenzy by which the MacDonald Government was swept away. And the scandal of the francs—the only disgrace of the kind that has touched a British public department since the Marconi deals of 1912—reveals the character of the man through whom the knockout blow was delivered to the best of post-war governments in Europe.

PRESIDENT MONROE, as we frequently have occasion to remark, would never have admitted responsibility for the crude imperialism currently cloaked under the name of the "Monroe Doctrine." His doctrine expressed a desire to maintain Latin-American sovereignty, not to supervise elections, police foreign property, and collect customs to pay interest on foreign loans. It is a healthy thing now and then to be reminded of the origin and nature of Monroe's Monroe Doctrine. The Argentine delegate who annoyed our State Department by objecting, at Geneva, to the League's recognition of "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine" was nearer to President Monroe than the gentlemen who misuse his name in Washington today. Señor Cantillo said:

The Monroe Doctrine was a declaration of political policy by the United States at the time of the European Holy Alliance. It was made to prevent any extension of the Holy Alliance system to the American continent. While it rendered great services to America in the early days of its existence, and honors the United States in its defense of justice and liberty, it should not be referred to as a regional understanding. It is purely an individual declaration of principle. . . . So far as I know the Monroe Doctrine never has been approved explicitly by other American republics.

CHANCELLOR SEIPEL, speaking in the Austrian Diet, announced that he would not protest to the League of Nations or direct to Rome against the oppression of German-speaking citizens of the Tyrol, now part of Italy. He relied, he said, "on something which is higher than international traditions and rights—the conscience of the world." To Mussolini there is no such animal. Americans may be somewhat shocked at his precedent. "A state respecting itself cannot tolerate interference," he said. "Mr. Fuller, the Governor of Massachusetts, has supplied us with a striking example on that subject." He referred, of course, to the bitterness aroused in New England by the international expression of horror when Massachusetts murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. Governor Fuller may still agree with Mussolini that sympathy should stop at the frontier; we do not know. But we do know this, that Mussolini's contemptuous refusal to discuss the facts of oppression in Italy, and his insistence that continued protest in Austria will only lead to suppression of the remaining German-language papers in the old German province of the South Tyrol and "accelerate the turning of the Fascist vise" serve once more to concentrate world attention upon the brutality and danger of his rule.

WE ARE GLAD to learn that the Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a complaint against the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, directing it to show cause on April 2 why it should not be compelled to dispose of all its stock holdings in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas and the St. Louis Southwestern railroads. We commented editorially on this situation in our issue of December 28 [page 725], pointing out an apparently direct violation of the Clayton Act and a policy which if allowed to go on would make our anti-monopoly laws futile in so far as railway consolidation was concerned. Contrary, as we believe, to the intent of the law, the Kansas City Southern acquired a substantial control of the two railways in question, both competing lines, previous to asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to merge them with its own system. This was bad enough, but was aggravated when, after denial by the commission of permission to consolidate, the Kansas City Southern continued in possession of its shares in the rival railways. It is reported that L. F. Loree, head of the Kansas City Southern, may attempt to evade the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission by making a new application for consolidation.

THE BEST THE LAW COULD DO in sentencing Francesco Caruso for stabbing to death a physician who, he believed, had killed his sick child, was to sentence him to from ten to twenty years in the penitentiary. This is admittedly better than the death sentence which Caruso received as a result of his first trial, in which he was convicted of first-degree murder. Half the sentence is the minimum for manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty; and the balance was apparently mandatory under the Baumes law which provides five to ten years for killing with a dangerous weapon—though in this case Caruso was not armed in the literal sense of the word and the weapon was a kitchen knife which happened to be lying to his hand. Under the law which permits time off for good behavior, Caruso will probably serve about seven years. Seven years for ignorance; but the law does not admit of ignorance as an excuse for crime. Seven years because the "land of opportunity" in which he lived had not thought it necessary to inform him about antitoxins, although it provided antitoxins for his use. And during those seven years, in which he will be in Sing Sing prison, his children will grow from infancy through childhood, from childhood to adolescence. How they will be supported is no concern of the law. The prisoner will be furnished with board and lodging. If necessary, perhaps charity can be found for those outside the prison gates. This is the best the law can do for Caruso. It is not sensible, it is not merciful; one doubts if it is just. But there is no question that it is legal.

IF AN UNDERGRADUATE at the University of Minnesota cuts his biology class nothing happens to him, but if he stays away from compulsory military drill he is expelled from the institution. Thus in a State university does the science of killing take precedence over the study of life and over every other university subject. And there are teeth in this ruling, for the university has just dropped thirteen students for failing to drill regularly. This drastic measure for insuring drill attendance has been in force for the past two years, and the college authorities have cooperated most whole-heartedly with the military men in

its enforcement. Last spring thirty-eight students were expelled, although the university later found reason for reinstating twenty-eight of them. At that time the commandant resolved to put an end to evasions of drill duty, but the present expulsions seem to indicate that he was unsuccessful. An apparent attempt to placate the obvious student dissatisfaction is to be seen in the new ruling whereby a slight illness is sufficient ground for excuse from drill, whereas "under the previous ruling, the students who were absent from drill, due to slight colds or other illnesses, were often refused the regulation excuse slips from the Health Service." This is indeed gratifying. The War Department has awakened to the fact that it must respect the physical well-being of its conscript student army. When will the State wake up to the danger of putting the warriors above the scholars in its educational institutions?

AN EVENT TO STIR "tired radicals" to shame recently happened in England. The Neo-Malthusian League has announced the disbanding of its organization in a triumphant hymn of victory. "Our aims have succeeded beyond our wildest dreams," says Dr. Charles Vickery Drysdale of a campaign which during its fifty years of existence was inspired and led by members of his family. The doctrine of overpopulation, enunciated by Malthus in 1798, remained for decades an academic problem discussed only in scientific chambers until the Drysdales projected it into a broader field. Dr. George R. Drysdale's "Elements of Social Science," with its bold challenge of the puritanical attitude in sex matters, and his English publication of the American pamphlet "Fruits of Philosophy," by Dr. Knowlton, led to the world-famous trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in 1876. In the heat of passionate discussion of the Malthusian doctrine the first organized movement for conscious control of fertility was founded. Dr. R. C. Drysdale and his wife, Dr. Alice Vickery, one of the first woman physicians in England, and later their son and daughter as well, led the movement through stormy decades of vilification and abuse to ultimate victory in England and on the Continent. Once abused as obscene, unpatriotic, demoralizing, shunned by respectable people, the campaign has disarmed most of its opposition. The British House of Lords has passed a resolution in favor of birth-control instruction at the public-health centers; the National Council of Public Morals, under religious auspices, has declared that nothing should keep married persons from obtaining birth-control information for medical or economic reasons.

Mussolini's America

ARMANDO BORGHİ, author of several works exposing the Fascist reign of terror, on March 23 is to be deported from our shores to Italy for delivery to Mussolini's henchmen. Borghi came to this country as an accredited journalist, possessing an American consular visa valid for twelve months. Prior to the expiration of that visa he was deprived of his Italian passport by the Italian consul at Boston. He is now a man without a country. He cannot return to Canada and France whence he came. In Italy death through assassination, or, at best, a living death in a dungeon is awaiting him.

Arrested under a warrant issued by the Second Assist-

ant Secretary of Labor on June 4, 1927, as a result of a report against him filed by one Maccini, a Fascist informer, during the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation, Borghi was brought to Ellis Island, and finally released on bail. The official records include the following:

Borghi: When I appeared in person at the Italian Consulate, the Consul upbraided me and said I was not qualified to be an Italian citizen, and that not only would he not extend my passport but would take it away from me altogether. . . . I asked him whether he had a right to take away my passport when there was an Italian warrant of arrest standing out against me, and he said, No. I told him that he could be suspicious of me, but that the last word would have to come from the Italian Government, that he should inquire from Rome whether there were legal reasons to refuse me a passport.

Question: What is the reason as to why you should receive such treatment at the hands of the Italian Consul in Boston?

Borghi: The only reason is that I am known as an adversary of the Fascist regime, and the Consul knows it.

Question: Were you persecuted by the Fascist Government before?

Borghi: The Fascisti burned up my home in Milano, in March, 1921.

Question: Do you believe in the overthrow of any organized government by force?

Borghi: I believe in the struggle of humanity towards better destinies. Methods and tactics are relative to the times and regimes. I consider of highest moral value the passive resistance to evil, which is not true resignation, as preached by Tolstoy and now by Gandhi in India. I accept the statement of the Rights of Man of the year 1789, according to which the slave has the right to reject with force the violence of the tyrant. I exclude the employment of the conquest of government for the triumph of my ideas, be it even for exercising the proletarian dictatorship.

Question: Do you believe and advocate the killing of public officials, the President of the United States, heads of foreign governments, because of their position?

Borghi: I don't bother with those things. I don't even think of it, and I find it strange that you ask me that question. . . . If I were Mussolini, to that question I would answer, Yes; because Mussolini, when he was a revolutionist made apologies for assassins of all the heads of governments.

Question: Are you an anarchist?

Borghi: I belong to that philosophical school which places liberty at the basis of individual and social development and which abhors all oppressions and dictatorships. Such school has been and is yet defined with different and various names, according to the times and places. Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoy call it by different names. Garibaldi himself hailed it as the sun of the future, the dawning of the International. Others have called it and still call it socialism. I consider that the word anarchy is being honored if these ideas are called anarchical.

The foregoing questions and answers were propounded through an interpreter at Ellis Island, which accounts for their literary imperfections. The force of Borghi's philosophy did not, however, fail to strike the board of inquisitors. It was obvious that the prisoner was a champion of liberty, a lover of humanity, a passionate rebel against Mussolini's tyranny. That did not help him. For such a man America has no shelter. And unless heroic efforts are made at the last moment, Borghi is to be escorted by our immigration officials to the Fascist guillotine in Rome.

The Case of Will Hays

WILL H. HAYS was Postmaster General in the Harding Cabinet, and chairman of the Republican National Committee in the 1920 Presidential campaign. He is today the "czar" and moral guardian of the motion-picture industry, a member of Hays and Hays of Indianapolis, who for many years have been attorneys for the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company, a leading elder of the Presbyterian church, and one of Herbert Hoover's chief campaign advisers. On March 1, 1928, Mr. Hays went before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, and, under cross-examination, admitted that four years earlier, testifying under oath before the same committee, he had lied about Harry Sinclair's contributions to the Republican party funds. A lie, according to the dictionary, is "something told with intent to deceive." Mr. Hays lied. The Department of Justice, which would be responsible were a charge of perjury justified in the circumstances, Mr. Hoover, the Presbyterian church, and the motion-picture industry would do well to consider the case of Mr. Hays.

On March 24, 1924, Mr. Hays told the Senate Committee that Harry F. Sinclair had contributed a maximum of \$75,000 to the Republican fund, and said that the contribution had not been made personally to him; in 1928, before the same committee, he reported Sinclair gifts and loans, made to him personally, oscillating between \$75,000 and \$260,000, and finally resting at \$160,000. Meanwhile some of the missing bonds of the Continental Trading Company, the mysterious fly-by-night concern created by Sinclair and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana to make a profit of \$3,000,000 in a day and then die, had been traced to Mr. Hays's campaign committee. Mr. Hays now says that he had never heard of the Continental company at the time that he asked and received. That may be; but the story of Teapot Dome was already public when Hays went to Sinclair, and he knew that he was asking this huge sum of a man accused of bribing his Cabinet colleague, Albert B. Fall. He cannot now recall any other contribution of so much as \$100,000; and it is difficult to believe that Mr. Hays was not aware that there was a reason why Sinclair should be willing to contribute so large a sum to the G. O. P.

Sinclair, we now know, gave Fall \$258,000 in bonds and \$45,000 in cash; and he gave Mr. Hays, for the party, \$160,000. In addition he lent the Republican National Committee for two years, without interest, \$100,000. Mr. Hays's present story is this: In 1923, he told Sinclair that the party had reduced its campaign-fund deficit of \$1,200,000, but still needed big money before embarking on the campaign that was to elect Coolidge. Sinclair said that he would give him \$75,000 outright, and would lend him \$185,000 in government bonds, which Hays was to repay. The \$75,000 was immediately applied to a bank indebtedness; \$50,000 was given to John T. Pratt, director of the New Haven, the Delaware and Hudson, and other railroads, of the International Acceptance Bank, the J. G. White Company, and other corporations (his business Hays described as "philanthropic and civic enterprises"), but Mr. Pratt later decided to contribute that amount himself, and returned the bonds to Sinclair; \$60,000 was sent to Fred Upham, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, who apparently distributed

the sum among his friends so that they could appear to make inconspicuous contributions in smaller sums to the party deficit; \$25,000 went to John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, for the same purpose of concealing the Sinclair gift. Mr. Hays asserts that shortly before appearing before the Senate committee in 1924 he returned \$85,000 to Mr. Sinclair, but that soon after his testimony Mr. Sinclair, aware that Hays had suffered heavy financial losses, returned the bonds to him. (As Will Rogers remarked, "Bad as I felt, I had to laugh at that one.") Incidentally, Mr. Hays's losses were in Sinclair stock.

The story of Sinclair's huge contribution, long suspected, almost came out in 1924. The *New York Times*, just before Hays appeared on the witness-stand, printed a rumor that Hays would admit receiving "75,000 shares of Sinclair stock." Hays, however, swore to Senator Walsh that

I saw this *Times* story and was surprised and shocked as you were, and I say that that statement and that story and that rumor is as false in content as it is libelous in purpose. . . . Nothing like this story that appeared in the paper, nothing at all like that story, ever happened.

In 1928, faced with that, Mr. Hays crawled thus: "I did not volunteer about these bonds. I was not asked about that." He forgot that in 1924 he had added: "There is not anything I know about this matter of campaign contributions that I want to conceal." He forgot that in 1924 he had sworn that "the total amount . . . that could possibly have been given by Mr. Sinclair was not over \$75,000," and had repeated: "That was the maximum amount, \$75,000."

In 1924, too, Mr. Hays answered Senator Walsh's question with a flat statement that "it was not paid to me." That was only four months after the payment. Four years later his memory had returned. In 1928 he recalled that Sinclair had handed the bonds to him in New York City, in a package, at the same time that he turned over the \$75,000 in cash. If this is not perjury, what is it?

Mr. Hays did not come forward voluntarily to set the record straight, and his testimony was drawn out of a wriggling, evasive, scared witness. His deportment, as the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* puts it, "was that of a slippery Ohio gangster, rather than that of a Presbyterian elder." Yet the Department of Justice has taken no steps to consider whether he committed perjury in 1924, the Treasury is not investigating the income-tax returns of Upham and Pratt, or of Blackmer and Stewart and the oil refugees, and Mr. Hays himself remains on the good books of the picture industry, of Mr. Hoover, and of the Presbyterian church.

One would think that the time had come for the Republican Party to begin to worry about its reputation. The Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Navy in its 1920 Cabinet have been called by the Supreme Court betrayers of a public trust; the Attorney General has been even worse branded; the Postmaster General and the Secretary of War are now exposed as conniving to circumvent the law about campaign contributions; and in Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts party leaders have been caught in corruption. Can the Hugheses, Hoovers, Coolidges afford to continue in a state of moral mumness?

The Curse of the Coal Towns

SOPHIA DULLES and Edith Coale, of the American Friends Service Committee, sought, in Barnesboro, Pennsylvania, to find people who would handle and distribute clothes for the barefoot children of striking miners. It was difficult, because they were two, and when they spoke to a third person they violated a regulation prohibiting three people from meeting on a street leading to a mine.

The coal towns, the Senate investigating committee headed by Senator Gooding says, are "a blotch upon American civilization." The curse of the coal towns is that they do not seem even to be a part of American civilization. They are outlawed and forgotten. The "swinish" conditions which appal the Senators did not grow up in the winter of 1927-1928. They have existed since the coal towns were born. They were brought before the public in the harsh days of the 1919 strike, when the United Mine Workers hopefully brought their Plumb Plan for reorganization of the industry to public attention; they were thrust into our consciousness again in 1922-1923 when a coal strike which succeeded in causing a coal shortage stirred an apathetic President to appoint a Federal Coal Commission, which made a good but long-since-forgotten report. The coal miners have a right to think of themselves as something less than Americans. They live as serfs, denied the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, harnessed to a broken-down industrial machine.

America cannot afford to permit these enclaves of feudalism to continue. The issues are not local. The fight to destroy the miners' union, which has been their only bulwark, is part of a national industrial policy. Samuel Untermyer testified before a Senate Committee in 1921 that the industrial policy which keeps the coal-fields unorganized—and, one may add today, which has been disorganizing fields that had been organized—is dictated primarily by the United States Steel Corporation and its allied interests, backed by banking groups centering in J. P. Morgan and Company. Resistance to trade unionism is the essence of their industrial policy, as reflected in the Steel Corporation and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their subsidiary companies dominate the non-union districts, and, one and all, they fight every hint of union organization.

Winthrop D. Lane drew a graphic picture of these citadels of industrial despotism in 1923. In the coal towns

everything is owned by the company that is extracting the coal. They stand on company land; they were built by the company; the store, the movie theater, the amusement hall, the little bank if there is one, the cafe, the ice-cream parlor—all are run by the company. The school is often a company-built project, and so is the church; sometimes the company supplements the salary of the teacher and helps to maintain the minister. Roads leading through the town are private property. Not infrequently the post office is a corner of the company store and the man who sells crackers and meat is the postmaster. These towns are not incorporated. The company is responsible for whatever exists in the nature of a public utility—the supply of water, the lighting, the sanitation, and so forth.

Company houses are often mere prisons. Employees of a

Somerset County, Pennsylvania, coal company sign leases which forbid them to harbor anyone objectionable to the coal company. A Fayette County lease provides that the tenant may not receive at his home anyone except physicians attending his sick family, draymen moving him to or from the house, or undertakers! Traveling salesmen entering these prison villages have to obtain written permission from the coal-company overlords. Even on such terms the miners are not safe in residence. Their leases often force them to contract out from the protection of State laws which give them the right to appear in court before being evicted from their homes. Company-ridden courts have even enjoined miners from establishing tent colonies or barracks near the homes from which they have been evicted.

There is no government in these kingdoms of coal except that of the coal companies. Officials, police, courts are instruments of coal-company policy. Sheriff Don Chafin of Logan County, West Virginia, told a Senate commission in 1923 that the coal companies had been supplying the county with its police force for eleven years; and company officials boldly asserted that they kept union organizers out of their bailiwicks just as the New York police kept known criminals above the "dead line." One sheriff during the 1922-1923 strike supplied the companies with 6,180 deputies—a little army paid by the companies but sworn in as officials of government. Today, in 1928, United States Senators have been discovering that this system still goes on undisturbed.

In fact the miners are worse off now than when the Federal Coal Commission issued its report in 1923. The shortage past, the public went to sleep again. Coal has been overproduced; new mines have been opened; and the union has lost territory; whereas in 1919 three-quarters of the soft-coal production of the country was union-mined, today less than one-third is mined under union conditions. This means, of course, that several hundred thousand more miners have fallen prey to industrial serfdom. In some districts, where the old tradition of working-class solidarity has kept the miners together, the strikers are shivering in tent colonies and barracks; their underfed children go barefoot to school. That proud organization, the American Red Cross, declares that this is not a national emergency. It refuses to aid children who are helpless victims of an industrial policy as the "Cajuns" of Louisiana were of a godless flood. Even some members of the American Friends Service Committee, faced with Miss Dulles's and Miss Coale's report, talked of "neutrality."

Relief is something; and relief should pour in to the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, or to the other organizations which are struggling to help these victims of industry. But relief is at best little more than a sedative.

Suffering and oppression in the coal-fields will continue as long as a state of chaotic competition continues and men are driven from periods of desperate underemployment into equally desperate strikes. If private operation cannot produce a living wage for the men who cut coal—and apparently it cannot—then it is time for the government to step in and assume control. The bituminous industry is a disgrace to America.

Out of Work

AFTER many denials and evasions, even the prophets of prosperity now admit that the United States is faced with serious unemployment, and the Senate has voted an inquiry into it. Of course it will be minimized by big business and the Republicans, for this is the year of a Presidential election, a time when politicians in office cannot afford to let any cry of hard times be heard in the land if it can be prevented. Thus in Cleveland the other day the leaders of a parade carrying signs asking aid for the unemployed were arrested and fined for begging!

No adequate statistics on unemployment are kept for the country as a whole, but there are plenty of figures to show the general tendency. The most valuable are those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on employment in manufacturing industries. These show that, taking the year 1923 as 100, employment in 1927 was 88.5, less than any year since 1922, when it was 88.4, lower by only a trifling fraction. Moreover, for January of this year employment in manufacturing industries fell to 84.2, less than the average for the bad year of 1921.

The figures of the federal bureau on unemployment in manufacturing industries run closely parallel to the situation revealed by an inquiry just made in New York State by the Industrial Commissioner, James A. Hamilton. From reports received from 1,650 manufacturers, employing 500,000 workers, employment has been falling off since the spring of 1926. "In December, 1927, the index of such employment was below that of December, 1921. In January, 1928, there was a further decline of 2 per cent, bringing the index below that of January, 1921."

What has perhaps most tended to obscure decreasing employment in the country is the fact that industry as a whole still appears to be prosperous. Except for long-standing weak spots like coal mining and textile manufacturing, and a recent slowing down in the automobile field, factory wheels are humming and company directors are declaring dividends as usual. We encounter the paradox that although employment has been decreasing gradually since 1923 the manufacturing output has been increasing. As Evans Clark puts it in the *New York Times*:

One would expect to find a slump in factory output last year that would roughly correspond to the decrease in jobs. But precisely the reverse has occurred. The factories and workshops of the United States produced more goods and services in 1927 than at any time in history, with the exception of the previous year, which was only 2 per cent higher. In fact, the month of May last year saw the apex of American manufacturing output. The year's total was lower only because of a falling off in the last three months, which has offset the high record of the other months. During those thirty days of May American industry turned out 70 per cent more than it did in the average month of 1914. But the process required a working force greater by only 15 per cent. . . . While the output of the American factory has grown, the number of workers required to produce it has actually decreased since 1919.

In other words, machines have been ousting men faster than new industries have been absorbing them. We have a new kind of unemployment—unusually inequitable in that the misery of the employees is less than ever shared by their employers.

Censorship by Fear

DURING the week of February 19 the Actor-Managers (formerly of the Neighborhood Playhouse) produced in New York City a play from the French called "Maya." The dramatic critic of *The Nation* was inclined to rank it less high a drama than did most of his fellows of the daily press, but though it dealt with the life of a prostitute it was certainly not an immoral performance and it was in far better taste than many of the plays which have enjoyed long runs on Broadway. A few days after it opened vague rumbles emanated from the District Attorney's office: the play, against which no protest had been received, would be "investigated." Another day or two passed, and then Mr. Lee Shubert, one of the owners of the Comedy Theater which housed the play, visited the performance. "Beautiful, very beautiful," he is reported to have said; "your lease will terminate next Saturday night."

Such is the manner in which the so-called padlock law of New York State is made to operate. According to its provisions the Commissioner of Licenses is empowered to close for one year any theater in which a play adjudged immoral by the courts has been playing, and the magnitude of the financial interests involved makes it impossible for the real-estate owner to take the slightest risk. However much the producer may believe in the play, and however likely he thinks it that the courts would sustain him, he is deprived of all opportunity even to defend himself. The District Attorney does not need to prove his case; there is not even a censor who has to pronounce an official judgment, since the padlock law is a weapon of intimidation which need only to be flourished to close any play instantly, without the need of any other process whatsoever. As long as he is armed with it, the power of the District Attorney is, for all practical purposes, both absolute and completely irresponsible. He does not even have to say that he believes any play to be objectionable, and he escapes all necessity for even standing behind his decisions. All he has to do is to frown slightly—and everybody knows how easily a District Attorney, whose business it is to take everybody seriously, can frown—to remove any play from the boards. A mere whisper in the ear of a real-estate owner, a mere whisper which no one else need hear, and the offending drama is kicked into the street.

All forms of censorship are bad, but none is so arbitrary or so completely indefensible as this. It may easily be used not only to enforce the whim of a puritanical morality, but in the interest of any political or religious group, and the general public need not even know how or when it is being so used. Even a censor is to some extent responsible to public opinion, but under the existing law the District Attorney is not subject even to that, for he can close a play without saying that he has closed it, and he has, in effect, power to convict merely by suggesting that he might possibly bring to trial. He passes the buck to the real-estate interests, and the real-estate interests cannot afford to do otherwise than obey his slightest whim.

Last year *The Nation* expressed its surprise that Governor Smith, whose policies are generally so liberal, signed the padlock bill. It still wonders that he has shown no sign of recognizing its monstrous unfairness.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"GIFTS of gold and jewels for the cover of the 'Golden Book' of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine were asked by Bishop William T. Manning at the luncheon of the women's division. . . . The gold will be melted down and used for the cover of the huge book which is to preserve forever the name of every person who has contributed to the building fund. The precious stones will be used to decorate the cover."

If I said that this marked once again the exceeding vulgarity of the little bishop I might be misunderstood since popular usage has done so much to limit "vulgarity" to something said in a burlesque show. Possibly it would be better and kinder to speak of the man's immaturity. Throughout the campaign the drive for Cathedral moneys has been conducted with all the dignity and decorum of a children's pageant. I can see no earthly reason why the names of donors should be preserved. The Bishop cannot find scriptural sanction for that. According to the accounts in the newspapers Dr. Manning "suggested that many women possessed precious heirlooms, wedding rings, and jewels, which they would not share with another human being, but would gladly give to the Cathedral."

But it would seem to me that if a ring were to be stripped from some left finger not so much as a digit of the right hand should be aware of this; much less should that hand grip a pen to celebrate the deed in a golden book. Also I am somewhat scandalized to learn that the good Bishop can speak so casually of the removal of wedding rings. It was my former impression that he wanted them fastened into the bone by iron rivets.

However, the whole problem goes a little deeper than mere criticism of certain mummeries and shows which have attended the building of St. John the Divine. There is no indication that Dr. Manning has ever paused for so much a moment to ponder whether or not there was any reasonable and decent need whatsoever for a huge and costly church building. Like a child with blocks he rears up a structure for the sake of the game and takes no count of the purpose. If there lived today some great architect, skilled in Gothic intricacies, the building might serve an aesthetic purpose no matter how reckless the waste of treasure. But there is no arresting beauty in this building. Nothing of the new liveliness and pace of modern architecture is in it. At the very best it is no more than a competent echo of an age which has gone by. Surely no travelers will come from the edges of the world to view the pile on Morningside. The same thing has been done too often in the past and with more genius and gusto.

Probably it is only just to admit the entire sincerity of Bishop Manning's purpose. His is a medieval mind and nothing has happened through the centuries to move him from the old belief that God is served and pleased by treats and parties. Do not blame me for the blasphemy if I suggest that in our own day the custom of currying favor by spendthriftiness has passed into other relations than those which exist between God and man. There is nothing agnostical or even modernistic in holding that in the eyes of a cosmic Creator the completed cathedral will seem no more than a broken bit of shell upon the sand. Even with

the best intentions in the world Bishop Manning cannot raise any towers as high as the Andes. It is doubtful if he can even build extensively enough to call down a confusion of tongues upon himself and his followers.

But most of all I am puzzled about the great book with its binding of gold and jewels. Is this, by any chance, intended somewhat to lighten the burdens of St. Peter and his clerks? By some coincidence, which may be Satan's doing, this latest call for treasure to ornament an eternal address book comes at the moment when the bread-line in New York grows longer and begins to curl around the corners on the cold nights. Down in Second Avenue a hospital must close because the trustees no longer feel competent to shoulder an annual deficit of \$30,000. The poor cry out for bread, and gravely Bishop Manning lays another stone upon the house of God.

It is an essential article of faith that man should love his God and love his neighbor, but surely there is no implication that the manifestation of devotion should take the self-same form. God would not be mocked if William Manning melted down gold to make a hospital rather than a belated Gothic edifice. Cool reason must suggest that in the completed structure there will be rather more elbow room for Episcopalians than they can conveniently utilize. Of course, it was said in the beginning that this was to be a house of faith for all people but that notion seemed loosely rooted when Dr. Manning found it necessary to refuse a contribution sent by Dr. Guthrie. To be sure the money came from an Episcopal clergyman but it is only fair to admit that he saw many things not precisely eye to eye with Bishop Manning.

Still, I think Dr. Guthrie might have been irritated with some little reason, for the Bishop had no trouble at all in accepting funds raised by Tex Rickard. If there was any gap between the philosophy of the promoter and the preacher it was bridged without great difficulty. Indeed at the moment Dr. Manning seems almost enthusiastic about sports as is the matchmaker of Madison Square Garden. And that shows a generous spirit, for Mr. Rickard has drawn down much more in dividends earned by his fighters. Still a few of the jabs and uppercuts have landed for the glory of the Cathedral.

There is to be a sports bay in the edifice of St. John the Divine. Horsemen, golfers, boxers have all been recruited to pay tithes so that one window may display man drawing closer to the infinite through muscular prowess. And in the "Golden Book" it is not too much to hope that we may find some such entry as "Benny Leonard vs. Kid Mulligan—Leonard the winner by a knockout in the third round."

Unfortunately, the professional baseball people have done very little. At last accounts the big leagues had contributed no more than \$100 to the fund for the bay. Unless something is done about this quickly the stained-glass sporting section will be less than adequate. Surely there is need of a panel showing an umpire with upraised finger and Babe Ruth half turned about scowling and caught by the artist at the very moment his lips frame the phrase "You robber!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

IV

Sandino Himself

By CARLETON BEALS

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 4

(Via Tropical Radio Telegraph Company)

THOUGH the wind howled over Remango [since the beginning of hostilities one of Sandino's key outposts] we spent the night snugly in the long barracks. The soldiers were as free and easy as if the enemy were a thousand miles away instead of on the next ridge. The barracks were made of huge driven poles with a high thatched roof. At one end were kitchen tables made of tree trunks split in half or slabs of stone set on wooden posts. The walls were lined with bunks of rawhide stretching over poles pegged against the wall as a protection from the wind. The *Juanas* or camp women had erected a little shrine presided over by Saint Anthony and decorated with colored tissue paper, against which burned a carbide lamp. A baby squalled from a sisal hammock. Soldiers, each with his rifle by his side, clustered in groups, some telling stories—the attack on Ocotal, the surprise assault against the Machos in Las Cruces, the burning of the hacienda El Hule, and the violation of women by the hated Gringos—and here was I in their midst, a Macho Yankee Gringo, yet treated with all consideration and the greatest deference. Other soldiers, seated on sawed-off stumps, were reading, by the light of *ocote* torches, novels, the latest numbers of *Ariel*, or stray newspapers. A man of Negroid type was making love to a *Juana* with a high, red comb set with sparkling glass diamonds. Another, in white "pyjamas" grimy with use, roasted meat, using his ramrod as a spit. A guitar thrums a Sandino song with a simple, Whitmanesque flavor and a Mexican tune, "La Casita." To the sound of such music we danced most of the night away—a crowded confusion of babel and song, smoke and smell, flame and color.

Sandino had taken most of the horses and mules with him from Remango, but Captain Altamirano managed to scare up three mounts for Sequiera, Colindres, and myself. Mine was a huge white horse with asthma and a mangy nose. He proved to be clumsier than a cow, and paid no attention to spur or quirt. The beast fell twice on the steep, muddy trail from Remango, almost hurling me into the valley. After the second time I gave up the struggle and proceeded on foot through mud ankle deep.

Gradually we worked down the precipitous, mud-soaked trail to the lower valleys—tributaries of the Coco River—where the cold climate of the mountains was definitely left behind. We toiled through the still, heated air over bare hills, making a great circle in order to avoid

Quilali, where the American marines were razing the town—it has since disappeared from the map.

On the first night we stopped, several miles before we reached the Coco River, at the home of a woman whose son, a civilian, had been killed by an airplane bomb. "We made a very tiny coffin," she remarked, without visible emotion, "because both his legs were blown off."

On the following morning we ascended the Coco River, breakfasted at the river settlement, and then forded directly into the *reten* of Colonel Guadalupe Rivera, a grizzled soldier and wealthy *hacendado* who had turned his place, Santa Cruze, into a Sandino outpost.

More jungle then—humid, reeking. A soldier plucks twenty dollars' worth of purple orchids (New York quotation) and sticks them in the band of his sombrero. Troops of screaming monkeys swing past, stopping occasionally to grimace at us. From the depths of the forest, mountain lions roar. Huge macaws wing across the sky, crying hoarsely and flashing crimson. We ford and reford the north-flowing tributary, for endless hours we toil across the Yali range, and finally drop down near Jinotega in another night of driving rain over a road where the horses roll pitifully, up to their bellies in mud.

A few miles from Jinotega, where a hundred marines were stationed, our little group of thirty men swung boldly, in broad daylight, out through the smiling open country of farms and meadows filled with cattle and wild horses; but occasionally the men scanned the sky apprehensively for airplanes. Here the soldiers singled out the farms of *Cachurecos* (Conservatives) and confiscated horses and saddles. This was the only instance of forced requisitioning I observed on the entire trip. At a ranch-house riddled with the bullets of innumerable conflicts where, during his earlier struggles, Sandino had his headquarters, we learn that he has just arrived in San Rafael del Norte. We dispatch a courier.

At eight o'clock a courier from Sandino, Colonel R, galloped to our camp with a message wrapped around his battery flashlight. Two hours of hard riding, he said, would put us in San Rafael.

In a trice we saddled our horses, and Colindres, Sequiera, Colonel R, and I set out against a racing icy wind. With bent head Colonel R shouts to me the story of the Quaker reconciliation mission that had come to San Rafael some weeks earlier, headed by Sayre and Jones, desirous of seeing Sandino but unable to get through the lines. "Sandino will absolutely not receive anyone coming from the American side," declared the Colonel.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The fifth instalment, Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.

As we swung around a bend, the red eye of a charcoal furnace appeared on the side of the mountain. Soon we were at the first sentry outpost.

"*Quien viva?*"

"*Viva Nicaragua!*"

"Give the countersign."

"Don't sell out the fatherland."

"Advance one by one to be recognized."

A short, youngish soldier with a dark-green uniform and smoked glasses took me in tow, saying in perfect English, "You are the American," and "A warm welcome, sir."

Soon we were passing down the main street. Block after block the same peremptory challenge rang through dark guns which barred our passage till the final summons: "Stick close to the wall; advance one by one."

At the main sentry barracks the entire company was lined up at attention; rifles snapped from the ground to the shoulder as we passed. After sundry haltings we arrived at the main barracks, the sound of bugles splitting the night. Sandino's troops are evidently excellently disciplined. Colonel Estrada of General Sandino's personal staff informed us that Sandino would not see us till morning. We were escorted to the home of Colonel R for the night. In a high, bare parlor we sat down in a circle of Sandino's staff and others of his command. At my side was General Giron, ex-commandant of the Department of Peten in Guatemala, a man of fifty with a chubby, mobile face and lively gray eyes. Beside Sequiera sat General Montoyo, a scarf wrapped tight about his throat, for he was shaking from ague.

Shortly two soldiers came in to search us for arms. They removed Sequiera's pistol and my kodak—an inexplicable object. Colonel Estrada immediately ordered it returned with apologies.

After the customary formalities we were taken off at eleven-thirty to dine. The Colonel suggested that we send a note to Sandino declaring that we were at his disposal; if it seemed more convenient to receive us this same night, he should not imagine us too fatigued. The General sent back word that he was suffering with a cold on his chest and requested that we see him at—4 a. m.!

Finally the officers withdrew, whereupon Colonel R and his beautiful wife pulled out the family album. Yawning, we duly admired the contents. A more interesting series of photographs showed the bombing of Chinandega by American pilots. Horrible scenes, indeed! An entire street laid in ruins and sprinkled with mangled bodies. A hospital with tumbled walls and broken bodies of patients. A bank building with a smashed safe.

After too few hours of sleep the blast of the bugler brought me to, fumbling for matches and shoes at the grim hour of four, according to schedule. In less than half an hour, Sandino received me in his office in the rear main barracks by the light of a lantern.

Sandino was born on May 19, 1893, in the village of Niquinohomo. He is short, not more than five feet five. When I saw him he was dressed in a uniform of dark brown with almost black puttees, immaculately polished; a silk red-and-black handkerchief knotted about his throat; and a broad-brimmed Texas Stetson hat, pulled low over his forehead and pinched shovel-shaped. Occasionally, as we conversed, he shoved his sombrero to the back of his head and hitched his chair forward. This gesture revealed straight black hair and a full forehead. His face makes a straight line from the temple to the jaw-bone. His jaw-bone makes

a sharp angle with the rest of his face, slanting to an even, firm jaw. His regular, curved eyebrows are arched high above liquid black eyes without visible pupils. His eyes are of remarkable mobility and refraction to light—quick, intense eyes. He is utterly without vices, has an unequivocal sense of personal justice and a keen eye for the welfare of the humblest soldier. "Many battles have made our hearts hard, but our souls strong" is one of his pet sayings. I am not sure of the first part of the epigram, for in all the soldiers and all of the officers I talked to he has stimulated a fierce affection and a blind loyalty and has instilled his own burning hatred of the invader.

"Death is but a tiny moment of discomfort not to be taken seriously," he repeats over and over to his soldiers. Or he will say: "Death most quickly singles out him who fears death."

There is a religious note in his thinking. He frequently mentions God—"God the ultimate arbiter of our battles;" or "God willing, we go on to victory;" or "God and our mountains fight for us." His sayings run from tongue to tongue through his little army.

In our interview with Sandino he first mentioned some battles fought near Chipote. He claimed that all told nearly four hundred marines had lost their lives. This, of course, was an obvious exaggeration. General Feland insisted that only seventeen have died, but I am convinced after talking with many marine officers that the American casualties total between forty and sixty.

After describing the manner in which several American airplanes were brought down, Sandino in rapid fire gave me the basis of his demands in the present struggle: first, evacuation of Nicaraguan territory by the marines; second, the appointment of an impartial civilian President chosen by the notables of the three parties—one who has never been President and never a candidate for the Presidency; third, supervision of the elections by Latin America.

"The day these conditions are carried out," declared Sandino, "I will immediately cease all hostilities and disband my forces. In addition I shall never accept a government position, elective or otherwise. I shall not accept any government salary or pension. No position, no salary—this I swear. I will not accept any personal reward either today or tomorrow, or at any time in the future."

He left his chair and paced to and fro to emphasize this point. He stated vehemently: "Never, never will I accept public office. I am fully capable of gaining a livelihood for myself and my wife in some humble, happy pursuit. By trade I am a mechanic and if necessary I will return to my trade. Nor will I ever take up arms again in any struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives, nor, indeed, in any other domestic struggle—only in case of a new foreign invasion. We have taken up arms from the love of our country because all other leaders have betrayed it and have sold themselves out to the foreigner or have bent the neck in cowardice. We, in our own house, are fighting for our inalienable rights. What right have foreign troops to call us outlaws and bandits and to say that we are the aggressors? I repeat that we are in our own house. We declare that we will never live in cowardly peace under a government installed by a foreign Power. Is this patriotism or is it not? And when the invader is vanquished, as some day he must be, my men will be content with their plots of ground, their tools, their mules, and their families."

Presidential Possibilities

V

William E. Borah

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF any man in public life has been more often pictured and dissected and journalistically psychoanalyzed than

Senator Borah of Idaho it would be interesting to know who he is. Mr. Coolidge, perhaps, but that is only because he happens to be in the White House. Senator Borah is a puzzle, an enigma, who daily challenges the newspapermen to explain him and his motives and the fact that he is not the very greatest figure in Washington, which they think he ought to be. His early history has been rehearsed so often as to be known by all interested. His fearless prosecution as district attorney of Moyer, Pettibone, and Haywood, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners in the Idaho mining troubles in 1904 when even the Governor of Idaho was killed, drew attention to him as a man of extraordinary tenacity, resource, courage, and relentless determination. The tale has often been told of the train which, with blinds drawn, Mr. Borah successfully used at a grave crisis as a bluff, pretending that it contained troops. But this was only one dramatic moment in a tragic episode which shook his State to its foundations, launched Mr. Borah upon his national career, and brought him in 1907 to the Senate to make him often the despair of his associates and of the daily press. The large city dailies, particularly the writers on finance, have railed at him as if he were the devil's image. There have been periods when these same men applauded him with fervor for standing firm against some dangerous fad or radicalism. He is often the *bête noire* of those conservatives who think he ought to be "good" and pray that he soon will be, while liberals and radicals have for years seen their hopes rise and fall that here was the predestined one who was to lead the country out of the wilderness of special privilege, corruption, and black reaction back to progress and our abandoned personal liberties. Each group in our public life has turned to him only to be repelled and disillusioned. Yet there he stands, a great figure, a demonstration of how a single powerful personality can achieve a position of great influence without that passionate following which, in this country, helps one so effectively to climb to the highest political peak. Mr. Borah remains a lone fighter and not the leader of an army.

He is admittedly the greatest constitutional authority in Congress and probably its ablest debater—certainly he is one of the few in the Senate who measures up to the pre-Civil War giants. Other men are "dinner bells" who empty seats whenever they arise. When it is known that Borah is going to speak the cloakrooms begin to empty and the Senate Chamber and galleries to fill. He does not waste himself by speaking often, which is frequently a vexation to friends who wish him to declare himself on the particular question which is exciting them, especially when they know

The fifth in a series of studies of the candidates

him to be in sympathy with their views. When he does take a position he prepares for it weeks in advance and goes into action

so heavily laden with ammunition that it is extremely dangerous to engage him at close range.

A man of most determined and most impressive exterior, William E. Borah looks like a leader of men and of ideas, and a born fighter. His Western habit of wearing his thick, dark hair long does not produce the impression of eccentricity, but rather adds to the leonine aspect of his face, which bears every appearance of courage and of ability, yet is singularly free from the deep lines one might expect to find in one who has long been in public life. He is cast in so large a physical mold that one has a right to expect big things of him, and he keeps himself in such excellent physical condition that one senses at once his ability to undertake any kind of a parliamentary struggle. More than that, his industry is tireless, his life remarkably regulated. His daily horseback ride in Rock Creek Park is as much an institution in the Capital as the Washington Monument itself. Few other men in the Senate have as good a record for attendance and for roll-call. Sought as a speaker all over the United States, he speaks outside the Senate only on rare occasions, and wins the first pages of the newspapers when he does so. He has the rare ability to make converts as he stands and speaks, and that is an achievement when one addresses men who usually have made up their minds, or have had them made up for them, long before the debate begins. He towers in debate above most of his contemporaries like a battleship in a fleet of light cruisers.

And still Mr. Borah does not fill the place to which his powers entitle him. There can be no doubt whatever that, if the Republican Party at its coming convention should choose the intellectually ablest among the Presidential candidates, it would have to select William E. Borah. There is only the remotest chance that this will happen; that revolves about the possibility of Mr. Borah's coming to the front in a deadlock and making a sudden tremendous impression on, let us say, the subject of prohibition and the enforcement of the Constitution, a sort of prohibition cross-of-gold and crown-of-thorns speech, to sweep the delegates from their seats. The possibility of this is so remote that an English journalist has chided me for even including Mr. Borah in this series of Presidential Possibilities. His old and extremely rotten party will surely decline to bestow its highest honor upon its ablest Senator, who would seem to have earned it by years of arduous labor.

What is the explanation? Is it that he merits the designation of the Lone Wolf who usually leaves the pack to hunt by himself? Is it true that his hand is against all

men? That he is so individualistic that he will never pull in the traces? That he is erratic, peculiar, unstable, incapable of sustained loyalty? That he is without a carefully thought-out program? That he is thinking constantly of Mr. Borah? That he has lost his power to fight any fight to the end? That he can no longer see a thing through without counting the cost to himself? In all friendliness the truth must be written—it is not easy to pen when one so likes and admires a man and is proud to call him friend—that it is William E. Borah who is himself his worst enemy. He alone presents the great and as yet impassable obstacle which has prevented him from either leading his party in unquestioned primacy, or from being the great champion of those masses who, thoroughly disillusioned and discontented, will have nothing to do with either party.

These dissenters long for nothing so much as for a brave, outspoken leader willing to cast his all into the scales, caring not what happens to him or to his own reputation. This the five-million vote for Mr. La Follette showed. What could not Mr. Borah do today if he were to say "a plague o' both your houses" and decide to head a new party as Mr. La Follette did in 1924? Borah voted for the war; he did not bolt in 1912 when Roosevelt split his party and declared it to be utterly bankrupt in character and morals. He did not vote or speak for Robert La Follette in 1924, though he asked and received a letter of indorsement from that great American to use in his own campaign for reelection. He has been entirely regular whenever it has come to a crisis.

Yet the threat of revolt is always there, and reliable reports have it that before the death of President Harding Mr. Borah was ready to do precisely what Senator La Follette did—if only the sinews of war were forthcoming. There seems to be foundation for this belief; at about that time, that is, in July, 1923, Senator Borah made a speech attacking vigorously both of the old parties, a speech that met with an amazing response from press and public at the time. But Harding died; the scene changed. The obscure, unpopular, and distrusted Vice-President became President and subsequently succeeded himself.

It may have been the absence of large means which kept Mr. Borah from crossing the Rubicon—though this is hardly likely, for there is one Senator who for several years, until quite recently in fact, was ready to invest millions and do his utmost to place Mr. Borah in the Presidency. It may have been the extraordinarily sudden change in the White House and Mr. Borah's own rise to the headship of the Foreign Relations Committee, with the veto power this gives him over the President's foreign policies, which brought about a different attitude. The fact is that, if it is true that in 1923 he was ready to go it alone he now appears to have lost his zeal. A writer in the *Independent* declares that the Senator's stock as a possible Presidential candidate has never been so low. I do not think this is true, and I insist that Mr. Borah himself could change this overnight if he would only cut loose and talk the real truth as he knows it with such sincerity and vigor as, for example, mark Senator James A. Reed. It would need only a declaration on Borah's part that he proposed to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth to start things. If he were then to say only what he as an honest man, and one of brains, must think of the Coolidge Administration, it would electrify the country. Should he then speak out about the Republican Party, as did Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, he would make his nomination on a third ticket inevitable. I

am not saying that such a course would land Senator Borah in the White House, but I do maintain that it would give him the moral political leadership of the country. Yet, in 1923, he lets I dare not wait upon I would.

Obviously this man is not a Lone Wolf, for he has returned to the pack at crucial times. He has pulled in the traces on innumerable occasions—as during the war days. He is not incapable of loyalty because he is still loyal to some brands of Republicanism which his party today stands for. He has also been loyal to the timid little man in the White House. He is certainly not thinking all the time of William E. Borah, for in that case he would not have fought for numerous unpopular causes such as the recognition of Russia, the return of German enemy property, the restoration of civil liberties, the overhauling of the Alien Property Custodian's office, the recodification of international law, and numerous other things, to say nothing of his constant antagonizing of the powers that be in Wall Street. Mr. Borah still does battle against injustice without counting the cost to himself. His mind, when determinedly set to a course, holds to it as truly as a Sperry automatic electric helmsman steers a transatlantic liner. But the courses upon which he sets it are fewer, lead through smoother waters, and are less dramatic. When it appears to him that there is, after all, not as much at stake as he thought, the course may be abandoned, or the ship allowed to zigzag or turn about for another port. Take this very question of the Alien Property Custodian. Mr. Borah himself pushed through the Senate the resolution appointing a committee, of which he became the chairman, to overhaul the records of that office, which is a mass of graft and favoritism. Something changed the situation in his opinion; with the weapon given to his hand, he has never used it. Similarly, he has now dropped his proposed investigation of the situation in Nicaragua.

When Jane Addams and others appealed to him for his aid in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and referred to the extraordinary outburst of opinion the world over against the execution of these men, Senator Borah replied most mistakenly that "It would be a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage to pay the slightest attention to foreign protests, or mob protests at home." Foreign interference he declared "to be an impudent and wilful challenge to our sense of decency and dignity and ought to be dealt with accordingly." Two days later he swung around to the other side, and, when it was too late, offered his services freely to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee to aid in getting things done. Curiously enough, there is not another man in the Senate who has so often touched England and Europe on the raw by expressing his opinions as to what they should do to set their own houses in order and how they should behave in international affairs.

Speaking of foreign affairs, Mr. Borah declared in 1914 with much truth that America's unpopularity among the nations is caused by her "incapacity" for minding her own affairs, but he later joined those who wished the United States to enter the war—the frontiersman's readiness to resort to violence coming to the front. He declared that it was "the crucial hour for American liberty"; that the war was "for American honor and American lives." He went with the mob at first only to wake up quickly to a realization of the fearful consequences to the United States of allowing Mr. Wilson to subordinate all constitutional safeguards to the waging of war; and he has done penance ever

since. He now realizes the incredible folly of trying to right any human wrong by the crime of using force, and he states this in these words:

I am opposed to the recognition of the right to employ force against a sovereign nation in any contemplated plan of peace. After 2,000 years of this worship of force, after 2,000 years of this teaching what are the results; what are the fruits? If anyone is familiar with the vernacular of Hell, let him undertake to paint the picture. Human tongue is inadequate to the task.

Which is precisely, of course, what those who opposed the United States going into the war said at the time when Senator Borah was being swept off his feet by his belief that American honor demanded our plunging into hell.

The enemies of the people, namely, the business powers that control our government through the medium of the Republican Party which they own, are too often right in saying that Senator Borah can be counted on to draw back just before the irrevocable step. The Washington correspondents have in their files the record of too many causes which Mr. Borah once embarked upon and did not carry through. Yet there is no man in Washington whom they go to more quickly and eagerly when he has a statement to give out; none whom they more gladly quote on any vital question concerning events and policies at home or abroad. Whatever people think of him in Europe—they are especially hurt that he never comes over to study European conditions for himself—anything that he says is immediately cabled abroad.

Let us, however, not forget. However much he may vacillate now and then, William E. Borah has done more than enough to win him the lasting gratitude of the American people. He has determinedly opposed monopoly. He has opposed our Caribbean imperialism, especially our treatment of Nicaragua, and though at one time in 1916 he favored using the armed force of the United States to protect our people in Mexico, precisely as he was in favor of going to war with Germany, he has in these latter years followed a much wiser and more humane course. Speaking at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 20, 1927, he rightly declared that "there is a higher and better, and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends." Those were thrilling and unanswerable speeches he made against the vicious peace treaty and its injustices. It was he who later pointed out the indefensible character of the Shantung awards and rammed home the fact that nearly one-third of the population of the world protested against the territorial maladjustments of the peace treaty. In fact, his fight against ratification and against the League of Nations gives a full measure of his farsighted statesmanship—it is inconceivable that if he had been in Wilson's place at Paris any such abortion, such a mass of disgraceful compromises, could have come into existence and been offered to the American people as the fruit of their victory. He is often too much of an isolationist for me. But I recall his persistent statement that while opposed, in the spirit of George Washington, to any entangling alliances, he favors anything "that will bring nations closer together, promote friendliness, and remove causes of friction." It must also not be forgotten that it was Senator Borah who originally proposed the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments which took place in Washington.

Everyone owes him gratitude for his straightforward

decency to our late enemies in all matters since the war, and for his advocacy of peace, notably his championship of the outlawry of war. Not the least of his services is his attitude toward Soviet Russia, his demand that we recognize the stablest government in Europe, and that we refuse to allow ourselves to be blinded in our relations with that great country because we do not like the form of its government or its social ideals.

As for his attitude on domestic issues, he remains blind like so many of the other progressive Senators to the evils of the protective tariff and fails to realize its direct connection with the wholesale corruption which has so often disgraced the Republican Party. So far as our race problem is concerned, while he has pleased the South by declaring that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments cannot be enforced because of inherent defects in those amendments, I am sure that our colored citizens will never forget that while still an attorney in Idaho he was ready to risk his life to rescue a Negro whom a mob was preparing to lynch; that he sent a ringing notice in 1921 to certain North Carolina Republicans who were trying to drive the Negroes out of the Republican Party in that State, that he would rather leave it himself than lift one finger to aid them in so undemocratic and un-American a purpose. He was early for amnesty for political prisoners. It was the same Senator Borah of Idaho who sought to place upon the statute books a law making automatic the dismissal of any official who violated the right of public assembly, or contravened the personal rights of any individual as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. "The most vital provision of the Constitution of the United States is the First Amendment." This is his deliberate opinion in an article which he contributed to *The Nation*, and he added: "There is no subject of deeper concern in these days than that of preserving the civil rights of the citizen. . . . We cannot afford to barter these rights or sacrifice them for any purpose or under any circumstances."

So there we have William E. Borah, leader of the Senate, still somewhat youthful in effect as he takes the floor, quiet, poised, speaking frankly and directly, with clear enunciation and a musical voice. A tremendous believer in oratory, he is none the less free from the mannerisms of the ordinary spellbinder. He is never theatrical and rarely stops for an effect or tries for applause. If the Drys decide to bolt both parties next summer, here is their natural leader, their chief. None could be so effective as Borah if he should burn his bridges behind him and throw his fortunes into the scale. But if this does not come to pass, we should continue to see him a great, baffling personality; in the Senate he often seems a lion fighting as if at bay, justifying, as has been said, his every act and every position by Constitutional precedents, and continuing to worship at the shrine of the Founders of the Republic. Behind his slightly smiling lips, his kindly, searching, amused eyes, his keenness of mien, will continue to be the threat of a sudden glacier-like response overwhelming his adversaries whom he often goads into fury, trapping them by seemingly innocent and simple questions. Men will continue to admire the powers in him. Reformers will still feel that he is one of the few men in public life who can be stirred by a principle to battle fiercely for that principle. The public will, somehow, sense his greatness. But the marvel will remain that he whom nature plainly destined for a foremost place in our political life is by himself kept from occupying it.

Murdered Miners

By POWERS HAPGOOD and MARY DONOVAN

Wilkes-Barre, February 27

IN the little anthracite coal town of Pittston, Pennsylvania, the contract mining system and the struggle between the progressives and conservatives in the miners' union have taken a toll of two lives in the past few weeks. The life of another man hangs by a thread, while three miners of the insurgent group are now in the Luzerne County jail charged with murder.

Thomas Lillis was shot in the back and killed from ambush just after midnight of January 19 as he was returning home from a union meeting. He was one of an insurgent group in Local 1703, United Mine Workers of America, composed of employees of Number 6 Colliery of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. A week previous the entire insurgent slate of local officers had been elected over the old officials composed of contractors and followers of Rinaldo Cappellini, president of the 60,000 union miners of District 1. At this time Alex Campbell, a progressive leader and opponent of Cappellini, whose house had been dynamited a year previous, was elected check-weighman of Colliery Number 6. The company refused to recognize him and shut the mine down rather than allow him to serve in the position to which he was elected. This lock-out of the Number 6 miners resulted in plans of the insurgents to bring on strike the employees of other mines operated by the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

Several unsuccessful conferences were held between the newly elected local union officers and the officials of the coal company. The local men urged the district officers to act in bringing about a settlement, but with no results. Number 6 worked only two days in January—not at all in February.

On February 16 Sam Bonita, president of Local 1703, with Adam Moleski and Steve Mendola of the Grievance Committee, came to Wilkes-Barre to the district office of the miners' union to speak with the district officials about the lockout at Number 6. Cappellini was not in, but the men talked with three other district officials, including Organizer Frank Agati, referred to in the press as "Cappellini's personal bodyguard." In the course of a few second's conversation Agati questioned Bonita's honesty and then, according to Moleski, hit the local union president in the nose. Shooting then began. Agati fell, mortally wounded, and the three local union officers fled.

There were six bullet holes in the office walls and window, one in the wall against which Bonita stood. Bonita's gun, which he had been given a permit to carry after the murder of Lillis, held five shots. When found it was empty. After making his escape Bonita returned twenty-four hours later and gave himself up, saying he shot in self-defense. Moleski had immediately gone to the district attorney's office to state the facts of the shooting and Mendola had been arrested.

Eight miners to whom I talked the week-end after the shooting said Agati was always armed and often carried two guns conspicuously in his hip-pockets for the purpose of intimidation. The police of Pittston in investigating

the death of Lillis found that two criminals had been staying in town for the two days previous to Lillis's murder. One was from Buffalo and the other from Philadelphia, both wanted for murder in their respective cities. The morning following the murder one of these men sent several hundred dollars home to his family. Both had disappeared from town the day after the murder and have not been found. Their landlord admitted to the police that Agati had been their visitor during their stay in Pittston.

Agati was also a contractor in the mines. The system of contract mining has been bitterly fought, especially in Pittston by the insurgent group. The contractors, who are members of the union, take over an entire section of the mine and employ from two to a hundred or more other union men to work for them. The majority of them do not stay more than an hour a day in the mine, but appear at the pay window the first and fifteenth of the month for wages for coal dug by their employees. Many of them have other jobs. The most vicious feature of this system is that it lends itself to graft, and the men say that those contractors who are willing to pay a substantial "throw back" to the various mine bosses are given good places in the mines. It is also said that the district officials receive a "throw back" from the contractors. In 1920 Cappellini, at that time a rank-and-file miner in Pittston and friend of Campbell, led the fight against the contract system which resulted in its abolishment. As a result of this he was swept into office by an overwhelming vote in 1923. Hardly had he become district president, however, before the contractors again were allowed to return to the mines in Pittston.

Even though the contractors make tremendous wages, the advantages to the company are many. Under the agreement between the coal companies and the United Mine Workers, the companies themselves cannot reduce wages. If they let their mines out on special contracts, however, the contractors can employ their fellow-union men to work for them, pay them the regular day wages as laborers, and force them to produce from 50 to 100 per cent more coal than the men would have to produce for the same wages if working directly for the company. This system makes it possible for the companies to under-cut the scale agreement without repudiating their agreement as they did in the bituminous region. All the old officers of Local 1703 were contractors. None of the new ones are. Alex Campbell, Sam Bonita, and other insurgent leaders have very definite plans again to abolish the contract system, this time permanently.

Three days after the fight resulting in Agati's death, Sam Greco, an insurgent leader, was shot three times in the head and probably fatally wounded as he was going home with his wife in the evening. It is generally believed in Pittston that this was a direct reprisal for the killing of Agati. Greco is a member of the Grievance Committee at the Number 6 Colliery. A few hours after he was shot he sent for Alex Campbell, told him "they had got" him and would "get" Campbell next. The doctors say Greco's recovery is doubtful and that, if he lives, he will be blind.

Local Union 1703 has elected a group to work for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. Though it is quite evident that Bonita shot in self-defense, the district officials are anxious to discipline in every way the insurgent groups, the most active of which is in Pittston. All three have been formally charged with murder and the district officials of the United Mine Workers are the chief witnesses against them. Moleski was out on bail as a material witness for several days until the preliminary hearing against Bonita. When he insisted in his testimony that Bonita was attacked by Agati before he fired, he was remanded to jail without bail and on February 25 was charged with murder. The administration in the miners' union is determined that the three men shall die in the electric chair, the opposition just as determined that they shall be freed.

Wilkes-Barre, February 29

Yesterday the bodies of Alex Campbell and Peter Reilly, also one of the progressive union leaders, were found in Reilly's car less than 100 yards from Campbell's house. The bodies were riddled with shotgun bullets, Reilly's head having been completely severed from his body.

[Powers Hapgood and Mary Donovan were arrested on March 4, when a group of miners attempted to hold a meeting to raise funds for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. The charge on which the prisoners were held was "inciting, encouraging, and provoking a riot" and with "having been unlawfully concerned in a riot and unlawful assembly."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE following letter, which has been trying to catch up with the Drifter for several weeks, rebukes the Drifter for his uncomplimentary remarks about an Innsbruck hotel-keeper.

I received your issue of October 19 in Innsbruck, and up to that reading had been inclined to look upon the Drifter as a worldly and knowing person. Your story about the tram conductor in Verona who let his passengers wait while he earned a fee is good, and characteristic of Italy, in the old days before Mussolini had begun his regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder. But why should it be prefaced by the story of a surly hotel-keeper charging an outrageous price for a cheerless room in Innsbruck?

A really wise and wordly Drifter would have walked further from the station and the neighborhood of tourist hotels on wide clean streets and tried his luck in the old town of crooked byways, arcaded sidewalks, and native hostelrys. Here, under a huge swinging golden rose he could have turned into a spotless white-washed entrance—an "altes Haus, renoviert"—where he would have found the most heavenly combination of modern conveniences (adequate heat and plumbing), local Old World atmosphere, and pleasant service for the modest sum of five Austrian schillings, or eighty-five cents a night.

Here, in the low-ceiled raftered dining-room, sitting on an oaken settle running under the pewter and majolica plates and landscapes of the Tyrolean Mountains hung on the walls, he could have consumed an excellent dinner, including a generous portion of the best sweet wine in the world, known as muscatela, for another seventy-five cents.

And here he could have watched the life of the village pass before him in review. The courteous spade-bearded host is never far away, and later his wife comes in to join a game of checkers and make sure her guests are comfortable and well served.

No, to be exploited in Innsbruck—or, for that matter, anywhere else in Austria—is, like side whiskers, a man's own fault.

* * * * *

THE Drifter feels properly humble, but he offers an amendment and an excuse. The incident in Verona took place in 1924 in spite of Mussolini's "regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder." The Innsbruck unpleasantness can be blamed partly upon the fact that by the time the Drifter arrived there his adventurous spirit had been emaciated by a severe head-cold and he flopped into the nearest hotel that had a room left. The next day he did penetrate into the real Innsbruck and found it pleasant, tobacco smoke and all. But here he must perpetrate another heresy. Spoiled as he is by the rich warm color of the Rockies, he found the gray mountains around Innsbruck depressing. He tried to overcome it and went a cold day's carriage ride into them, to the tiny village of Sölden. He stayed—and shivered—for a week. The snow peaks thrilled him, the inn was pleasant and cheap, the beer was delicious, but the August sun seemed to give no heat and, worst of all, the rivers and streams of that section are filled, not with the clear green glacial water that makes a joy of thirst, but with a murky liquid, gray like the mountains. If he had felt like scaling peaks he might have been warm and happy—but there was that head-cold. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Pan-American Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sandino was kept out of the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, but the Woman's Party of the United States got in. The conference had a definite program to work from, and a definite plan for dealing with it. The question of equal rights for women was not in that plan. When the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Santiago de Chile in 1923 recommended on vote of Maximo Soto Hall, delegate from Guatemala, the inclusion in the agenda for the succeeding conference of a study of methods for obtaining equal rights before the law for the women of the twenty-one American countries, no one—probably not even Sr. Soto Hall himself—expected much.

The Sixth Conference, assembling in Havana this January, certainly did not dream of a feminine invasion. Women never had disturbed the Pan-American delegates by so much as a petition, and it would have seemed highly unreasonable to expect such disturbance in Cuba of all places. In Cuba the new constitution grants women the vote, then automatically nullifies it by a joker in another Article, but the women had it protested. When the delegates arrived, they found with some amusement that two members of the National Woman's Party—Doris Stevens, chairman of the Committee on International Action, and Mrs. Clarence Smith, chairman of the National Council—had been in Havana for a week, and had established headquarters in the Hotel Sevilla Biltmore, where the purple, white, and gold Woman's Party flag fluttered from the balcony along with the flags of the twenty-one sovereign American states, and a few days later Mrs. Valentine Winters arrived from Ohio and Muna Lee from Porto Rico.

Little by little the delegates became aware of an activity and a controlled excitement, a constant concentrated challenge.

Miss Stevens and Mrs. Winters, on the day after their arrival, called upon Dr. Bustamante, head of the Cuban delegation and soon-to-be-elected president of the Sixth Conference. They told him what they wanted: that the conference recommended the negotiation of a treaty which when ratified would give equal rights to men and women before the law in all the countries of America. Dr. Bustamante, although friendly and interested, pointed out the difficulties of such a course.

"And we want a chance to present the case for equal rights to the Pan-American Congress in plenary session," flashed Doris Stevens, waving difficulties to one side.

Dr. Bustamante murmured something about "the rules." Miss Stevens and Mrs. Smith had the rules with them and turned to the paragraph stating that the congress might invite whom it pleased to speak on any subject about which the members wished to hear.

Mr. Hughes, likewise, assured the women that so far as he was concerned there would be no objection to having the women appear before the conference. Obviously, the thing to do was to get invited! People began to drop in at the Sevilla headquarters, invitations to speak began to come too, and none of them was ever refused. Organization after organization of Cuban women heard and eagerly responded to the plan for a treaty granting equal rights to the women of the Americas. Detailed press stories were sent out daily in Spanish and in English. An increasing army of women lobbied every delegate. The poor men opened any one of the five leading Havana dailies to find an equal-rights story staring at them from the Spanish headlines. They drove up to the university where the conference was in session and were amazed to meet women coming to them with the same quiet demand. They went out to dinner in the evening and sat next to a woman who asked pleasantly in Spanish or English or Portuguese or French: "How soon will women have their hearing?" There was no escape—not at the Yacht Club or the Jockey Club, not by the roulette wheel at the Casino or on the golf course, not even when presumably safe in their offices or at their hotels. Wherever there were women there was that insistent question: "When shall we have our hearing?" In the Law Building—the *Edificio de Derecho*—which was the center of the conference, a table draped with the Woman's Party's purple, white, and gold was a center from which radiated many currents of activity. These women received lobby assignments, discussed methods of getting the treaty before the congress, distributed literature, and answered questions about "the first treaty, in the history of the world," as Doris Stevens explained through the columns of a hundred papers in half a dozen languages, "proposed by women on behalf of women."

The enthusiasm and energy of the Cuban women was unequivocal answer to all who had ever said (and how many they have been!) that the Latin woman does not want her rights; that the Latin woman will not speak in public; that the Latin woman is bound by customs which she cannot break.

Help began to come from within. Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, Colombian Minister in Washington, Dr. Bustamante, Dr. Ferrara of Cuba, Dr. Amézaga of Uruguay, Dr. Alfaro of Panama, Dr. Guerrero of Salvador, Dr. Garcia of Mexico, all declared themselves heartily in favor of an open hearing. Then entire delegations fell into line—Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Cuba, Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Paraguay. The day when Dr. Varela Acevedo, president of the Uruguayan delegation and ex-Minister of Uruguay in Washington, proposed in the Committee on Initiatives that the open hearing be granted, Dr. Pueyrredon of Argentina seconded the motion, and it was carried without dissent. The open hearing which "could not be granted" became an accomplished fact, at the cordial invitation of the Pan-American Conference itself.

The women presented their case briefly and urgently. For the United States, Doris Stevens and Mrs. Clarence Smith

spoke; for Cuba, Dr. Julia Martinez, Sra. Maria Montalvo de Soto Navarro, Sra. Angela Zaldivar and Sra. Pilar Jorge de Tella; for the Dominican Republic, Sra. Plintha Wos y Gil; for Porto Rico, Muna Lee. That was Porto Rico's only appearance at the conference. Fifteen hundred women who had crowded into the Aula Magna of the university and had been standing, waiting, an articulate, swaying mass, for more than three hours, burst repeatedly into joyous applause which was echoed here and there from the places where the delegates listened with divided emotions but unified attention. Outside, thousands were crowding up the splendid flight of white stairs, while the radio amplifiers carried the speeches through the bright Cuban air. It was a larger and far more responsive crowd than that which had heard Presidents Machado and Coolidge some weeks earlier.

"We are glad the conference granted the women that hearing," *El Pais* remarked editorially that afternoon, "else we should likely have seen something comparable to the storming of the Bastille!"

The result was immediate. The conference unanimously voted to have the report on equal rights received and discussed in plenary session rather than in one committee. When that report was made, a resolution was voted declaring that an Inter-American Committee of Women be constituted, to prepare information to enable the next Pan-American Conference to study constructively the civil and political equality of women. This committee is to consist of seven women, appointed by the Pan-American Union, the number to be increased by the committee itself until each republic is represented thereon.

At least in this hemisphere no more international codes are to be written concerning women without consulting women. The struggle for equal rights has become an inter-American movement. The women of no country will look upon the cause as won until it is won for all. Here at last is a unity of ideal and effort which establishes a real, a spontaneous, a spiritual commonwealth of Pan-America.

MUNA LEE DE MUNOZ MARIN

San Juan, Porto Rico, March 1

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, France, Wales, Germany, and Russia; MARY DONOVAN was secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

GEORGE STERLING, who died last year, was a famous California poet.

R. F. DIBBLE's latest biography is "Mohammed."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the College of the City of New York.

WILBERT SNOW is a New England poet, author of "Maine Coast."

ABBE NILES has made a special study of popular music and poetry.

SOLOMON BLUHM is associate editor of the *Reflex*.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly" and "The Ethics of Opium."

Books and Plays

Two Sonnets¹

By GEORGE STERLING

The Unavailing

Alas! these mad monotonies I cry,
Seeking for love a music and a speech,
Striving in untranslated pain to teach
My soul a tongue that, living, could not die!
How mute the clouds and stars upon the sky,
And yet how great their anthem! On the beach
Toward hills that cannot hear the billows reach,
And hearing, changeless were the hills' reply.

Earth and her voices babble or are still:
So must it be forever. If it be
That Heaven awaits, and all the harps thereof,
In strains angelic half our thoughts must thrill,
In songs celestial half our ecstasy,
In that eternal music half our love!

Glen Ellen.

Hesperia

What spoils of perfectness from far and wide
Were gathered for thy full perfectitude!
What blossoms delicate and subtly-hued,
And nacre from the moon's unsullied side,
Upon thy maiden countenance abide!
And on thy mouth lost roses are renewed
And in thine eyes celestial light is dewed.
Ah! that thy voice might live what music died!

Thou art the sum of all, and final sweet
Of all fair things made hopelessly complete.
Thy feet on deathless asphodels are led;
Thou waitest where the gates of vision are,
With Heaven a golden mist beyond thy head,
As lies the sunset round the evening star.

Carmel.

First Glance

IN 1921 a group of young men in Nashville, Tennessee, most of them connected, I believe, with Vanderbilt University, became interested in the writing of poetry. They had formed the habit of meeting one another regularly to discuss a variety of intellectual matters; now they discussed poetry—not poetry in general, or poetry as it ought to be written, but poetry as they might write it if they tried. The experiment prospered; manuscripts piled up; and soon they were publishing a magazine called the *Fugitive*, which ran under a kind of cooperative editorship for three years and a half. Then it stopped, having become famous far beyond the confines of Tennessee and having, perhaps, run its due course and performed all the service of which it was capable. But the poets did not stop. John

Crowe Ransom has found a public in England and America for two volumes of distinguished verse; Donald Davidson has followed with two more; Laura Riding (a later addition to the group) has published two of her own; while Allen Tate and others, removed to new sections of the country, have continued to represent American poetry in one of its most advanced and interesting aspects.

Eleven of the lot have recently combined to exhibit in an anthology called "Fugitives" (Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50) a number of specimens expressive of the group. That it is an important anthology no one abreast of the times will deny. But there is more to say about it than simply that. To me it is an intensely interesting document bearing upon the whole question of how vital poetry gets written. I suppose there is no one formula with which the question can be answered, any more than there is a set of directions which a beginning writer can memorize in order to succeed. But I am convinced at any rate that the way taken by the *Fugitives* toward poetry is one of the best ways—it was the way, incidentally, of the thirteenth-century Italian poets, of the symbolists in France, and of certain late nineteenth-century English and Irish poets. It is the way of friendship and discussion; it is the way of the amateur society. The *Fugitives*, as they tell us in the preface to their anthology, issued no manifestos because they had no ideas as to how poetry ought to be written. Perhaps they agreed upon the kinds of poetry which should be avoided—hence the name of their society. But no dogmas were imposed upon the members, and in particular there was a fine lack of theorizing about life. They were true amateurs, meeting for a purely practical purpose and giving one another purely practical help. It is not surprising, then, that they stumbled upon the real thing or that they made a permanent contribution to American poetry.

A reader who comes upon the volume without preparation may find it difficult going at first. Mr. Ransom, Mr. Tate, and Miss Riding are not for those who read and run; nor for that matter are the other eight, though Mr. Davidson, whose poems commence the collection, is reasonably "clear." But such a reader will find it worth his while to give all of the poems his careful attention. Intricate both in form and in content, they will produce a kind of pleasure he has not known if his contact has been only with the widely advertised schools of American poetry. The *Fugitives*, dispersed though they now are, were together long enough to discover how poetry can be created, and their anthology is valuable if only as evidence of that fact.

MARK VAN DOREN

Stage Design

Stage Decoration. By Sheldon Cheney. The John Day Company. \$10.

IN recent years stage designing has all but rivaled interior decoration in the favor of the dilettante. Armed with no more than a box of water colors and a few sheets of paper, innumerable enthusiasts have swept the vested real-estate interests of New York into the discard with a wave of the brush, and there have been more theaters than castles built in Spain. Meanwhile, of course, the conventional structures on Broadway have stubbornly refused to transform themselves into amphitheaters, circuses, spectatoria, or what not, and yet they have,

¹ From "Sonnets to Craig," soon to be published by A. and C. Boni.

nevertheless, slowly made one concession after another to the iconoclasts. Mr. Belasco may still cling more or less to the ways he established in the days when even he was an awe-inspiring innovator, but he has few now to follow him in his faith in the impressiveness of "real tubs"; and there is hardly to be found among the most conventional productions of the most conventional dramas a single drawing-room which does not, at least by the tendencies which it reveals in the direction of simplification, show some influence exerted by the theorists. Simonson, Jones, and their followers pretty nearly rule the Broadway which they once startled; even the Burlesque show displays to complacent patrons riotous back drops which still remind us of the invasion of Bakst and Urban; and the weird wheels of the constructivist's machine-ridden imagination may be seen revolving upon some of the smaller, more daring stages. Only the Metropolitan Opera House is still—or at least was the last time I saw the opera—reminding us of what used to be done back in the pre-Belasco era by setting "Manon Lescaut" with a gigantic easel-picture hung back stage, and this Opera House, indeed, remains, with all due respect to the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University, our most valuable Museum of Theatrical Antiquities.

Books of design have been almost as numerous and varied as designers, but Mr. Cheney's handsomely printed volume is perhaps the most comprehensive and informing conspectus which we have of the history of the *mise en scène* with special reference to recent events. It begins with a descriptive account of the general development of stage settings and a brief exposition of the various prevailing theories, but it is essentially a picture book with 256 illustrations (mostly page or half-page plates) very admirably selected from the immense number of pictures which the recent widespread interest in the subject has caused to be assembled. Through them one gets a very direct and vivid conception of the primitive conditions amidst which theatrical presentation was born, of the gradual rise of that naturalistic passion which culminated in such things as the hideously cluttered room reconstructed by Belasco for "The Return of Peter Grimm," and of the results of the contemporary restless experimentations. As long as the not-quite-realized ideal of "imitation" dominated stage design it served, exactly as it served in the plastic arts, to give a certain unity of direction to all effort, but as soon as a near-perfection of naturalism was reached pioneers started off upon each discoverable road which would lead away from it. Like the painters they agreed upon nothing except that "representation" was not what they wanted, and the conflicting schools which arose in the theater—the simplificationists, the symbolists, the expressionists, the constructivists, and the advocates of the bare Elizabethan platform or the Greek amphitheater—were merely the analogues of all the mutually contradictory theorists whose babble resounded through the studios.

Mr. Cheney takes no sides and presents the theories and the accomplishments of the various schools with complete impartiality. He agrees, moreover, that the setting must always be subordinate to the play to the extent, at least, that its purpose must always be to aid in getting the play acted, in revealing its mood, or in somehow furthering the playwright's intention; and if I disagree in any way with his presentation of the subject the disagreement goes only so far as the wish that he had more explicitly used this principle to explain the fact that there is at present so little agreement as to just where the future of staging lies. The real reason that we do not know what sort of theatrical presentations we want to have is simply that we do not know what kind of plays we want to write. As long as a predominantly realistic drama of contemporary life remains our chief dramatic form the stage designer must remain for the most part content with settings which represent no more than a tastefully simplified realism, and if our drama should develop in another direction it will be his business to take his cue from that direction.

The best unconventional settings which our theater has achieved have been—like Simonson's scenes for "Marco Mil-

lions"—efforts to solve the problem of a particular play rather than expressions of a theory on the part of the designer, and this is the only satisfactory method to follow. Some of our poorest plays have, on the contrary, been the result of an effort on the part of experimenters to write something suitable for presentation in this or that manner and have given the impression, not that the playwright wanted to say anything in particular but rather that he wanted to say something—no matter what—in a particular theatrical form. The result of this putting the cart before the horse is to spoil the drama without developing stage-craft, and it illustrates the danger of too keen an interest in the theater considered apart from the needs of the dramatist. Experiment can prepare the designer to be ready for the opportunity when it comes, but ultimately he must not lead but follow.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Ph.D., LL.D.

A Man of Learning. By Nelson Antrim Crawford. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

MR. CRAWFORD certainly knows a great deal about college presidents, but he knows even more about the "Americana" department of the *American Mercury*. The character of Arthur Patrick Redfield is a compound formed of approximately one part average college president and two parts Rotarian spirit, with a dash of devilry and a pinch of sycophancy added to make the mixture more palatable. There are doubtless some university heads in this country who are considerably more intelligent and dignified than this burlesque representative of the type, but, just as certainly, there are many others who are even more commonplace and banal. In other words, Redfield, though a deliberate and detailed caricature, frequently gives one the uncomfortable feeling that some hundreds of American colleges would gleefully swap their present incumbents in the presidential chair for this composite specimen of the species—and throw in a half-dozen professors to boot. For Redfield is the twentieth-century go-getter par excellence; the magic of his preposterous oratory, with its myriads of clichés about service, altruism, optimism, consecrated salesmanship, and red-blooded democracy, wins the hearts of everyone who hears it. Boards of education, governors, bishops, millionaires, and even—he learns to his eventual sorrow—his pretty librarian are so thoroughly hypnotized by his Himalayan eloquence that they promptly do his every bidding. The unfortunate experience already hinted at does not, however, disturb his magnificent self-confidence a single jot. After he decides to resign from the presidency of Thompson Walker University rather than face a committee appointed to inquire into his private life, he emigrates to Florida, becomes a booster for real estate, and makes more than a million before the crash comes. And there, with a fat flask in his hip-pocket and a copy of his "Be Loyal to Florida" in his hand, he is still Carrying On and doing ever Bigger and Better Things.

This brief outline gives some idea of the quality of Mr. Crawford's performance. Perhaps the chief fault to be found with his book is that it is not quite of a piece; its satire often lapses into farce, and its buffoonery into sheer horse-play. Like Elmer Gantry, Redfield does some things that even a triple-plated jackass would know enough to avoid doing; but Mr. Crawford, inventive and amusing though he is, lacks the epic gusto that somehow manages to redeem the inequalities of the work of Sinclair Lewis. He does not, like Lewis, create a character that is even more alive than those dreadfully realistic persons who appear monthly in the "Americana"; his realism lacks the imagination—one might almost say the high romance—that the best work of Lewis shows. He works more like a photographer than a painter, for—as Dr. Redfield himself might say—he is an artisan rather than an artist. For example, the episode in which President Atwood of Clark University made

a fervid speech, turned out the lights, and summarily dismissed an audience that was listening to Scott Nearing appears verbatim in "A Man of Learning." But Mr. Crawford has nevertheless written a book that is going to make many sides ache and many ribs sore during the coming months.

R. F. DIBBLE

An Ironical Notation

Iron and Smoke. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

RATHER more of our English masterpieces have been written in a good solid roast-beef style than in a savory mushroom one; so let no reader who, like myself, prefers the latter turn rashly away from this unusual book.

It is not chiefly, ■ one reviewer has said, "the story of two women and ■ man who has never given himself to either, though he has taken from them what he wanted," because, ■ another suggests, no truly great man ever does give all of himself to his woman. It is not the story of ■ great friendship, ■ most of them agree. It cannot be compressed into any one sentence. If it could, I should say that it is an ironical notation of commonplaceness, seeking to mitigate its dulness by breaking through occasionally into the great stream of life, and then scurrying quickly back to land. I should say that it is an ironical setting of the eighteenth-century ideal of moderation in the midst of one of the most immoderate tempests history has seen. The story is not stripped to a skeleton so that its meaning can be seen by all who run. Only when the tempest subsides for ■ time, when the great post-war strike that follows it is over, and people tell themselves that life can again be calm and orderly, does Miss Kaye-Smith permit her ironical intention to show its head for one tremendous moment.

The two heroines hear over the radio of the ending of the strike. The announcer's voice "flowed on like cream. Suddenly she [Jenny] noticed that it had abandoned prose. Mere prose could not do justice to the corporate sense of deliverance that the voice expressed. It was the voice of sixty million British subjects, who, whatever their politics or whatever their sympathies, had suffered untold alarm and inconvenience from this threat of the world's to turn upside down." But the poetry which the announcer chose to express the relief of these sixty million creatures that the smooth surfaces of life would not again break up and dismay them was that of Blake, the seer of visions, the man who was forever breaking through surfaces to the fiery core within!

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

And so, having shown the hissing head of her intention, the author reverts to quietness. At one time the pleasant heroines of her book called on love; at another they called on the great prophet-poet; and both times, although they were gallant women in their separate ways, they were uneasy when the "dark wings had been spread over them." And, since they were uneasy, they went thankfully back to their habits and their routines.

The title does not bear me out in this interpretation. It has to do with the change from an agricultural to an industrial economy, the rape of Demeter, the beginning of modern war. Other things do not bear me out. It is, in fact, too complex and too suggestive ■ book to be compressed into ■ sentence.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Since Pushkin

Russian Poetry. An Anthology. Chosen and Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. International Publishers. \$2.25.

IT is difficult for a lover of poetry to be absolutely detached in his criticism of translations from his favorite poets. He is inclined to be unreasonably jealous of every word, every image, every subtlety. Refusing to accept "limitations of linguistic media" as an extenuating circumstance, he demands that the translated version be as great as the original. He brooks no makeshifts. Indignantly he rejects a translation that presents ■ dimmed, reduced, or distorted image of the thing he loves.

To a critic of such sensibilities, the present volume will bring little joy. Indeed, even one unacquainted with the beauty of the original would be shocked by the utter inadequacy of lines like the following:

Then my troubled spirit is fulfilled with quiet.
Then no more with wrinkled brow I mope and plod.
Then I can conceive of happiness on earth here,
And I can believe that in heaven I see God.

These lines purport to come from Lermontov—"a poetic genius," say the translators, "such as rarely graces any language." These lines purport to be ■ translation of one of the most beautiful stanzas in one of the most cherished lyrics in Russian literature. Needless to say that in the original the poet is not "fulfilled with quiet," that he does not "mope and plod," that he does not "conceive of happiness on earth here," and that instead of merely believing that he can see, he actually does see God in heaven.

But if in this anthology giants are occasionally made to look like pigmies, pigmies are often made to look like giants. Thus, Igor Severianin, ■ mere rhymester, ■ literary nonentity, appears in translation superior to Lermontov or Pushkin. And while incomparably greater poets (Gumilev, Pasternak, Mandelstamm) are completely omitted, Igor Severianin is allotted three pages. One wonders what literary criteria the translators used in their selection.

Still, certain translations in the book are excellent. Kazin's *The Carpenter's Plane* is really delightful. Blok's great poem *Twelve* retains ■ good deal of its original distinction. The introductory essay and the biographical sketches are very good. And, since this collection is something in the nature of a pioneer work, it is more than praiseworthy.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Refined Balladry

Minstrelsy of Maine. Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and Coast. Collected by Fannie Hardy Eckstrom and Mary Winslow Smyth. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

BALLADS and folk-songs which have been sung on the Maine coast or in the Maine woods, local verses showing how mute the "inglorious Miltons" of America really are, and studies in balladry such as one finds in folk-lore magazines and Ph.D. theses make up this, the third book of its kind to come out of Maine in recent years. The ballads and songs lose three-fourths of their value because none of the airs are printed. There ought to be a law forbidding anyone to publish folk-songs and ballads without the tunes. It takes the flesh and blood of music to make these dry bones live. In this book not more than a dozen have poetic interest enough to warrant their standing alone.

Moreover, the words here are too proper. The editors themselves realize this and say quaintly enough that it should have been ■ man's job. No men came forward; the ballads and

Come to the Birthday Party

Hotel Pennsylvania

March 13th

Paul Robeson will sing during dinner, and short talks will follow, by

Karl A. Bickel

Heywood Broun

Florence Kelley

Fannie Hurst

Julian W. Mack

John Haynes
Holmes

James Weldon
Johnson

Roger N. Baldwin

Carl Van Doren

Freda Kirchwey

Sidney Hillman



The Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers invite you to attend a dinner in honor of
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,

celebrating his fifty-sixth birthday and his tenth Anniversary as Editor of The Nation. It will be held at the Hotel Pennsylvania Tuesday, March 13th, at 6:30 P. M. If you cannot eat with us, we hope you will come and listen to the program.

Tickets \$3.50

¶ At eight o'clock Mr. Villard will cut his birthday cake.

¶ At eight fifteen he will receive his Birthday Present.

¶ At eight thirty the program will commence.

¶ At ten thirty it will be over and then we are invited to stay and talk as long as we like.

¶ The entire program will be broadcast over Station WEVD, New York City (by the Debs Memorial Radio Fund, which operates on a 245.8 meters wave-length).

Admission to Speaking (at 8 P. M.) \$1.00, payable at the door.

Late News of the Birthday Present

No more announcements will be made about the birthday present until March 13, when the first copy of The Nation Book, inscribed with the names of all those who have helped to make the Tenth Anniversary a success, will be presented to Mr. Villard. At the same time all the new subscriptions which constitute our fast-growing birthday gift will actually be put into his hands. The total will be announced at that time. Remember, the list does not close until Saturday noon, March 10.

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"poems" were dying out; and they did what they could to collect and preserve the more decent portions.

The village Miltons did their work so poorly that it would seem a charity to push this part of the book into oblivion. Local pride (and we Maine-iacs, being provincial, possess more than our share) should not blind us to the fact that doggerel is doggerel. Such stanzas, for example, as

The weather was tremendous cold,
All mixed with snow and hail;
It was cold enough to take our lives,
Exclusive of the gale

have about as much poetry in them as "The Sweet Singer of Michigan" has. By the same token, the parodies and imitations of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Kipling, and Drummond are scarcely worth preserving. Now and then a local effort, such as "The Life of Nicholas Thomas" in 130 stanzas, is worth retaining because of its forthright sincerity, its naive simplicity, and its epic content, even though most of its stanzas are doggerel. It takes rare discrimination to know what to throw away; and, like most ballad enthusiasts, these editors have erred on the side of including too much.

To ballad collectors the most interesting part of the book is the portion telling of their ballad quests. One whole chapter is devoted to a search for the locale of the famous song The Jam on Gerry's Rock; another tells the bare facts about the return of the schooner A. E. Horton, a return which gave James B. Connolly his material for "The Echo of the Morn." It is a stirring tale well told. Other excursions yielded new versions of such noble songs as The Falling of the Pine and Peter Amberley. For salvaging this lore of the woods and coast the editors have put us in their debt.

To people not especially interested in ballad lore the joy of the book will be found in such unforgettable stanzas as

And every pitch the Nancy made
She soused her jibboom under;
Her halyards clue came from the flue,
And snapped with a crack like thunder.

WILBERT SNOW

Seventeen Negro Songs

My Spirituals. By Eva A. Jessye. Edited by Gordon Whyte and Hugo Frey. Illustrated by Millar. Robbins-Engel, Inc. \$2.50.

THE compiler of this gaily appareled collection of seventeen spirituals is a colored woman, a qualified musician and the leader of the well and favorably known Dixieland Jubilee Singers, and she has had to go no farther for her material than to her own memories of a childhood spent at Coffeyville in southern Kansas, a one-time refuge of runaway slaves. Such a combination as hers of race, talent, and early associations is represented by few if any of the names attached to other works in this field, and it may well be assumed that the functions of the "editors" of the present volume have been largely advisory in spite of the fact that one of them, Mr. Frey, is himself to be credited with fifty of the best arrangements of spirituals in print.

Miss Jessye's work in these pages is superlatively good. Stripped of her sparkling accompaniments, which without sacrificing anything of the spirit of the songs themselves exploit their possibilities to the utmost, this would be only an average group of Negro folk-tunes, though yet a contribution to knowledge in that almost every one is here published for the first time. (Miss Jessye's "John Saw De Holy Numbah" is wholly different from the air in Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals"; her "Tall Angel at de Bar," from the song of that name in Kennedy's "Mellows"; but "I'm a Po' Little Orphan" is a variant arranged by Manney of "Sin-

BORZOI BOOKS

To be published March 16th

MR. HODGE and MR. HAZARD

By ELINOR WYLIE

This delicate idyll of nineteenth-century England differs markedly from *The Orphan Angel*, yet proves even more engaging. It chronicles the brief romance of a noble and appealing figure, a poet who has spent himself in the cause of liberty. \$2.50

THE AXE

By SIGRID UNDSSET

"A story of thirteenth century Norway, cold, dark, brooding as the northern winter, briefly and fiercely passionate as its hot, sudden summers. . . . A fine book, deeply moving in content, icy in detachment, fiery in emotional quality."—*The Outlook*. \$3.00

SOUTHERN CHARM

By ISA GLENN

A striking study of two types of women. "Some readers will find *Southern Charm* shocking; others will find it amusing. All will find it remarkably shrewd in its psychology. Miss Glenn knows feminine character. And she knows Southern women."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*. \$2.50

THE BONNEY FAMILY

By RUTH SUCKOW

This arresting story of an American family confirms the important place which Ruth Suckow has gained in the national letters as one of the most sure and perfect craftsmen of the day. "Sarah Bonney is one of the loveliest figures in recent fiction."—*The New York American*. \$2.50

TO YOUTH

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

"The *Table* might serve as the family history of say twenty million and one families in this diverse country. Imaginative, simple, brief, it seems to me an outstanding example of a poet's picking out the essential high lights of life to illustrate a whole philosophy and a whole scheme of existence."—*Bruce Gould in The N. Y. Evening Post*. \$2.50

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York

In Canada, from The
Canada, Ltd., St.



Macmillan Company of
Martin's House, Toronto

ner, Don't Let Dis Harvest Pass," in Fisher's "70 Negro Spirituals.") Her brief introductions to the various songs, interspersed through the pages with black and white drawings as in "Mellows" (the obvious model for the format) accomplish more than the evocation of a vague propitious "atmosphere." Each credits its subject to a remembered singer in Coffeyville; further, contrives without theorizing actually to facilitate an appreciation of one spiritual's merits and an understanding of its function among, and relation to, the unnumbered others. Miss Jessye, it appears, not only can look backward but can tell what she sees so that the reader also sees it; one should write more, who can command the color, rhythm, and humor with which Miss Jessye tells, for instance, of three Coffeyville ladies:

They were typical devotees of the old order and considered it a sacred obligation omitted if they failed to shout when the preacher delivered a stirring sermon. All three often shouted at once, and then there was excitement a plenty. It was then that Aunt Lizzie, weighing three hundred pounds, would give way to the Spirit in a manner purely fistic, while Fanny Watts strode sedately around the church with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Aunt Charlotte carried on a rapid-fire conversation with the preacher during the sermon corroborating, admonishing, "Yes, suh,"—"Preach it, elduh," and shaking her fist in his face, "You'd better preach it, suh!" As the sermon would draw to a close, someone would start up the rhythmic shout, "Tall Angel at de Bar," and unable to control herself any longer, Aunt Charlotte would shout and preach, stopping at intervals to exclaim, "God tole Charlotte to shout steady." When the emotion spell was spent she would sink back in her corner breathing heavily, "Strong God."

ABBE NILES

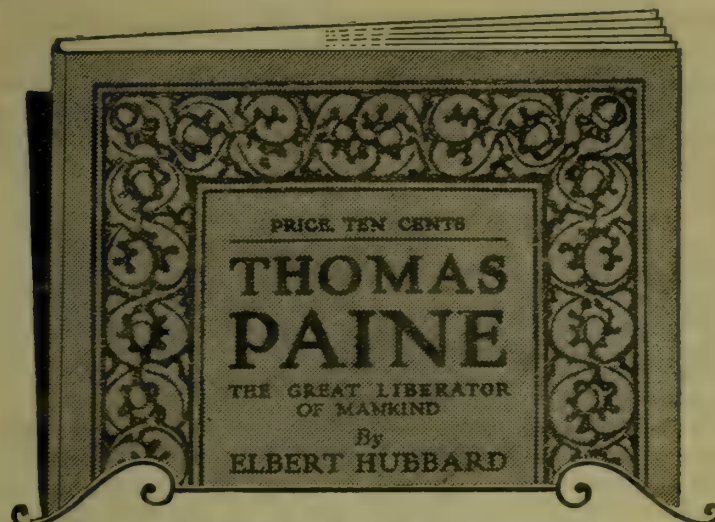
A Notable Reprint

The Polish Peasant in Europe and America. By William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. \$10.

"THE POLISH PEASANT" is not a new or even a recent work. For a decade it has been known to sociologists as a classic example of painstaking and scholarly research into the very texture of a national grouping, and as a model for the type of constructive investigation requisite to any sane and sympathetic understanding of that congeries known as America. Published originally in five large volumes, with the imprint of Richard Badger and the University of Chicago, it was, in the very nature of things, confined to a limited circle of the initiate.

Within ten years the esoteric has become common property, sociological concepts and methods have attained respectability, and even technical vocabulary has been absorbed into popular currency. And yet not by the widest stretch of the imagination could this book be accounted a good investment for any publisher. Accordingly more than a passing grateful acknowledgment is due the zeal that now makes this study available to a larger group of readers at a reasonable price and in a text presented without emendation or abridgment.

In pursuit of their purpose the authors utilized the best type of sociological materials available—personal life records, wherever possible, such as letters and other vehicles of personal expression and confession; and out of these was constructed a fascinating and authoritative picturization of that social evolution which results from a continual interaction of individual consciousness and objective social reality. The Polish peasant is studied in his home environment, and we glimpse almost at first hand the psychology and organization of the isolated peasant communities in Poland and their evolution into integral



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parts of the Polish national body. The progressive complication of the problems of a pure society under the inevitable disintegrating forces of a modern world is graphically portrayed. And finally the critical problems inherent in the process of Americanization are analyzed with sedulous care for social truths rather than preconceived doctrine.

... "assimilation" is not an individual but a group phenomenon. . . . The individual does not stand isolated in the midst of a culturally different group. He is part of a homogeneous group in contact with a civilization which influences in various degrees all of its members. And the striking phenomenon, the central object of our investigation, is the formation of this coherent group out of originally incoherent elements, the creation of a society which in structure and prevalent attitudes is neither Polish nor American, but constitutes a specific new product whose raw materials have been partly drawn from Polish traditions, partly from the new conditions in which the immigrants live and from American social values as the immigrant sees and interprets them.

Unfortunately the studies of other national groupings, of which the authors hoped "The Polish Peasant" would be only a forerunner, have not materialized. However, the incisive methods and deductions of this pioneer study remain unchallenged and, in general, universally applicable. That it can be reprinted after a decade with its validity unimpugned is rare testimony of a work planned and executed in terms of ultimate values.

"The Polish Peasant" does not merely bear rereading. It is a source of perennial refreshment because of the diverse sources of interest it supplies. The ungarnished materials—letters, etc.—would alone justify the book. The various sectional introductions and annotations transcend in scholarship and readability the vast mass of sociological verbiage that clutters our libraries; while the general Introduction, and more especially the famous Methodological Note, seem the *sine qua non* of basic sociological procedure. No longer can any student of social affairs be condoned for his failure to own and to be thoroughly conversant with this classic.

SOLOMON BLUHM

Books in Brief

Meat. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This is a puzzling novel. Not because, as the jacket pretends, it will make people tear their hair over the problem of whether the world should be made safe for the weak at the expense of the strong—anyone with half a mind can see that the sacrifice involved is fruitless and wicked—but because of the book's unequal literary merit. Mr. Steele tells his story in a style which is finely simple, stripped of all unessentials. But if at times he writes with a poetic incisiveness which is wholly admirable, at others, and in the very same paragraph, he resorts to deliberately unexpected twists which are cheap rather than original. It becomes particularly unfortunate when he tries to combine whimsical fantasy or sentimentality with journalese slang. One can only hope for a purer and more successful amalgamation in his next book.

Dragon Lizards of Komodo. By W. Douglas Burden. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ten-foot pig-eating lizards, Bali dancing girls, and the author's wife, served with a delicate sauce of science.

Julius Caesar and the Grandeur That Was Rome. By Victor Thaddeus. Brentano's. \$5.

The trouble with this book is that it has too much of everything: too much color, inflated diction, melodrama, fiction, and "sex appeal," and decidedly too much use of the present historical tense. If a proper sense of proportion had induced Mr.

Thaddeus to omit one-half of each item in this excess baggage, his book might have compared not unfavorably with Klabund's powerful sketch of Peter the Great; but it stands, however, this biography is quite as gaudy as the flamboyant purple covers and end-papers that encase it.

History of the American Working Class. By Anthony Bimba. International Publishers. \$2.75.

This is a proper Communist book, taken up chiefly with a chronicle of strikes and other labor upheavals, with denunciation of the bourgeois oppressors of the honest American toilers and with scarification of the "treason" of their non-Communist leaders—that is, all the leaders they have ever had. Mr. Bimba declares that his book does not claim to be impartial. It realizes this ambition.

Drama

Tepid Romanticism

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER has written and David Belasco produced a rather old-fashioned and very ponderously named comedy entitled "The Bachelor Father" (Belasco Theater). It deals in a sufficiently decorous fashion with the adventures of an aging and irascible English gentleman who decides to gather in from the ends of the earth three illegitimate children—the fruit of his youthful indiscretions—and who (it need hardly be added) is not only softened but made a better man all around by this tardy resurgence of paternal emotions. Just the sort of play which no critic making the slightest pretense at taking the theater seriously will treat with anything more flattering than condescension, it is also just the sort which will go on quietly filling the Belasco month after month with contented customers—with people who find the "Chicagos" vulgar and the "Strange Interludes" incomprehensible, but discover in such plays as this the same sort of tepid romanticism which delights them in the fiction of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Pictorial Review*. William Winter would have found its comfortable unreality more "wholesome" than Ibsen, and Mr. Belasco knows, to his profit, that the style which is naively supposed to have gone out with Winter is still vastly popular with his particular public.

It would be easy to point out various incidents which illustrate how flagrantly the play violates all probability even in the simple externalities of its action—to remark, for example, that one of the girl children sets out for Florence on (literally) two minutes' notice when she gets an engagement with an opera company and that the other, having been wounded in an airplane accident, is not taken to a hospital but brought back home in another airplane. It would seem, moreover, that even the least sensitive ear would recognize that the synthetic argot spoken by the American girl is far more like the laborious lingo of a second-rate sports writer than like any language ever spoken by a living person. Yet these absurdities are significant only as furnishing tangible examples of the all-pervading unreality which is as conspicuous, though less tangible, in every stroke of the characterization and every element of the atmosphere. Not one of the dramatis personae ever thinks, speaks, or acts like a human being, one touch of nature would disrupt the entire production, and we can never forget for one moment that it is a play.

Actually, however, to say that it is artificial is by no means to say enough. Doubtless "Hamlet" is artificial in its own way, and certainly some of the best comedies ever written have been completely artificial. The real and depressing emptiness of such plays is this results not from the fact that they are artificial but from the fact that the artifice adopted is so much duller, shallower, and more monotonous than reality. Even real people talk better and behave in more surprisingly interesting

ways than these regularized puppets; truth is most certainly stranger than these timid fictions. In the presence of successful artifice we wish, for the moment at least, that life were like that, but in the presence of most examples of popular art we thank God that it is not.

Some years ago the critics left off praising Mr. Belasco and began to rail at him with distressing regularity. Though doubtless he does not mind, it seems hardly worth while to do so again, and yet the fact remains that he does seem to have a genuine and persistent preference for this sort of thing. He congratulates Mr. O'Neill and regrets that a "misunderstanding" resulted in his failure to produce "Marco Millions," but somehow or other no misunderstandings seem to arise when a play like "The Bachelor Father" comes along. Incidentally, June Walker plays the slangy American as well as the role permits.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's latest undertaking, "Improvisations in June" (Fourteenth Street Theater), is modern enough in intention, but though occasionally amusing it is on the whole

a rather thin and feeble satire which goes through a number of fantastic antics to prove that money can't buy everything. There are an American millionaire, his melancholy son, and a charlatan who represents, I suppose, the vices of modern art. Though the son is not amused by the latter he recovers his faith in life when he learns that the charlatan's daughter can't be bought. The play is said to have run two thousand nights on the Continent, but I suspect that its popularity was in some part due to the fact that it blames things in general on the American. T. S. Stribling's novel "Teeftallow" has been made into a play called "Rope" (Biltmore Theater). It is excellent melodrama with an unusually exciting mob scene and an effectively drawn background of life in a small Southern village.

"Sh! The Octopus" (Royale Theater) is, as its title suggests, a completely unrestrained mystery play; "The Wrecker" (Cort Theater) is a railroad melodrama which is pretty good so far as its mechanical thrills are concerned and rather unusually bad in its serious moments.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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Admission 75c

International Relations Section

Italy Fights Opium

By ELLEN LA MOTTE

A MEETING of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations (known to the ribald as the Smugglers' Reunion) took place in Geneva from September 26 to October 8, 1927. This was a special or extraordinary session called because Cavazzoni, the Italian delegate, has been insisting that the opium and drug situation is rapidly getting worse and that, apart from pious wishes, earnest hopes, and vague resolutions, nothing has been accomplished. He wanted this special session to consider smuggling as due to the over-manufacture of drugs and their subsequent escape into illicit channels. The published documents of the League show a vast contraband traffic, proved by the great numbers of seizures of contraband all over the world. Year by year this evidence has been piling up, and the Opium Committee has solemnly discussed the situation, yet the thing goes on. Nothing has been done to curtail production of the raw material, or to lessen the amount of manufactured drugs, or to ration the factories. The Opium Committee has noted, regretfully, the scale on which the illicit traffic continues, but has done nothing fundamental—no blow has ever been struck at the source.

Well, here comes Cavazzoni, the new member of the committee, and he attends a meeting or two, and decides that something is amiss—he hates to be suspicious and all that, but it looks queer. He notes that there are only forty factories in the world, in eight countries—America, England, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and India. And that America, the only country not in the League, is the only one that has limited manufacture and adopted advanced restrictive legislation. In all the other countries an incessant stream of drugs flows out of their factories, hundreds of times in excess of the world's medical needs. He assumes that this excess output is intentionally designed for the illicit trade, and the League documents amply confirm his assumption. How comes it, asks Cavazzoni, with the evidence before him, that the gentlemen on the Opium Committee, representing these manufacturing countries, have not been able to stop the outflow?

This extraordinary session, therefore, was called to humor Cavazzoni, a potential trouble-maker, a refractory member of a heretofore united committee, a man who does not see eye to eye with his colleagues, but looks at the drug trade as a measure of human waste and suffering, not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. A unique point of view.

For the first few days after the meetings began, things droned along as usual. Seizures of contraband were reported from this or that country and a few new details were added. Many of the cases had been discussed last January, and it would have been well, said the committee, if these various details could have been sent in at that time. Would some one please write to the country in question and ask it to be more prompt? For a moment it seemed as if the agenda would be so packed that there would be no room for Cavazzoni.

But his moment finally came on the fourth day. And it was an epoch-marking day in the history of the opium trade.

He presented the committee with a "Memorandum," a document of some thirty pages, outlining a scheme by which the illicit traffic might be stopped. He avoided the controversial issues, such as over-production of the raw material, nor did he advocate reduction of the manufactured drugs. He would have gone on the rocks if he had, knowing the committee's powerful opposition to those two fundamental questions. Instead, he mapped out a plan of control or supervision whereby manufactured drugs could be watched all the way to their ultimate destination. The committee has constantly spoken of the necessity for "control," but its suggestions have always been vague. Now they were suddenly offered a scheme for absolute and complete control, worked out painstakingly to the most minute detail. It well-nigh took the committee's breath away. Nothing like it had ever been known before. And this document, making provision for every leak, served to call attention to these leaks, and to show how numerous they are. In a speech in the Assembly two weeks before, Lord Lytton had said that every factory should be surrounded by a "ring fence," and here was Cavazzoni presenting the committee with a blue-print showing how to build it. For example, the internal trade must be controlled by certificates, issued each time a purchase is made from a factory or from dealer to dealer. And these certificates must be on banknote paper, to make forgery difficult; and numbered, so that each one corresponds with its proper stub; and the books of all dealers must be open to inspection, so that every consignment may be traced. Furthermore, these dealers must be bonded, just as bank tellers are bonded, or others who handle large sums of money. For in the last analysis, a ton of heroin is a ton of money—and tainted at that. There was also strict supervision for bonded warehouses, those hotbeds of smuggling, wherein tons of drugs are deposited to lie fallow till the transaction is forgotten and they can be slipped out. This amazing document makes provision for the closing of every leak, every avenue of escape into the illicit trade. It sets a standard for narcotic control by which other regulations may be measured to see if they rise or fall short. The day on which the scheme was presented was an historic occasion in the fight against drugs—the first time a concrete proposal was ever laid before the committee.

The committee delayed a few days before discussing this document—doubtless planning how best to dispose of it. When the debate finally took place, all the delegates said much the same thing. They thanked Cavazzoni for his zeal, well meant but perhaps excessive. They all said they had laws covering many of Cavazzoni's points but, said the Swiss, perhaps not quite so severe. The British delegate said he did not think Cavazzoni had gone far enough; why had he not urged the speedy ratification of the Geneva Convention, which provided for a Central Board of Narcotic Control? This would bring about the millennium. Each delegate ended with the same plea—the Central Board as a panacea. The unanimity of these appeals for the Central Board was significant. The upshot of the debate was the appointment of a small committee to study the Cavazzoni plan in detail, the study to take place shortly before the next meeting of the Opium Committee.

Cavazzoni is a vigorous opponent of this Central Board. The drug-profiting nations are wild to get it established, and are making intensive efforts to railroad it through. Every

matter under discussion is somehow twisted into a plea to set it up quickly, and Cavazzoni fights it at every turn. He says the League has no right to delegate its authority over the opium question to a body completely independent of and outside the League. This the Central Board would be. Nor could it by any stretch of ingenuity be regarded as the "child" or "organ" of the League. It would be appointed by the Council and financed by the League, but the connection would end there. It would sit in secret and issue or withhold whatever information it chose. Composed of the manufacturing and producing nations—the same ones that have blocked all progress on the Opium Committee—it would seem a highly dangerous body to set up. The world would be at the mercy of the drug interests, and there would be no further publicity such as the League has been staging at Geneva.

A small subcommittee was given the task of defining the duties of this Central Board (if established) and those of the Opium Committee. Cavazzoni protested that these two bodies would either conflict with or duplicate each other's work, but the small subcommittee brought in its report, saying there was no fear of either. To the Central Board was assigned every important task, particularly that of relieving the Opium Committee of the burden of collecting statistics, the most valuable work the League has done. In fact, the Opium Committee was to be disemboweled. No further publicity for these damning figures which show up the illicit trade! This subcommittee composed of India (chairman), Great Britain, France, Holland, and Serbia, completely showed its hand. Cavazzoni flatly refused to accept its report, and in consequence he was added to the committee and it was sent out to try again.

The last day of the session saw the climax of the fight. At the end of each session the committee makes a short report, nine or ten pages, a summary of its work to be presented to the Council. This draft report is always drawn up by the chairman (on this occasion Sir John Campbell, British India) and on the last day it is gone over page by page, each delegate making any corrections he thinks fit. Each point must be accepted by a majority of the committee, before going on to the next. On this last day, October 8, the draft report was presented and was gone through carefully under the guidance of the chairman. All went well till they struck page 15. That contained a paragraph saying that Cavazzoni had presented an interesting and elaborate plan for the control of illicit traffic, and concluded: "The scheme will be annexed to this report."

At once the chairman said: "We will cut out this last sentence. The scheme will *not* be attached to this report, but will appear in the minutes."

Cavazzoni was up in arms. This special session was called on purpose to deal with smuggling and methods to check it. He had presented a plan for checking it and this *must* go to the Council.

At once the meeting was in a tumult. Everyone wanted to protest, but the chairman said there must be no debate—the question must be voted on—yes or no. Should the Memorandum be annexed to the report, or left out? Various members tried to speak but were ruled out by the chairman. The British delegate said if that Memorandum were annexed it would establish a precedent. Cavazzoni said he welcomed a precedent; if any member had a better plan, let that also be sent to the Council.

"Vote on the question," angrily exclaimed the chairman.

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At once various delegates began to offer amendments. The chairman lost his head and his temper. "Will Cavazzoni not interrupt!" he exclaimed. As a rule, the delegates are invariably referred to as the honorable delegate from this country or that, but Cavazzoni was just Cavazzoni in that heated atmosphere. Amendments came pouring in; the chairman tried to speak, to shut them up, to stop the debate. No time for translations—French and English being spoken indiscriminately, at the same moment, and the steam-roller trying to crush the opposition.

Finally a vote was taken on the Japanese amendment; the Japanese tried to explain what he meant, but was shut off. In the confusion the French delegate said: "We have now three amendments before us—will the chairman please read them?" "I will NOT," said the chairman. "Vote on the Japanese amendment." The vote was taken; the British, Indian, and Dutch delegates voted not to attach the Memorandum to the Report, while five others voted to do so—Italy, France, Portugal, Serbia, and Japan. It was a jolt, the first time the British have been defeated. Cavazzoni's wit, good humor, ability, and magnificent courage won him the support of four delegates. A wedge had been driven into the heretofore solid ranks of the opium bloc.

The reading of the report continued but struck another snag. A document was placed before the committee, and the chairman said: "This question must be discussed in private. Will the audience leave the room?"

"Why?" drawled the French delegate.

"If you look at that document, you will see why," snapped the British delegate. "It concerns the Central Board."

"I still see no reason for secrecy," replied the Frenchman. "Let us vote." Again a vote was taken, and Great Britain, India, and Holland voted for secrecy, while the Italian, French, Serbian, Portugese, and Japanese stood for publicity. Another jolt.

The question seemed harmless enough. It was a request to the Council, asking the Council to instruct the Opium Committee to make an exhaustive study of the Central Board and its duties. Instantly the British delegate said: "I want this wiped out. It is impertinent of us to ask the Council to instruct us to study the Central Board."

"We are a committee of experts," said Cavazzoni; "what other body is so competent to study this question?"

"I want this deleted," exclaimed the British delegate, and instantly there was pandemonium again. Finally, after a stubborn and hot debate, a vote was taken and again Cavazzoni won. For the third time the drug interests lost.

The published proceedings of this extraordinary session fail to give one an adequate idea of what took place on that final hectic day. Indeed, the thing seems tame. As a member of the audience, one got a vastly different impression from the impression obtained by reading the printed minutes. But this may be accounted for by a remark which appears at the end of page 83*: "The Chairman said that certain consequential alterations in the report might be necessary; these the Secretariat should be asked to make."

It seems a pity that there are no verbatim minutes of these meetings. Verbatim minutes, which if not published, might at least be accessible in typewritten form, so that one could compare them with any "consequential alterations" it had been found desirable to make.

* Minutes of the Tenth Session of the Opium Advisory Committee.

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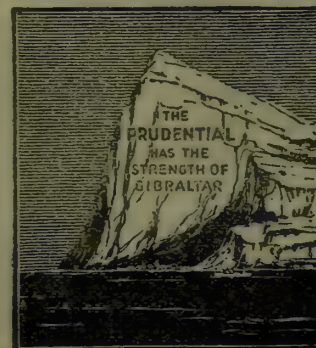
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THE SANDINO-SELLERS CORRESPONDENCE and the other messages from Sandino which appear on later pages of this issue have more than passing documentary interest. They were handed to Carleton Beals, *The Nation's* correspondent in Nicaragua, by General Sandino himself in his camp at San Rafael. The letter from Admiral Sellers was picked up behind the Sandino lines, where it had been dropped by a Marine Corps airplane. Carleton Beals asked General Sandino if he had sent a reply. Sandino said No, and promptly called in one of his soldiers, to whom he dictated the letter addressed "To the Representative of Imperialism in Nicaragua." At the same time he dictated and signed the messages to the United States Senate and to the Sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana. These he handed to Carleton Beals, who sent them by mail direct to *The Nation*. They are published in this issue for the first time anywhere. As the issue appears they will be submitted by the Editor of *The Nation* to Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

WHY IS IT that no politician seems to be able to take and hold a strong position against prohibition? It is now even rumored that Al Smith is considering a state-

ment which will help to win him Dry support. We cannot believe it; but on the other hand, as we have already pointed out, Senator James A. Reed has weakened on his full-fledged opposition to prohibition, and has discovered that it is less a political question than a moral one. This is the more surprising because in September, 1926, he gave an interview to Mr. Charles G. Ross of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in which he said:

One of the great issues of the day is the need of decentralization of the government and the return to the States of the control of their local affairs. A great deal of that can be accomplished by the repeal of federal statutes that ought never to have been passed, but it cannot be fully accomplished without an amendment to the Constitution repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, and permitting each State once more to establish and maintain its own police regulations.

He then added: "I am unqualifiedly in favor of permitting the people of the United States to have the opportunity of voting on the Eighteenth Amendment." He also stated his belief that "each State can handle the liquor question for itself better than it can be handled in Washington." Now this is an honest and straightforward position, whether one agrees with it or not. Why should the mere fact that he has become a Presidential candidate incline the Senator to run away from it?

SENATOR NORRIS CROWNED his years of fighting against the proposal to turn over Muscle Shoals to private interests by a magnificent review of the case in the Senate during parts of four days—days of speaking that taxed his strength to the uttermost. There never has been a finer example of the attitude that a high-minded statesman should take toward a question of this kind than Senator Norris has given. For months upon months he buried himself in the details of this case to the exclusion of almost everything else, and made himself a master of the subject. Fortified by his detailed knowledge, he then hewed to the line, fighting steadily for the principle involved in the matter. We do not know at this writing what the outcome of this battle will be, but it looks as if a final decision would again be delayed. This is better than to have the project turned over to private interests, although, as Will Rogers put it: "When you see a \$150,000,000 plant lying idle it gives you an idea of the pull in legislation that the power trust exerts. They say, 'If we don't get it nobody else will.'" There is coming, largely as a result of Senator Norris's efforts, a clearer understanding among the public of what the fight is about. Among the organizations that have upheld the Senator in his stand and report an awakening and increasing interest among their members is the League of Women Voters.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME the reactionary Republican leaders in the House of Representatives have succeeded in postponing the adoption of the Norris amendment to the federal Constitution, by which the "lame-duck" session of

Congress would be abolished and the filibuster rendered impossible. Speaker Longworth, Floor Leader Tilson, and Chairman Snell of the Rules Committee are responsible. Nothing could better demonstrate the utter stupidity of their leadership. Not one tenable argument existed for the rejection of the resolution to submit this resolution to the States. In the Senate, where reaction is penetrated by occasional gleams of intelligence, the resolution has been adopted four times by overwhelming votes. The only intelligible point made during the debate against the amendment was the cynical one that Congressmen would profit by allowing their constituents thirteen months in which to forget their campaign promises. And this is "government by the people"!

COMMANDER SPAFFORD of the American Legion is openly engaged in defying the Constitution of the United States. Other Legion commanders have denied that the Legion is opposed to the constitutional guaranty of free speech and have insisted that the Legion did not mix in politics. Spafford acts openly and flagrantly. On December 20, last, for instance, he wrote to Albert L. Cox, commander of the Legion in North Carolina, giving the dates of Sherwood Eddy's proposed speeches in that State, inclosing a copy of a false and libelous history of the Y. M. C. A. leader prepared by Colonel Ralph Royal Bush, of the reserve officers' fraternity Scabbard and Blade, stating that "proper pressure" had prevented Mr. Eddy's speech in Fayetteville, and suggesting that his other speeches be prevented. Commander Cox took the hint. On January 4 he wrote to local post commanders stating that

Sherwood Eddy is not the sort of man that can do North Carolinians any good. . . . I suggest that you get in touch with the proper people and either have the engagement canceled or arrange for some good legionnaire to speak after him.

To which the alert local commander in Kannapolis, N. C., replied: "This is the first time I have heard of you being so far behind on anything. I have already stopped Eddy's engagements in Kan. and Canton and received a letter of congratulations from Gen. Bowley for same."

TODAY, AS ALWAYS, the American Indian is shamelessly exploited by his white "protectors," but no longer, thanks to the fine work of the Indian Defense Association, can he be exploited quietly or in the dark. The latest fight of this organization, supported by a few progressive Senators, has been against a bit of special legislation of a particularly insidious sort. Disguised as a measure to improve the lands cultivated by several tribes of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a bill has been passed which saddles those tribes with a burden of debt which may in the end dispossess them of the very lands in question. Through the Indian Defense Association and Senator La Follette, who made a splendid speech in opposition, the facts have become known. The bill in question originally called for the appropriation of more than a million dollars for irrigating 15,000 acres of land occupied by various Pueblo tribes. The tribes themselves supported the measure and agreed to shoulder the financial burden of repaying the money involved to the federal government. Unfortunately a further appropriation of \$563,455 was tacked to the original bill in spite of explicit assurances to the Indians that no additional sums would be

charged against them. This extra half million will benefit a large area only part of which is held by the tribes but under the law it can be appropriated only in the name of the Indians. Thus, as the result of a legal technicality, or out of sheer malice, a total indebtedness is saddled on each Indian acre of \$109.50; while the neighboring white lands which will also benefit carry a debt of only about \$77 an acre.

"YOU-UNS ASKED ME why my children had no shoes and I answered": thus Mrs. C. E. Barr, wife of a coal miner, testifying before the Senate Committee investigating conditions in the coal industry. Mrs. Barr told the Senators that her eight children had to do without shoes and stockings because the storekeeper threatened to "stop the eats" on her if she bought them; and because Mrs. Barr had told her troubles to the committee her husband was discharged from his job. The Senators heard of the coal-and-iron police, of heads bearing scars from police blackjacks, of the filthy conditions under which strike-breakers are forced to live, of the unhealthy life in the mine barracks where dwell strikers and their families, of credit no longer extended at company stores, of shots fired into miners' homes and into schools where sat miners' children. They learned that the Pennsylvania Railroad has forced small mine-owners to shut out the union or shut down entirely. The Senators heard John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers describe the straits to which some of the miners not on strike are reduced. According to Mr. Lewis, the wives stand around the pithead; when a load of coal comes up the foreman shouts "Load for No. 46." Whereupon Mrs. 46 goes to the store and charges as many provisions as are covered by the wages due her husband for the load. What is the country going to do about this sick industry?

IBN SAUD, chief of the Wahabis, is one of the heroes of the Moslem world, and if he has in fact taken the war-path against the British on the outskirts of Arabia there is trouble ahead. A raid by Ibn Saud is more than a raid; it is an appeal to a hundred million Moslems to throw off the British yoke. Time was when a gift of \$300,000 yearly made by the British Government kept Ibn safe in the heart of Arabia Deserta; but three years ago he emerged to drive Britain's puppet out of the Hejaz and set up his own capital in Mecca. Nor is he merely a desert sheik and leader of a Puritan sect. His tribe bans silk clothes and forbids smoking; but Ibn Saud has installed a telephone system in Mecca and travels in a limousine. Furthermore, Britain's relations with the Moslem world are peculiarly delicate today. The Egyptian Parliament has just refused to accept a treaty which seemed to legalize the British military occupation of Egypt and control of the Sudan; and in India the all-British Simon Commission is facing daily storms. Yet there are those who think that this desert war was provoked by Britain as an excuse for occupation of the strategically important principality of Koweit, which is close to the mouth of the Euphrates. If so, it was a dangerous gamble.

AMONG RECENT RUMPUSES take the one raised last spring at the University of Louisville. None shows more clearly, as is made plain by the report of the American Association of University Professors, how much academic damage can be done in a single year through the misapplication of executive energy. The report takes pains to say

that President George Colvin is an able man; but the story it unfolds is of a faculty turned upside down within a few months after his accession in 1926. The feeling seems to have run among the professors that their jobs were in danger; threats of removal were made and in a few cases enforced; announcements of new policies took departments unawares; petitions and letters flew back and forth; there were special meetings of the faculty, during one of which thirty-nine out of forty-seven professors asked for the resignation of the president; a committee of Louisville citizens was formed to investigate and make recommendation; the local press printed communications from and about professors; and certain quite evidently unjustifiable acts of Mr. Colvin came into the light. Nothing much "happened," except that the university lost Professor Louis Gottschalk from the department of history. But the morale of a university was ruined by a president who, as the report implies, thought of himself as a "sovereign" with "subjects."

PORTO RICO'S UNIVERSITY is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. There is nothing in the history of its colonial ventures of which the United States has more right to be proud. In Rio Piedras is a North American university in a Latin environment which, while it brings to the sugar island the best of Anglo-Saxon culture, teaches primarily in Spanish, and respects Spanish culture. Latin students who want to learn English flock there, and North American students who want an easy bridge to Spanish. The University of Porto Rico has become a laboratory of the finest type of Pan-Americanism, and one of its chemical products is a new kind of human inter-American understanding. Every State university in the United States, many of the old private universities, and most of the great institutions of learning south of the Rio Grande are sending delegates to this anniversary celebration, and *The Nation* adds its mite of appreciation.

Ibsen—History or Fame?

THE little man from Skien who had so much of the village parson in his makeup but who nevertheless succeeded in setting the world by the ears was born just a hundred years ago this month. In 1891 Clement Scott was calling Ibsen's most famous play "a loathsome sore unbandaged, a dirty act done publicly," and as late as 1913 William Winter was using him as a mere foil against which the genius of Henry Arthur Jones could be made to shine more perfectly, but his centenary finds him included in the lists of Freshman Readings and not seldom produced with something of that same air of complacency which generally marks a Shakespearean revival. He exists today in a form more substantial than any of his dramatic contemporaries, and if only one name should ultimately be left by which men will remember the theatrical revolution of the nineteenth century it will indubitably be his.

But, in literature at least, fame and history are not the same thing, for, as Rémy de Gourmont once remarked in an aphorism recently quoted in a little book about him by Richard Aldington: "Posterity is like a schoolboy condemned to learn a hundred lines of verse by heart. He remembers ten, and stammers a few syllables of the rest. The ten lines are fame; the rest is literary history." Ibsen's name cannot be

erased from the records and his place in history is secure; but there are probably many men today less sure than they were ten years ago that he belongs so indisputably to fame—that he will be acted and read as often in the future as he will be remembered. Half, at least, of his writing belongs to polemical journalism, and as such had a temporary importance not commensurate with its permanent value. Certainly "A Doll's House" is almost as dead as the debate which it provoked and has become no more than a tepid pamphlet written in defense of a very elementary feminism. Nor can it be denied that much of the writing in many of the plays is of the sort once tremendously exciting, now laboriously obvious. Ibsen bridged a mighty gulf but the scaffolding is all too visible. He had not only to write drama upon new premises but he had to defend those premises at the same time, and the defense, once so important, is now otiose. To read his arguments in dialogue is to be reminded of his historical importance, but to be reminded also that it is not by historical importance that works of literature survive outside of the textbooks.

In spirit Ibsen never entirely escaped from his parish. With all his genius he remained in part the parson which nature seemed to intend him to be, and his plays have often the stuffiness of a rectory parlor. Vine leaves never adorned a solemn head, and no Dionysus before or since has ever worn such mutton-chop whiskers as those which, forgetting for the moment to clash his sacred cymbals, Ibsen not infrequently paused to stroke. And yet if it is indeed to history and not to fame that he must ultimately be resigned, the fault is less his than that of his age, which was changing too fast not to need argument more than it needed art. He himself certainly realized far better than most of his disciples that the two are not the same. He was ready enough to rebuke those who went to him chiefly for the solution of moral or sociological problems, and his deepest desire was to write plays rather than sermons. Yet the subjects which he wished to choose and the point of view from which he wished to treat them were such as inevitably involved him in polemic. He could not hope that his audience would begin where he wished to begin; two or three decades lay between his intellectual position and that of his audience; and he was compelled to argue or educate it to a state of mind which would make it possible for it to understand his drama. Wagner did not write his pamphlets into his scores but Ibsen did something very much like that. In the eyes of posterity they suffer much from the fact. Even "Ghosts," which undoubtedly has a dramatic force almost completely lacking in "A Doll's House," labors points which we take for granted and defends premises which we would never think of questioning. That the audiences for which it was intended needed all the explanation they could possibly get is sufficiently demonstrated by the metaphors which Clement Scott used to describe the play, but time has made of them mere incumbrances which may very well consign "Ghosts" also to history.

On the first centenary of his birth Fame has already made up her mind to reject at least two-thirds of Ibsen's work but she is still wondering whether she will be able to remember the third that is left—including "Hedda Gabler," "The Wild Duck," and one or two others. But Fame does not make up her mind with conspicuous haste. Upon this centenary she knows what she thinks about certain of the plays; she will be ready to decide about the others when the next centenary comes around.

"Silent in the Presence of Sin"

THAT is the situation of Calvin Coolidge. It was that of Andrew Mellon until a chance penciled memorandum in the papers of the late John T. Pratt, bearing the hardly legible name "Andy," led to the smoking-out of the Secretary of the Treasury—not the first time that a man has been betrayed by a single word. Then, in reply to an inquiry from Senator Walsh, Mr. Mellon suddenly remembered that late in the fall—perhaps November—of 1923 the Honorable Will Hays, former chairman of the Republican National Committee and former Postmaster General of the United States, had sent to him a package of \$50,000 in Liberty bonds. A few days later Mr. Hays called on him, Mr. Mellon reports, remarked that these were Sinclair bonds, and suggested that he, Mellon, keep them, and contribute an equal amount to the deficit of the Republican campaign fund. This the virtuous Mr. Mellon rightly refused to do. What Mr. Hays was asking of him was that he accept \$50,000 of tainted money and for the deliberate purpose of concealment contribute \$50,000 of his own funds to the deficit. He returned the bonds and sent \$50,000 of his own money. Besides being asked to receive bribe-money—Senator Borah calls it money contributed with "an ulterior and sinister purpose"—Mr. Mellon was asked to take part in a transaction intended to deceive the committee which was delving into the oil scandals and the stealing of the naval-oil lands. But it was in an effort to prevent the public itself from learning the truth that the patriotic Mr. Hays, a Presbyterian elder as he proudly describes himself in "Who's Who," was primarily engaged.

This was in 1923, a year and a half after Fall had accepted the \$100,000 Doheny bribe for alienating the naval-oil lands and turning them over to private interests, and had also taken nearly \$300,000 from Sinclair. If Secretary Mellon was unaware then of Fall's corruption he knew it two months later, for it was in January, 1924, that Mr. Doheny revealed the incident of the \$100,000. Soon the front pages of the dailies were teeming with the Sinclair story as well. The mills of justice began grinding, and eventually the Supreme Court denounced Sinclair, Doheny, and Fall and declared that they had been guilty of corruption and fraud in shamelessly robbing the public of its heritage. Slowly the criminal proceedings took their devious way. During all of this time the virtuous Andrew Mellon kept silent. The committee struggled to obtain the facts about the Sinclair bonds—Mr. Mellon's lips remained sealed. Month after month its agents hunted all available records in the effort to reveal the whole story of this unparalleled corruption. They obtained no help from the Treasury; some even suspected that obstacles were being placed in their way; Andrew Mellon did not speak. He knew that Hays had received Sinclair money in bulk and that he was trying to cover up his tracks. Mr. Mellon had neither the courage nor the decency, not sufficient love of his country or regard for the purity of its political and national life to offer one hint to Senator Walsh. Even when, in January of this year, Senator Walsh asked and obtained the aid of the Treasury Secret Service in tracing Sinclair bonds, Mr. Mellon gave no hint of what he knew. Calmly and deliberately he placed loyalty to his party and to his crooked associates,

in and out of the Cabinet, above loyalty to his country and its institutions.

Early in 1924 Hays went on the stand and swore that \$75,000 was all the money that Sinclair had ever given to him. Secretary Mellon knew that this was not true, but Secretary Mellon kept silent. On March 1 of this year Hays again went on the stand to admit that he had received \$260,000 from Sinclair. Under oath he told of certain of the Sinclair bonds going to Frederic Upham, to Secretary Weeks, to John T. Pratt, but not one word did he breathe of his visit to "Andy" Mellon for the purpose of getting him to conceal part of the transaction in which he was engaged, which he knew could not bear the light of day. Did Andrew Mellon remind him of his visit? Apparently not. Did he call the attention of Senator Walsh to it? He did not. And he would be silent at this moment in the presence of that sin and wrongdoing if it had not been for the accident of that one penciled word found by an honest secretary of John T. Pratt among the memoranda left by his late employer.

Senator Norris demands that Mellon be asked to resign. The Supreme Court has branded ex-Secretary Denby as a "faithless public officer"; we cannot see why the designation does not apply with equal justice to Secretary Mellon. It is idle to say that his hands are clean, or to compliment him, as does the *New York Times*, because his "prompt reply" to Senator Walsh "made a complete explanation." The very fact that Mr. Mellon was ready to engage in this conspiracy of silence although he had sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land makes it difficult to believe anything he says hereafter without the most complete proof. As the *Baltimore Sun* points out, less than two years ago he explained that he saw no difference between his contribution to the slush fund raised to reelect Senator Pepper and his contributions to a church. It is he who owns the Western Pennsylvania Republican machine with all its rottenness, which has apparently just struck a bargain to reelect Vare to the Senate. This is hardly the type of man to be in the Cabinet of the United States.

But where does this leave the President of the United States? Where does it leave Herbert Hoover, and Charles E. Hughes, all preachers of political and social morality, who also sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, Weeks, and Mellon? Not one of them has opened his lips as to these oil scandals from beginning to end—not one word of regret that their party is so befouled that it reeks with filth, that it is in a quagmire of corruption and crookedness of which they have been the political beneficiaries. The Sinclair bonds were used to pay the deficits incurred in electing Calvin Coolidge Vice-President of the United States. With any man of fine sensibilities that fact would be enough, we repeat, to make him speak out. Instead, he, too, compresses his lips and leaves to Senator Borah not only the proper characterization of these sinister funds but a demand that every cent be returned to Mr. Sinclair even if the money has to be raised by one-dollar contributions. It is time that Calvin Coolidge in common decency refuse to remain silent any longer in the presence of sin, that he remember the words of Galsworthy—"Keep faith! We've all done that. It's not enough."

War in Nicaragua

IF the American people had that sense of humor upon which they so pride themselves, the nation would have rocked with laughter when the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations announced that the Marine Corps would have to stay in Nicaragua in order to insure a "fair" election! The Senate had just refused to seat Frank L. Smith, elected by the people of Illinois, and William S. Vare, elected by the people of Pennsylvania, because of gross misuse of money in their campaigns; the Supreme Court had just branded a Secretary of the Navy and a Secretary of the Interior who had been Mr. Coolidge's honored Cabinet associates as guilty of collusion and corruption; the former chairman of our ruling party, also a former Cabinet member, had just admitted that he had lied about his campaign expenditures, and he and his associates are at this moment being exposed in deliberate and deceitful circumvention of the law. The State of Indiana has been struggling to get rid of its corrupt Ku Klux Klan officials. And at such a moment the venerable Senators, led by Senator Borah, stand up and with straight faces announce that the marines must stay in Nicaragua to teach the benighted Latins all about honest voting. That ought to be enough to make even Calvin Coolidge relax into a hearty guffaw.

Of course the marines are not engaged in preaching democracy to the peons on the coffee plantations. Instead, they are up in the sparsely populated hill-country, killing Sandinistas. As the incomparable Will Rogers puts it, they "are doing all they can to see that there are fewer votes to supervise and Sandino is doing all he can to see that there are fewer marines to supervise." Statistics presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations by naval officials tell another part of the story. Up to February 1 the United States had sent 4,609 marines to Nicaragua. Sandino believes he has killed five hundred Americans; the Navy Department admits that 21 have been killed, 45 wounded, and 1,410 returned to the United States as "casuals"—some suffering from tropical fever. The United States has—or had—six De Haviland bombing planes, two amphibians, six observation planes, six Vought corsairs, three Fokker transports, and six Curtiss Falcon planes in Nicaragua; at least three of these have been forced to the ground, and ten others have been hit by Sandino marksmen. No one knows how many Nicaraguans we have succeeded in shipping into the great democracy of the dead.

This is not an election; it is war. The Constitution declares that only Congress has the power to declare war, but the State Department and the marines are as contemptuous of the United States Constitution as of the Nicaraguan. The Navy Department and the Treasury admit that this is war. The Comptroller General ruled on September 15, 1927, that officers without dependents were not entitled to rental allowances "since they were serving in the field in the face of an enemy," which, according to the *Army and Navy Register*, means that the United States is in a state of war with Nicaragua. More recently the Comptroller General has stated that the Secretary of the Navy has recognized the situation in his citations for the award of the navy cross, stating that "in the case of individual officers on duty

in Nicaragua there have been actions, battles, and an enemy."

These, to be sure, are technicalities; to the parents of the boys killed in action the meaning of this war goes deeper than any bureaucrat's ruling. We quoted some weeks ago the comment of John S. Hemphill, father of a Missouri boy killed in action; Emil Pump, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, whose son John was killed in Nicaragua, made similar comment to the *Des Moines Tribune*:

It's only a rich man's war [he said]. And not a single one of us will be hurt or benefited no matter how the fight turns out. Coolidge just pulled a fast one on Congress and, as a result, they have sacrificed my boy and others to protect the big bankers' interests. But I hope they will send John back home here now. The rich men will not want him dead, but we do.

Emil Pump came closer to the truth than Senator Borah. The marines did not go into Nicaragua to reform the electoral system; they went there because American investors had preceded them and because the criminally stupid young men in the State Department recognized an impotent down-and-out as President of Nicaragua and called upon the marines to make good their folly. Half the country, including Senator Borah and the *New York World*, now seems to think that because we made that ghastly mistake we must stand by it, no matter how many lives it costs. There are even Senators who, forgetting their scorn for treaties negotiated by a mere Woodrow Wilson, plead that the marines must stay until a Henry Stimson's agreement for a marine-controlled "fair" election is fulfilled.

We will never get out until we divest ourselves of that murderous sense of superiority which deludes men like Senator Borah into believing that we have a moral obligation to kill Nicaraguan patriots who object to marine control of their elections. Consider the hypocrisy of it! In order to maintain the military control which General McCoy believes essential to an "honest," Yankee-controlled election, we have demanded that the Nicaraguan Congress tear up as a scrap of paper the electoral provisions of their national constitution. In the name of marine-enforced democracy we have attacked constitutionalism, declaring that the United States would, "by means which it does not feel called upon to outline in advance," see that its will was done. Suppose, under such circumstances, a President is finally elected. The very fact that he has been elected under Yankee auspices dooms him to unpopularity from the start. He will be as unable to retain his seat without Marine Corps aid as was the unfortunate Diaz. What then? Will not the young men in the State Department still feel that their prestige and the nation's are at stake and that the marines must keep their President in power?

The way to get out is to get out. Sooner or later—and for the honor of the country we wish it might be sooner—the United States, more and more unpopular, will have to appeal to the other Powers of Latin America to help us out of this mess, as they helped us out of the Mexican mess in 1916. That would go far to meet Sandino's suggestion made to Carleton Beals. It would be common sense. It would head toward peace. Our present course does not.

When Ships Are Wrecked

“**T**HE customer is always right” is an old rule of merchandising, and “The passenger must be saved” is an equally ancient law of the sea. Not only must the passenger’s life be saved, but so must his comfort and peace of mind when possible. And often, even in shipwrecks, it is possible—even to the extent that the passenger does not realize his danger or the peril others have risked.

When the Robert E. Lee of the Eastern Steamship Company, feeling her way in a dense snowstorm from Boston to the Cape Cod Canal, hit a projecting reef near Plymouth, none of the passengers seems to have been much disturbed and three of them slept through the night without knowing that anything out of the way had happened. When they were taken ashore at Plymouth the next day by rescue vessels of the Coast Guard, some of the passengers said that shipwrecks were not bad except for a slight irregularity in the meals, while probably many did not know until they read the newspapers the next day that it had not been so simple for all concerned and that three men of the Manomet Point life-saving station had given their lives not merely that the passengers’ lives should be saved but that their comfort and peace of mind might not be disturbed either. For it does not seem to have been strictly necessary that the lifeboat should have put out at all. Vessels from the Coast Guard were standing by the wrecked steamship ready to take the passengers off as soon as it was possible. But the life-saving crew of Manomet Point had tried again and again during the night to launch a boat, only to have it tossed back on the beach like a cork. So when the sea moderated slightly in the morning, their unwillingness to be beaten and their wish that the life-saving station should do its full duty led the men to try again—this time successfully—to launch their boat. They rowed out to the Robert E. Lee to find out if there was anything they could do, and then back—or almost so. A giant wave pitched the lifeboat into the air—and it landed bottom side upward. Somehow the hardy men of the crew, one of whom was a volunteer, managed to get hold of the boat and cling to it in the icy water. All except one, Frank Griswold, who was not seen again.

Driven by a furious wind, the lifeboat drifted toward Stage Point while the crowd on shore sought somehow to rescue the rescuers on the upturned boat. Two airplanes descended to within a few feet of the boat but could do nothing. Finally, as the boat reached slightly calmer water, a power boat and a dory, manned by volunteer crews, put out and dragged the half-frozen men of the life-saving station aboard. William H. Cashman, who had been in charge of the lifeboat, died a few minutes after he was brought ashore, and Edward P. Stark died on the way to a hospital in Boston.

Much credit goes to many persons in connection with the wreck of the Robert E. Lee. Officers and crew, according to passengers’ accounts, behaved well, and the Coast Guard, as usual, rendered heroic and effective aid. But, above all, stands the life-saving crew of Manomet Point, which lost three of its members in upholding the great traditions of the service and in carrying out the rule of the sea that the passenger must be saved—even his comfort and his peace of mind.

The Loeb Library

THE recent announcement that the Loeb Classical Library had reached its two-hundredth volume was not the occasion, so far as we know, for public jubilation throughout the English-speaking world. But the satisfaction it gave was none the less solid, and for that matter none the less widespread. Scholars and lovers of literature on all the continents are interested in this series of books, which when completed will give them practically the whole of extant Greek and Roman literature in critical text and English translation. Though James Loeb, the donor of the funds which made the library possible, has made other gifts to the world of learning, he has made none which is more important, and in our opinion none could have been more important. The library is something to be profoundly grateful for; and it is something in which Mr. Loeb, once a student of Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard, later a banker, and now in retirement in Germany, may well find satisfaction.

The Nation, reviewing the earliest volumes of the library when they appeared some years ago, took exception to their physical form. Outwardly graceful and compact, they revealed certain mechanical weaknesses inside, the type being often overcrowded, the inner margin disappearing sometimes from sight, and the whole book being too difficult to open and keep open. These faults have been mended as the library has grown, so that now the only criticism to be made is of the contents. Of such criticism there is little that would concern the general reader, or even the general scholar. Specialists in Fronto, Eusebius, or Galen may quarrel here and there with the text, the bibliography, or the translation. For the most part, however, specialists have hailed the volumes as they came along. And the general reader who has within his reach Polybius in six volumes, Plato in eight, Xenophon in three, Quintilian in four, Apollodorus in two, and Plutarch in twenty-four (as will be the case when the Plutarch is done) has no cause to do anything but congratulate himself. For this is only the beginning. The Livy will run to thirteen volumes, the Plato is only well under way, the Cicero apparently is endless; and out on the classical fringe there will be authors of whom the reader barely knows the names—Asclepiodotus, Eunapius, Frontinus, Manetho, Tryphiodorus, Colluthus, and Oppian. Of eight new volumes just received from the American publishers of the library (Putnam’s) one completes the edition of Aulus Gellius, one begins the Athenaeus, four continue the Josephus, the Plato, the Dio, and the Cicero, one offers the whole of Isaeus, and one is the eighth of a remarkable group furnishing forth the entire feast of miscellaneous Greek lyric poetry. Mr. Edmond’s “*Lyra Graeca*” is a unique contribution to critical and historical as well as textual scholarship.

We have heard rumors from an American university press of a plan to do something on this scale for masterpieces in the modern languages of Europe, and we hope that the plan will be carried out, though to be useful it will have to be conceived in terms of many hundreds of volumes. There are still other libraries—Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Arabian, Amerindian—which other patrons might be encouraged to endow. But there would need to be many James Loebes before all this took place, and we do not know how many there are.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

TO the world America seems vast, hard, and efficient. And Americans foster the idea. Well, we are pretty big, but how about the rest of it? Certainly efficiency does not smite the citizen of the United States on every side. Consider the City of New York and the way in which it is run. No larger municipal enterprise is anywhere maintained and as president of the corporation we have selected a drummer boy.

It is easy to like Jimmy Walker. Of all current mayors he is the best turned out, although admittedly a little flashy. His manners, save in the matter of promptitude, are thoroughly engaging. He makes a nice speech and he has a pretty turn of wit. All visiting celebrities have been handled with tact and gay discretion. Of course the spot where Jimmy plays has helped him mightily. Coming hard upon the heels of the gloomy Hylan, Mr. Walker could scarcely fail to gain popular approval. Although no mighty thinker he is palpably more agile in his mental processes than his ill-tempered predecessor.

To be sure, he has not altogether dispensed with the Hylan tradition. The accepted procedure for handling municipal problems is to let them lie and grow more pressing. But there is a difference. John F. Hylan had no gift for relaxation. Even in slumber he tossed and turned and mumbled of "the interests." And when awake he ran around in circles. Nothing came of the vast commotion which attended the entire career of the Bushwick dervish; Jimmy Walker has been equally successful in managing to respect the local political adage "Don't cross a subway even when you come to it."

No, the word "equally" is inadequate. Candor compels the admission that Jimmy has been far more successful. Although no great corporation, save a political one, would consider Walker for a moment as its chief executive there are many business concerns which might well bid eagerly for his services. No manufacturer could possibly get a man more fitted to meet and entertain the out-of-town buyers. If there stood in all the city a single night-club doortender who knew not Jimmy that would not matter. His is a gift which draws the bolts from fast-barred portals. If you would know the town let Jimmy show you.

And in this firm of my fantasy in which I see Walker as a valued member, there would be many other services for which our Mayor is fitted. Let us suppose the big boss wanted two good seats for one of the most difficult of the successful plays; where could he find a better wheedler for two in the first row than Jimmy Walker? If there were flowers to be sent to someone, a little gift for an aunt or wife or even a more delicate negotiation, I still feel that Jimmy would be precisely the person to execute the mission.

Many of the big concerns have an annual banquet and at this Walker would also be invaluable. They could put him on just after the president of the company. Heads of corporations almost invariably bore the audience. They read their speeches from manuscript and get all bogged with figures. The dinner is dying and people in the back are yawning. At this moment up jumps Jimmy. If any part of the company's business requires contacts with the press Walker would naturally be just the one to handle the

reporters. He could jolly them along and talk them out of any questions which were in the least embarrassing. And on the road, of course, he would be a supersalesman.

I have no intention of being scornful about the excellent qualities possessed by the Mayor of New York. Many of the services which I have outlined he has performed for his city in an admirable manner. To some extent he has lightened the vast amount of hate which the rest of America feels for the metropolis. Even in the sunny Southland, where neither Tammany nor the town is much beloved, people hang out of windows and toss roses ■ they call him "Jimmy." It is not an insignificant thing that foreign visitors should receive their keys and scrolls and what-not at the City Hall from an engaging playboy rather than from a dull and boorish person. Also, it is worth noting the fine effect Walker has had as a national symbol. The common and just reproach against us Americans is that we do not know how to play. Too many of our business leaders have some insurmountable inhibition against ever taking a vacation, and even when they go away they have no skill at being entertained or entertaining. Jimmy Walker knows better.

Nor can the charge be made that the Mayor fails to take full advantage of any journey, since he has returned from each fresh junket refreshed in heart and with impaired digestion. One of our best-loved poets said that the man worth while was the one who could smile when everything went dead wrong. This has become a national custom, but it is not a pretty sight. Indeed, it is necessary to make a very close examination of the countenance of the man with whom everything is going dead wrong before anybody can say with certainty whether he is smiling or gritting his teeth. Jimmy Walker does it much better. And he can smile when nothing whatever is going on either right or wrong. Nor would I suggest that his geniality is a sham. It seems to me that he is a genuinely gay and friendly person. Among our national heroes Walker is practically the only one who can by no manner of means be crowded into the Puritan tradition.

Just what Jimmy's philosophy of life and politics may be it would be hard to say. These incidental matters have never been well defined. At times he is an ardent disciple of the utmost amount of personal liberty, but he is also the author of the three-o'clock-closing law which compels the citizen to leave the cabaret in which he is disporting himself and go to a speakeasy or a hotel restaurant, since hotels are not affected by the provisions of the ordinance. The carousing which one may do in a hotel is seemingly less harmful than that which takes place in resorts where only food and drink may be sold. Again Jimmy Walker was active and effective in fighting a censorship bill before he left Albany for larger service. Nevertheless during his administration a play of some artistic merit and entire sincerity was forced off the stage by Walker's district attorney and police commissioner. Yes, judged by almost any standard, Jimmy Walker is an amusing little man. But sometimes I wonder whether the entire audience which nightly gives the subway packed houses can always see the joke.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

V

Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 20

SAN RAFAEL DEL NORTE, General August C. Sandino's headquarters when I saw him, is a small town of adobe walls and red tiles situated just over the Nueva Segovia line in the Department of Jinotega on the high flank of the Yali Range. It lies in a narrow pass, through which flows a sparkling mountain stream. On the other side of the watershed, past the high crown of Mount Yucapuca and a smiling populous valley, lies Jinotega, capital of the department. To the southwest the range stretches toward the departments of Esteli and Leon; and all of this region is suitable for effective guerilla warfare and is fanatically Liberal. With the slightest show of success on Sandino's part, it would flame into open revolt. Here and there through all of this country are isolated Sandino bands, and further toward the Honduras frontier, near Chinandega, the local unit of the National Constabulary a month ago suddenly took to the hills for Sandino. Thus San Rafael is a point of departure west into this region or south toward Jinotega, Matagalpa, and the much-disputed Muymuy, where the combined Diaz forces and resident American marines were—before the Stimson-Moncada agreement—unable to stay the Liberal arms. Sandino has chosen the latter route. And this is all known country to him—the third time his course has led over this ground. Near San Rafael are still signs of the rifle-pits his forces dug for previous combats, and near Yucapuca are the stone bulwarks along the ridge. San Rafael itself is strongly pro-Sandino and has known him of yore. Here it was that a year ago in the little white church on the main plaza he married Blanca Arauz, the local telegraph operator.

As I told in last week's dispatch, I was finally brought in to see Sandino at 4 a.m., after an exhausting ride to the camp. While we talked his most frequent gesture was the shaking of his forefinger with a full-armed movement; he invariably leaned forward as he spoke; and once or twice he took to his feet, emphasizing a point with his whole body.

His utterance is remarkably fluid, precise, evenly modulated; his enunciation is absolutely clear, his voice rarely changes pitch, even when he is visibly intent upon the subject matter. Not once during the four and a half hours, during which he talked almost continuously without prompting from me, did he fumble for the form of expression or indicate any hesitancy regarding the themes he intended to discuss. His ideas are precisely, epigrammatically ordered. There was not a major problem in the whole Nicaraguan

question that he dodged or that I even needed to raise. In military matters I found him most assured; a bit flamboyant and boastful and with a tendency to exaggerate his successes. However, he is exceedingly astute, knows the country well, and, with luck breaking even, can remain in the field indefinitely. By keeping the mountainous country north and east at his back, he cannot be cut off by 2,500 marines or 5,000; and he can shuttle back and forth along

the line where these mountains meet with more settled areas, from Muymuy clear to the Honduras frontier, or more than half way across Nicaragua, enjoying a fairly adequate food supply, tapping rich agricultural sectors, and passing rapidly

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The sixth instalment, This Is War, Gentlemen, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.

from point to point; whereas the American troops, to cover this same region, and maintain intact their line of communications with Managua and Leon, must swing over an arc half again as long. Sandino's soldiers, inured to hardship and a hit-or-miss food supply, as my previous articles demonstrated, will have a still greater advantage this rainy season. The American troops, operating in an unfavorable climate, will then be completely isolated from Managua, Leon, and the coast cities, for the roads become two feet deep with mud—utterly impassable; even ox-carts are blocked. The marine mobilization route, the long arc from Matagalpa around through Esteli to Ocotal, will become even more difficult and roundabout than now, whereas Sandino will be comfortably enjoying what is, contrarily, the dry season in the mountains, every inch of which he and his men know perfectly. As he put it to me, "I waited in Chipote. The marines concentrated, shipped up supplies, laid month-long plans to oust me, crept gradually up and around my position. They are still there. I am here near Jinotega, half way into the heart of the country. I shall go further into the heart of the country. When they have remobilized here and shipped in troops and more troops and get all set to come out and catch me, I shall be north again—or somewhere else."

And, indeed, it must be admitted that while the marines were massed in Nueva Segovia, to have Sandino calmly march into more-thickly populated regions of the center of the republic, through coffee finca after coffee finca, across two departments, has made the marines a bit ridiculous with all their machinery of war, their science, and their airplanes.

The espionage system of Sandino is excellent. When we neared Jinotega Colonel Colindres ordered two soldiers to take off their red and black hat-bands, remove their leg-gings, tie bundles over their shoulders, and report on the

activities of the marines in the town of Jinotega and elsewhere. There was nothing whatever to identify them as Sandino soldiers. In contrast, an outsider in a Sandino encampment must explain his presence.

The present rather plodding tactics of the marines to suffocate Sandino will, I predict, prove unsuccessful. The Sandino troops have learned the habits of the airplanes. The Sandinistas travel early in the morning, late in the afternoon, or at night; at other times, only in the jungles, where they are invisible from above.

Both General Emiliano Chamorro and President Adolfo

Diaz, whom I interviewed today, are pessimistic regarding the early capture of Sandino and predicted that he could only be captured by arming further native troops, who can operate in the mountains on the same footing as Sandino troops, without the elaborate supply trains, the extensive equipment, and the careful preparation for combat required by the American forces. At present the United States has armed six hundred native constabulary. This, however, is not a unified force, but is largely used for garrison purposes and is scattered in small detachments throughout the republic. But the United States, now apparently favoring

ADMIRAL SELLERS'S DEMANDS

The documents of which photostatic copies appear on this and succeeding pages were sent to The Nation by Carleton Beals. The following letter from Admiral Sellers was dropped from an airplane behind the Sandino lines:

(Translation)

Managua, Nicaragua
January 20, 1928

GENERAL SANDINO:

As you know, the Government of the United States, according to the so-called Stimson agreements, signed last May, is obligated to protect the lives and properties of American citizens and foreigners, and to maintain order in Nicaragua until the regular Presidential election of next November has been held.

In the days and months just past the task intrusted to the forces of the United States resident in Nicaragua has been hampered in the Department of Nueva Segovia by the hostile activities of a certain part of the inhabitants, under your command. Your refusal and that of your companions to accept and consent to the provisions of the Stimson agreements, reinforced by the illegal operations of your men, have caused considerable harm, spilling much unnecessary blood, and creating an intolerable situation in the department.

In view of the full implications of the solemn obligation contracted by the United States of keeping order in Nicaragua and disarming the inhabitants of the country, the forces at my command have within the last few days been considerably increased by reinforcements of men and munitions, which we intend to use to the full, as also the vast resources our Government has placed at our disposal.

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that the only end we have in view is the reestablishment of order in Nueva Segovia, to insure complete peace under conditions which will enable the peaceful citizens of Nicaragua to enjoy for their families and properties the measure of security they have a right to expect.

It is equally superfluous for me to state emphatically that the energetic and intensive campaign which our forces will open very soon can have but one ultimate result.

The unnecessary sacrifice of human lives is a serious matter that I have thought that although you have refused to disarm before, now, in view of subsequent events, you may wish to consider the desirability of putting an end to the present armed resistance to the forces of the United States, and that you might follow the example of your fellow-citizens of both political parties who, last May, agreed to settle their difficulties in lofty and patriotic spirit, avoiding further bloodshed.

In carrying out the policy of my Government for the reestablishment of order as expeditiously as possible, I do not feel justified at this moment in limiting any of our preparations which are energetically being made, unless you consider it opportune to signify immediately and in writing your willingness to discuss the ways and means of your acceptance, and that of your companions, of the Stimson agreements!

I shall be gratified to receive any communication you may send me, addressed care of the Legation of the United States in Managua.

[Signed] SELLERS,

Rear Admiral of the United States Navy,
Commander of the Special Service Squadron

FILE NO

COMMANDER U. S. SPECIAL SERVICE SQUADRON

U. S. S. ROCHESTER, FLAGSHIP
MANAGUA, NICARAGUA, 20 de enero de 1928

General Sandino:

Como Ud. sabe, el Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, de acuerdo con los llamados Arreglos Stimson, firmados en mayo último, ha comprometido proteger la vida y propiedades de ciudadanos americanos y extranjeros, y conservar el orden en Nicaragua mientras se lleva a cabo la elección presidencial regular del próximo noviembre.

Durante los últimos días y meses pasados la tarea encomendada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos, residentes en Nicaragua, ha sido obstaculizada en el Departamento de Nueva Segovia por las actividades hostiles de cierta porción de población que halla bajo su mando.

Esta negativa de U. y de sus compañeros para aceptar y consentir las provisiones de los convenios Stimson, auxiliada por las operaciones ilegales de los hombres de U. han causado daño considerable a la cantidad de sangre derramada innecesariamente creando una situación intolerable en ese Departamento.

Comprendiendo plenamente la solemne obligación contraída por los Estados Unidos, de guardar el orden en Nicaragua, desarmando a los habitantes del país, las fuerzas de mi mando en estos días han aumentado considerablemente, los hombres y municiones, las cuales tenemos la intención de usar en todo su poder, como los vastos recursos que nuestro Gobierno ha puesto a nuestra disposición.

Es innecesario para mí el asegurar a U. que el único objetivo en mira por nuestra parte es el restablecimiento del orden en Nueva Segovia para realizar una completa paz, en condiciones que permitan a los pacíficos ciudadanos de Nicaragua el vivir con sus familias y propiedades en la medida de seguridad que ellos tienen derecho a esperar.

Es igualmente superfluo para mí el declarar de manera enfática que la enérgica e intensiva campaña que nuestras fuerzas inaugurarán dentro de poco no pueden tener sino un resultado final decisivo.

El sacrificio innecesario de vidas humanas es punto tan serio, que por eso se me ocurre que aunque en ocasiones anteriores U. ha rehusado el desarme, ahora, a la luz de subsiguientes acontecimientos U. querrá considerar la conveniencia de poner término a la presente resistencia armada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos y que U. sabrá seguir el ejemplo de sus conciudadanos de ambos partidos políticos, los cuales en mayo del año anterior convinieron en arreglar sus diferencias en un alto y patriótico espíritu, sin mayor derramamiento de sangre.

Llevando adelante la política de mi Gobierno para el restablecimiento del orden, de la manera mas expedita posible, me siento justificado en este momento para contener ninguno de los preparativos que de manera enérgica están llevando a cabo, a menos que U. crea oportuno el contestar inmediatamente y por escrito su voluntad de discutir los caminos y medios de aceptación de U. y sus compañeros de los arreglos Stimson.

Será para mí grato recibir cualquier comunicación que U. me envíe, dirigida al cuidado de la Legación de los Estados Unidos en Managua.

T. J. S.

D. F. SELLERS.

Real Almirante de la Marina de los Estados Unidos.
Comandante de la Escuadra de Servicio Especial.

Moncada, the Liberal candidate, is afraid to arm native troops, which will be controlled by a Conservative Party administration. The alternative, President Diaz told me, is to send down three or four times the present number of marines. Thus the only hope for a prompt capture of Sandino would seem to be in the organization of light flying columns, disposed to face great odds, for Sandino has already demonstrated his cleverness in ambushing such columns. Hence, I repeat, given an even break of luck, Sandino will last out until the rainy season, which means that he will not be taken before next December, making satisfactory elections impossible and hence upsetting the whole American program in Nicaragua.

Sandino discussed the campaign. "We have learned many things from the invader. Formerly we used to camp in the open fields, but we saw that our enemy seized the homes of Nicaraguan citizens for his barracks, ruthlessly shoving the occupants out into the streets. So we had to care equally for the welfare of our soldiers; only we have always tried to utilize the homes of those known to sympathize with the invader, and this with the minimum of inconvenience to the occupants. In general, though, the people have offered their homes to us voluntarily, their homes and their all, for they are with us and they know we are fighting for the independence of our country.

"Yes, we owe all to our enemy. If he had never attacked us, then, indeed, our condition would be miserable. From him we have taken everything we possess. If we had not been attacked, we would have no clothing and no ammunition and we would have perished, for we are incapable of living by banditry. We have taken nothing from the peasantry, save that which has been tendered to us voluntarily. In El Chipote the entire countryside used to toil up to the

SANDINO'S REPLY

Sr D F Sellers. Representante del Imperialismo en Nicaragua.

Managua.

Habia formulado una correspondencia en la cual contestaba concretamente punto por punto su comunicacion de 20 de Enero ppd. por circunstancias especiales me privan de hacerlo ya directamente.

Me refiero al punto final de su comunicacion. No crea que esta lucha tiene como origen o base, la revolucion pasada; hoy es del pueblo nicaraguense en general que lucha por acabar la invasion extranjera en mi pais. Respecto de los tratados y acuerdos Moncada, hemos repetido mil veces un Desconocimiento.

La unica manera de poner fin a esta lucha, es el retiro inmediato de las fuerzas invasoras de nuestro territorio, cambiando cambiando a la vez al Presidente actual por uno o sea un ciudadano nicaraguense que de los que no estan aprehendiendo como candidato a la Presidencia, y que las proximas elecciones sean supervisadas por los representantes de la Familia Latina en cambio de marines yankees.

Patria y Libertad

J. R. Sandino

(Translation)

San Rafael
February 3, 1928

SR. D. F. SELLERS
REPRESENTATIVE OF IMPERIALISM IN NICARAGUA
MANAGUA

I had planned to answer concretely point by point yours of January 20, but circumstances do not permit me to do so directly at this time.

I refer to the final point in your communication. Do not believe that the origin or basis of this struggle is the recent revolution [the political struggle between Liberals and Conservatives]. Today it is the entire Nicaraguan people who fight to drive out the foreign invasion from my country. As to the Stimson-Moncada agreements, we have refused to recognize them a thousand times.

The only way this struggle can be ended is by the immediate withdrawal of the invading forces from our territory; the substitution for the present President of some Nicaraguan citizen not a candidate for the Presidency; and the supervision of the coming elections by Latin-American representatives instead of American marines.

For Fatherland and Liberty,

[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

heights with food and animals for our soldiers, laying what we needed at our feet. In the way of food, we have had plenty, for the countryside is with us, to almost a man. Do you think we could have existed in one fortified place for half a year with all the might of the United States against us, if we had been merely bandits? If we were bandits every man's hand would be against us; every man would be a secret enemy. Instead every home harbors a friend. The enemy said: 'He must finish soon. He has no food supply, no ammunition, no guns.' But the enemy forgot that the people would feed us; he forgot that he himself had guns and ammunition."

At this point Sandino ordered brought in to me the various weapons taken from the American forces: Browning, Lewis, and Thompson rifles, airplane machine-guns, etc. "We now have thirty machine-guns," he declared. "Does a bandit travel around with thirty machine-guns, except in Chicago? In the battle of Ocotal we sustained fifteen hours of combat featured by constant firing. In the main battle of Las Cruces we fired twenty thousand shots. Not so bad for a mere bandit!"

Sandino's first order on his arrival in San Rafael was that the first soldier touching anything not belonging to him would be shot. My conversations with the shop-keepers of the town bore out the conclusion that the Sandino troops were absolutely orderly and paid for everything they wanted.

General Sandino himself touched upon one instance of forced assessments. "One Colonel Porfirio Sanchez arrived ahead of me in Yali and levied forced contributions on a number of private citizens. He was thrown out of the Army of Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua, and if I lay my hands on him he will be shot. The money he exacted has all been made good—here is a receipt for \$2,000 from Elvira Rodriguez for the

MESSAGE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

(Translation)

*Honorable 6: Congreso Panamericano
Habana, Cuba.*
Desde los campamentos del Ejército Defen-
sor de la Soberanía de Nicaragua he obser-
vado sus procedimientos esperando de
alguna acción efectiva en pro de nuestra
Soberanía. Antes que terminen sesio-
nes, protesto presencia de delegados ille-
gales del llamado Presidente Adolfo
Díaz; protesto contra hipocresía de Coolidge
que habla de buena voluntad y
manda ejército para asesinar nicaragüenses.
Protesto contra indiferencia y
servilismo delegados Latinoamericanos
enfrente agresiones de Estados Unidos.
Llamamos a las Repúblicas hermanas a que retiren
inmediatamente a los representantes que están
violando autonomía de mi Patria, declinando
nada en el Presidente Coolidge, ante el mundo
de las consecuencias. Patria y Libertad.
A. C. Sandino

TO THE HONORABLE SIXTH PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS
HAVANA, CUBA

From the camp of the Army of Defenders of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua I have observed your proceedings, hoping for some effective action in favor of our Sovereignty. Before the sessions are ended I wish to protest against the presence of illegal delegates of the so-called President Adolfo Diaz; I protest against the hypocrisy of Coolidge, who speaks of good will and sends an army to murder Nicaraguans. I protest against the indifference and servility of the Latin-American delegates in the face of the encroachments of the United States. I call on our sister republics to insist on the immediate withdrawal of North Americans who are violating the autonomy of my country. President Coolidge must, in the eyes of the world, bear the responsibility for the consequences.

For Fatherland and Liberty,

[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

not mine. I have worked honestly for a living in many places, in Bluefields, in Honduras, in Guatemala, for the Huasteca Petroleum Company in Mexico, in the San Albino mines, and on occasion in most responsible positions."

He showed me the ledger of army expenditures. "Everything we take in and spend is faithfully recorded here. Today, for instance, I gave Colonel Colindres fifteen dollars, all I had at the moment, to buy clothes for five of his soldiers who escorted you from El Remango and who came in dirty and ragged. I suggested to him that he tell the shopkeeper we are poor and that he make the money go as far as possible, and if it didn't quite stretch to send the bill to President Coolidge, who is to blame for this violation of my country."

amount he forced her to pay him and which we refunded.

"My record is absolutely clean. Any man can examine every step I have ever taken. He will never find that Sandino his life long has ever taken anything that has not belonged to him, that he has ever broken a promise, that he has ever left any place owing any man a cent. My parents were landed proprietors. When but a boy I handled fifteen to twenty thousand dollars and never touched a cent

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
March 10



CORNERED at last, Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon admits that he received \$50,000 of Harry Sinclair's reeking Liberty bonds from the hands of that confessed liar and perjurer, Will H. Hays. The saintly Secretary makes a great show of his virtue in returning the bonds when he learned their source.

But he does not explain his prolonged silence. For four long years Senator Walsh and the Government's oil prosecutors had sweated and slaved in the effort to trace the \$3,080,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates in the Continental Trading Company. They found that a part of it had been used to bribe a Cabinet

official. It was imperative that they should ascertain what became of the remainder. They asked and were repeatedly promised full cooperation of the Treasury Department. Scores of witnesses were called. Hundreds of books and documents were painstakingly examined. Yet never the slightest intimation came from the Secretary of the Treasury that he had ever handled any of the bonds, or knew who had handled them. Never a word until the tell-tale notation, "Andy," was found on a memorandum describing the disposition of \$25,000 of the \$260,000 in bonds which Sinclair handed to Hays in 1923. Only then did that great man hasten to inform Senator Walsh that he had been offered, and had declined, \$50,000 of the tainted bonds as reimbursement for a prospective contribution to the Republican deficit.

* * * * *

"I THINK it will leave a very bad impression on the country," comments Senator Walsh, with characteristic reserve. One would think so. In any of the great republics of Europe such a confession would be followed by the immediate resignation of the official making it. In Great Britain, a Cabinet would fall. It was the duty of the lowliest citizen to help the committee in getting to the bot-

tom of this slimy mess. Mr. Mellon's duty was greater than that of a citizen. It was greater than that of the average public official. He is the very head and front of the Coolidge Administration, possessing more influence and exercising more power in many directions than the President himself. Yet he deliberately joined in concealing a transaction which was conceived to defraud the Government, and which resulted in the bribery of a fellow-member of the Cabinet and the debauching of the party. The time for amenities and official courtesies is past. If the Senate Committee does not call Secretary Mellon to the witness-stand, and cross-examine him with the same vigor which it has displayed toward private individuals similarly involved, it will fall short of its duty.

* * * * *

MELLON'S partial confession exposes Hays in another attempt to deceive the committee and the country. Ten days earlier he had pretended to make a full accounting of all the bonds. Not a mention of Secretary Mellon's name came from his lips. Twisting, squirming, biting his lip until it bled, he admitted soliciting and receiving from Sinclair \$260,000 of the bonds after a prima-facie case of corruption had been made against the oil magnate and Secretary Fall. Evening of the same day found him dining pleasantly with President Coolidge at the home of Secretary of Labor Davis. Neither his host nor his distinguished fellow-guest seemed to find his presence objectionable. Nor did they appear horrified by the discovery that Hays had lied in his testimony before the committee four years ago.

* * * * *

IT is hardly surprising, then, that the Department of Justice has signified no intention of proceeding against Mr. Hays for perjury, although the grounds seem ample. Testifying in 1924, Hays admitted that Sinclair had contributed \$75,000 in Liberty bonds toward the deficit which remained from the 1920 campaign. He omitted to mention the additional \$185,000 which was contained in the same package. Following is an excerpt from his testimony then:

SENATOR WALSH: To whom did Mr. Sinclair make this contribution?

HAYS: To some member of the committee, I think; I am not sure.

SENATOR WALSH: He did not make it to you, Mr. Hays?

HAYS: No, sir, he did not.

Observe now the colloquy which occurred four years later, with Mr. Hays again testifying under oath:

SENATOR WALSH: Did Mr. Sinclair give these bonds to you, personally?

HAYS: Yes, sir.

SENATOR WALSH: Where did the transaction take place?

HAYS: In New York, either at my office or Mr. Sinclair's—I can't remember which.

In addition to exercising moral supervision over the motion-picture industry, Mr. Hays, as a leading elder in the Presbyterian church, is chairman of the Laymen's Committee on Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. In behalf of the deserving clergy of that denomination, it is to be hoped that Elder Hays is as successful in raising funds as he was for the relief and sustentation of the Republican Party. But all good Presbyterians will fervently pray that he obtains them from other sources.

MR. MELLON'S belated confession, that he knew about the bonds, knew their source, knew who handled them, and once had possession of some of them, seems to explain the obstructive tactics which the Treasury had pursued toward the investigation. For six weeks since the inquiry was resumed not a shred of new evidence was supplied by the Treasury, although its assistance in tracing the bonds was essential. On the contrary, incidents occurred suggesting that the Department was endeavoring to hamper the work. Where were the alert and fearless Washington correspondents while this was going on? Were they too dull and incompetent to obtain this important story, or was it the old familiar business of "laying off" a Secretary of the Treasury who has been singularly generous in the matter of making tax refunds to influential newspapers?

* * * * *

YET again we find the sacrosanct Secretary involved. He is in distinguished company. In preparation for the 1920 Presidential campaign, a group was formed to buy a defunct advertising agency for approximately \$400,000. The desirability of this agency lay in the fact that it placed advertising in about 400 foreign-language newspapers in this country, and through that advertising was supposed to be able to influence their editorial policies. Considering that they had a combined circulation of 4,000,000, they might be expected to influence a considerable number of votes. With a campaign coming on, it was not difficult to find individuals and corporations to subscribe the necessary amount to carry out this bit of "Americanization." Accordingly, the committee found among those who had subscribed to the purchase of the agency, the following: Secretary Mellon, John B. Farrell, William Boyce Thompson, former vice-president of several Sinclair companies and chairman of the Republican Finance Committee; the late John T. Pratt, New York capitalist; Francis Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, whose loans have recently made other Americanization work necessary among the Nicaraguans; Senator T. Coleman du Pont; Samuel Insull, famous for his benefactions in the Illinois Senatorial campaign; the Armour Packing company, Swift and Company, Libby, McNeill and Libby; the American Smelting and Refining Company; the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago and the First National Bank of the same city; Don S. Momand, Mrs. Cabot Ward, Frank D. Gardner, and others. Although constantly losing money, they held on to the agency from 1919 until after the crisis of 1924 was over, when, with Mr. Coolidge safely inaugurated and the country secure for another four years, they liquidated it. Included in the purchase price was \$30,000 in Liberty bonds. They came from Pratt, known to have received \$50,000 of the Sinclair bonds from Hays.

* * * * *

WHEN the bluff and breezy Robert W. Stewart was defying the committee in opposition to the pious wishes of the younger Rockefeller, papers like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* uttered severe comments on the manners and ethics of men who had come more or less suddenly into power and influence, and who lacked the proper background to enable them to use it properly. What will such newspapers say when their editors read the foregoing list, and observe that the cream of the "lily whites" in the business world, including Mr. Mellon himself, deliberately engaged in an enterprise to control the editorial policies of 400 newspapers through their advertising—the ultimate

goal being to accomplish the election of Warren G. Harding and the Ohio Gang? My guess is they will say nothing. Perhaps they have already done what the esteemed Washington *Star* did on the day of the disclosure—eliminated all mention of Secretary Mellon's name from the news story. Or they may have done what the Associated Press did on the day that "Andy's" name was found on the sinister memorandum—started the story by describing the hearing as "a rather drab session."

* * * * *

FOR a candidate who holds such a commanding position, Secretary Hoover is risking his chances of the

nomination rather desperately. By allowing his name to be entered in the Ohio and Indiana primaries, he has exposed himself to the danger of defeats which would ruinously impair his prestige. A beating by such a blatherskite as Frank B. Willis would be sad enough, but if it were followed by a defeat at the hands of the unspeakable Jim Watson, it is difficult to see how the Hoover boom could survive. Every day of the campaign brings new evidence of the extent to which the Secretary's clever young men are playing into the hands of those seasoned and crafty strategists who, at the proper moment, will engineer the swing toward Charles Gates Dawes.

Americans We Like Congressman La Guardia

By DUFF GILFOND

CONGRESSMAN FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA of Harlem wished to exhibit on the floor of the House the touch-

ing pictures he had taken on his recent visit to the Pittsburgh mines. The Washington correspondent in whose possession they were offered to bring them down to Capitol Hill the following day. But La Guardia, fearful lest the fellow oversleep, insisted on getting them himself at once. I was in his office at the time and offered to take them up in my Ford. On the way the engine stalled and the starter died. While I fumed and the correspondent suggested what might be amiss, the cherubic La Guardia hopped out, cranked the car, and made her go.

Since Congress convened in December, besides inspecting the mines, he has fought the naval appropriation bill, attacked the Administration's Nicaraguan policy, cruised in a sister submarine of the S-4 for thirty-six hours, given a number of Prohibition enforcement officers heart failure, messed up \$300,000 worth of army posters, introduced a liberalizing immigration bill and a number of labor bills.

In spite of his earnestness and the disappointments which such a liberal program necessarily brings, the merry little Major (his title in Washington since the war) has preserved his sense of humor. He persists in introducing bills that cannot pass—for ten years. "They serve for educational purposes," he says, puffing at his two-and-a-half-cent Manila cigar. "The function of a progressive is to keep on protesting until things get so bad that a reactionary demands reform." He slaps his fleshy thighs in great glee as bills he sponsored years ago get a hearing today. Only the other day a constituent wrote him to support the pending civil-service retirement bill. "Why wouldn't I support my eleven-year-old son?" he responded. Optimistically he tore away to a committee hearing recently on the changing of the Congressional calendar according to which Congressmen meet thirteen months after they are elected. What matter that only one other Congressman came, too? "We're paving the way," said La Guardia.

He attends all his committee meetings, dictates all his letters, and never gives his colleagues a chance to slip a bill

*The Twelfth in a Series
of Personality Portraits*

through by absenting himself from the floor. If he is not making a speech or an objection his dark little rotund figure is at

least conspicuous in the House. He is a great trial to some of his colleagues—especially the rabidly dry and Nordic—but just as great a comfort. One of the very few men who study every bill on the consent calendar, he can invariably answer the questions of his less prepared cohorts. He is the hated and beloved boy who does the homework. La Guardia has affected more bills in the House than any other member. There is not a branch of the Government, from the Shipping Board to the Department of State, that he has not attempted to reform.

How he does it?

Watch him for a moment in his office—gesticulating wildly as he argues in Italian with a constituent, dictating a letter urging a Cabinet officer to be sensible, listening to the sob story of a rabbi told in Yiddish, feeding the newspapermen with another rumoring revelation, and doing them all at the same time. To be sure, his Yiddish and Italian are repeatedly interpolated with such adjectives as "lousy," but is the fiery little Major angry? Indeed, not. He

is having too good a time to be angry. He is in action. In the House restaurant the other morning he was served so readily that a group of ladies at the next table remarked about it. "Oh, I work here," explained La Guardia. "They know I have to get to work."

His forthrightness is astounding. A contracting firm



Fiorello H. La Guardia

in his district wrote him to vote for a bill in accord with its interests. La Guardia could easily have told them he would "take the matter under consideration" as his more tactful colleagues do. Instead he dictated: "I will fight, oppose, and attack this measure in every way I can."

When weariness does overtake him he plays a tune on his cornet, slips into the movies, or cheers up a lonesome member with a sample of his own spaghetti and of his superb mimicry of their colleagues.

The diversity of his activities has not made him superficial. Although his sympathy was with the miners, he obtained his facts and figures from the coal operators. There could be no question of fairness about the deductions he brought to the House: the coal operators want the miners to pay for bad conditions in the industry; an industry that cannot pay its workers a decent living wage has no right to exist; the cost of maintaining the private police, who forceably keep colored strike-breakers on the property, under a system of virtual peonage, would pay for the increase in wages demanded by the miners. With the same fair-mindedness he tore up a speech he had prepared in criticism of the navy's efforts to raise the S-4 and went down to see for himself. The exculpation—La Guardia really believes nothing can be put on a submarine to enable lifting her once she is sunk—may have disappointed many, but it showed the defiant Major is open to conviction, even by the navy. Naturally, the new friendship was not long-lived. "Wait," he told one of the admirals who came to thank him for his supporting speech, "till you hear what I have to say about naval armaments."

Similarly he takes the heart out of the dry-law officers, illiberal lobbyists, and organization men in the House. They never know what he will do next. Why, he would change his vote on a bill because he was convinced by the opposition! He has come to Congress as a Republican on a Fusion ticket and as a Progressive indorsed by the Socialists. Before his last election he nearly ran as an Independent but the Republican candidate got cold feet and ceded the nomination to him. Asked why he took it, he rumbled his black hair and said: "Well, I can do more here than on Second Avenue, so what's the difference?" He never attends a caucus; he gives White House invitations to the children; taunted with radicalism on the floor, he aptly retorts: "As long as a person talks about great American standards he is applauded; when he asks to put them into practice he is a radical."

La Guardia got the opportunity to keep his promise to the admiral from the National Republican Club, where he was invited to speak at a non-partisan discussion on the new navy bill. To insure equality and fairness Admirals Plunkett and Fiske, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts were also invited. La Guardia immediately got the irony of it.

"It does not require much imagination," he said, "to predict the feelings of the Londoner at breakfast tomorrow when he reads in his *Times* that the only one who criticized the great naval program of the Administration at a non-partisan discussion at an influential club was an obscure little Representative from New York by the name of La Guardia."

He argued that the appropriation was absurd because a war between England and the United States was unthinkable and no other Power was dangerous. To the contention that commercial competition made war inevitable he said:

"The muzzle of an eighteen-inch gun is a poor salesman for American goods in other parts of the world." Finally he suggested that if we did continue with our present naval policy we ought to abandon the pretense of being Christian, return to the old nationalistic religions, and build up the necessary hate. It was his remarks that provoked the senile Plunkett to declare that war between England and the United States was imminent.

Immediately upon his return to Congress from the World War La Guardia offered an amendment to reduce the army by 200,000 men. He was a war hero and his little boon was granted. He has since offered a resolution annually to outlaw war. He succeeded in making the War Department retract a very effective enlisting poster which, unfortunately, was misleading. It pictured a handsome cadet and read: "Do you want to go to West Point? Ask recruiting officer." The little Major, dashing by it, was attracted. He removed his sombrero and thoughtfully scratched his head. This was a startling concession, indeed! Then he sent a few boys to the recruiting office for particulars. It was true. They didn't have to go to a Congressman at all. All that was necessary was to enlist for three years in the army and they would be sent to West Point. The recruiting officer said so. Mr. La Guardia returned to his office. He figured out that only one man out of twenty-five thousand in the army goes to West Point. Whereupon he framed a letter to the Secretary of War and posters amounting to \$300,000 had to be withdrawn.

It is quite remarkable that so much correspondence should be exchanged between "an obscure little Representative from New York" and the illustrious members of the President's official family. Mr. La Guardia is in constant communication with the Secretary of the Treasury and with the United States Attorney General. Whenever these gentlemen pat themselves publicly on the back for a successful dry raid the irrepressible La Guardia blurts out a counter-charge which leaves them gasping. While they were reveling in their capture of the Remus rum ring, for example, the little Major gleefully informed them that their ace captor was bootlegging the whiskey he had confiscated. To the Secretary of Labor he complained because the immigration laws were not as rigidly applied to "repudiated, unemployed, and shiftless dukes and archdukes" as to respectable aliens. To the Shipping Board he protested against "joy rides" for the elite rather than for wounded soldiers.

Thus have the officers of the present Administration managed to keep the dynamic gentleman from Harlem in his beloved state of activity. In spare moments he can always take a rap at prohibition. A few days ago he summed up the situation on the floor: "Politicians are ducking, candidates are hedging, the Anti-Saloon League prospering, people are being poisoned, bootleggers enriched, and government officials corrupted."

A magazine article charging that New York is an alien city whose Representatives in Congress are not even "real Americans," elicited a delicious "come-back" from La Guardia. The *New York World* took up the accusation and asked each member of the New York delegation to trace his ancestry. "I have no family tree," responded La Guardia. "The only member of my family who has is my dog Yank. He is the son of Doughboy, who was the son of Siegfried, who was the son of Tannhäuser, who was the son of Wotan. A distinguished family tree, to be sure—but after all," added our irreverent Honorable, "he's only a son of a bitch."

In the Driftway

EVEN sauerkraut has friends. When the Drifter took a jab at it the other week—or at least at its juice—he thought it hadn't any defenders. (N. B. He never hits anything that's likely to hit back.) Alas, he was wrong. There seem to be thousands in this fair land who would gladly die in defense of sauerkraut—or at least do to death the Drifter. A newspaper paragrapher wrote once that after long experience in American journalism he had learned that the only thing one could safely abuse was the man-eating shark. Since that was written the field of abuse has grown more restricted. Probably now one can safely abuse only man-eating sharks with six teeth that answer to the name of Rover. Certainly one cannot abuse sauerkraut—or even confess ignorance about it.

* * * * *

WHAT indeed seems most to have annoyed readers was the Drifter's naive confession that he thought sauerkraut was made with vinegar. "And you claim to have lived in Wisconsin!" retorts one exasperated driftee. "Why out there when one farmer sees another he asks: 'Putting down any sauerkraut this year?' 'No—too busy. I'm not doing anything except to put down seven barrel for the family.'"

* * * * *

FROM the office of the *Macon News*, "Evening and Sunday Morning," comes this letter:

From the ignorance he displays in his discourse on sauerkraut juice, which appeared in the February 29 issue of *The Nation*, it is easy to see that your Drifter has never drifted into the mountainous section of north Georgia, nor into the sand beds of South Carolina or Alabama.

While I have never heard of sauerkraut juice being used as a breakfast food by north Georgia mountaineers—pork, cornbread, and black coffee comprising the morning meal of that sturdy folk—the juice of the luscious sauerkraut occupies the place of honor, alongside the corn-liquor jug, in their medicine cabinets.

Quinine-iron-strychnine tonics are not known back in the mountains ten and fifteen miles from the nearest physician. Sauerkraut juice serves as a much more efficient spring toner. The housewife physicians of the neighborhood prescribe the "salt water flavored with cabbage," as the Drifter terms the beverage, as a cure for ills ranging from galloping consumption to plain, everyday stomach ache.

The ignorance of the way in which the delicious food is prepared shown by your Drifter is really refreshing to those living in sections where the kraut barrel is a family institution. In the homes of the more prosperous farmers a wagon load of cabbages is hauled up and the green leaves stripped down to the white heart of the head. The head is then shredded and a layer placed in a barrel, or jar, and a layer of salt is sprinkled over it. The layer-cabbage, layer-salt plan is followed until the barrel is filled; then a small quantity of water is poured over it and the mixture is put in press to ferment.

Since reading the Drifter, I have inquired of my fellow-reporters and find that in Nashville, Tennessee, as well as other Southern cities, the drug-stores are advertising the drink for sale along with their ice-cream sodas, sundaes, and milk-shakes. It is said to be very popular with the drug-store cowboys in those cities.

A story, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, was told me by a South Carolinian when I broached the subject of sauerkraut juice at the boarding house the other day. It seems that in his section of South Carolina the Negroes often use the juice as a substitute for moonshine liquor. He declares that a "glorious" drunk may be pitched on it. In the section of north Georgia where I was raised corn liquor was too plentiful for mountaineers to drink sauerkraut juice at their parties.

While your Drifter is drifting, let him come down to Macon, Georgia, and we will teach him a few wrinkles which he does not know.

Yours for better and cheaper sauerkraut juice,

EDGE R. REID

* * * * *

AND from Lockport, New York, Dr. Clara H. Kaiser writes: "So you have been approached on the subject of sauerkraut juice. Well, so was I, and I fell for it. But let me tell you, if spinsterhood is the triumph of mind over curiosity, for Heaven's sake, hang on to your spinsterhood."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Protection of Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those responsible for banning me in Madison have evidently been skilful in their own defense.

It was represented to me, and the controversy in the Madison press prior to my arrival there seems to bear this out, that it was President Glenn Frank who put pressure on the Student Forum Committee to withdraw its invitation. Nor was this done, as at present maintained, on the basis of the synopsis of my lecture, but on account of sensationalized interviews with me in the New York press. The synopsis was sent some little time before the lecture was canceled. I believe that honest feminism, not morals, is its sole offense.

I proposed to examine how to arrive at the protection of mothers and children, rather than of women as such. One-third of the lecture as originally planned dealt with married and unmarried women in industry; another third with the inadequate protection of maternity under existing laws and conventions; the rest with the scandals of alimony, women and war, women's struggle for education, the changing attitude of respectable middle-aged Englishwomen toward birth control, sex education, and the protection of adolescents.

I have addressed mixed audiences of students at the Labor clubs of both Oxford and Cambridge universities on similar topics. If in fact the men students of Madison were themselves responsible—which I do not believe—for breaking, in a panic, a lecture engagement of four weeks' standing, then they are unlike any university students I have ever met, and the outlook for American liberalism—but still more for feminism—is black when they reach responsible positions. The Madison business men, with a spirit of tolerant inquiry such as is commonly and mistakenly supposed to exist in universities, invited me to address their club after my appearance in the town.

Some students are reported to have draped the free-speech tablet on the campus in mourning. But possibly they were women? I inclose the abstract of my lecture which I sent the students for their approval.

SHOULD WOMEN BE PROTECTED?

It may be true that in the past, when life was more difficult than it is now, women needed protection and dependence upon the strength of men during the time they were rearing their children. The excuse for such protec-

tion no longer exists in the more secure and closely woven society of today. Protection of women has now become a hindrance rather than a help to their happiness and free development. When women sought the vote, men continued to urge the warm shelter of the home as a substitute. Today protection by law in certain trades is offered to women, not honestly, but frequently with a view to protecting men from their competition.

The laws and customs which enforced a secluded life for woman before and after marriage may have been necessary in a world which allowed her no other career but sex and child-bearing. But their aim was much more to protect the man by insuring the paternity of his children. This is shown by the reactionary attitude taken up by men toward women who are economically independent and who therefore practice some degree of sexual freedom.

The argument of physical weakness disappears. Girls are easier to rear than boys, hence the surplus of women in many countries. Women tend to live longer than men. There may be some ground for the protection of the mother at certain times of her life, but there is no ground for the protection of women as such. Indeed, I am not sure that before long we shall not need new laws for the protection of men from the consequences of their own folly in setting such high standards of Puritan morals to the majority of their women.

New York, March 3

DORA RUSSELL

George Sand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Madame Aurore Sand, granddaughter and only living descendant of George Sand, is attempting to accumulate a fund the interest of which, under the name of the Prix George Sand, will be used to aid promising young French writers who need financial assistance. The income from the dues of membership in the society known as "Les Amis de George Sand" is largely devoted to this fund. In order that it may reach proper proportions, however, there is need of outside contributions. These may be sent directly to Madame Aurore Sand, whose address is 11, rue de Bagneux, Paris (VI), or (during the summer) Château de Nohant, Nohant-Vicq, Indre, France.

I should be glad to send details to readers of *The Nation* who might like to become associated with "Les Amis de George Sand."

A "Salon George Sand," with a rare collection of memorabilia of her whom Edouard Estaunié characterizes as "the voice of woman at a time when women were silent," has recently been established in the Carnavalet Museum in Paris through the beneficence of Madame Aurore Sand. Upon her death, the Château de Nohant, where George Sand spent the greater part of her life and in the gardens of which she lies buried, will go to the French Academy as a permanent memorial.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD

St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., February 11

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ALFRED HUMAN, Editor, *Singing and Playing*
111 W. 57th St. (Steinway Hall) New York

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Thank You!

Saturday, March 10th, 5 P. M.

Dear Friends of *The Nation*:

We have just closed the lists and sent the last names over to the printer. And we take great pleasure in announcing that there are 1,304 of you—*Nation* readers who have sent at least one Tenth Anniversary subscription for Mr. Villard's Birthday Gift. Hundreds of you have sent more than one, many have sent three and four and five. One has sent twenty-five, and one, forty!

As a result of your efforts we shall be able to put into Mr. Villard's hands on Tuesday, March 13th, a birthday gift of 2,300 new subscribers to *The Nation*. That is magnificent. We congratulate you.

Pages From *The Nation*, the book which has been prepared to commemorate the Tenth Anniversary, and which, as you know, is to contain the names of all those who are giving the Birthday Present, will be ready for mailing in about two weeks' time. The first volume will go to Mr. Villard on his fifty-sixth birthday, as a token of our friendship.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN,

Secretary, Tenth Anniversary
Committee of *Nation* Readers.

CHINA

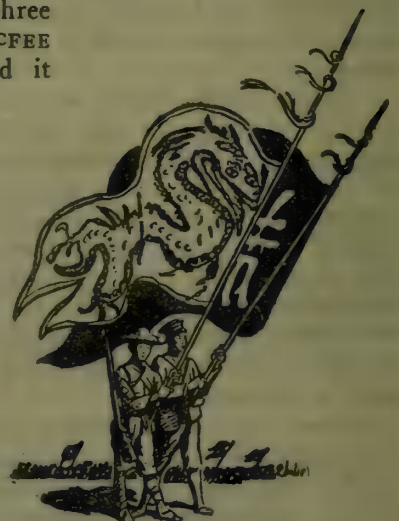
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MR. MILLARD has had 30 years of personal contact with the Far East, and is one of the foremost experts on China. His book covers the events of the last three years. WILLIAM MCFEE recently recommended it in the *World* as "the best bet for the business man" who hasn't time to read all the new books on China, and LEWIS GANNETT in the *Herald Tribune* called it "an amazingly good book."

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NEW YORK



Books, Music, Plays

The Maid Medusa

By LEONORA SPEYER

Once I loved . . .

Once . . .

A shepherd-youth. All day
With his white flock
I watched him from my rock.

I waited, heard him play
His pliant reed,
(Drowsily flowed the tune
The drowsy hours away),
Until,
As pillowed on a tender note,
He dropped asleep among his sheep,
The sun-light on his throat.

I bade my hair be still,
Chiding each fearful lock;
They writhed them to a coil at my command.
Deep in a coppice where he lay
I found him, held his eyes shut with my hand—
The gods know I sought not to kill.

Had he not torn his gaze free,
Flung off my fingers,
Laughing as they clung,
As though at some light game—
How radiant beneath his lids the blue,
Paling to horror ■ he spoke my name:
He looked on me.
Too close he looked on me.

I saw his graying face,
(For when was blood in stone?)
I knew the burden of his stark embrace,
Of mouth turned marble ■ it kissed;
While on my brow
The locks grew clamorous, hissed,
Uncurling one by one,
Loudly undone,
To tumble, crawl along his arm,
His breast, his heavy thigh,
Still warm,
As stone is in the sun.

Down from a dim bough
Overhead,
Of leaves too sudden dark,
A carven bird fell dead.

Ah, that these eyes of mine,
(Medusa's dolorous eyes),
Could blacken and blight the sun
To an onyx ember;
Make of the moon, the crowded welter of stars,
Dull pebbles blown
Along blind, granite skies;
Could drown all light in stone!

That I might cease to see, to hideously remember
Those other eyes—
Their agate stare,
Wide, flinty, and aware—

And the weight, the weight,
Cruel and cumbrous-straight,
Of his slim body
As we lay there.

Once I knew joy.
I, Medusa, long ago.
A shepherd-boy . . .
All day with his white flock . . .
I, watching from my rock.

Born and Made

A President Is Born. By Fannie Hurst. Harper and Brothers.
\$2.50.

IT is really too bad that Fannie Hurst does not ask some competent editor to go over the proofs of her novels in order to catch those minor slips which, so easy to remove, are so unpleasant when left. Such a person in even a hasty reading could have pointed out to Miss Hurst that sixty-five is an absurd number of acres for a farm like that which she describes as belonging to her heroine; that "corn runts" are not cornstalks; that well water is not softer than cistern water; that "to eke their way" does not at all mean "to make their way"; and that as a rule the precise way to say a thing is as effective as the rough-and-ready way. The best writers, of course, are their own best editors, but almost any editor can improve the work of a writer who tends, as the best writers seldom do, to be a little less than workmanlike in the matter of details.

The excuse can always be offered, and indeed is customarily offered, that precision is less valuable than power. Well, Miss Hurst has power, and it has won her the admiration of thousands of readers who know life when they see it in a book and who like it the better the more they see of it. At the same time, by her lack of precision she gives her style a certain thickness and opaqueness which do not quite go with her genuine intelligence. She writes with a clear head but with a swelling heart.

Her clear head directed her to the original and amusing idea which lies back of "A President Is Born." That is the story of the youth of David Schuyler, about twenty-five years old in 1928, who was to become President of the United States. Ostensibly written a good while later than the present, the narrative proper confines itself rather strictly to the years which now have actually run through the calendar. But there are various footnotes, claiming to be extracted from the diaries of David's sister Rebekka, which throw a prophetic light over the later years. This skilful device allows Miss Hurst to handle two eras side by side, conducting a plain story through the one, and in the other, not taken too chronologically, exhibiting the consequences of the life led in the first.

In the working out of this idea, however, the swelling heart has a large share. Perhaps that is as well, since, when it comes to prophecy, there is not much to choose between hearts and heads. At any rate, Miss Hurst has been more interested in the emotional present of David Schuyler and of his family than in their political future. David, though immensely if somewhat clumsily greedy for knowledge, is shown for the most part to be growing in his generous sympathies. His sister Rebekka

is another of those valkyries in harness whom Miss Hurst excels in representing. The other members of the family, truthfully enough, give little evidence that they are of the stock from which Presidents spring.

When it comes to that, from what stock do Presidents spring? At this question the most important emphasis of the novel becomes clear, and there emerges from it a prophecy which is only implied in the text itself. The Schuyler family is of German, not of English or Scotch-Irish, descent. Nothing could be further from the stories told of the upbringing of a certain contemporary President—with its pinched caution and mean thrift and narrow aims and sly knowingness and dryness of heart—than this story of the President who is to come (is he to come?) when the expansive, hearty-living, eager-minded, non-Puritanical stocks shall have found a leader. Hitherto the popular biographies of Presidents have generally been written in a mode which seems increasingly archaic—homespun biographies, as if their subjects were in training to become Presidents of some skimpy provincial republic. Miss Hurst has disturbed that pattern. Here is a President who, in spite of many handicaps, lives richly and deeply, as if in training to be President of the United States which now exists and which may be a much more agreeable place to live in if ever it learns that it does exist. When that time comes, Miss Hurst may be understood to prophesy, the legend of the last of the Yankee Presidents will seem as quaint and angular as the legend of the last of the Yankee peddlers.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Marriage of Minds

The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America. By Bernard Fay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

MODERN historians find the bounds of history hard to set; any study of a particular period must extend into economics, religion, law, social life, and habits of which the political aspects were but the outward form and manifestations. The historian must deal with ideas and beliefs, with customs and environment. The book under review is significant in this respect; it throws into high relief a vital element that permeated the young Colonies and brought them to open rebellion. The primary object of Mr. Fay's book is not to discuss the American Revolution but to show how the aspirations and the revolutionary spirit manifested in America and in France reacted the one upon the other and produced the rebellion of the American colonies and the revolution in France.

The author seeks first to answer the question: What part did France play in the international relations of the Colonies? His general thesis is that the climate of opinion in America engendered by the stormy conditions under which the Colonies were founded and maintained caused an already aggressive temperament to evolve into a revolutionary one. Nature and the American soil transformed and inspired the inhabitants "with the passionate desire to form an autonomous body with an ideal and a will of its own." France, perceiving this and smarting under the treaty of 1763, had the discernment to seize the opportunity when offered of supporting the Colonies in their conflict with Great Britain. "The ardent curiosity and zeal of the French hastened and shaped the development of the United States into a nation and woke in the Americans an eagerness to know themselves and to define and realize their potentialities. And this same influence that inspired them with an international and universal genius also roused their national spirit." French influence was disseminated throughout the Colonies in various ways. Through the young French noblemen, who as officers in the American army held high social prestige, there was brought to America "a refining of manners"; numerous professors of the French language "rendered American education more artistic and intellectual"; the first families of the South sent their sons abroad to study, and they con-

tinued thereafter to make trips to Europe. Rich New England families to some extent did the same. Even the military science of the Americans was French, since "all the books that were printed for the instruction of officers, artillery-men, and engineers were translations from the French." Moreover, through diplomatic and paid propaganda, France sought to consolidate the national union of the States. Thomas Paine in particular is mentioned as a paid propagandist who became later one of the principal agents of the republican revolution in France.

On the other hand, the Colonies played their part in France. "Revolutionary sentiment grew because of the appeal that Jefferson's formula had for all nations. At the same time, revolutionary mysticism became more and more fervent at Paris and built up a veritable worship about Franklin." To these two men is credited a decided influence among the young revolutionaries. "Franklin's personality and his stay in France are the source of most of the visions and hopes that were the immediate preparation for the French Revolution." Jefferson's house became the headquarters of the patriotic party and his role as that of mentor is stressed. An entire literature grew up in France about the United States, and between the years 1783 to 1789 these publications "were continually presenting to the public the romantic, sentimental, and religious legend which, through the efforts of travelers and authors, the United States had become." French officers, French writers, and French educators returned home from America "with their heads full of ideas for reforms." All parties in France recognized in America the model that the revolutionary idealists sought to follow in 1789.

Mr. Fay sums up his discussion by saying:

It seems, therefore, that from 1775 to 1800 there reigned an impassioned intellectual union between the two countries. . . . The best minds of both countries threw themselves recklessly into this friendship. . . . A thousand tendencies, theretofore obscure, took shape and became images and desires; the revolutionary spirit, eager to transform the world and to act immediately, took the place of the spirit of reform, French intellectualism and American religiosity formed a torrent that swept the world.

To all those who enjoy studying well-worn subjects from new angles this volume will prove stimulating. Certainly it should not be overlooked by students of the period covered.

C. W. ALVORD

Three Statesmen

Lord Shaftesbury. By J. Wesley Bready. Frank-Maurice. \$5.

Richard Cobden and Foreign Policy. By W. H. Dawson. Frank-Maurice. \$5.

Lord Brougham. By Arthur Aspinall. Longmans, Green and Company. \$7.

BIOGRAPHIES and studies of nineteenth-century British statesmen are being showered upon us. Lord Shaftesbury, Cobden, and Lord Brougham are among the latest contributions to the flood. The former two may be considered complementary in their careers and achievements. For, though they covered the same period, they rarely touched and hardly ever overlapped. Shaftesbury was the chief pioneer and promoter of social and economic reforms in Britain, and was only drawn into external politics when some burning moral issue came up, such as the abolition of the slave trade or the opium trade with China. Cobden, on the other hand, was almost always engaged in international affairs, for his great free-trade crusade, though derived from considerations of domestic poverty and needs, soon developed into the central principle of a constructive pacific internationalism. Both statesmen were distinguished from Lord Brougham by their paramount regard for moral principles in the conduct of public life. Mr. Bready's

study of Shaftesbury opens with an encomium uttered after his death in 1855 by the Duke of Argyle to the effect that "two social reforms of the last century have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

It was a new departure in politics for a young man of noble family to dedicate himself to the task of remedying the appalling abuses which the greed of disordered industry and social oppression had bred in the life of the English working classes. Mr. Bready properly stresses the deep religious convictions which inspired Lord Shaftesbury throughout his arduous labors for the good of others. A passionately earnest evangelical, following in the footsteps of John Wesley, he deemed it his mission to apply the teaching of Jesus to the present conduct of public life. Shaftesbury was no sentimentalist. He grappled always with the facts, and all his victories in lunacy reform, the ten-hour day, mines and factories, chimney sweeps, opium smuggling, liquor traffic, and housing reform were won by the presentation of incontrovertible evidence. He was no radical, no believer in democratic government; he opposed the reform bills of his time, and was in no active sympathy with the Christian Socialism of Kingsley, Hughes, and Maurice. He disliked the sensationalism of the Salvation Army. No enemy of property, not even aware of the scientific socialism of the age, he was seized with a sense of stewardship in the administration of wealth and power by their possessors. But he differed from other holders of this "moral trust" doctrine in that he brought it into the conduct of the state. Mr. Bready finds fault with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond for their disparagement of the evangelical spirit. But, though right in claiming Shaftesbury as a legitimate child of the evangelical revival, he fails to show that any considerable proportion of this mighty impetus flowed into the work of social redemption which Shaftesbury undertook. Evangelicism generally stood for the next world to the neglect of this.

Dr. Dawson in his able treatise rescues Cobden from the narrow associations which, in America as in Britain, have attached to Cobdenism. He shows Cobden as a great humanist, busied primarily with good relations between nations, but keenly alive to all great causes of human welfare; his greatest contribution to the thought and policy of his age lay in the positive encouragement of trade and human intercourse between peoples, and the negative doctrine of governmental non-intervention. Thus he was pacifist, anti-imperialist, and arbitrationist. His friendly feeling for America, manifest throughout his career, was largely based on his sympathy for her abstention from any "spirited" foreign policy or any "entanglement." Not the least interesting part of Dr. Dawson's book is his application of Cobdenism to our day. While regarding some sort of League of Nations as a legitimate extension of Cobden's pacifism, he would give it no sanction, and he wishes his country to extricate itself "from the European imbroglio as soon as possible." In particular he protests against "the subordination of this country, its external relations and interests, to the wishes and convenience of a single Power."

In his study of Lord Brougham Dr. Aspinall restores vitality to an early nineteenth-century lawyer-statesman who has long become a dim figure to most Englishmen. The energy, versatility, brilliancy, and recklessness of this great careerist, always fighting for place and power, now Tory, now Whig, now radical, often doing admirable service in good causes of constitutional reform, social service, and, above all, education, distinguished Lord Brougham from the other Victorian statesmen of the mid-century. None of them was his equal in oratory, industry, and intellectual power. Unfortunately, as his biographer here shows, his arrogance and unreliability wrecked a great career at its height, and the man who in the thirties had made himself the most popular, if not the most powerful, man in Britain soon sank into comparative obscurity, living mostly in the south of France and dabbling in the spiritualistic activities of Robert Owen's declining years.

J. A. HOBSON

A New Novel

Love in Chartres. By Nathan Asch. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

THE young writers who dismiss with sincere disdain the work of the older practitioners of fiction are not allowed to hawk their own productions unchallenged. They find that the literary pundits are as little satisfied and as greatly contemptuous of the newer novelists. For if anything be more characteristic of the Old Guard, as it grows smaller in number and much the worse for being old, than that it never surrenders, it is the fact that it ever strenuously grumbles and objects. Taunted with "conventional," it retorts "mannered"; assailed as "dull," it cries "incomprehensible"; accused of being pitifully inadequate to our time, it counter-attacks with the charge that modernistic writing is utterly inconsequential. The controversy flames anew each time a representative volume is published and the general reader is gradually forced into one camp or the other, or, worse still, stands shell-shocked in an intellectual No Man's Land, a victim of both fires.

Now Ford Madox Ford, who is more sympathetic with the new school than I, closes a discussion of "Love in Chartres" with the words: "Mr. Asch remains one of the most remarkable of the world's young writers" because, in his opinion, Mr. Asch has written a very beautiful book which renders the spirit of Chartres one with the essence of this story. On the other hand, Simeon Strunsky, who has found the errors of the younger literary generation a source of whimsical subject matter for his Sunday "comics" in the *New York Times*, believes that "it is a good story and could have been very well told in the old manner" but, unfortunately, the author "has not escaped from the dogma of a stream of consciousness that must move backward." And so the book is spoiled for Mr. Strunsky; it is filled with pluperfect verbs.

This is typical criticism from the opposing camps; and it seems necessary to indicate that, in view of what the modernists are trying to do, it is characteristically irrelevant. For the fact is—and it should be an obvious fact—that our modern novelists are engaged not so much in artistic self-expression as in experimental research. They insist—and rightly—that their first task, in an age which is indubitably and radically different from the preceding generation, is to rediscover the physical character and spiritual significance of even those objects, actions, and ideas which habit has made automatically acceptable and to test the relevancy of these things to the present civilization. In the process of rediscovery new manners as well as new values are born, and if these styles seem less attractive than the old, it must be remembered that form is in the early stages of a movement infinitely less important than purpose and result.

Thus it is irrelevant to the essence and value of Nathan Asch's work to praise or blame it for its composition. One may admit that his stream-of-consciousness method has mannered and tortured his prose; one may well regret "and it was but much later that she did get up" and a hundred equally awkward phrases; one may even inform Mr. Asch that his dogma of initial perfection which precludes revision is nonsense. Yet one cannot lose sight of the fact that in portraying the conflicting demands of artist and lover within a man Mr. Asch has written a more understanding work than Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Furthermore, it is more understanding precisely in the qualities which make it a modernistic opus. It is homely; sparing in its realism, it none the less avoids the romantic trappings that obscure rather than decorate the sentiment of love. It is honest; its characters are not only true to their emotions but they refuse to be bound by the outworn conventional incumbencies of the situation. It is brave, artistically brave, in denying to the reader the catharsis of a climax and the pleasure of a solution.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Temperature 102°

England, Europa und die Welt. Von Erich Obst. Berlin: Kurt Vowinckel Verlag. 36 marks.

IT would be difficult to find a more able or more fascinating statement of the forces underlying the growth of the British "commonwealth" of nations, and the dilemma in which it finds itself at present, than this volume by Professor Obst. Obst belongs to the group of German scholars who during the past four years have been publishing the important *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik*.

The seven years of acute industrial depression in England, the tremendous General Strike, the developing nationalist self-assertion of the Dominions, and the intervention against the Chinese Revolution are as unmistakable signs of a sick empire as a temperature of 102° is of a sick body. What has happened?

Obst has divided his book into two unequal parts: in the first hundred pages he considers his subject from the "geopolitical" viewpoint and outlines the high spots in the growth of the empire. It is not an account of the whims of individual kings, warriors, and statesmen, but a thorough statement of the underlying conflict over trade routes, markets, and raw materials. The second part discusses in great detail, with much assistance in the shape of excellent statistical tables and charts, the economic foundations of the British Empire. The production and consumption of the chief cereals; of animal foodstuffs—meat, butter, eggs, etc.; as well as of tea, sugar, and tobacco are thoroughly analyzed. The status of the basic manufacturing and metal industries is well presented. Cotton, wool, linen, hemp, jute, silk, and artificial silk—all the important textile industries are investigated. Considerable attention is devoted to those sinews of empire—coal, iron and steel, and petroleum. Finally, after discussing shipbuilding, and the manufacture of machinery, Professor Obst is far too modern to fail to see the importance of the chemical and rubber industries. The condition of three typical industries may be cited.

In 1860, during the reign of Queen Victoria, England's production of pig iron—4 million tons—alone was larger than that of all the rest of the world. But even before the war, in 1913, this monopoly had disappeared completely, and England's production of 10 million tons was surpassed by Germany with 17 and the United States of America with 31 million tons! In recent years exports of iron and steel have fallen off, while imports have increased. The younger, better-organized steel-producing countries are able not only to satisfy home consumption but even to invade the British market itself.

Another thing which helped to give England world supremacy was her monopoly of the export trade in machinery. No further back than 1900, both Germany and the United States were far behind Britain in value of machine exports. By 1912 the tide had turned, and in that year both of these countries surpassed Britain. Today the Empire Development Union admits that "in every branch of the export trade in machinery we are far below the level of 1913."

The manufacture of cotton goods was the first mass-production industry to spring up after the industrial revolution, and has ever since been one of England's most important industries. It is centralized in Lancashire, and the extensive and long-continued mass unemployment in that region is indicative of the bitter competition the industry is facing. In 1924 Great Britain exported to India only 79 per cent as much cotton goods as in 1913; to the Dutch East Indies 55 per cent; to China 68 per cent; to Japan 60 per cent; and to Central and South America 43 per cent. Indeed, the Empire Development Union is quoted as saying: "Unless the trade with India and the Far East can be recovered, the prospects of the cotton industry in Lancashire are grave. No compensation can be found in other markets for the loss of that trade. The difficulty in regard to the recovery of lost trade is the enormous growth of the cotton

industries of competitive countries, and the growth of the industry in the Far East itself. These two important new developments have been going on for some years and are not in the least likely to be checked; they are much more likely to increase in importance."

England's decline from her monopoly position began before the war, but the war accelerated it past mending. In his summary Professor Obst piously advises England to renounce dreams of empire and voluntarily to become a part of an economically United Europe. Considering the history and the facts in his own book, however, it is more likely that, true to her past, England will make an attempt to conquer that vast potential market—the USSR—and simultaneously destroy the revolutionary organizing center that threatens her markets in China and India, and even causes trouble at home.

THEODORE MACLEAN SWITZ

Helmholtz's Treatise

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. Translated from the Third German Edition and Edited by James P. C. Southall. The Optical Society of America.

UP to 1850 vision was conceived as a function of the retina, alike in character in all of its parts but differing in degree at the fovea, where it was most acute, and at the periphery, where it faded to zero. Schultze discovered the rods and the cones in the percipient layer and precipitated investigations of the functions of these two end organs. Helmholtz, the right man for the time, began his studies of the functions of the eyes and soon evolved the ophthalmoscope, with which he proceeded to study the normal arrangement of the interior of the eye. He probably never realized that this instrument would revolutionize ophthalmology and scatter the large number of diseases operating unseen, up to that time, and known collectively as "black cataract." In the hands of another genius, von Graefe, the instrument opened a new world to the oculists of the period and the foundation for modern ophthalmological science was laid. These three men were genuine benefactors of the human race, and, like all such, are known to but a few of the millions who enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Two editions of Helmholtz's "Physiological Optics" were published in German before his death and others since, but until now it has been unavailable in English. This third volume of Professor Southall's edition is chiefly concerned with eye movements and with vision as a mental combination of the images of two eyes endowing us with perception of depth, distance, and size. Not many realize the importance to the individual of binocular vision, or of the various instruments which are fashioned after human eyes. The translation of Helmholtz's great work places this information where it can be obtained directly. Professor Southall and his associates are entitled to the sincere thanks of every scientist.

RALPH I. LLOYD

Books in Brief

The Travels of William Bartram. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. \$2.50.

Any reader coming to this book for the first time will wonder why it has been allowed to pass into the limbo of famed forgotten things. There cannot be many more delightful descriptions of travel and exploration in early American literature. William Bartram set out to gather scientific data, chiefly botanical, in the unfamiliar regions of Georgia and East Florida, but he brought a spirit of wonder to his observations and recorded the workings of nature with the eyes of a poet. He weds the most gorgeous adjectives with the technical names of his

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plants. His soul is brimful of eighteenth-century benevolence and piety, and this gives to his writing that flavor "immeasurably old" which caught the fancy of Carlyle. He is by turns enthusiastic, sober; dramatic, idyllic; reflective, naive; diffusive, firm; redundant, precise. He recounts many thrilling experiences, such as battles, single-handed, with hosts of alligators, and reports many curious and wonderful sights; but these adventures and sights are not nearly as exciting as being greeted in the remote wilderness by a good man reclining on a bear-skin, with a sentence like this: "Welcome, stranger; I am indulging the rational dictates of nature, taking a little rest, having just come in from the chase and fishing." It is a narrative of infinite riches and variety. The editor of "An American Bookshelf" deserves a vote of thanks for placing it within the general reach.

Chinese Art. By R. L. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.
Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting. By Louise Wallace Hackney. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$10.

These are two magnificent picture-books. Mr. Hobson writes a brief and authoritative introduction, but the one hundred and twenty plates are the book. Most of the plates, which befits the keeper of ceramics at the British Museum, are of pottery, and they are superb reproductions of an art in which the Chinese stand alone. One may complain of the meager allowance to sculpture and painting, and the reproductions of lacquer seem disproportionate. Mrs. Hackney's volume, although described as "edited" by Paul Pelliot—perhaps the greatest sinologist outside of China—is clearly the work of an intelligent amateur. Perhaps for that reason there is hardly a better introduction to Chinese painting available for English-reading laymen.

The World Talks It Over. By Burr Price. Rae D. Henkle Company. \$1.75.

An expert press-agent tells how the League uses publicity as a cure for trouble.

An Outline History of Japan. By Herbert H. Gowen. D. Appleton and Company. \$4.

More ample than Latourette's "Development of Japan," particularly on the period preceding Commodore Perry's expedition, Mr. Gowen's summary fills a useful niche. Its account of Japanese relations with China since the outbreak of the World War is scrupulous not to offend the sensitive Japanese.

Music

A Blow for Musical Democracy

WE are to have a national plank at last in our musical platform. At least we shall if the latest plan of the New York Chamber Music Society holds good. The idea is to organize branch societies throughout the country, not so much by starting new ensembles as by affiliating with those already established. In turn this would encourage others still in the making until, it is hoped, every city and town could boast of such a branch. Even more important, it would enable the society to extend its policy of featuring at least one American work on every program and so become, as it were, a national clearing-house for American chamber music.

On the surface the idea is so simple and practical that one almost takes it for granted. Underneath, however, it is actually the first organized effort yet made in this country to nationalize either our musical resources or our musical needs. Until now there has been no outlet proposed for either the instrumentalists or composers we are training. Many a town could raise a respectable ensemble of strings and even woodwinds where it could not support a full-sized orchestra. Many

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a creative musician would be turning to this, the highest even if least lucrative form of composition, if there were any chance of getting a hearing. Lastly, many a community would develop a local pride in its own musicians through such an ensemble, a wider activity through this pride, and eventually a national consciousness through steady contact with native musicians and native music.

That such a proposal is only now being made shows how far we still are from a musical florescence. That it has had to come from a struggling handful of musicians shows even more the real odds. When we come to face these odds we find that most of them exist because, in spite of the fabulous sums spent on music in this country, and the even more fabulous musical wealth that comes to these shores, neither our musical foundations, and private patrons, or even our public geniuses have as yet progressed beyond self-interest. One cannot point to a single benefactor that is not made to reward the giver; to a single benefactor whose gift could slip beyond his grasp as long as he was alive. That no one has reached the point of national service is indicated by the fact that the first intelligent approach to such a service—a national survey of conditions—has yet to be made.

One would like to exalt, as a counteracting influence, the foreign musicians in our midst, those musicians who claimed—and received—our hospitality during the war, and our support ever since. Instead, the time has long since passed even for ignoring them out of courtesy. When in 1918 one newly made symphonic leader of a newly made orchestra dismissed all modern American music as “pretentious,” and another with the remark that “of course” he was “interested” but had no time to examine the scores, one condoned it as natural prejudice. National passions were, after all, still running high! But when in 1928 not only these conductors but also their colleagues were still adhering to this policy, then one could only accept such an attitude as definitely hostile.

There have, of course, been exceptions to the rule. There is Ernest Bloch, who daily proves his ideals and his enthusiasms as well as his genius. There are, perhaps, one or two others. For the rest, statistics tell the tale. According to those quoted by James P. Dunn in a musical magazine called *Singing*, only four of the 120 works performed by the New York Philharmonic during 1926-1927 were American; only five out of the eighty-eight by the New York Symphony; just two out of the forty by the Boston Symphony; and but three out of the thirty-nine by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In the face of such a record the claims of an organization like the New York Chamber of Music Society, which already has to its credit 100 American works covering only a period of fourteen years, are too obvious for further comment.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama Lenten Fare

DRAMATIC critics as well as churchmen generally do their penance during Lent. The Holy Season may occasionally be interrupted by dramatic productions of interest, but by common consent the managers launch most of their more important undertakings before it begins, and the critic, well aware that most of his evenings will not be pleasurable enough to constitute a sin, may well wish that his profession permitted him to make a virtue out of abstinence. Certainly the early part of this year's Forty Days was no exception to the general rule, since the more prominent offerings were a revival of Bayard Veiller's gaudy melodrama “Within the Law” (Cosmopolitan Theater), a rather one-sided debate upon birth control entitled “Her Unborn Child” (Eltinge Theater), and, finally, “The Great Necker,” a farce presented by Cham-

berlain Brown at the Ambassador. If I choose the latter for comment, it is only with a certain feeling of desperation that I do so.

In order to fall in with the frolicsome but highly explicit manner of the piece I had better point out that the title is a pun. The middle-aged bachelor hero of the play frequents the society of Great Neck but he is also, you see, an adept at that popular extra-curriculum collegiate activity which used to be known as “petting” and which has more recently been given a designation which makes the pun possible and thus furnishes, as it were, the principal pleasantries of the evening. He gets himself engaged to a flapper of sixteen because he thinks she is innocent; he discovers to his horror that she knows more than he does; he abandons her in favor of a mature but still fascinating lady more suitable to his years; and the moral of that is that the young should not be protected against the Facts of Life.

Though the author is occasionally seized by a rather untimely impulse to point out that Ignorance is not synonymous with Innocence and that the Younger Generation has, after all, been much maligned, the plot of his farce is doubtless no worse than most and his most fatal vice is a penchant for epigrams which do not come off. Each is delivered in a fashion which suggests that they must have been indicated in the manuscript by being typed in red and there is a pause after the delivery of each to allow time for the laughter to rise and subside before the action proceeds; but, unfortunately, the other members of the dramatis personae seem more impressed than the audience with this wit, and the actors rush in to save the day by some fresh and excruciating bit of business like the effort to hide an unmistakably feminine garment behind their backs. Sometimes the wit rises to the modest height achieved by the Woman of the World when she advises: “Keep your beauty and your beauty will keep you,” but the bright sayings more frequently fall with the dull sickening thud of “Flaming Youth never set the world on fire.” When epigrams fail there is a Jewish comedian who says “pipple” for “people,” and a lady member of a censorship board who gets tipsy.

I must confess that the piece seems to improve slightly as it approaches its conclusion and that, as the curtain descends, the Woman of the World makes this sapient comment: “The good Lord made us women beautiful and dumb—beautiful so *you* would love *us* and dumb so *we* would love *you*.” This, I submit, is, comparatively at least, not bad. If my readers have heard it before I apologize to them; if not I apologize to the author of “The Great Necker” for my ungenerous suspicion that it might not be new.

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□ LECTURES □

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AMERICAN LEGION

VS: ALL-AMERICA
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International Relations Section

Dishonoring Kossuth

A Speech Not Delivered at the Unveiling of the Kossuth Monument at New York, March 15, 1928

By OSCAR JASZI

AMERICANS, AMERICAN-HUNGARIANS, GUESTS FROM HUNGARY: Seventy-seven years ago Senator Hale, during a debate in the American Senate concerning the reception of Louis Kossuth, said: "I wish Kossuth to come here, in his very person, a living reproach to despotism, of whatever name and wherever it may be. . . ."

Some months later, when the people of Massachusetts gave a solemn reception to the great exile, Emerson, with his eyes looking *sub specie aeternitatis*, addressed the former governor of Hungary: "There is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in that cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. . . ."

Three generations later, when Lord Bryce attempted to measure the moral forces of Europe before the Great War, he found that they were determined by five men: Napoleon, Bismarck, Cavour, Mazzini, and Kossuth.

In Hungary, the country trodden down by the Viennese camarilla and later under the sham constitution of the dual system when the will of the Hungarian people was frustrated by corruption and the army of the Hapsburgs, even here they were unable to discolor the memory of Kossuth. The messages of the hermit of Turin were constantly feared by Vienna, whereas the Magyar peasants and workers awaited, voiceless but stubborn, the return of the hero of the revolution and on all occasions they raised the old sad song:

Kossuth Lajos sent the message
That his army needs more soldiers:
If he calls a second time
All must follow his request. . . .
Long live Hungarian freedom! . . .

But the dethroner of the Hapsburgs never returned. When his dead body was brought back in 1894, the streets of Budapest were swarming with a multitude inflamed with an enthusiasm that has never since been equaled and the whole country went on a pilgrimage to his unworthy son.

Who was this man who was capable of arousing such an amount of love and hatred, of hope and fear? In a period when all power was in the hands of the nobility, when the peasants bore the yoke of the lordly rule, when Hapsburg absolutism with the help of its magnates and bishops reigned without check and balance, when Hungarian economic development was suffocated by the cruel colonial policy of Austria—Louis Kossuth, a poor country lawyer without family prestige or connections, showed new ways and ideas to a weak and unorganized public opinion. In a country devoid of any political press he became the first great Hungarian journalist and created a mighty popular current in favor of advanced social reforms. His program had three pillars: the emancipation of the bondsmen, the introduction of parliamentary government, and the independence of the country from Vienna. In the interest of this program he developed an almost superhuman activity. The

fire of his blue eyes, the magnetic spell of his voice, the power of his style drew into the orbit of his influence not only the disinherited of the country but also the more enlightened circles of the Hungarian middle nobility.

And a larger and larger camp followed the apostle. The Hungarian reaction and the Viennese camarilla regarded with growing terror the inflaming propaganda of this *homo novus*. They threw him into prison for three years in the hope that the cell would break his vital energy. But they were disappointed. Kossuth returned not only unbroken from the jail but, feeling his mission, he learned, while there, German, French, and English so that later in the period of his exile he was able to arouse the whole civilized world.

Meanwhile, the situation became more and more acute between Vienna and the Hungarian opposition. Kossuth reinforced his propaganda against Austria and feudalism. Like Gandhi in our own time, he created a defensive association against foreign industry and with his pen "dipped in human love" attacked feudal privileges. But Vienna was adamant against all reforms until the waves of the February revolution at Paris compelled Emperor Ferdinand to grant a parliamentary constitution. Kossuth, as Finance Minister, could begin to realize his reformative ideas. But in a few months the Hapsburg ruler broke his pledge, as so often, and, continuing his practice of "divide et impera," instigated to civil war the nationalities of Hungary, which were exasperated by the erroneous nationality policy of the Hungarian opposition. (That was the only point at which Kossuth misunderstood the situation during the revolution.) But even against the coalition of Hapsburg and the nationalities the force of the idea of national independence and human freedom was miraculous. The eloquence and organizing genius of Kossuth created a powerful army which went from victory to victory. The die was cast and the National Assembly at Debreczen dethroned the treacherous dynasty in April, 1849.

Having lost Hungary, the Emperor was compelled to suffer the deepest mortification by begging the assistance of Russia. When this horrid business was done and the Hungarian upheaval crushed, young Francis Joseph and his staff undertook such cruel hangman's work that it remained unrivaled in the history of civilized nations. Thirteen leading generals of the Hungarian revolution were hanged and the premier shot. Then came the Germanizing absolutism of the Bach period. The public opinion of the country was practically dead. But Kossuth, with admirable tenacity, upheld the Hungarian cause during the black years of his exile and tried to convince liberal public opinion in Europe and in America of the dangers of Hapsburg domination in Central Europe as the chief obstacle not only of Magyar independence but of the emancipation of the Slavs and Rumanians as well. With a virile sincerity he revised his former nationality policy and elaborated a new conception founded on complete national autonomy for each race and a confederation among the nations of the Danube.

Had this plan been followed, Europe would have avoided the horrors of the World War. But another course was taken. The ruling classes of Hungary, under the pressure of absolutism, made a compromise with the Emperor. The Dual System was established, an artificial and immoral half-measure, putting the majority of the

nations under the yoke of German-Magyar supremacy. This shortsighted policy drew the Slavs and the other nationalities into irredentism and pushed Central Europe inevitably toward catastrophe between the millstones of pan-Germanism and pan-Slavism. Kossuth clearly realized the danger of the Dual System and advocated his plan of a Danube Confederation based on the equality of all the nations as the only guaranty for a lasting peace: "Unity, harmony, fraternity among Magyars, Slavs, and Rumanians! That is my most ardent desire, my most sincere advice. . . ."

Such was the man, the visionary, the moralist, whose memory we honor today. And the Hungarians of America, the nameless workers of the plants and fields, have performed a noble act by raising this monument with their modest savings. Hungary, mutilated by a cruel imperialistic peace and checked in her development by a rapacious oligarchy, never needed more the guidance of Kossuth than in her present dark period. But there is no sign that the rulers of Hungary will follow the message of our great prophet. Among those who arranged the festival of today or among those who have made the pilgrimage to this monument I see scarcely any who can be called disciples of Kossuth. On the contrary, the majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the creation or maintenance of a system which by armed or administrative terror ousted the real followers of Kossuth from the Hungarian parliament, for Hungary is the only country in Europe which upholds the shameless practice of open voting. The real followers of Kossuth are now more persecuted than the Communists. Barna Buza, Vincent Nagy, Count Theodore Batthyany, and many other real Kossuthites are unable to arrange a single meeting before the peasantry. Rustem Vambery, a leading criminologist, was ousted from the university and now leads a wonderful solitary fight against the spirit of the Middle Ages. John Hock, the Hungarian Lamennais, president of the National Assembly, the third which dethroned the Hapsburgs, and many other excellent men of the Kossuth tradition are living now as pauper outcasts of Hungary.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which, under the pretext of combating communism, tortures in prison the Hungarian workers, which has driven into misery, by robbing him of his estates, the magnanimous Count Michael Karolyi (even his little children found no pardon!) because he took seriously the message of Kossuth and divided his *latifundia* among the peasants. This same system gave amnesty and parliamentary membership to the mass murderer, Ivan Hejjas, a bosom friend of Admiral Horthy, but sentenced to seven years in jail Louis Hatvany, who was never a revolutionary but only a literary gentleman sympathizing with republicanism and pacifism. His only crime consisted in having denounced some five years ago the murders of the "gallant officers" of Admiral Horthy.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which introduced the ignominious *numerus clausus* against the Jewish students and tolerates that almost every week many Jewish boys and girls flee from the universities with bloody heads.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which instead of following the advice of Kossuth "to go ahead along the Danube in the establishment of freedom and a peaceful cooperation among the nations," prepares secretly for a new war and oper-

ates systematic smuggling of war materials with Italy.

But all these are only symptoms of a system rotten to the core. Its original sin lies in the fact that the most fundamental thought of Kossuth is not yet realized in Hungary. I mean the liberation of the bondsmen. For bondage has been eliminated only on paper, while the far greater part of the agricultural population is still kept in servitude because, in the absence of independent peasant property, they are compelled to toil for a starvation wage on the *latifundia* of the petty kings. That is the reason why wages are the lowest in Europe in fertile Hungary, why in Budapest child criminality was found more conspicuous than in the seventeen largest cities of England, why tuberculosis devastates so terribly the Hungarian people, why many graduates of the universities are unable to rent a room but are compelled to rent a bed as in "The Night Asylum" of Gorki.

Then why this disgusting farce? Why did Magyar feudal fascism need this comedy with the monument of Kossuth? The reason is that its followers feel the soil tremble under their feet, they are terrified by Kossuth's spirit, and they try to falsify it by transforming Kossuth the republican, the liberator of the peasants, the advocate of religious and racial equality, the father of the idea of a Danube Confederation into a Kossuth conforming to *their* ideology. The people of Hungary, muzzled by a bloody class rule, without a serious parliament, without a free press, without a jury, under the yoke of a corrupt administration and judiciary, awaits silently the return of Kossuth's spirit.

Not only the people of Hungary but the whole basin of the Danube awaits the fulfilment of his political testament. Because the only possibility for peace, for civilization, for the protection of the persecuted nationalities lies in the way indicated by Kossuth: in the formation of a Confederation of Free Republics on the ruins of the dynasties and feudalism.

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She's got rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

YOU REMEMBER HER, don't you?—that heroine of your childhood who "on St. Patrick's Day" became "Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jigaboo Jay—O'Shay"? We do not guarantee the spelling of her name, but we can still sing it; and we cannot help thinking that recently it must have echoed occasionally in the brain of Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle who, on St. Patrick's day of this year, in the city of Barwala, India, became "Her Highness, the Maharanee Devi Sharmista Holkar," wife of the ex-Maharajah of Indore. There were elephants to ride upon; there were gold embroidered shawls, pearl necklaces ornamented with diamond bangles, and gold rings on the bride's bare toes; there were musicians and dancers and performers; there were ceremonials and rites and a banquet served to 10,000 guests. Nancy Ann Miller was dipped in the Godavari River—dressed in a blue saree and gold-embroidered slippers—and she emerged a Hindu and a Brahmin. Her conversion to Hinduism, she told reporters, fulfilled "a dream of her girlhood." We choose to believe that this is true. It is pleasant to imagine the Maharanee, not so many years ago, loafing around the diggings in Miller's Gulch in the Slake Creek district of Alaska (her father was a gold pros-

pector and Nancy Ann was the tomboy of the camp), fingering a hunk of ore, and dreaming of her future. "If I decide not to be a gold miner when I grow up," she doubtless mused, "I might as well marry a Maharajah and live in India. Of course I'd have to quit being a Christian and take up the Hindu religion, but that would be all right. Do Hindu ladies wear veils? I suppose he'd have about a hundred wives and concubines. Well, what would I care? I'd be his favorite wife. Yup, I guess I'll be a Hindu Princess." And then, the chances are, she poked her bare foot into the dust of Miller's Gulch and sang to herself—

She's got rings on her fingers; bells on her toes;
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

FRANK KELLOGG AND ARISTIDE BRIAND love peace. "The Government of the United States," Mr. Kellogg wrote to M. Briand, "desires to see the institution of war abolished, and stands ready to conclude . . . a single multilateral treaty . . . binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another." M. Briand has not replied, but it is reliably reported that he was, to put it mildly, flabbergasted. He had, a year ago, proposed a treaty outlawing war, and Mr. Kellogg had offered him in return an "arbitration treaty," limiting arbitration to subjects which did not concern domestic matters, third parties, or the Monroe Doctrine. M. Briand had added France's obligations to the League, signed on the dotted line, and perhaps, smiled. Now that Mr. Kellogg a few weeks later has proposed an "unqualified, multilateral, anti-war treaty," M. Briand must be asking himself some of the annoying questions suggested by the French press. "When is a war not a war?" asks, for instance, the conservative *Journal des Débats*, continuing "A nation may commit acts of force and say that it is not war." Nor was Nicaragua the only question raised. "All we can see in this Kellogg business," says *l'Humanité*, "is that . . . the party of the trusts . . . is trying to appear before the electorate as a great promoter of peace. Well, how about their naval program?"

WELL, HOW ABOUT THE NAVAL PROGRAM? The House of Representatives has just passed, by a vote of 287 to 58, a bill providing for the expenditure of \$274,000,000 for fifteen new 10,000-ton cruisers, at \$17,000,000 each, and one new aircraft-carrier. This is the largest addition to the fleet made since 1916! Yet horrible as it is to contemplate such a jingo program, this is so much better than Secretary Wilbur's original proposal as to inspire paeans of joy. Mr. Wilbur, it will be recalled, proposed an \$800,000,000 program, including 25 cruisers, 32 submarines, 9 destroyer leaders, and 5 aircraft-carriers; and the Navy League assures us that the press of this country was more than three to one in favor of it. Yet the women's leagues, the churches, the peace-loving masses of the country poured into Washington such an avalanche of protest that Mr. Coolidge right-about-faced and the House committee cut the program down by more than half. The \$274,000,000 bill now goes to the Senate. The Navy League and the Legion hope to increase it there. We do not believe that the American people will permit them to do so.

STAY IN NICARAGUA, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate says, until you have a fair election. Which is telling the marines to dig in and settle down. It becomes clearer and clearer that the business of policing is not so simple as it sounds. The Nicaragua House of Deputies, by a vote of 23 to 17, has again turned down the unconstitutional law making Brigadier General Frank McCoy, U. S. A., dictator of the Nicaraguan electoral system; and the Americans are now putting pressure on the Supreme Court and the puppet President, Diaz, to do by executive decree what the Congress refused to do by legal procedure. Maybe they will succeed; but what then? The Liberals, who are at present in favor with the Yankee authorities, will not relish an election with four Liberal provinces left out; and the marines are not yet in a position to open polling-booths in Sandino territory. But suppose the thousand men being sent to reinforce the American army now in Nicaragua should succeed in destroying Sandino's gallant band, what then? Does anyone believe that a candidate elected under the guns of the United States Marine Corps could hold office six hours after the departure of the last marine? Our present policy has already led us to flout the Nicaraguan constitution and to denounce the election law prepared by Americans under American auspices only five years ago; it commits us to partisan positions; it gets us in deeper and deeper. Soon we shall be mired so badly that we shall have to appeal to the other Latin-American Powers to get us out.

WHEN MAYOR WALKER welcomed the five hundred Hungarians who came to New York to assist in unveiling a statue to Louis Kossuth, he said that our doors would "always be open to people devoted to democracy and pledged to fair play." Strange words to choose in addressing the representatives of one of the cruelest dictatorships on the face of Europe today! Unlike the enthusiastic representatives of the Anti-Horthy League, *The Nation* would not drive off this reactionary invasion from our shores. But it seems well to remind the country, as Oscar Jaszi did in *The Nation* last week, that the true followers of Louis Kossuth have been exiled and tortured and imprisoned by the government which these emissaries represent.

PORTO RICO might ask either for statehood within the union or for complete independence from it with more logic and justice than for a "free state." As President Coolidge points out, Porto Rico now enjoys certain financial assistance from the United States in that its government is allowed the customs collected at its ports (although it cannot regulate the tariff to fit its own needs), the federal income taxes paid by its residents, and the internal revenue derived from the sale of its products in the United States. To permit it to keep these, to live under the protection of the United States, and yet at the same time to be free of any responsibility to or restraint by the federal government would put Porto Rico in a preferred position to our States and Territories. Yet the Porto Ricans recall that just before their transfer to the United States, Spain granted them more freedom and responsibility—including a ministry responsible to the Porto Rican Legislature, and sixteen representatives in the Spanish Parliament—than the United States has yet seen fit to grant. Early in his term President Coolidge recommended that Porto Rico have an elective governor in 1932; now he has forgotten that, and in his

reply to the Porto Ricans he neglects to note that the governor he appoints has a veto over the acts of the Legislature, and that even laws repassed over the veto, by a two-thirds vote, go to the President for final decision. What Porto Rico needs most is economic aid. With a population ten times as dense per square mile as that of the United States, and with absentee owners exploiting its sugar and tobacco industries, the island needs land and tax laws designed to keep more of its wealth at home.

MINERS' FAMILIES ARE STARVING; miners' children are cold and sick. The Senate committee investigating the mine situation has done an immeasurable service not only to the miners but to the operators as well by bringing some of these matters into the open. At the suggestion of John H. Jones, an independent Pittsburgh operator, plans are on foot for another coal conference between operators and representatives of the mine workers, with a view to creating a body similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission for regulation of the industry as a whole. Sensible operators, of whom there are many, realize that coal troubles are not local; that the entire industry needs reorganization. But meanwhile, a letter such as was lately introduced at the Senate hearings by Harry T. Brundidge, a reporter for the *St. Louis Star*, offers one of the innumerable obstacles to such a solution. It reads in part as follows:

To all mine superintendents:

The United States Senate Investigating Committee is now visiting the Pittsburgh district. Clean up all unsightly conditions. Keep our police in the background. Instruct our men to keep out of trouble. Avoid all arrests. If the committee desires to question our employees, see to it that you present men . . . who can be depended upon to give the right kind of answers. . . .

If this Pittsburgh Coal Company letter is authentic, it is a confession of guilt. It will take more than a federal commission to change conditions like these.

AL SMITH on January 12, 1920, appointed Harry F. Sinclair a member without salary of the New York State Racing Commission; and Sinclair remained a member until he resigned in April, 1925. Senator Robinson of Indiana and Senator Nye of North Dakota have stated that Sinclair contributed to Al Smith's campaign fund in the autumn of 1920, but the records do not bear them out. A thousand-dollar contribution in 1918 and \$250 in 1926, both given to a New York County Democratic committee, are all that could be found. It does not seem likely that Governor Smith ever knew of them, and his indignation at the attempt to besmirch his name is justified. There is no possible link between the Governor of New York and the Teapot Dome scandal. The appointment and the 1918 contribution both antedate the oil negotiations—they occurred when Woodrow Wilson was still President. Al Smith at that time had no more reason to distrust Sinclair than any other wealthy man. Senator Robinson's attempt (Mr. Nye merely repeated the story) to palliate the open bribery, deceit, and crime of the Republicans by slinging mud at Al Smith should be exposed and defeated.

"THE LESS THE PUBLIC KNOWS about candy-making the better," said the manager of one of New York City's largest candy factories during the course of an investigation just completed by the Consum-

ers' League of New York. Indeed, the facts revealed are not palatable. In the twenty-five representative factories studied in New York City the candy workers—mostly young girls, three-fifths of them under 21—are unbelievably overworked and pitifully underpaid. Compelled to work in violation of all law as much as 65 or 70 hours per week during the rush season from September to Christmas, the girls find work only two or three days a week during the dull season. A third of them are laid off altogether. The beginning wage is generally \$12 for full time. In the comparatively busy month of March the median wage in 1927 was \$13.75; 45 per cent of the girls, however, worked undertime, and their median wage was only \$11.75. Sanitary conditions are also in a state of sad neglect. In some factories the girls wear dirty sweaters, pick up candy that has dropped to the floor, and often handle candy without washing their hands. Only three of the twenty-five factories were reported "very clean," while twelve were considered "unnecessarily dirty." The sanitary code requiring a medical examination before employment was almost completely disregarded; only three factories required a food-handler's card on entry, while in ten others the workers had never heard of medical examinations! Yet this prosperous industry sold \$248,883,257 worth of manufactured candy in 1925, and expects to pass the half billion mark in 1928.

PULLMAN PORTERS have a long-standing grievance against their company which they are now threatening to adjudicate through a strike. The Pullman Company doggedly refuses to recognize or treat with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in any way. Should a strike be declared, it would, in the expectation of the brotherhood's officers, constitute a national emergency according to the terms of the Watson-Parker act and President Coolidge would have to appoint an arbitration board to pass on the issue. Thus, automatically, the Pullman Company would have to face the demands of its unionized workers. The brotherhood is rightly seeking to eliminate the demeaning system of tips and substitute an adequate wage scale based upon a working period of 240 hours a month. The brotherhood tried to get its case decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but that body lately ruled that it had no jurisdiction the question was primarily one of wages.

NOBODY IN AMERICA could know even by name all of the seventy-five persons who are getting Guggenheim fellowships this year, and this is as it should be. For one thing, the fields of study which they are to explore for a year in Europe are radically diverse; for another thing, many of them are only beginning to be established in their careers, and hence are relatively obscure. It is the business of the Guggenheim committee to discover those scholars, scientists, and artists whose promise is at present the most interesting thing about them. Yet the list of awards as published is impressive, and seems to indicate a general loosening up of the committee mind in at least this instance. Of the value of certain extremely specialized purposes for which Americans are being sent abroad—"to continue a study of Italian brick-work of the Lombard period," "to make quantitative studies of human muscle tomus," "to study electric discharge in gases at high frequencies"—we cannot speak. But many of the projects sound important, and several beneficiaries of the fund—W. Norman Brown, Felix

Morley, Louis R. Gottschalk, and others—are well known to us through contributions which they have made to *The Nation*. It is particularly gratifying to note that the choice of the creative writers on the list—Paul Green, Leonie Adams, Countee Cullen, Lynn Riggs, Allen Tate, and Eric Walrond—was such as could not have been dictated by a conservative or sleepy taste. It is also gratifying to see the names of three Negroes.

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER of the American Institute of Architects has rightly given to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., its annual award for the best apartment-house construction in New York during 1927. This is the group of buildings between 149th and 150th Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues which Mr. Rockefeller has built for colored tenants in order to give them attractive homes at a minimum cost. The result, for which special credit must also be given to the architect, Andrew J. Thomas, is a distinguished block of six large units, comprising 2,392 rooms, notable not only for their architectural effect, but for the really astounding use of the land. Only 49.7 per cent of the area is covered by the buildings, the remainder being given to playgrounds, gardens, and courts, which afford ample opportunity for the children to obtain exercise and amusement without going into the streets. Swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of gymnasium equipment are at their disposal. The room plans are the results of Mr. Thomas's years of successful apartment designing. Every room has cross ventilation, even the six-room apartments have two baths, and hallways have been reduced to a minimum. Every foot of space has been made to count, and the necessary fire-escapes have been placed on the court-side so as to leave the fronts free of these hideous incumbrances. Mr. Rockefeller is selling these apartments on a cooperative plan and the monthly upkeep will run from \$11.50 to \$17.50 per room. We venture to suggest that every municipality in the country would profit by a study of these buildings.

IN THE OLD DAYS when a whale was washed up on the beach in England it was decreed that the head should go to the king and the tail to the queen while the finder might have what was in between. But as a whale's waist is like that of a delicatessen-store keeper's wife of about 200 pounds' weight, it always turned out that the tail began where the head ended and there was nothing in between. So finding whales on the beach was not exactly a lucrative business. And so it proved also for four out-of-works who found a whale in Gowanus Bay, a sewage-soaked, oil-polluted backwash of New York harbor on the Brooklyn side. The whale, some twenty feet long, was about all in when discovered, but even so it required a motor boat and a forenoon's work to beach the creature. When finally landed there was no king or queen to consider, but nobody seemed to want head, tail, or part between, and the finders eventually sold their catch for \$50 to the American Museum of Natural History to be preserved as a skeleton. Yet the find was little short of miraculous, for not only does it seem remarkable that a whale should penetrate a busy harbor and be able to live in its polluted waters, but the discovery of the four out-of-works turned out to be a sperm whale, usually a warm-water animal. How it came to visit New York in early March we leave to the ancient blubber-hunters of New Bedford or Nantucket to explain.

President Coolidge's Misfeasance

ON a single morning of last week the New York dailies printed no fewer than four grave attacks upon President Coolidge. One was by Senator Reed, who has attacked the President by name in twenty different States on his recent speaking tour; two came from Senators in the course of the previous day's debate on the oil scandals; and the fourth was by Commissioner Edward P. Costigan of the United States Tariff Commission. The latter's onslaught was so detailed and fortified, and charged such clear misfeasance in office that it is hard to understand how a man with self-respect could have refrained from an immediate defense. But Mr. Coolidge remains as silent about this attack on his honor as about the oil scandals.

Commissioner Costigan was presenting his resignation from the service after more than ten years of employment by the government—a voluntary resignation submitted because he could no longer be even an unwilling and protesting party to the prostitution of the commission by the President. This he sets forth in a long letter to Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate committee which for two years has been investigating, or pretending to investigate, the Tariff Commission. Mr. Costigan specifically accuses Mr. Coolidge of "packing" the commission by appointing to it and retaining on it utterly unworthy men; by playing politics with it; by overruling its recommendations, made after months of study at great cost, because of the political pressure brought to bear upon him by those who line their pockets through unjustifiably high tariffs—unjustifiable even from the protectionist point of view. Mr. Costigan further charges the President with deliberately subverting the purpose of Congress when it established the commission. He shows that the President, who in this respect has exactly followed in Mr. Harding's footsteps, has kept the Tariff Commission from becoming the scientific tariff control-valve it was intended to be, and has made it merely a means of jacking the tariff up steadily at the expense of the American consumer.

This faithful public servant, Mr. Costigan, has taken the unusual course of resigning because he has given up hope of any change. When Senator Robinson's committee was appointed he thought that it would bring relief by reporting the facts. For two years it has been in existence; for two years some secret force has kept it from concluding its work and giving its findings to the public. Mr. Costigan does not hesitate to state his belief that there is also some superior power controlling the President. It is common talk in Washington that the President has lost respect for the chairman, Mr. Marvin, who long before his appointment by Mr. Harding was a paid tariff lobbyist for New England interests, a fanatical protectionist, and the secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston. Yet year after year Mr. Coolidge redesignates this man as chairman and associates with him another ex-lobbyist and another protection fanatic, a "yes-man" who boasts that he is on the commission to do the will of the majority whether he believes in it or not.

In five years, Mr. Costigan reports, at a cost of approximately three million dollars, the commission has rendered only thirty-two reports to the President under the

flexible-tariff provisions of the Tariff Act of 1922. These reports have resulted in twenty-three Presidential proclamations making alterations in tariff rates. As we have previously pointed out, in only five cases, all of little or no importance, have the rates been reduced—on millfeed, bobwhite quail, paint-brush handles, phenol, and cresylic acid. In eighteen cases the President has raised the tariff, sometimes ordering the maximum increases, and many of the articles affected, like iron ore, are of great importance. It is impossible that this proportion of cases is a true indication of the changes that the tariff situation calls for.

But, it may be said, is President Coolidge responsible for this? Are these not the acts of the commission itself? Let us see. Commissioner Costigan points out that the President has declined to act on several cases of great importance to the public in which the commission has recommended changes and reductions. Take the sugar case. In 1924 the commission recommended to the President a decrease of the tariff of about half a cent per pound, which would have saved the taxpaying consumers of the United States at least \$40,000,000 a year. The President overruled the commission and yielded to the Sugar Trust. The linseed oil case is even worse for Mr. Coolidge. On March 3, 1925, the most hidebound protectionist members of the commission recommended a definite reduction in duty which would have lowered the price of paints, especially important, ■■ Mr. Costigan points out, to the farmers. What did Mr. Coolidge do? After waiting a year, on February 6, 1926, he sent the report back for a "fuller investigation," as if that were possible. The tariff continues where it was. If this record does not constitute misfeasance in office we should like to know what could.

But even this does not begin to tell the tale. Not only has Mr. Coolidge destroyed the value of the commission by overriding its best recommendations, and by keeping on the commission men like former Commissioner Glassie, who was disqualified by Congress in the matter of the sugar case because it was proved that his family had a direct and considerable financial interest in the sugar business; he has also deliberately struck at those members of the commission who took their oaths of office seriously and recommended reductions when the facts called for them. Thus, he "promoted" Commissioner Culbertson to the diplomatic service, and made Commissioner Lewis's position impossible by asking him to sign his resignation before he received his reappointment—a most serious misuse of the President's appointment power, as we pointed out at the time. Is it any wonder that Mr. Costigan declares that the sugar report was thrown overboard because of "an unprecedented series of lobbying drives and political maneuvers, in some of which the White House actively shared"?

Finally, we must point out that Mr. Costigan's letter is a tremendous indictment of the whole protective system. It corroborates *The Nation's* position that you cannot have this kind of "scientific" control and revision of the tariff. For the tariff is conceived in special privilege, born in politics and in corruption, and maintained for graft—graft for the protected, and graft for the party which keeps the government in business with the manufacturers.

America Waking Up

THE oil scandal has become the scandal of big business and the Republican National Committee, and there is evidence that Babbitt is beginning to wince. When Senator Nye reached Chicago to examine those who had contributed to the fund for making up the 1920 Republican deficit the list of those subpoenaed read like a bond salesman's dream of State Street's finest prospects. No one of importance seemed to have been overlooked. And no one of importance seems to have refused. If they did not pay out their own money, they at least let their names be used to hide Harry F. Sinclair's fat contribution. Further research may reveal a similar state of affairs in New York.

"The conspiracy of Teapot Dome is the equal of any of the major crimes carried out by the unscrupulous and infamous freebooters in the Middle Ages," says Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas. "For spectacular rottenness I doubt whether we have the equal of Teapot Dome in American history, or ever will have." Whether we will have it in the future depends upon the reaction of the American people to this set of crimes. The fact that Senator Capper has at last broken the long silence of the more-or-less-regular Republicans is one evidence that they are awakening; the response to Senator Borah's Quixotic appeal to his party to repay the \$260,000 gift of Harry Sinclair is another. But the chiefs of the party, the heads of the state, the men who dominate big business are still silent. They are ready today to cast out Will Hays, but they still adore "Andy" Mellon and Chairman Butler, who knew of the crime and kept still. Coolidge and Hoover and Hughes sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, and Mellon, and have not yet found words to blame them.

The stain goes deep. It cannot be wiped out by returning money to Harry Sinclair. He got what he paid for—the consent of officials of the Harding Administration to his Teapot Dome steal; to give him money with which he can pay his lawyers will not help the cause of honesty one bit. It is not enough, however, to expose the fact that Sinclair bought and paid for the Republican Party and that a thousand leaders of business helped conceal the crime. As Cordell Hull puts it, "Every consideration of morals and patriotism requires that [these steps] be supplemented and climaxed and crowned with the resignation of each Republican in high official or political position who by affirmative act or a conspiracy of silence or inaction has contributed to the suppression of the awful facts of this unparalleled scandal for four long years." That means Secretary Mellon and Chairman William M. Butler. It may also mean Mr. Butler's closest friend, the President of the United States, who sat in the Cabinet with the whole gang of crooks and has not protested. It may involve the dead—Warren Harding's *Marion Star* is being investigated.

No one knows today whither the trail of the Sinclair bonds may lead. We do know this: that Harry Sinclair, with the aid of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, set up a fake company to make a profit of three million dollars in a day, and that a considerable part of that profit went to pay the deficit of the party whose officials handed over the naval oil reserves to Sinclair and Doheny; that the present Secretary of the Treasury and the present chairman of the Republican National Committee knew enough of the plot

to refuse to accede to Will Hays's request that they give their names to cover it, but had not the loyalty to the American people to tell what they knew until a chance memorandum found among the papers of a dead man exposed their guilty knowledge.

Yet if public wrath concentrates upon a few men it will still have been in vain. The Republican Party, being as a rule successful, commands the support of more millionaires than the Democratic. But the really big men, like Samuel Insull of the power companies and James A. Patten, the Chicago "grain magnate," have frankly confessed that they contribute regularly to both parties. They regard it as a routine form of insurance. For all its talk of ethics, the business world has not yet come to see anything wrong in this. The appalling fact is that Teapot Dome is a peculiarly crass symbol of an everyday occurrence. Party contributors expect a return in tariff favors, in freedom from embarrassing investigations, in "good" legislation—and they get it. In this the Coolidge Administration, as Mr. Costigan's letter of resignation shows, has been as bad as its predecessor. The real value of the present exposure of corruption will come if and when the public realizes the extent to which, through the two old parties, big business controls the whole American governmental system—and acts upon its knowledge.

Light from Chapel Hill

A UNIVERSITY press would not be fulfilling its promise if it did not make possible the publication of special monographs for which there was no commercial call. But our academic literature as a whole is much less interesting even to specialists than it might be, and to the lay public it is dull. The universities need not popularize their knowledge, or even translate it. But they could have a plan, a purpose, behind their books—an imaginative, coordinated conception of certain fields to be expertly explored. The monographs are random and uninspired; they do not build up big enough structures of theory or fact.

Of the North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill this cannot be said. The university there—chiefly, we understand, under the direction of Howard W. Odum—has done a surprising amount of excellent and interesting research and report. Its publications are conceived as serial contributions to subjects in themselves of great general importance. And the subject of greatest importance is the education of North Carolina. That State has 230,000 native adult illiterates, 100,000 of whom are white. The university expects to reduce this number quickly through the circulation of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morris's readers for grown-ups, which in Buncombe County have already brought 4,000 adults to the point of reading and writing.

But the literate population in North Carolina, as in any other State, needs educating too. Mr. Odum has planned a Social Study Series which will throw more light on the condition of the Negro than has been thrown, we imagine, from any other source to date. Three volumes already issued, "The Negro and His Songs," "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro," and "Negro Workaday Songs," have given exciting promise of work to be done in the analysis of the Negro imagination; and a recent monograph

on "The North Carolina Chain Gang" ought to have been read, if it was not (and it probably was not), by a majority of the State legislature. Then there are to come a study of the Negro woman in the South, following Mr. Odum's method in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"; a full-length portrait by Guy Johnson of John Henry, the incredible Hammer Man who, with that Black Ulysses, "Left Wing" Gordon, belongs now to all black America; a study, again by Guy Johnson, of musical ability in Negroes; several collections of songs and superstitions; and at least two studies of the present relations, violent or otherwise, between blacks and whites in the South. White North Carolina—its folk-lore, its education, its industries, its social history, its politics, its reading habits, its culture as influenced by cotton and tobacco, its welfare and poor relief, and its labor problems in mill villages—will be examined with equal care.

Nor does the press stop there. There is to be an Inter-American Historical Series consisting of fifteen volumes of West Indian and South American history translated from the Spanish and the Portuguese, and to this series will be added an atlas—the first in existence—of Hispanic-American history. There is also to be a library of Southern history and biography; and we mentioned in a previous issue the projected "Bilingual Series" which when under way will present the best works of European literature in text and translation. For the enterprise and enlightenment of Mr. Odum and his associates there can scarcely be too much praise. Other universities cannot do precisely the same sort of thing that is being done by the University of North Carolina; but if its example were taken to heart in sections of the country which are commonly called more up-and-coming than the Carolinas, this would be a more civilized republic.

Norris's Power Fight

BY its vote of March 13 the Senate went on record as in favor of the continuance of work at Muscle Shoals and the retention, for the time at least, of this great power development in the hands of the federal government. The measure passed is the Norris bill, with certain compromises accepted by its author, and is a tremendous victory for the grand old Senator from Nebraska. He has waged a long fight for the preservation of popular rights. Six years ago Senator Norris made up his mind that the disposition of the plant at Muscle Shoals, with its enormous power possibilities for the entire Southeastern section of the United States, was one of the most important questions before the country. Nobody else seemed to understand, or care much about, the issue. Senator Norris determined to find out about it and decide what ought to be done. He made himself the best-informed man on the subject in Congress, and the people of the country owe it to his courage and perseverance that Muscle Shoals has not long since been turned over lock, stock, and barrel to privately owned power interests. For a long time he fought undaunted but alone. This year, for the first time, Senator Norris has succeeded in getting a favorable vote on his measure. The bill will encounter stubborn opposition in the House of Representatives, but Senator Norris's four-hour testimony before the House committee made a deep

impression on the hostile members of that recalcitrant body.

But whether the bill wins at this session or not, Senator Norris's victory in the Senate is a guaranty at least that Muscle Shoals will not be surrendered to the power companies just now, and every new delay is a gain to the campaign for public ownership. The development at Muscle Shoals was begun in Mr. Wilson's first administration as a war measure to insure the government an adequate supply of nitrate for munitions. After the armistice the project was viewed as something of a white elephant, and it barely missed passing quietly into private control for a song. Cheaper methods of making nitrate were coming to the fore, and an effort was made to lead people to think that except for a doubtful value in the manufacture of fertilizer for farmers Muscle Shoals was of little account. There was a tendency to obscure the great value of the water-power as a source of hydro-electric current for manufacturing and industrial purposes throughout the South.

But Senator Norris was not fooled. In 1922 he introduced a measure for federal control and operation of Muscle Shoals; it got no further than reference to the Committee on Agriculture. Two years later Senator Norris introduced a similar measure in the Sixty-eighth Congress. At this time Henry Ford's proposal to take over Muscle Shoals was before the public and was dazzling the imagination of farmers in the Central West. The House passed a bill giving Muscle Shoals to Ford; it was Senator Norris's careful analysis of the flivver-maker's offer that was chiefly responsible for puncturing it and keeping the Senate from joining in the stampede for the proposal. In the end Ford himself withdrew his offer and Senator Underwood drafted a bill turning the development over to private hands for fifty years. In 1926, under the sponsorship of Senator Harrison of Mississippi, bills went through both the Senate and the House incorporating the Underwood idea. It looked as if the public had lost the fight and if the great power possibilities of the Tennessee River were to pass from the nation's hands. But Senator Norris did not abandon even a forlorn hope and at the eleventh hour was able to beat the proposed legislation by a point of order made against the conference report on the Senate and House bills just before the adjournment of Congress. It is interesting to note here what became of the report of the special commission that in 1925 was appointed to investigate and make recommendations in regard to Muscle Shoals. The commission was made up of men who were expected to come out for private operation, but, embarrassingly, they flopped to the other side. Thereupon the report was promptly suppressed, and, except for a scant paragraph or so in the newspapers at the time, nothing has been heard of it since.

Last year Senator Norris's plan for Muscle Shoals got so far as to be reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Agriculture. The fact that this year the plan, with some concessions, has finally gone through the Senate by a vote of 48 to 25 is a tribute to the determined stand of Senator Norris and should give new faith and courage to every independent in Congress. The demand for public control of the great plant upon which more than \$150,000,000 of government money has already been spent is gaining ground. It should never be possible now to betray this great possession into the hands of privately owned power interests, but there is still a hard fight to be won before Muscle Shoals is definitely dedicated to the public's welfare under government control.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PERHAPS my old bones betray me, but yesterday I felt the spring. I have no policy on spring or even any message. Those who say "I love spring" annoy me as much as the other ready generalizers who "adore children" or "just dote on dogs." One should exercise more discrimination. To like all dogs is to have no true appreciation of any singularly gifted pet and I will never admit that children in carload lots are in the least attractive. So it should be with spring. Let every season be judged by its performances and not its reputation. The day celebrated by some poet may have been dark and gloomy in our alley. For myself I have staked off March 13, 1928, on the island of Manhattan.

It seemed a day so bright and brave that I had the desire for exclusive possession. But soon I saw that this would be impossible. The girl and the young man in the taxi just ahead were kissing. The kindest explanation seemed to be that they, also, were conscious of the weather. Although no late statistics are available I doubt if many really important kisses are exchanged while the rain falls. To anybody who taxis much in town the sight of couples locked in fast embrace can hardly be hailed as novel, but this time there was a distinctive quality in the manner of the culprits. Or rather I detected something different in the girl. I paid no particular attention to the young man. He was none other than one of the charter members of the Arrow Collar group. She, however, was well worth noting. As far as I could tell from the back of her head she was kissing blithely. That seldom happens. New Yorkers kiss as they dance, grimly, earnestly perhaps, but without apparent pleasure. Most of us seem to feel that we can avoid all sense of shame by setting up the pretense that the thing we do is not particularly good fun.

There was gaiety in the blond bob which crinkled in the sunlight. Very few people can be ardent and merry all at once. There is one young woman who seems able to do this on the stage but the girl of the taxicab was not Miss Ina Claire. Moreover, the fine fashion which she has set in Mr. Maugham's rowdy play "Our Betters" seems to have had almost no effect upon the life of the community. Rare indeed is the heroine who can say to the suitor who assails her with some somber word of endearment, "When you call me that, smile!"

And after all the ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts. Nature has made the animals fierce and single-minded about such things. To the alien eye even a well-loved dog or cat seems rather unattractive when given over to courtship. Possibly Nature decreed that we should take sex very seriously or not at all. That makes it somewhat more fun to dissent and to digress. To me the familiar adage "You can't cheat nature" has invariably been provocative of rebellion. Perhaps you can't but anyhow it is always possible to try.

This, I am well aware, is heretical. At least it was not the mood of pedestrians and motorists who passed by. However, there was something of envy as well as derision and disapproval in the glance of all who peered within the taxicab. The girl and the young man seemed indifferent

to the commotion which they created. Or perhaps they simply failed to notice how impellingly they were thrust into the public gaze by the giddy overhead lighting of a noonday sun. Some taxicabs in our town have very tiny windows in the back and the occupants are practically shut off from the gaze of all except the driver, who generally looks straight ahead. These cars are all too few. The couple had not been fortunate enough to secure one of these models. However, they continued to kiss.

I wanted to know more. I wanted to see the front of the back of that head. When the taxicab swept by I turned and they saw me turning. The young man blushed, straightened up, removed his arm, and scowled. I didn't care for him, but she grinned. It was the right sort of face. She had been well cast. The gaiety, inherent in the swing of her head, did go all the way round.

It was a pleasant grin and the mockery of it contained practically no malice. "What's it to you?" was the nature of her look. Possibly there was also a little of "Why are you wasting such an excellent afternoon?" in her challenge.

I regret to admit that I was wholly alone in my taxicab, which, I hope I may add without offense, was by no means a singular coincidence. Aunt Caroline had invited me to lunch. The invitation was of a week's standing. Of course, it would have been entirely reasonable for me to have accepted with the distinct proviso, "This doesn't go if there is some sudden accession of spring." Maybe Aunt Caroline does not care for such limitations upon her invitations.

So I did go to Aunt Caroline's and we discussed immoral plays and more particularly "Maya." She felt that the authorities had no right to stop it until she had a chance to go. Throughout the debate I continued to think of the girl in the taxicab. There was never more than one glance. I respected the young man's indignation and embarrassment sufficiently to turn my eyes away almost immediately. He was under scrutiny scarcely ten seconds. And yet I am entirely certain he is not the young man for her. He doesn't deserve her.

John (I think that would be his name) likes fun as well as the next one. On any bright afternoon he can be depended upon to crook his arm and bend his head but within his heart he carries an invisible censor. There remains with him the buried conviction that it is wrong to kiss a girl in a taxicab.

One touch of public opinion will split all his purposes in two. Mind you I had not shouted "Cut that out!" or manifested any articulate disapproval. I had done no more than look at him. Possibly he misinterpreted my glance and I became at that moment church and state and Canon Chase. For him the afternoon was spoiled. That was his fault. Truly I did not disapprove. And if I had why should he have allowed it to divert him from his occupation?

What worries me much more is the fear that I may have spoiled the afternoon for her. She seemed to be having such a nice time until John turned sulky and proper. But she will live to thank me. If I had not turned just then she could hardly have discovered so soon that John is not her kind. He cannot now or ever kiss and grin.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

VI

Sandino—Bandit or Patriot?

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 29

ALL those joining the Sandino forces are obliged to sign a pledge, or *pauta*, which was drawn up by General Sandino himself in El Chipote in September, 1927, and which, among other things, embodies the following conditions:

Those who join the Army for the Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua agree to:

1. Defend the sovereignty of Nicaragua and obey its military code.
2. Refuse to obey every order of Adolfo Diaz and the foreigner and always act in the highest and noblest spirit.
3. Defend not only Liberals, but all Nicaraguans, since all are betrayed by the present Government.
4. Submit themselves unquestioningly to all the orders of the Supreme Chief of the Army.
5. Respect all the rights of the civilian.
7. Make no secret pacts with the enemy.
9. Maintain proper discipline.
10. Expect no salary, only necessary equipment such as clothes, ammunition, and food.
14. The Supreme Chief of the Army in turn promises to make no political compromises with anybody or with any political group.

After reading me the pledge Sandino said: "We are working, as you see, for all of Nicaragua, Conservatives and Liberals alike. Colonel X, here, for instance, is a Conservative, convinced of the righteousness of our cause. Our one aim is to throw out the foreign invader."

"But since you are not strong enough to do so, does not opposition merely result in the sending of more and more marines, the intensification of intervention?"

"We are not protesting against the size of the invasion, but against invasion. The United States has meddled in Nicaragua for many years. We cannot merely depend upon her promise that she will some day get out. Every day intervention is more pronounced. The United States promised to give the Philippines their independence, but American troops still remain in the Philippines; they are still a subject people.

"You tell me that the governments of Honduras and El Salvador are hostile to me. Tomorrow they will regret such an attitude. All of Central America is morally obliged to help us in this struggle. Tomorrow each may have the same struggle. Central America should stand together against the invader instead of with the governments that ally themselves with the foreigner."

"Is it true, as has been charged, that most of your army is made up of adventurers from other Central-American countries and from Mexico?"

"Quite the contrary. It is true, I have with me men and officers from Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, even one or two from Mexico, who have been attracted by the righteousness of my cause, but they are in

a decided minority. The backbone of my army is Nicaraguan, and the officers who have been with me longest are Nicaraguans. I have received many offers from outside troops, but in most cases I have turned them down.

"Our army," Sandino told me, "is tried and true. It is composed of workers and peasants who love their country. The intellectuals have betrayed us, and so we have had to take up arms. What we have done has been through our own unaided efforts."

"How about the story," I put in, "that two captured American marines taught you how to make bombs?"

"A lie of the marine officers to hide their discomfiture at our successes. It is comforting to the American ego to think that we were taught what we know by the marines. . . . Call in our bomb-maker," he ordered an aide.

An elderly, sparse, smiling man appeared, who explained to me that the bombs were made by wrapping dynamite tightly in rawhide along with stones, nails, pieces of steel, glass, etc. A heavy bomb, wrapped in the skin of some animal, was placed in my hand. It was tied with rawhide thongs and looked more like a child's Teddy-bear than a bomb. But I was told that it could wipe out the better part of a company if advantageously thrown. The bomb-maker also explained the technique of the dynamite rockets used to bring down airplanes.

Sandino gave me a list of battles fought in the environs of El Chipote during the past six months. His conclusions are as exaggerated as those of the marines, perhaps more so:

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|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. El Chipote | 20 American dead |
| 2. Ocotal | 80 American dead |
| 3. San Fernando | Sandinista defeat |
| 4. Santa Clara | Sandinista defeat |
| 5. Murra | 18 American dead; one American suicide; two wounded. A Thompson machine-gun and eleven rifles captured |
| 6. Telpaneca | Much arms and ammunition taken |
| 7. Las Cruces (five battles) | 250 to 300 American dead. In one battle an American flag captured. "The bearer refused to release his grasp. My men had to cut off his hand with a machete. He was a brave man and deserves praise." |
| 8. San Pedro de Susucayan | 15 American dead. Four automatic rifles seized |
| 9. Zapotillal | Airplane brought down |
| 10. La Conchita | 60 to 80 American dead |
| 11. San Pedro de Hule | Uncommented |
| 12. Plan Grande | Uncommented |
| 13. Buena Vista | Sandinista defeat |
| 14. Las Delicias | American defeat |

- 15. Amucayan Uncommented
- 16. Barellal Uncommented
- 17. Santa Rosa 36 American dead
- 18. El Mantiado Uncommented

I asked Sandino his reasons for leaving El Chipote.

"We left El Chipote without firing a shot, without losing a single soldier, or a single gun or cartridge. The marines bombarded the place a whole day after we left. We left because the marines were devastating the countryside and destroying the homes of our friends. They were destroying our food supply, not by attackng us but by terrorizing the *campesinos* who had previously brought us provisions. And it takes a lot of provisions to feed a thousand men, stationed in one place, day in and day out for months on end. We determined to carry the war into the enemy's territory. It was a hollow victory the marines gained at El Chipote. I called upon the most resolute and tried of my soldiers to stake all on a march into the populated interior of Nicaragua, as a signal to the civilized world to take note of the savagery being practiced against a free and independent nation. I said we should risk all, and our slogan should be: 'Victory or Death.'

"The gain, thus far, has been all on our side. After spending months in attempting to take Chipote, after concentrating men, ammunition, and supplies in Ocotal, Nueva Segovia, preparatory to a general attack, the marines learn that I am here in Jinotega, half-way across Nicaragua. Now let them bring marines and more marines into Jinotega; supplies and more supplies. When they have their base well established and are ready to come after me, I'll cut it off by taking Matagalpa or Trinidad, or I will move back up to Nueva Segovia, or down to Muymuy, or to Leon, or somewhere else."

"What," I asked Sandino, "do you consider the motives of the American Government?"

"The American Government," he said with a lurking smile, "desires to protect American lives and property. But I can say that I have never touched a pin belonging to an American. I have had respect for the property of everybody. And no American who has come to Nicaragua without arms in his hands has been injured by us."

"Then protecting American lives and property, you imply, must be a pretext?"

"The truth of the matter is that the American Government has made so many arrangements of not too savory a character with the regime now in power that it is afraid of any other government. But if I had been in the shoes of the American Government and had forced the present Nicaraguan regime to give away the rights of my brother Nicaraguans, and then had seen justice coming down the straightway, I would have known that the moment to accede gracefully had come. I would have retraced my steps, rather than drown a nation in blood."

"What kind of agreements do you refer to?"

One of Sandino's officers spoke up: "There is a concession to a certain New York banking-house to construct a railway to the north coast. This concession had a clause which killed the traffic on the San Juan River. Greytown is now a deserted hole from which a ruined population has

fled like rats from a drowning ship. Those who could burned down their homes to get the insurance. This concession and the previous management of the railroad also ruined many coffee-growers of central Nicaragua who have all these years been forced to ship to the Pacific, thence by the roundabout route of Panama in order that this same banking concern could profit by the shipments over the railway already in existence. The transportation costs became prohibitive, and so this same house and its friends, and the bank which it also controlled, busily bought out the ruined coffee-growers. Too, coffee from the fincas of this financial clique was given preference over the railway; that of independent growers had to pay graft or rot in the rain. Independent growers, ruined, were obliged to sell out their holdings at great loss. The regime of this banking-house and of those which succeeded it beggared the entire country, placed a chain of debt about our neck which for years prevented every sort of internal improvement. This successive economic spoliation of our country cannot possibly benefit the broader commercial interests of the United States itself. The presence of American marines in Nicaragua in support of such iniquitous practices is a betrayal of the people of the United States."

"And the canal?"

Sandino replied: "Already we have been robbed of our rights in the canal. Presumably we were paid \$3,000,000. As a matter of fact, Nicaragua, or rather the bandits in control of our government at that time, thanks to Washington, received but paltry thousands, not enough for each Nicaraguan citizen to buy a soda-cracker and a sardine; for such a bargain, signed by four traitors, we lost our sovereign rights in the canal. The deliberations regarding this sale were made by a fake congress behind closed doors guarded by Conservative Party troops backed up by Yankee bayonets. My own father was arrested for protesting the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty and the granting of improper military and naval rights to the United States. It would have been far better had each Nicaraguan received a cracker and a sardine. A few starving stomachs would have known at least one nibble of luxury. Personally, I should hope to see the Nicaraguan canal built by a private stock company, part of the shares to be held by the Nicaraguan government in return for rights granted, in order that we might have a future income not provided by bankers at ruinous rates, with which to build roads, railways, schools, and improve the economic condition of the country. As it is, the eighteen years of American meddling in Nicaragua have plunged the country deeper into economic misery.

"Let me repeat," declared the General, "we are no more bandits than ~~was~~ Washington. If the American public had not become calloused to justice and to the elemental rights of mankind, it would not so easily forget its own past when a

handful of ragged soldiers marched through the snow leaving blood-tracks behind them to win liberty and independence. If their consciences had not become dulled by their scramble for wealth, Americans would not so easily forget the lesson that, sooner or later, every nation, however weak, achieves freedom, and that every abuse of power hastens the destruction of the one who wields it."

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The seventh instalment, The McCoy Election Law, will appear next week, and two others will follow.

Presidential Possibilities

VI

James A. Reed

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JAMES A. REED is the *enfant terrible* of the Senate.

Also he is its roughest and hardest hitter. No other public man has such a mastery of bitter sarcasm, or is a better hater. He carries his argument *ad hominem* in that he attacks directly and, if need be viciously, the man or men he sets out to attack. No pussyfooting here! Has he not indicted Calvin Coolidge himself of "misfeasance in office" and this before a great California audience which was at first awe-struck that any one should dare to criticize his tin majesty in the White House, only to surge around the attacker when he finished, carried away by his fine presence, his glorious speaking voice, his manifest sincerity, his obvious desire to tell the truth without regard to persons or authority or power? At this writing he is rendering a profound public service by stumping the country reciting the facts about the rottenness and corruption of the Republican Party and the lawlessness of its leaders.

But let no one believe that he has the courage to attack only his political opponents. There is no more thrilling story in our recent history than Senator Reed's defiance of his own party and its President, Woodrow Wilson, when that gentleman was asserting despotic rights over the consciences and the bodies of Americans and trying by the power of all his great office to compel a uniform subserviency of opinion to his views of what should be the policy and the aims of this country. "Jim" Reed, as the Senate calls him, fought a losing fight against the maneuvers which eventually led the United States into the war. Although he did not vote against the declaration of war, his opposition to Woodrow Wilson's policies won him the enmity of the President. He went back to his State to find himself an object of bitter insult and contumely, to learn that he was being burned in effigy. When he came up for reelection five years later, Woodrow Wilson bitterly denounced him and demanded his defeat in language that plainly revealed both Mr. Wilson's intolerance and the depth to which he had been hurt by Mr. Reed's opposition. Three times during this campaign Mr. Wilson wrote letters demanding that the Senator be defeated. In one he said that Mr. Reed had "shown himself as incapable of sustained allegiance to any person or any cause. He has repeatedly forfeited any claim to my confidence that he may ever have been supposed to have, and I shall not willingly consent to any further association with him." He called upon the voters to defeat the "marplot" Reed, and to "substitute a man of the true breed of Democratic principle." Finally, two weeks before the election he wrote that if Reed were returned to the Senate "he will, of course, be there a man without a party." Mr. Wilson went further; he accused

The sixth in a series of studies of the candidates

Senator Reed of lying in saying that Mr. Wilson had given him a letter certifying to the correctness of his conduct in the

fight over the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. It was one of the many times that Mr. Wilson's love of truth, or his memory, failed him. Senator Reed immediately produced a facsimile of a letter in which Mr. Wilson had written on October 23, 1913: "I have felt all along the sincere honesty and independence of judgment you were exercising in this whole matter, and you may be sure that there has never been in my mind any criticism except an occasional difference of judgment."

Never did a man have a harder fight to retain his seat in the Senate than did Mr. Reed then. Incited by Mr. Wilson, leaders of his own party openly warred upon him, and so did the national and State organizations—they had prevented his participation in the national convention of his party in 1920. Everywhere Democrats fought under the slogan "Rid us of Reed." An elaborate mock funeral was held in St. Louis attended by many "mourners." The Democratic women of Missouri organized to defeat him. The entire press of the State spewed hate and malignity upon him, and refused to admit that he had a chance of success. Yet in the face of these tremendous odds, at times even in danger of personal violence, he battled on to find himself returned to Washington by a majority of 43,000, 18,000 more votes than he had received when he ran for the Senate seven years earlier. That was a magnificent triumph, ■ it was fresh proof of the ability of the electorate to think and judge for itself even in the face of every sort of misrepresentation and abuse of a candidate. Mr. Reed even carried the city of St. Louis, which for decades had been safely Republican; this was the answer of its voters to the mock funeral. Only ■ man of extraordinary ability, tenacity, honesty, and courage could have entered upon such ■ titanic struggle and won. It is evidence of the magnanimity of the man that he refrained in the hour of victory from sending a telegram to Woodrow Wilson informing him of the reaction of the voters of Missouri to Mr. Wilson's advice as to how they should cast their votes, as is the fact that he sprang to the rescue of Woodrow Wilson when, during the war, it was urged that ■ committee of Congress supervise and control the President's acts.

Surely Mr. Reed himself has admirably characterized his own experience during the war, and the heroism that it called for, in his tribute to Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, with whom he fought against the League of Nations. It was at a memorial service for Senator McCormick that Mr. Reed spoke these words:

But is there not a valor rarer than that which nerves

the soldier's arm and turns his heart to steel and makes him with unwavering eye look in the face of death? Is not the moral courage to endure dishonor for the tongueless, voiceless, impalpable thing we call principle, supreme, incomparable, and rarest valor? To all the living Death must sometime come. Even at our birth his shaft is poised, and though the fight be long, it soon or late infallibly will strike the mark. The hero well may find contentment in the thought that he advances but by a little while the inevitable stroke. And so, with honor's voice for his mead in life and requiem in death, he dares to meet his fate. To stand before your people and endure while the name "traitor" may be hissed into your ear, to stand and know that friends are leaving you, that doubt of your fidelity and manhood has been raised, and yet to stand—that is the sublimest attribute of which the human soul is capable.

Now this same James A. Reed is actually seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he who in 1917 had as little prospect of announcing himself as a Presidential candidate as had Ramsay MacDonald at the same time of becoming Premier of Great Britain—he, too, had actively opposed his country's going to war. Here in the lists Mr. Reed stands—a cigar-chewing, tobacco-spitting Middle Westerner, American to his finger-tips. Tall, lithe, and straight as an Indian, his head is crowned by white hair over a ruddy countenance. His gray-blue eyes contain a direct and searching challenge. He is a modern Lincoln in the effectiveness of his stories, and in his extraordinary ability to turn instantly from grave to gay, from the measured polished diction of the statesman to the homely language of the plain American. Like Lincoln he is not without coarseness in private conversation, in which his references to comrades or enemies are wittily unbridled. Yet as William Hard has written, Mr. Reed may suddenly drop the colloquial when he is speaking in order to rise "to heights of sublimity which it is difficult to believe have ever been surpassed in parliamentary history." Mr. Hard adds that like Webster it is impossible for Mr. Reed "to be as great as he looks and sounds."

It is undeniable that this man, who asks that he be made the national leader of his party, is out of joint with the times. He sighs for a return of the government of Franklin Pierce which went its way unaware of the existence of the citizen, except so far as it called upon him to go to war or to pay taxes. That is, he would revert to the days of unlimited individualism; to the time when there was no legal interference with the working hours of women and children; when there was no woman suffrage; when a man could raise a thirst East and West of the Missouri and slake it publicly. He would even abolish the Civil Service Commission and again turn the offices over to party henchmen. As for government control of industry, the very thought is anathema to him. From that point of view he would be a profoundly acceptable candidate for Wall Street. But not in other ways. He has fought against monopoly; he has magnificently assailed the protective tariff, and particularly the flexible tariff humbug, the failure of which, under the control of President Coolidge, has justified every word he uttered in opposition to the plan.

He does not hesitate to criticize some of Wall Street's most cherished plans and policies. He helped to defeat the nomination of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General on account of his connection with the sugar companies. He has repeatedly charged, with complete truth, that the financial interests rule and control Mr. Coolidge and his Admin-

istration, and he has shocked the financiers by his utter lack of respect and reverence for Secretary Mellon. Indeed, he laughs at Mellon and mocks him. For Herbert Hoover Senator Reed has a bitter antipathy; he always speaks of him as "Sir Herbert Hoover" or "that great British statesman, Hoover." He refuses even to bend the knee before Charles G. Dawes. He vigorously fought the Vice-President's plans to limit debating in the Senate, and he has repeatedly refused to listen to the warnings of Mr. Dawes that he must look toward the Vice-President when he talks on the floor—it will take more than a Vice-President to make Mr. Reed conform to anything against which he has taken a position. Only on the question of prohibition has he suddenly appeared to compromise. An avowed and defiant Wet, now that he is a candidate he has discovered that prohibition is a moral not a political question.

His opposition to every entangling foreign alliance is well known—he even opposed the Four-Power Treaty in the Pacific, which was one of the fruits of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. Against the World Court he worked himself up into a perfect fury. He has condemned every one of the foreign-debt settlements. The only thing that would make him accept the French and British settlement would be if England and France should consent to sell us the West Indian islands which belong to them. The Italian debt settlement gave him the opportunity to contrast the interest which Italy is to pay to the United States government with the 9 per cent interest which he claims it is paying to private Wall Street bankers for loans made by them (they deny this). As for the League of Nations, the mere mention of it sets every drop of his blood to tingling with anger. He still stands where he stood on September 22, 1919, when he said:

I decline to help set up any government greater than that established by the fathers, greater than that baptized in the blood of patriots from the lanes of Lexington to the forests of the Argonne, greater than that sanctified by the tears of all the mothers whose heroic sons have gone down to death to sustain its glory and its independence. I decline to set up any government greater than the government of the United States of America!

This passionate rage against any relationship with other nations was partly responsible for his putting through the resolution for the recall of our troops from garrison duty on German soil, which led to the return of our army much earlier than was satisfactory to the Allies.

It is undoubtedly due to this prejudice against foreigners that Senator Reed still believes in arming this country for defense. Unlike Calvin Coolidge in his saner moments, Mr. Reed still believes, despite the lessons of the World War, that armies and navies protect nations from attack and insure victory when attacked. So fearful is he of any association with the rest of the world that he wishes America literally to lie on its arms by night and by day, and to squander more millions than the cost of a Panama Canal every year, because of his dread of a possible attack. This is the more interesting because of his demand for freer immigration, at least so far as skilled laborers are concerned, and because of his farsighted opposition to the protective tariff. If that should be reduced it would, of course, mean ever closer trade relations with the rest of the world.

As to other domestic issues, Senator Reed has made one of his bravest fights against the Ku Klux Klan. He was a leader in the defeat of the ship-subsidy proposal, and some

of his best work of late has been in connection with his chairmanship of the Senate committee to investigate campaign expenditures. Thanks to his vigorous leadership in this matter we have had a pretty complete picture of the huge expenditures in the last Senatorial elections in Illinois and Pennsylvania which resulted in the denial of their seats to Messrs. Smith and Vare. But this was not something new for Senator Reed; he played an equally striking part in the refusal to seat Senator Newberry. He is sincerely and deeply shocked by any evidence of corruption in public office, and so he was among the first to speak out about the Harding Administration, and he did not qualify his language when a mistaken jury in the District of Columbia acquitted Messrs. Fall and Doheny in the first of the criminal cases growing out of the theft of the naval-oil reserve cases. He would be just as ready to speak out against Democratic corruption; thus he was quick to denounce William G. McAdoo for what Mr. Reed considered a violation of law when Mr. McAdoo acted as counsel for the Republic Steel and Iron Company in pressing a claim for a tax refund from the government within two years after Mr. McAdoo left the Cabinet of the United States.

Like Borah, this Democratic survivor from the days of Grover Cleveland lives and breathes by the Constitution. He will fight for it by the hour, the day, the month, the year, protesting that it is not his fault that he fights, but entirely the guilt of those who insist on trying to lay hands upon our sacred fundamental law. Curiously enough, this great fighter insists that he is no fighter at all. With a straight face—it is a bit forbidding and rigid in repose—he insists that he really hates to fight. The truth is that there never was a fighter who could go down to defeat more often and yet bob up the next day ready for another dozen rounds and still more punishment. Certainly never was

there a fighter favored by Providence with a better temperamental or oratorical equipment to be a surpassing public prosecutor, a flagellator of faithless public servants, than this American who, typically, lived by hard work in the fields until he was twenty-one years old, and then achieved the legal education which made him prosecuting attorney in Kansas City, and twice mayor of that progressive trading-post on the Missouri. His ability as prosecuting attorney is shown by the fact that he obtained 375 convictions out of 400 prosecutions—a phenomenal record.

Inevitably Mr. Reed's resemblance to Andrew Jackson suggests itself. It is easy to visualize him as he would have looked in Jackson's time—the latter also a bold, handsome, swashbuckling, hard-drinking, roistering, dueling leader of men, of much the same political viewpoint.

It barely seems within the range of possibility that James A. Reed will be nominated and elected. But if he should sleep in the same bed that Woodrow Wilson occupied in the White House, as the legitimate Democratic successor to that high-strung President, it would be one of the most ironic and colossal jokes of history, worthy of the pens of the greatest of the classic dramatists. Certainly nothing else could so quickly make Woodrow Wilson turn in his grave. Of one thing we could be certain. However reactionary his administration might be, and however slow to strike hands with other nations for a solution of the problems of the harassed world, if Jim Reed should become President we should again have in the White House a genuine personality, a leader of force, vigor, and effectiveness; a man who would speak out in the presence of wrongdoing, in the place of one who never knows his own mind until compelled to take a position, whose tongue fails him when it is a question of denouncing the high crimes of his Republican friends, associates, and benefactors.

Progressive Education

By MARGARET NAUMBURG

ANYTHING less than "progressive education" is now quite out of date in America. No one wishes any longer to be called conservative. Every shade, therefore, of radical, progressive, and mildly conservative educator, from public as well as private schools, was to be found at the Eighth Conference on Progressive Education in New York, during the week of March 5.

The conference was noteworthy for the wide scope of its program; and especially for the innovation of allowing less than half the time of the convention to speechmaking. Applying the principles of progressive education to the adults who attended the conference, the parents and educators were given a chance "to learn by doing." With this object in view, round-table conferences and practical demonstrations were staged by workers in the field, to cover all aspects of the new type of education. An exhibition of the art and craft work of various modern schools was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and an open week for conference visitors was instituted at fifty of the various shades of progressive schools within the New York area. These exhibits, school visits, and conferences were regarded by many as the most important part of the congress.

The opening address by Professor John Dewey, as honorary president of the association, discussed Progressive Education and the Science of Education. The speech was important as a focal point on the present status of the new schools and the new methods in education. He raised many questions about progressive education: "What is the meaning of experiment in education, of an experimental school? What can such schools as are represented here do for other schools in which the great majority of school-children receive instruction and discipline? What can be rightfully expected from the work of these progressive schools in the way of a contribution to intelligent and stable educational practice; especially what can be expected in the way of a contribution to educational theory?"

The new schools, he said, had already more than justified themselves as to results when their pupils went to college or out into life. But the moment had come to "raise the intellectual, the theoretical problem of the relation of the progressive movement to the art and philosophy of education."

Very significant was Professor Dewey's direct attack on the modern obsession with the so-called science of meas-

urement, and the abuse of I. Q.'s and achievement tests in recent school procedure. For, said Dewey:

It is natural and proper that the theory of the practices found in traditional schools should set great store by tests and measurements. But what has all this to do with schools where individuality is a primary object of consideration, and wherein the so-called "class" becomes a grouping made for social purposes and wherein diversity of ability and experience rather than uniformity is prized? *Quality* of activity and of consequence is more important for the teacher than any quantitative element. . . . The place of measurement of achievements in a theory of education is very different in a static educational system from what it is in one which is dynamic, or in which the ongoing process of growing is the important thing.

If you want schools to perpetuate the present order, with at most an elimination of waste and with such additions as enable it to do better than it is already doing, then one type of intellectual method or "science" is indicated. But if one conceives that a social order different in quality and direction from the present is desirable and that schools should strive to educate with social change in view by producing individuals not complacent about what already exists, and equipped with desires and abilities to assist in transforming it, quite a different method and content is indicated for educational science.

Aspects of this "social change" which Professor Dewey associates with the progressive schools were of special importance in the meeting on The Foreign Movement in the new education. The talk of Dr. Elisabeth Rotten, the German representative of the New Education Fellowship, radiated the spiritual transformation that had occurred in German education since the war. She linked the break-up of the ancient Prussian regime of education with the growing power of the common people and with the birth of the Youth Movement in Germany. The first enthusiastic efforts of the new education to legislate freedom into the German schools had been a mistake. "But now," said Dr. Rotten, "we think it better policy that our new regulations do not introduce, but give weight to more freedom, leaving the responsibility entirely to the teacher."

When Dr. Rotten stated that educators in Germany "had soon found that the new education was more a matter of spirit than of new methods of regulation," it seemed as though the progressive-education movement in America had still much to learn from its foreign friends. Here we are satisfied with our practical achievements and still unaware of our want of spiritual profundity.

As Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, principal of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls, spoke on the transformation taking place in the state schools of Russia, one became freshly aware of the significance of a social change that effects both a spiritual and physical transformation of values in the new education. But the contribution of Professor William Heard Kilpatrick of Teachers College was not of that caliber. He was slated to speak on Promising Educational Experiments in the Far East. But all that he described were a couple of missionary schools in India and Ceylon, where the torch of his own pet "project method" had been made to burn. No word of the social and spiritual changes now taking place in the East. Nothing about educational developments from the viewpoint of the Asiatic himself.

When Dr. Kilpatrick announced that the educational problem of the Orient "was to prepare youth to think and

modify the old customs and adjust to changing conditions, and to adapt youth to creating more wealth," he did not seem to be on the way to contributing to that plank in the new German constitution whereby "education ought to be inspired by a spirit of reconciliation between the peoples." He seemed rather the epitome of the practical American so brilliantly analyzed by M. André Siegfried, who believes in converting the world to the ideals of our economic, political, and social system.

The dinner which closed the conference concerned itself with Newer Aspects of College Education in America. For European and Asiatic higher schools of learning seem, with us, to be the last aspect of education that is influenced by the progressive movement, now taking place within the lower schools. The speakers included Dr. Robert Devore Leigh of Bennington College, Miss Marion Coats of Sarah Lawrence College, Dr. Henry N. MacCracken of Vassar, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan of Antioch, and Professor Edwin Osgood Grover of Rollins College. Among the many problems under discussion in the course of the evening the following seem of special interest: possible methods of modifying the lecture system, so as to allow more individual freedom to the students, and yet make group meetings more significant by the active cooperation of students and teachers in smaller conference units; the question of creating new kinds of colleges to suit two types of student—those eager to study along specialized lines, and those gifted individuals whom the present college requirements in no way consider; new methods of relating theoretical courses of study to experience in the practical world; and last but not least, Dr. MacCracken's suggestion that there be organized a Progressive School for Trustees in the near future. The ferment of progressive education has undoubtedly begun to work, slowly but perceptibly, in the American college.

The Editor

By W. L. G.

Knight-errant of the shadows men call news,
Of whisperings and murmurs that run deep
'Neath capitol and courthouse while we sleep,
Interpreter and dramatist of clues,
At your pen's point ideas take vivid form
That stir with social purpose and intent
The thinkers of a mighty continent,
As whirling winds invoke the full-voiced storm;
Not in cold reason's virtue rests your power,
E'en all your deep experience and skill
Must wait emotion's vitalizing hour
If you would make your page with passion thrill;
Behind each word of truth a light is lit
That genius fuses into holy writ.

March 13, 1928

Soviet Gold and French Intrigue

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

TWENTY casks of gold, worth \$5,000,000, arrived in New York City on February 21, on board the steamship Hamburg. It was consigned to the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company. Under ordinary circumstances, when gold arrives in New York from abroad, it is sent immediately to the Assay Office in Wall Street. But this was not ordinary gold—it was “Soviet” gold, and as such it has had most unusual adventures since its arrival.

According to a ruling of the Treasury Department made in 1920 in order to prevent purchases by the Soviet Government in the United States, even if paid for in gold, no gold of Soviet origin could be accepted by the Assay Office. Since gold gains access to Federal Reserve Banks and becomes part of the legal reserve of the institutions which own it only through the Assay Office, this gold had to be taken to the vaults of the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company, where it still lies like so much worthless metal. Its owners are losing about \$700 per day interest which it could earn if it had been accepted by the United States Treasury.

During 1927 Russian trade with the United States amounted to \$100,000,000, of which \$75,000,000 was for Russian purchases in the United States and \$25,000,000 for Russian sales here. The State Bank of the USSR, which is the principal financial institution of the Soviet Union, handles the great bulk of the financial transactions in connection with this trade. Its principal American correspondents are the Chase National Bank, which is the second largest bank in the United States, and the Equitable Trust Company, another very large bank. The shipment of gold from the USSR was made after careful consideration by leading officials of these banks and other financial authorities who believed that such shipments would facilitate business relations between the United States and the USSR.

After the Assay Office declined to accept the gold, the two New York banks made representations to Washington asking that the antiquated ruling of the Treasury Department be changed. On February 24, three days after the arrival of the gold in New York, the State Department announced that it would not object if the Treasury Department lifted the prohibition against the assaying of Soviet gold. On the same day, it was made known at the White House that President Coolidge understood that the gold was shipped to this country for the payment of goods, and that since there had been considerable trading between the two countries some such arrangement was necessary. The Treasury Department also indicated that it was seeking a method by which it could accept the gold. It submitted the matter for final decision to the Attorney General's office. The legal question involved was the title of the gold. It was reported that Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills had declared the risk in regard to the title to be considerably less than in 1920.

Because of the apparently friendly attitude of President Coolidge, the State Department, and the Treasury Department and because powerful banking interests were

anxious to have the gold admitted, it was believed that the barriers against it would be finally removed.

This would have fitted in with the State Department policy of encouraging “trade without recognition.” While the State Department has opposed the public flotation of any loans for the Soviet Union, it has repeatedly announced that it would impose no restrictions on business with Soviet Russia and has definitely approved the increase of Russian deposits and business in this country.

But the Treasury on March 6 ruled against the reception of the Russian gold. The ruling was based on the technicality that “the provisions of law under which the Treasury acts in purchasing gold or bullion through the United States Mints and Assay Offices are that any owner of gold bullion may deposit the same at any mint,” and that inasmuch as the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company were not presenting the gold as its owners, but merely as the agents for the Russian State Bank, it could not be accepted.

Earlier on the same day that this adverse Treasury ruling on the gold was made Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador in Washington, handed a note to Secretary of State Kellogg in which he inquired whether the American Government still maintained a prohibition on acceptance at the Assay Office of imports of gold from Russia. The note stated that the Bank of France had on deposit in the Imperial Bank of Russia, prior to the revolution, gold to the amount of 52,000,000 francs which it had never recovered, that it therefore had special rights in connection with Soviet gold, and that it intended to affirm its title to the gold recently shipped to New York by means of judicial action. This note was immediately transmitted from the State Department to the Treasury, which in turn made public its ruling.

The Bank of France at the same time notified the Chase Bank and the Equitable Trust Company that it had a claim against the Russian gold held by them and that it would prosecute this claim in the courts. A suit was promptly filed in the United States District Court in New York, the basis of it being an assertion that the gold held by the New York banks was the identical gold deposited with the prerevolutionary Czarist State Bank in 1915-1917.

The French Government, when recognizing the Soviet Government in October, 1924, stated in its note:

Following the ministerial declaration of June 17, 1924, and your communication of July 19 last, the Government of the Republic, faithful to the friendship which unites the Russian and French peoples, recognizes de jure from this date the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as the Government of the territories of the former Russian Empire. . . . In this spirit the Government of the republic, wishful once more to serve the interests of peace and the future of Europe, designs to seek, together with the Union, a just and practicable settlement which would permit the restoration between the two nations of normal diplomatic and trade relations, provided French confidence shall be equitably satisfied. . . .

The French Government thus holds Russian property and funds immune from seizure in France. It turned over to the Soviets the beautiful Czarist Embassy located in the heart of Paris. The Russian trade delegation does a large business unmolested in France. A French Embassy is maintained in Moscow. Negotiations regarding the settlement of the Russian debts to the French have been going on more than three years and on February 18, 1928, a little over two weeks prior to Claudel's note, M. De Monzie, a member of the French Cabinet and president of the Conference for the Settlement of the Franco-Russian Debts, stated in a public interview that:

The Soviet Government has given us a note, now in our possession, in which it offers a basis of settlement. It would, without formally repudiating the previous edict annulling the debts, give us 62 annuities of 60,000,000 gold francs each.

He interpreted this offer as "an indication of real willingness to conduct world-wide negotiations for the settlement of Russian debts abroad."

Why should a foreign government which itself recognizes the Soviet Government, which encourages its own nationals to trade with Russia, whose navy has direct dealings with the Soviet Naphtha Trust, try to block the channels of trade between the United States and Soviet Russia? For the last seven years Soviet gold has been shipped to various European countries—England, Germany, Sweden, and others. It is estimated that shipments of upwards of \$200,000,000 worth of gold have been made by the Soviet Government. In not one case have the French attempted to seize any of this gold. The very gold that the French are now claiming in New York went by rail through Poland and Germany to Hamburg and no move was made by the French to claim it.

Only one interpretation of the action of the French Government dealing with this gold seems possible. It is a political maneuver by which France hopes to win a point in the complicated game being played by the Great Powers in regard to Russia.

The French note with apprehension the development of Soviet-American trade. They realize that this trade is bound to grow and also that, in the near future, there will be heavy American financing in Russia. They themselves do not produce the kind of commodities that can be exported to Russia in considerable quantities. Perfumes, cosmetics, and other luxuries are banned by the Russians. But the French would like to become a party to American trade and financing, reaping the profit of broker and middleman. In order to achieve this they have selected a method which has been successful in recent dealings with Americans—that of pin-pricking and petty annoyances. They have found that the American colossus, when confronted with annoyances of a minor nature, would rather give in than fight. The success of such tactics was demonstrated recently when the French succeeded in lifting the State Department's embargo on French industrial financing in America because of non-ratification of their debt to the United States. Last September a discriminatory tariff against certain American products was introduced in France; it was removed in November, and in January the French were rewarded by the removal of the embargo against their industrial loans.

The State Department found it necessary on February 21 of this year to protest against the proposed French pe-

troleum law which "would work to the distinct disadvantage of American oil interests by limiting their present business and depriving them of millions of dollars worth of future sales." Even more recently a French commission was appointed in order to compel our film industry to make concessions to the French. Another example of French method is the protest lodged by the French Government last December against a deal with Russia made by the American group headed by Percival Farquhar for certain mining properties in the Donetz Basin. The French insist that prior to the revolution this property belonged to French nationals.

The Bank of France asserts that the Russian gold now in New York is the identical gold deposited in Russia by France before the revolution; and the bank is understood to claim that it is unnecessary to prove that it is the identical gold since, in the case of goods that pass by weight and measure,* the owner is entitled to recover an equivalent value in the same material but need not establish the actual identity of the goods. Good legal opinion holds that gold does not fall in this category and that the French cannot recover the Russian gold if it is proved to be Soviet property. The Russians claim that the gold now in New York was mined in Siberia during 1925-1926-1927 and that the records of their smelters and mints prove this.

It is not likely that the French seriously expect to get the Russian gold, but they are probably hoping to keep American-Russian trade relations in their present state of insecurity and instability, so that the returns from trade and financing may be reaped in Europe—offering France an opportunity to share in the profits.

It remains to be seen whether the French can get away with this latest maneuver. Perhaps American manufacturers and bankers will be stirred by this intrigue conducted on American territory against American trade and business. If so, they could force their State Department to change its vacillating policy and to enter into relations with the Soviet Government which would make it impossible for a foreign government to block American trade in the United States—as it would not and could not do in its own country.

It has just been disclosed that the United States Treasury did accept Russian gold when, in 1921-1922, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and head of the American Relief Administration, wanted to use \$12,200,000 of Russian money to buy seed and supplies in the United States. According to H. H. Fisher, official historian of the American Relief Administration, "he immediately encountered strong opposition . . . but on January 6 Hoover urged the matter at a meeting of the Cabinet and secured a favorable decision." On February 7, February 15, and March 13, 1922, the gold arrived—all, upon Mr. Hoover's insistence, in Czarist coin or pre-war bullion—and it was accepted by the United States Assay Office, melted, and reminted! This was, frankly, confiscated gold, while the gold just refused was, according to the Soviet Government, recently mined; but no question was ever raised as to its title, and the precedent, apparently, was forgotten in America until recalled by A. L. Scheinman, president of the Russian State Bank. Surely the Treasury, reversing its policy at the behest of the French, is made ridiculous.

* Such goods include wheat, coal, and oil. It is interesting, in this connection, that the French navy purchased last year about \$10,000,000 worth of Soviet oil which Sir Henry Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell claimed was "stolen" from the wells seized by the Soviets from his company.

The Anniversary Committee Reports

TO THE READERS OF THE NATION:

In December, 1927, a small group of *Nation* readers in New York City undertook to form a national committee in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard's first ten years as editor of *The Nation*. The Tenth Anniversary Committee of *Nation* Readers, which completed its organization during January, 1928, under the chairmanship of William Allen White, resulted. In addition to its officers, the committee consists of sixty-four Honorary Vice-Chairmen, representing the States of Illinois, North Dakota, New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, New Jersey, Nebraska, Arizona, California, Colorado, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota, Washington, Montana, and the District of Columbia, and one hundred and sixty-nine members, widely representative of the varied interests of national life.

The formation of such a committee in honor of the editor of one weekly paper is, so far as we know, unique in the history of journalism. We feel that it merits a few words as to the character and distinction of its membership. Fourteen United States Senators, six Congressmen, three United States Judges, and two State Governors are included. Organized labor is represented by some of its highest officials—William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; James H. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor; and Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. The organized women of America are represented on this committee by their two most celebrated leaders, Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Paul; the world of social welfare and reform, by such names as Lillian Wald, Florence Kelley, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Four college presidents are included in the membership of the committee, leading scholars of a dozen universities, and such internationally known Americans as John Dewey, Franz Boas, Jane Addams, T. H. Morgan, and John Cotton Dana.

For the rest, we have among our membership, artists, musicians, actors, business men, lawyers, authors, publishers, journalists, historians, novelists, poets, of no mean distinction. But possibly the most striking feature in the membership of this committee formed to honor an editor, is the presence of thirty-one fellow-editors. These include half a dozen magazine editors, as for example, Paul U. Kellogg of the *Survey* and Henry Goddard Leach of the *Forum*, and more than a score of newspaper editors scattered over the country. Among them are Fremont Older of the *San Francisco Call*, Joseph Pulitzer of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Frank E. Gannett of the *Rochester, N. Y., Times Union*, Julian Harris of the *Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun*, Ernest Gruening of the *Portland, Maine, Evening News*, Abraham Cahan of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Hans Kaltenborn of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, and Waldo Cooke of the *Springfield Republican*.

From its beginning the Tenth Anniversary Committee decided to adopt a twofold program: First, to arrange for a widespread celebration of the Tenth Anniversary so that as many *Nation* readers as possible could personally greet

and congratulate Mr. Villard, and second, to present him with a substantial number of new subscriptions to *The Nation*, as the most fitting tribute to his ten years' service as editor.

Learning that Mr. Villard's fifty-sixth birthday was to fall on March 13, the committee chose that date for the climax of its celebration. Accordingly, on the initiative of local groups of *Nation* readers, but with the cooperation of the committee, Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinners were arranged and held in Washington, D. C., on March 1, in Rochester, New York, on March 5, in Philadelphia, on March 7, in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 8, in Baltimore on March 9, in Boston, March 10, and in New York City on March 13. These functions were, without exception, remarkably successful and enthusiastic. It is estimated that, as guest of honor at all these seven dinners, Mr. Villard addressed more than 2,500 *Nation* readers.

At the birthday dinner in New York, which was attended by twelve hundred people, tributes to *The Nation* and its editor were read from all over the world. Some of these appear below and on the opposite page.

In carrying out the second part of its program, the Tenth Anniversary Committee feels that it has been no less successful. Owing to the prompt and generous response of *Nation* readers throughout the country, we were able to make Mr. Villard a birthday gift of 2,571 new subscribers. He received also a book of extracts from *The Nation*, containing the names of those who sent in new subscriptions.

And now, although the program originally undertaken has been completed, the committee does not yet see fit to go out of existence. There seems no end to the demand for *Nation* dinners. The newly organized Los Angeles Committee is holding a Tenth Anniversary dinner on March 31. Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Cleveland are asking for the privilege of holding *Nation* dinners. *Nation* readers everywhere are writing in to ask us if it is too late to send in a new subscription for the birthday gift. In view of all this the committee has decided to continue in existence until June 1. Mr. Villard has been persuaded to give the first three weeks of May to a Mid-Western trip. And a second edition of the book "Pages From The Nation" will be issued, with an opportunity for all who wish to be identified with the Tenth Anniversary to enrol their names in it and to obtain a copy.

The telegrams which poured in upon Mr. Villard on his birthday we feel should be shared with those who could not attend the dinner; but there is room here for only a few.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN, *Secretary*

London, England

In the turmoil of the past decade your journal has stood constant, a beacon flashing its message of liberty, justice, peace, and good-will across the ocean. We wish for you and it many more years of such honorable service.

HILDA CLARK; KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH; HAVELOCK ELLIS; A. G. GARDINER; MARY AGNES HAMILTON; HUBERT HENDERSON, *Editor Nation*; FRANCIS W. HIRST, JOHN A. HOBSON; GEORGE LANSBURY; HAROLD J. LASKI; J. RAMSAY MACDONALD; W. MELLOR, *Editor Daily Herald*;

HENRY W. NEVINSON; BARON OLIVIER; F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; E. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; ARTHUR PONSONBY; BERTRAND RUSSELL; EVELYN SHARP; PHILIP SNOWDEN; J. A. SPENDER; H. M. SWANWICK; LORD THOMSON; H. M. TOMLINSON; GRAHAM WALLAS; JOSIAH WEDGWOOD; H. G. WELLS; ELLEN WILKINSON; GERTRUDE CROSS.

London, England

I wish it were possible for me to be with you on March 13, when my friend Oswald Garrison Villard celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday as your guest. I do not always agree with what Villard says, but he is one of those chosen people whose independence of thought and courage in expressing it are far too precious to be limited to the approval of anybody. His function is to stimulate, to challenge, and to encourage. I hope you will associate me with the toast of his health and prosperity and be sure that though the wide seas separate us in body, my spirit is at your table.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Manchester, England

Heartly congratulations on completion of your ten years of brilliant and reconciling work on the paper which Godkin made so famous.

C. P. SCOTT, Editor *Manchester Guardian*

London, England

Villard's personality stamped on every page of *Nation* and even those who most frequently disagree with his opinions must honor the fearless manner in which he stands up for every cause in which he believes. May he be spared for many more years of his editorship.

JOHN EVELYN WRENCH, Editor *Spectator*

Moscow, Russia

Revolutionary China rejoices tenth anniversary Mr. Villard's editorship of *The Nation*, which has never failed to sympathize with the struggle of the Chinese masses for freedom.

SUN CHUNG-LING (Madame Sun Yat-sen)

Berlin, Germany

Heartiest birthday greetings to the worthy leader of the leading humanitarian journal.

THOMAS MANN

Berlin, Germany

To the brave and selfless warrior for all true democratic ideas and for a peace based on humanity and justice, greetings.

THEODOR WOLFF, Editor *Berliner Tageblatt*

Berlin, Germany

German liberals greet the champion of fairness and international good-will and hope to celebrate with you many more decades of devotion to noble causes.

GEORG BERNHARD, Editor *Vossische Zeitung*

Berlin, Germany

You are a courageous, world-famed fighter for truth, freedom, justice. German democracy is honored to stand alongside you in the struggle for the assertion of these principles in intercourse between all nations.

ANTON ERKELENZ, Member *Reichstag*

Moscow, Russia

Greetings to *Nation* and Oswald Garrison Villard for work against American imperialism in Latin America. Hope it will continue.

DIEGO RIVERA

New York

Permit me to say to the *Nation* subscribers assembled here, to-night, that I am made doubly happy in having a son who has given so large a portion of his time to the cause of honest journalism.

In doing so, he follows in the footsteps of his father and grandfather.

A continuance in his noble profession is the best wish that his proud mother can give him on this—his fifty-sixth birthday.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, D. C.

Deeply regret that matters prevent my attending the dinner in honor of Mr. Villard. I should be delighted to join in a tribute of respect to this great journalist. Please express to him my very best wishes and my hope that there is to be allotted to him many years of happiness and service. *The Nation* is a great power for liberalism. May its prestige and power increase.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

Washington, D. C.

If we had more *Nations* or many more readers of *The Nation* we would have no Daugherty and no Fall in the Cabinet, no Little Green House on K Street, no Teapot Dome scandal, no injunctions preventing free speech, a free press, or the right to free assemblage in Pennsylvania. In other words, we would have a decent, enlightened public opinion and right not might, justice not injustice, the truth not a lie would prevail. Congratulations on your fifty-sixth birthday. My hope is that you may continue as editor of *The Nation* for at least fifty-six more years.

BURTON K. WHEELER

Albany, N. Y.

I send sincere congratulations to you on your birthday anniversary. You have done much in the dissemination of knowledge and intelligent problems confronting the people as editor of *The Nation*, which is a splendid vehicle for the conveyance of your broad, liberal views. I send good wishes and trust that you will continue to have many future anniversaries.

ALFRED E. SMITH, Governor

New York

You are one of the people who make New York interesting; your paper helps to keep journalism awake and alive, and the city is proud of you. I hope the Mayors for many more decades will find you still at work.

JAMES J. WALKER, Mayor

Chicago

Villard's journalistic personality is a precious international asset. Please tender him my homage of affection and admiration. More power to *The Nation*.

SYUD HOSSAIN

Wilmington, Del.

As counsel of the enchained and oppressed people of Santo Domingo in the fight for their liberty and independence against the invaders and interventionists of Washington, I want to express to you for them and their now free and independent nation, their everlasting gratitude for your courageous, tireless, and effective services in that memorable and historical struggle. You planned and initiated that brilliant and successful campaign; your paper was first on the firing line and the last to leave. Had it not been for you and *The Nation*, Santo Domingo would be today bleeding in the eagle's claws, like Nicaragua and her helpless little sister nation, Haiti.

HORACE G. KNOWLES

Columbus, Georgia

Mr. Villard and *The Nation* have earned the respect and admiration of all persons who believe in the honest, untrammelled, and fearless discussion of political and economic questions. Along with Mr. Villard's courage in attacking privilege, injustice, prejudice, and intolerance go a sympathetic understanding of and a vital interest in the problems of the masses. And never has he failed in a willingness—an eagerness—to preserve human rights. We salute his generous and undaunted spirit.

JULIA AND JULIAN HARRIS

Santa Fe, N. M.

I congratulate the people of the United States on having a magazine in which freedom of speech is a sturdy fact and an editor able and willing to maintain it at the level of contributors who have something to say.

MARY AUSTIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Never before have we been more in need of independent journalism and never before have we had so little of it. The growing concentration of newspapers into relatively few hands and the increasing scope of syndicated news are phenomena of deep portent. . . . Ideas are not subject to the technique of mass production, and it may well be that our weeklies will serve as a ferment in the great lump of regimented, head-line opinion. At all events, that must be our faith, and the influence which Mr. Villard and his associates have been exerting through *The Nation* during the last few years gives strength to such faith.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

Cambridge, Mass.

During the last decade Mr. Villard has seemed to me the very embodiment of American idealism, and the word *patriot* seems to me to have its true meaning only when applied to a man like him.

KUNO FRANCKE

New York City

Mr. Herter and myself on the *Independent* are, as a rule, diametrically opposed to everything that Mr. Villard advocates. Upon almost every subject under the sun our opinions, our ideas, and our methods would be the exact opposite of his. This difference in point of view and direction, however, has only served to increase our respect for his sincerity, his courage, and his great ability as a journalist. He belongs to the great group of editors who are also fighting journalists, who fight hard and never hit below the belt. His absolute sincerity and his unqualified courage have won the respect even of his enemies. More than that, they have won a kind of affectionate admiration. This country needs *The Nation*, and it needs Mr. Villard. Long life and success to them both.

RICHARD DANIELSON, Editor *Independent*

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not put up a great deal at hotels, nor does he often ask them to call him in the morning. Perhaps, therefore, his experience lately in a Midwestern city was novel only to him and will be received by others merely as a confession of ignorance. Anyhow he asked to be called every morning at seven o'clock, little knowing what he was bringing down on himself.

* * * * *

AT the appointed hour the telephone bell tinkled merrily on the table. The Drifter arose, said "All right" yawningly into the receiver, and proceeded to shave. He had just thrown up an imposing intrenchment of lather about his mouth when the telephone rang again. Curious to know who could be calling him so early the Drifter responded, only to hear a metallic voice say "Seven o'clock." The Drifter thought the girl had forgotten that she had already called him and, muttering his thanks, went back to his shaving. The next morning the same thing happened. Again the Drifter thought it was due to a mistake and, muttering his thanks with rather more mutter and considerably less thanks, he resumed his toilet.

BUT when the double act was repeated on the third morning the Drifter was annoyed. He picked up the telephone and told the operator icily that he had already been called once, that when he left a call for seven o'clock he did not intend that it should be a continuous performance lasting all forenoon, and that he would appreciate it if she paid a little attention to her job and left him alone after the first call. Whereupon a pert reply came back over the wire: "We always call guests twice. It's the orders of the hotel." This information was such a shock of novelty to the Drifter that he hung up the receiver without attempting to say more. Hotels are curious places and there is no explaining some of their customs. But the Drifter thought that in spite of the telephone operator's complacent reply she would do better the next morning, regardless of the "orders of the hotel."

* * * * *

HE was wrong. In the midst of his shave he was interrupted by the now detested and detestable telephone bell. Rushing at it with consuming anger in his heart, he took the receiver off the hook and banged it on the table without deigning a reply. "That'll keep them quiet, I guess," he said to himself grimly, and went back to his shaving. Alas, no! In the middle of his shower bath a knock came at the Drifter's door. He gouged the soap out of his mouth, slipped on a bath robe, and responded. A bellboy, with expressionless face, stood in the hall. "Your receiver is off the hook," he said.

* * * * *

THE next night was to be the Drifter's last in the hotel. Before going to bed he made a personal visit to the hotel desk. In his most ingratiating voice he explained that he didn't want to ask a favor that would disorganize and permanently cripple the routine of the hotel, but if it could be done without summoning a full meeting of the board of directors or getting a special act through the legislature he would like to be called at seven o'clock *only once* the next morning. A young man received this communication with the utmost solemnity and for half an hour afterward the Drifter, who was sitting near by, heard him trying to drive the idea into the heads of various other persons.

* * * * *

THE Drifter was called only once the next morning, but on his next journey he will carry an alarm clock.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence To Los Angeles Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I address *The Nation* readers of Los Angeles and vicinity through your columns? On March 12 the organization of a Los Angeles Committee of *Nation* Readers was effected. Aaron Riche was elected chairman, Agnes O'Malley secretary, Saul S. Klein treasurer, and Lew Head program chairman. It was decided to hold a Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinner at the City Club, 833 S. Spring Street, on Saturday evening, March 31. Prominent speakers and a good musical program will make this an outstanding liberal event in Los Angeles. The committee urges *Nation* readers to come and bring their friends. Reservations at \$2 each should be made beforehand at the City Club or at the Treasurer's office, 522 Citizens' National Bank Building.

Los Angeles, California, March 12

AARON RICHE

Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

Take me till tomorrow night an' 'bout a dozen books to tell about all jobs I worked at an' all places I been. I never stays in one place mo' 'n four weeks, leastwise never mo' 'n five. Long lonesome road I been down. . . . I been helper in maloominum plant, stirrin' pots at Bessemer, janitor for mayor of two towns, factory hand, porter an' butler on railroad, an' wipin' up engines of Great Northwestern railroad. I been waiter in hotels an' restaurants. I sold papers in mo' 'n one town. . . . I been in government camp an' in Ford factory. . . . I was hand on Mississippi Delta job, boatin' on Mississippi River an' on lake, diggin' in coal mine, an' workin' in steel foundry. . . . An' been times I run up 'gainst the law. But mos' times all dirt I ever done I been lucky enough to git off.

THIS will give a taste of Left Wing Gordon's talk. Howard W. Odum has taken it down and put it in a book called "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" (Bobbs-Merrill: \$3)—and what a book it is! I cannot guess how much credit belongs to Mr. Odum, though I suspect that a great deal does. Left Wing is the hero, of course; he has done all the things, he tells all the stories, he sings all the songs. But Mr. Odum, who incidentally introduced him to us first in another volume published two years ago, has peculiar excellences as transcriber and recorder, and it seems perfectly safe to say that without his work we should never have known what we possessed in this magnificent Negro wanderer through thirty-eight States, a hundred occupations, and I don't know how many hundred shooting-scrapes and love-encounters. I should think that any American would want to read the book, the background of which—railroads, foundries, prisons, and camps—is white but the mind of which is about as purely black as we are likely ever to get in books produced by white men. And I particularly recommend it to those white people who think they understand the Negro. Understand this energy, this shiftlessness, this sublime indifference to "virtue"? Understand this man who has his own code—perhaps—but knows nothing of the loyalties supposed to be current and everywhere binding? Read "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and see if it can be done. It will be a chastening experience, one sure to awaken any reader to the still incredible variety and wildness of our world.

Claude McKay's novel, "Home to Harlem" (Harper: \$2.50), will be a little easier to understand even though it is the work of a Negro. The scene is chiefly the cabarets of black New York, and the theme is chiefly love, and to be sure love comes here wearing clothes such as were never seen on the white man's Eros—clothes darker, more odorous, and more lavishly cut than any we are likely to conceive. But Mr. McKay, a poet who has lived in both New York and Paris and who has read many white books, adds decorations which are neither interesting nor convincing. His ideas, his detached observations, and especially his "superior" character called Ray make pale reading compared with Jake the hero, Felice his "sweetness," and the sweating horde of lovers who have put on Harlem only as the thinnest of disguises. As folk-lore the book is valuable; as fiction it seems to me quite without form or meaning.

As folk-lore also, not as biography or anything else,

I took "Alger: A Biography Without a Hero," by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius: \$3.50). But it is white folk-lore this time; and it is thin, sorry stuff—the last poor ravelings of a certain homespun puritanism that is somewhat less alive now than it was when Horatio Alger poured out his 119 books for boys. Alger, it seems, went to Harvard and so always wanted to write a good book, but kept letting himself off with Alger books until it was too late. What he did—and what undoubtedly he could not have missed doing—was to say all that could be said for the smug little morals we imbibed as boys. And it is not much. Nor is Mr. Mayes's book worth much beyond the point where it reveals just what kinds of weakness Alger had; for it is one of those irritating biographies in which we are never told what things are true and what things are merely vivid. For me personally there is nothing so vivid in biography as facts that look like facts.

MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Africa

The African Saga. By Blaise Cendrars. Payson and Clark. \$5.

THIS is what my father taught me, and he had it from his father, and so for a long, long time back, since the very beginning." And since that very beginning the African peoples, like all the others save only ourselves, have been spinning the tales which constitute their literary heritage. It is our good fortune that M. Cendrars has made available for us, in a form so easily accessible, fragments of the lore, the explanations, the shrewd observations, and the poetic images into which the genius of this people has transmuted its experience.

His work will bring joy to any one who likes a good story well told, and his publishers have added to it by the imagination which has gone into the printing and binding of these tales. Cosmic legends, reasons for the existence of fetishes and for the power they hold, historical traditions of some of the tribes, fantastic tales told for the joy of telling them, stories with morals, love stories, humorous stories, and fables—all are given us. One is thankful that M. Cendrars has included a few, if only a very few, of the proverbs which embody so much of the wisdom of the Africans, and regretful that their conundrums, with their dry implications and subtle comments on life, were neglected.

Some of the stories will have a familiar ring. The adventures of the mythical hero of the Fan people, Bingo, include the story of the well-intentioned spider who spun her web over the cave in which Bingo took refuge when he was pursued by his angry father, the Lord of all things, who was bent on his death. The sandals of Samba, a legendary figure of the Todoros, were too small for any one else to wear and so proved his identity as the slayer of the crocodile which had harassed the folks of a certain town. The tale called Ingratitude is not at all unlike the one which tells how the kindly man who warmed the serpent in his own bosom was stung as a reward for his solicitude, while the hyena whose bone was lost in the water because she wanted the fat piece of meat she thought the reflection of the moon to be is a sister in greediness to the dog of our childhood stories.

Many of the proverbs, too, are anything but strange. "Who goes slowly goes far." "Let the candid buy a good horse to escape on when he has told the truth." "It is easier to eat a hare than an elephant." "He who wants to beat his dog will always find a stick." "The thief is he who is caught." "A village is fine, seen from without; seen from within it is a gar-

bage-heap!" "One day more won't make an elephant rot." "If you want peace, give ear to your wives' proposals."

Even in reading the scattered bits of the folk-lore of Africa given by M. Cendrars it is obvious that we are not presented with anything alien. With the manner in which the incidents in the stories are arranged, with the concepts which underlie them, with the morals that go with them, with the allegorical presentations of wisdom that characterize the proverbs, we are thoroughly at home. And why not? Africa, Asia, and Europe are one land mass. And stories travel almost as far as there are men to carry them. Some stories, as we know, have enormous distributions—are found scattered over vast areas. Only the source of common origin is difficult to state. For it is characteristic of folk-tales that they are, in large measure, presentations of the culture of which they form a part. The incidents may have been taken from an alien source, but they are fairly sure to be changed to fit into the experiences of the people who tell the tale as it is found. Did the African give these stories to the European? Did both obtain them from a common source? Or were the stories diffused from Europe? One can only pose the questions.

Whatever their origin, there can be no denying the artistry which characterizes these literary productions of the Africans. And they are doubly artistic since they have withstood the hazards of a double translation. Miss Bianco has made her rendition faithfully and with care. But it is unfortunate that she did not possess a greater knowledge of the material. It is not beyond suspicion that certain tales which were originally in English, such as those of Bishop Callaway from the Zulu, have simply been retranslated into English. Still further, the transition as the stories shift from one portion of the continent to another is rather dizzying—there is no "African mythology" as such any more than there is "an" African people. There are vast differences between the various peoples, and an equally vast one between their stories. To couple a Masai tale with a Hottentot one is almost like coupling the adventures of Odysseus with those of Siegfried.

But this criticism is not fairly leveled against such a book. It is one of beauty, of charm, and of discrimination, and is to be enthusiastically recommended. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Gandhi

Young India. By Mahatma Gandhi. The Viking Press. \$5.

Gandhiji in Indian Villages. By Mahadev Desai. Madras: S. Ganesan.

THERE was a period (1921-1922) in India when the strength of the Non-cooperation movement under Gandhi's leadership was so great and the feeling it had aroused so extensive that the British had made preparations to fight to a finish for their hold upon the country. Only the word of Gandhi was awaited to inaugurate the uprising, and both Indians and British expected that word at any moment. But it never came. The critical period passed, and the British occupation was never challenged by physical force.

That period was the climax of Gandhi's career, and once it and his failure to give the word for revolt are understood, they will throw the strongest light upon his character. For to him political independence was not an end in itself; it was only to be an accompaniment of something much more fundamental, namely, a growth of righteousness in the hearts of Indians that would make them abhor violence toward one another and toward the foreigner, and would as it came to exist automatically rid the land of all its ills. It was religion that was of the first importance, not politics. And just when he thought his people had acquired that universal love and could revolt without the use of violence, there took place bloody events that brought disillusionment. India was not ripe for his program, and he learned so just in time. For he saw clearly that, even if the British should

be expelled, the spirit of violence would still drive the Hindus and the Mohammedans against each other, as it had been doing for 900 years. The last state of the country would be no better than the first.

After his failure to strike when opportunity seemed to be present, his political power began to ebb away. But his influence as a religious leader has never waned. Ahinsa (Non-violence) may not yet be a practicable program for India, but it is nevertheless the country's ideal; for India is the greatest pacifist nation in the world; and it is the insistence upon this doctrine that makes Gandhi great in the eyes of his fellows. "I have always said," he tells us, "that my politics are subservient to my religion"; and indeed every item of reform which he advocates has for him a religious sanction.

The volume of "Young India" before us, 984 pages in length, is composed of selected writings from his journal by the same name, with a few speeches, letters, or articles by him and others scattered through it. "Gandhiji in Indian Villages" is an account of missionarying tours by him throughout India during 1925, the first part being a report by a young Indian who is closely associated with Gandhi, the second part by Gandhi himself. The two books present very clearly what Gandhi thinks and says about every question that agitated India during 1924-1926, and shows the means he adopts to spread his ideas.

Constantly he preaches Non-violence; he urges Hindu-Muslim tolerance and mutual love, especially in a famous article published at the end of May, 1924, for which he was censured by all parties; he deplores irresponsible journalism; he expresses his opinion of Christian missions ("How very nice it would be if the missionaries rendered humanitarian service without the ulterior aim of conversion"); he calls for all religions to tolerate one another; he speaks of the Labor Party when it was in power, designating it as "reactionary"; he defends his fasts and explains what they mean to him; he writes disapprovingly of the communal system of representation in the Indian legislative bodies; he discusses the difficult question of how far it is possible not to cooperate with the courts (it seems there are extreme cases when cooperation is necessary); he protests against the boycott of Empire goods on the ground that a boycott should not be directed against any nation but against articles whose importation is injurious to India, no matter whence they may come; he discusses "national education," which had a very short-lived popularity; he propagandizes in every way for hand-spinning; he writes of C. R. Das, once his follower, later his opponent, always his friend; he complains about the inadequacy of municipal sanitation; he attacks drugs, drink, the devil, and machinery; he advocates the merciful extinction of the wretched, starving dogs that infest the streets of Indian towns; he chides individuals much as a father might his children. These are only some of the matters with which the selections deal.

For most of his ideas he got no very willing ears. His program has grown less and less popular, although he never has personally. The Indian National Congress repudiated the spinning franchise; the Hindus and the Mohammedans would not be at peace. Yet he never lost hope or relinquished his convictions. Only his campaign for the bettering of the untouchables seems to prosper. With simplicity and directness he carries it to regions where they are not even allowed to ride in the same railway carriages with the better born but have "reserved" quarters in open freight cars. At a meeting in such a community he may either induce—with perfect politeness—the organizers to remove the restrictions regarding the intermingling of high and low, or else—with equal politeness—desert his high-caste entertainers to sit among the despised and rejected. Always he is humble, always self-forgetful.

The merits of Gandhi's political methods and economic doctrines we need not discuss; but certainly no one is doing as much as he to destroy the unlovely social phases of the Indian religions. He is the idol of the folk, whose acclamations and importunity become so unbearable at times that he says: "I

was obliged even to stuff my ears to prevent the shouts making me almost to swoon." High-caste Hindus listen to him and slowly show a willingness to grant amelioration to the untouchables. Christian missionaries aid him and allow him to speak at their schools and colleges.

Gandhi is a character whose pure gold is transmuted into lead as soon as we get him at second hand, even though through a Romain Rolland. The only way those in America can get the best from him is to read his own writings and speeches, not composed for any but Indians and therefore free of self-consciousness, as made available to us in volumes like these. Here we have Gandhi and here too we have India through the binoculars of his mind.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Polished History

The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1917. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. \$10.

FOR most American readers the initial interest of these volumes will probably consist in the supposed implication that a history of the United States, written primarily for an English audience, must be something different from a history of the United States designed for American consumption. Yet American history, after all, is only American history, to be taken or left, if you please, according to taste, but hardly to be altered in fact or meaning to suit the national prejudices or geographical locations of those who may choose to write or study it. Beyond such explanations of words or usages we go with differences of vocabulary or custom, or geographical reminders that help the reader to keep his place with the map (all of these, it should be said, matters to which the author in this instance is systematically attentive), it would seem, at least at first thought, that the American story, like the British or the French story, might well be told in substantially the same fashion on either side of the Atlantic, and left to stand or fall by its intrinsic substance much like a Latin grammar or a textbook of anatomy.

It may be said at once that, for most practical purposes, there is nothing distinctively English about Professor Morison's book. Three years of residence at Oxford as Harmsworth Professor of American History has, indeed, given him a point of view. As he himself remarks, quoting Charles Ashleigh, "England provides you with a quiet place in which to sit down in peace to write about America. And it gives you a far-off place of calm from which to view America." Oxford students, too, appear to have exhibited "a questioning and critical spirit" rather more pronounced than that commonly to be found in American universities. What Professor Morison appears to have studied and reflected upon, however, in the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, is simply the same American history that the fathers made and the children inherit; and, aside from some differences of proportion and emphasis proper for an audience to whom that history must always be, in comparison with their own, a thing apart, the book which he has produced might quite as well have been written here as there.

The differences or adaptations, such as they are, may be briefly described. There is more than the usual emphasis upon international relations and diplomatic controversies, especially with Great Britain. Local color is supplied by some excellent summary accounts of the social characteristics of sections or localities, particularly New England and the slaveholding South, and to these are added a systematic use of personal characterizations and some informing references to literature and intellectual life. Local details, on the other hand, are carefully pruned, and some constitutional or political controversies that receive much space in American books are rather briefly summarized. The largest single allotment of space falls to the Civil War and the years immediately preceding and following, an allocation perhaps to be explained by the special interest that has been

shown in England in the military and diplomatic aspects of the war. Taken as a whole, the narrative is political far more than economic or social, and almost as much international as national. Professor Morison's United States is preeminently a World Power, not a nation in isolation.

Such criticisms as are to be passed upon the book relate to form more than to substance. Professor Morison writes more easily than he did when I had the honor of welcoming in these columns his admirable life of Harrison Gray Otis, and there is no American history of equal bulk now on the market that is as consistently good reading as this one, but his style scintillates a little too brightly at times for the serious business that he essays, and the polish of his phrases carries a suggestion of artifice. Even his chapter and section captions savor of effect: Enter Hamilton, The Four Lean Kine (i.e., gun-boats, impressment, embargo, and sedition), Cultural Gleams, Joining and Other Sports, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Exit Spain. Some of his personal characterizations will strike many readers as too downright; for example, "Calhoun is a tiresome figure in American history, and pernicious as well, unless the Civil War was wholesome. One wearies of the unrealistic, humorless logic of his writings as of his noble-Roman pose, with hand resting on heart and over-handsome features surmounted by a dramatic mop of hair." And is it so certain that Taft is entitled to be classed as a Progressive, or that Colonel House actually chose Wilson's Cabinet?

These are minor spots on what is really an excellent book, and Professor Morison is entitled to his opinions. There are some well-chosen maps to help out the text, and an extensive bibliography for those who would read further. If the reading of these two volumes does not stimulate an interest in American history among cultivated Englishmen, the case may be regarded as hopeless, for a more scholarly or attractive attempt to tell the story of the one country for the special benefit of the thinking part of the other is not likely soon to be made.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Cotton-Mill Problem

Labor in Southern Cotton Mills. By Paul Blanshard. New Republic, Inc. 25 cents.

COMPARING Mr. Blanshard's study with that of Mr. Peter Goldsmith, "The Cotton Mill South," made twenty years ago, it is obvious that a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge in two decades. When the earlier report was made the Southern cotton-manufacturing industry had only sectional implications, whether technical or human. Low standards of life and work and wages were at most local. They did not carry a threat to labor in the rest of the country, and did not jeopardize American liberalism. Welfare work in company-owned villages was looked upon as a clear gain in all its features.

Since the southward migration of cotton mills set in five or six years ago, Northern textile centers have been stripped of one enterprise after another, and Southern chambers of commerce and hydro-electric power companies have invited exploitation of the Southern poor white. He is Anglo-Saxon, union-proof, amenable to the profit designs of the employer. The backwardness of Southern protective legislation is cried up as a business resource. New England industrialists are invited to have done with chafing and repining, and come South to an unbelievably happy hunting-ground.

It is Southern operatives whom Mr. Blanshard has moved among and pictured, and his account is the best handbook on the subject. He has eyes in the back of his head as well as in the front of it, for he sees not only the life which the mill hand is experiencing but that from which he came. The change brings many elements of benefit—in social contacts, albeit narrow; in cash wages, though markedly lower than in the rest of the coun-

try; in the fruits of paternalism, though initiative is in several ways snuffed out. Mr. Blanshard has the virtue, rare in writers on this subject, of realizing that the Southern industry is in transition and is exhibiting phases which have been familiar in other times and places.

This fairness adds to the weight of his condemnation of the ten- and eleven-hour day and the eleven- and twelve-hour night, the immaturity and timidity of the public mind, and the unobstructed sway of the entrepreneur with his boom psychology. All Southerners ought to read Mr. Blanshard's report, but whether they do or not, it defines for the whole country the hazard which the South now opens to labor standards in one of our greatest primary industries. BROADUS MITCHELL

Cézanne

Cézanne and His Circle. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. Holroyd-Reece. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$22.50.

Cézanne. A Study of His Development. By Roger Fry. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE "Cézanne" of Julius Meier-Graefe shares the fault common in appreciative writing—exaggeration. It will not trust to the sensibilities of the reader, or to time, for agreement, but underlines its points so that the sleepiest reader will know what he is to think. Thus "A personality without an atom of suggestion, or of sensuality, a man for whom flowing bosoms were an anathema, an artist who had become nothing but sensuality and delectation: purest sensuality, delectation innocent of every ulterior purpose" means that Monet preferred landscapes to figures. We even get historical and philosophical misstatement. Cézanne is made synonymous with the Gothic spirit, and this is said to have been created by the Northern or Germanic temperament. It should be known by now that the elements of Gothic style were developed around the Mediterranean basin, and that its highest state was achieved in the Isle de France, whose people were as much Southern as Northern. But it appears that "Northern" is a state of mind and not a geographical term. Hence Poussin and Claude, because they are orderly and gay, relate to the Dutch or Southern spirit in opposition to Dürer and Cézanne, who are serious, concentrated, above law, and therefore Gothic or Northern. In fact, so mysterious is the word Gothic made that Cézanne is destined to "discover the North Pole in the South," which may explain why he found painting difficult.

If Meier-Graefe's volume contained only such generalizations ■ this, one would be puzzled as to the author's reputation. But, of course, it does not. While Meier-Graefe has the natural tendency of the lover to see in his object the supreme good of the world, he nevertheless leaves us in frequent lucid moments appreciations which are extraordinarily sensitive and aptly stated. Thus he describes Cézanne's desire to convey emotionally as well ■ visually what he saw and felt, that is, to put in paint more convincingly than before the individual harmony which each object had with every other, so that one would feel as well ■ recognize the relation of the house to the road, the road to the house, the trees to the road and the house, and the house and the road to the trees—and this applies, indeed, not only to each object but to each form and color of each object.

The "Cézanne" of Mr. Fry is another volume in interpretation, but it is far more cool-headed. Of all who have written on Cézanne he has struck the best balance among the testimonies of Zola, Gasquet, Vollard, Bernard, and Duret. He is the one, too, who has best appreciated Cézanne's early period, being at once sympathetic and discriminating there; and if his praise of the later work is no less enthusiastic than that of the others, it is less hyperbolic. But with them he errs, it seems to me, in overemphasizing Cézanne's sense of volumes. After all, volume, intensity, and mass are no virtues in themselves. Since Berenson wrote of "tactile values" every critic has imagined

that before ■ still life he must dodge the apples. The truth is that the greatest painters are as remarkable for the subtlety of their feeling as for their intensity—for example, compare the Giotto of Padua with the Giottoesques of Assisi. Cézanne is remarkable far more for his rich and considerate color than for his volumes, which are really inferior to the average in many instances. WALTER GUTMAN

Fiction Shorts

Mrs. Craddock. By Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This is a revised and rewritten edition of a novel which, when Mr. Maugham first wrote it thirty years ago, shocked at least three publishers out of their editorial chairs. The passionate heroine whose life is rendered abortive by the exigencies of her unashamed craving for love now seems a little tame, as the author himself intimates in his amusing preface. Caught within the old-fashioned pages of the book, however, is a really astonishing character creation: Miss Ley, an engaging, acidulous, middle-aged English lady whose wit and mordancy almost run away with the story. To her Mr. Maugham dedicates this new edition. She is unforgettable: Mr. Maugham should, and quite probably will, write a play about her.

Maria Capponi. By René Schickele. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

René Schickele is a post-war Alsatian novelist whose work is securing for him a growing reputation in Germany. One may well be permitted to doubt whether this version of his best-known novel deserves to make any corresponding impression on the American public. "Maria Capponi" is a tortuous and over-written novel of frustrated love, with an Alsatian and Venetian background. The most irritating thing about it is its feverish concern with the sensations of two young decadent aristocrats whose tempers have become so refined that, as the saying goes, their servants do their living for them. The heroine was conceived as a brilliant and moving figure; but she is rendered vague by the introduction of page after page of irrelevant detail. One might, for example, excise with profit the first seventy-five pages of pseudo-Proustian recollection which introduce us to the hero's long line of aristocratic ancestors.

Showcases. By Jacques Le Clerq. Macy-Masius. \$2.

Six tales with ■ modern Parisian background, all occupied with what the publishers' blurb naively tells us is a subject "which all people, and most especially all American people, should think more upon." The stories deal respectively with ■ Lesbian, ■ castrato, a nymphomaniac, an almost-matriphile, a homosexual, and a curious lady of exciting but unclimactic sexual proclivities. Superficial and rather carelessly written as these tales are, they nevertheless possess a welcome quality. Despite the title of his book, Mr. Le Clerq does not see his subjects through psychopathologic glasses but solely as opportunities for refined amusement, the amusement that intelligent people should rightly reserve for eccentrics who are neither harmful nor monstrous.

Wintersmoon. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Another novel about the clash of pre-war and post-war generations in London, between the unyielding die-hard aristocrats and the free-kicking young intellectuals (aristocrats, too). Mr. Walpole, writing in his usual facile and competent style, gives us a story that is interesting and ingeniously motivated, people that are natural and alive. But with this procession of tradition-worshiping dukes, charitable duchesses, and well-meaning and stupid old Englishmen whose world is bounded by the four walls of their clubs there comes the curious feeling that one has read it all before. The incredibly kind hero, Lord Poole, finds his profoundest pleasure in contemplating his ances-

tral estate of Wintersmoon and its youthful heir, and his most radical aberration in the thought he once had during the war that "if it had not been for his love for England he would have been, long ago, a Conscientious Objector." As a contribution to the understanding of a shifting and critical period in English life this book is singularly unpenetrating. Mr. Walpole's sympathies are so obviously with the old and established that he cannot take the pains to glance into the other camp. Or perhaps he feels that there may be nothing really the matter, for, after all, aren't the English—as he modestly puts it—"the kindest and most genial of the human race?"

The Son. By Hildur Dixelius. Translated by Anna C. Settergren. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

A sequel to "The Minister's Daughter," written in the same quaint and mystical manner. An almost inspired atmosphere seems to gleam at times through the dull fabric of this simple narrative of saintly peasants in the lonely regions of northern Sweden; but the book is spoiled by imperfect chapter cohesion and a style which is almost as barren as the lives of the God-fearing characters.

Luck and Other Stories. By Mary Arden. The John Day Company. \$2.

The first published collection of the tales of a young English short-story writer whose cool grace and adeptness are undeniable. Miss Arden has not many strings to her bow: she deals almost exclusively with one of the easiest (and most perilous) of modern motifs—the frustrations of unimportant people. The trick here, of course, is to convey a troubling sense of tragedy without a single recourse to the so-called "grand style." Miss Arden for the most part succeeds admirably in this genre which Katherine Mansfield perfected and which is possibly at the moment being a trifle overworked by clever young Englishwomen. These twelve carefully under-emphatic ironic tales will undoubtedly prove one of the most distinguished of the season's short-story collections.

C. P. F.

Music

Circus Strong Men

THE fame of the obviously superb discipline and tone of orchestras like those of Boston and Philadelphia, and of what is becoming personal virtuosity in conductors' powers of re-creation, is causing the difference to disappear, yet there is still a difference between the concerts of orchestras and the recitals of pianists and violinists. It is a difference in the degree in which mere physical virtuosity is apparent; with, as a result, this difference in the effect of the performance: that the orchestral concert still fulfils its theoretic purpose of exhibiting music, while the piano recital offers a display of virtuosity for which music provides the occasion. These differences express themselves in the music performed. In the first place, music that has no value other than of its exploitation of an instrument is performed only rarely by an orchestra, but very frequently by a pianist. In the second place, a conductor finds it easier to exhibit unfamiliar music than a pianist, who must not only absorb its content but perfect the physical technique of its execution. And, finally, no more is demanded of the pianist than the limited number of familiar compositions which are the accepted tests of virtuosity; and what is demanded he supplies.

Consider, for example, Josef Hofmann, who in the course of years has acquired re-creative insight and technique which are, at their best, second to none. I am referring to his conceptions of compositions and their expression by tempo and color (it is in this re-creative technique, as I said in the beginning, that conductors are developing virtuosity, with similar

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consequences to orchestral concerts). There is also the physical technique with which Hofmann executes his conceptions, a technique of virtuoso caliber equal to his every musical demand. And it is to marvel at these techniques, but principally at the physical dexterity, that they would at some circus strong man's contracting his muscles, that people come to Hofmann's recitals. The result is that year after year he continues to apply them in public view to a few fugues by Bach, a few sonatas by Beethoven, a larger number of compositions by Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, and Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Rubinstein's Melody in F. Reading his programs one would suppose that Brahms, Franck, Debussy, Albeniz, and Ravel had never written. And while he plays concertos by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Rubinstein, he ignores the Franck Symphonic Variations, both Brahms concertos, and even the one dedicated to him by Rachmaninoff. This year, appearing with orchestra for the first time in two years, he elects to play a concerto by Saint-Saëns; and at his annual recital he plays again Beethoven's Appassionata and Chopin's Preludes. This is a degradation of his function as an executive artist.

So is it a degradation and perversion of the function of an orchestral concert to display the worst music in America because its composer is the best connected. I refer, need I say, to the music of Ernest Schelling, which is so near an approach to musical imbecility as to threaten my reason when I hear it, but which is no sooner composed than an act of vanity than it is performed as an act of friendship.

Another questionable act of friendship is the Philharmonic's playing the Siegfried's Death music in memory of a certain piano manufacturer who died recently. To his grandfather we owe a justly famous piano; to his father musical activities owed generous support; but to him, so far as I know, we owe only the thorough and objectionable commercializing of his firm, not only in its dealings with artists but in its handling of its product. It might have allowed the excellence of this product to advertise itself and attract the small class of discriminating patrons. Instead these patrons have had to pay what it has cost in advertising to attract the much larger number of people who buy the piano for the same reason that they buy a well-advertised patent medicine; and this inflation of demand occurred just as it was becoming difficult to obtain workmen and materials of the quality of twenty or thirty years ago. The instrument, then, is the only good one in America, but it is only as good as it can be under conditions which might in large measure have been avoided by a less grasping management. It is the only good one in America, but specimens as completely fine as those of former years are rarer.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Appropriate Romance

SIMPLE romance, elementary but effective suspense, and a dash of patriotic feeling all combine to make Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" (Garrikk Theater) a highly entertaining play to which one might take one's grandmother without giving offense and for the understanding of which a ten-year-old child would need no particular explanation. The scene happens to be a small German principality at the time of the American Revolution and the action happens to concern itself with the happily frustrated efforts of a princeling to sell twelve thousand of his subjects to the English king for service against the rebellious American colonies; but these circumstances are important only because they serve to give local habitation to an intrigue which is the common property of all historical romances and a name to personages who have been embodied in countless plays. And yet, as the play well demon-

strates, such materials are quite sufficient when properly used.

The humble secretary, two of whose brothers have been sold as he says "on the hoof," conspires with the repentant mistress of the prince to prevent the outrage. With her consent he uses the signet ring to transmit a sealed message to King Frederick of Prussia and at the last moment the *deus ex machina*, arrayed in all the glory of a Prussian uniform, arrives. King Frederick will not permit the transportation of such troops through his dominion, and so, though the heroic secretary will doubtless hang, his people are saved. The mistress trips away for Paris, "where one does not have to haggle for blood like a shopkeeper in order to enjoy a little life and splendor," and then the *deus* unrolls another parchment: he is instructed to bring the secretary safely to Potsdam and to promise him employment there with the philosophical king.

It is difficult to retell such a fable without implying a certain condescension toward its naive simplicity, but in the present instance there is no real excuse for patronage. Bruno Frank (pleasantly translated by William Drake) handles his materials not only with skill but with an engaging unpretentiousness as well. One knows pretty well, to be sure, just how everything is going to turn out, but one would rather resent any effort to vary a formula which affords such pleasant and complete emotional satisfactions. One finds oneself surrendering with childlike interest to the course of the intrigue and pleased with a childlike pleasure when everything turns out so exactly as it ought. A few members of the audience, fresh from the oil scandals retailed in the evening papers, tittered nervously when the secretary, refusing the offer of the king, decides to go to America instead and exclaims: "There is no master there; only Heaven above, the rain, and the sunshine. Man stands by himself, sustained by his natural rights, equal to equal, and is free." Such, however, is the power of romance that only a few perceived the irony, and I doubt if they were wise to spoil their fun. Mary Ellis is very charming as the mistress, and if Basil Sydney rather tends to overflow with suppressed emotion the play does, after all, demand a theatrical interpretation.

Those who have seen Miss Zoe Akins's recent plays are familiar with the exuberant romanticism to which they attempt to give expression and know about what they are to expect—very elegant (preferably titled) people, soaring tragic sentiments, and a good many tags from Shakespeare distributed indiscriminately to all the characters whenever they feel themselves getting beyond their depth. "The Furies" (Shubert Theater) is composed of all the usual elements, including the Shakespearean tags, and though it is not a successful play it comes nearer than any of Miss Akins's recent efforts to hypnotizing the audience into an acceptance of its gushing emotionalism. The opening soliloquy is a really brilliant piece of writing, and the whole first act, played in a very spirited fashion by Laurette Taylor, A. E. Anson, Estelle Winwood, and Ian MacLaren, is characterized by a certain verve which disarms criticism. The second act, however, degenerates into a rather interesting detective story and then the third goes completely to pieces until it has become no more than a farrago of sensational scenes in the course of which the heroine is trapped in a tower with a mad man while his sister (also mad) plays appropriate tunes on a violin in the next room. Life as Miss Akins sees it must be a very romantic and extraordinary thing, but she has never yet entirely succeeded in making anybody else see it through her eyes.

Of recent years the musical comedy has shown a disposition to turn manly and to lay less stress on the shrill pipings of the merry village maidens than upon the lusty carolings of soldiers and swashbucklers. "The Three Musketeers," which Mr. Ziegfeld has just produced at the Lyric, seems to me about the best example yet seen of this hearty school. It has some swinging tunes, it is set with lavish good taste, and it has a plot which actually holds the interest. I have no doubt that it will enjoy a huge success.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chili" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*. He is now on his way back to Mexico City.

MARGARET NAUMBURG founded the Walden School in New York City.

PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE is a New York newspaperman who has made a study of Russian-American relations.

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BROADUS MITCHELL is in the department of political economy at Johns Hopkins University.

WALTER GUTMAN is an American critic of painting who has studied both here and abroad.

B. H. HAGGIN has written a series of articles on musical criticism for *The Nation*.

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International Relations Section

Martyred Tyrol

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, March 8

AS I write, Austria is tensely awaiting Signor Mussolini's promised reply to the revelations by Austrian deputies of the state of affairs in South Tyrol. There has never, of course, been any suggestion that Austria could take any action to relieve the 250,000 German-Austrians who are suffering under the forcible attempts to deprive them of their national language, religion, and characteristics generally. The resentment now aroused against Italy is due to the Italian attitude that the Austrians must not only stand by impotently while their brothers are suffering but that they must also stand by in silence.

Were Austria in a position to undertake any military action for the South Tyrolese, it would be comprehensible that in certain foreign countries her Government should be condemned for disturbing the peace of Europe if it uttered any threats against Italy. But if the recent debates in the Vienna Parliament are studied, it will be realized that the Government throughout deprecated even the references made by Tyrolese deputies to the sufferings of their people south of the Brenner. Even these deputies did no more than point out the helplessness and sufferings of the population; they were agreed that there was no popular remedy save in a return of the Italian people to its old traditions of liberal government which have been so completely banished from South Tyrol. Very little is heard of the severity of the Italian regime there, which, it can be said without fear of contradiction, is the most repressive in Europe. The reason is not that the people are growing accustomed to their lot, but that it is against everyone's interests to champion them. When Germany has ventured to do so she has been accused of endeavoring to interfere in Italian affairs; Austria, who realizes only too well her completely defenseless position, fears not only possible hostilities but economic reprisals as well. The Vienna press is usually silent for two reasons; first, because, as I have reason to know, the Austrian Foreign Office endeavors on all occasions to play for safety and discourages publication even of the best-authenticated instances of Italian severity, and second because the press itself fears the easy remedy available for the governments of all the surrounding countries against Austria—the suppression of the offending Austrian paper on its territory.

The facts concerning South Tyrol are so clear that the only excuse for summarizing them is that they are so seldom mentioned. In justice the Italians were fully entitled to take from Austria the district around Trent and up to the gorge of Salurn. But as part of her price for entering the war on the side of the Allies, Italy demanded the frontier of the Brenner, and secured it together with a solid block of 200,000 to 225,000 German-Austrians, citizens of the tiny principality of Tyrol which has a record of patriotism of which the United States would not need to be ashamed. The Austrian Government protested against this mutilation of the province, and was told, in the Allies' reply refusing to draw up a different frontier, that "As

appears from the very clear explanations given in the Roman Parliament by the Italian Minister President, the Italian Government intends to pursue toward its new subjects in respect of their language, institutions, and economic interests a large and liberal policy." Signor Tittoni, Italian representative at the Peace Conference, said in the Italian Chamber in September, 1919: "Italy will include 180,000 Germans in her new domain . . . Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Serbia are bound by ordinances inserted in the treaties of peace to respect the language, religion, institutions, and all free activities of the national minorities. And it is very necessary that these ordinances should be faithfully and loyally observed. Italy . . . is under no legal obligation of this kind, but in my view the liberal traditions which are her glory and distinction make it her moral duty to act in the same way." Signor Luzatti, the Rapporteur, declared "It must be an obligation of honor . . . to allow to the Germans . . . the free enjoyment of their autonomous institutions . . . for only thus will Italy be true to the traditions of the old Romans."

The condition of Italian minorities in, for instance, Jugoslavia, is regulated by the peace treaties:

Jugoslavia is obliged to allow her minorities full power of development in their national life, complete freedom of intercourse in respect of religion, the press, and the conduct of societies and meetings.

The minorities have the right to erect schools and educational institutions in which they shall be at liberty to use their mother tongues without restrictions. Where minorities are of any considerable size, the state is to provide state schools for them.

This was the treatment which, according to the promise made by the Allies to the Austrians, would be accorded by the Italians of their own free will to the Germans of South Tyrol; this was the treatment which Italian statesmen proudly proclaimed Italy would grant because she was Italy.

For four years the Italians treated the South Tyrolese moderately well and the latter responded; there was no revolution, obstruction, or opposition. That the people were happy could hardly be expected, but they admitted to me personally that, given the injustice of the partition of Tyrol, they had little complaint against their new masters. Then came the change; we have it in Mussolini's own words:

"South Tyrol . . . was entirely German, . . . everywhere nothing but Germans and German speech. I have set this right. On the Austrian frontier I have introduced a zone of thirty kilometers within which only persons with a special permit may live. The Italian language is now obligatory throughout the country. . . . The land must become Italian." Practically, this has meant and means today a series of oppressive measures the mere titles of which would fill a page of this paper. All German newspapers have been stopped; not only are there no state schools teaching in the native language, but even private schools are forbidden to teach the children in that language. The singing of German songs is forbidden, and hundreds of persons have been arrested and deported for offenses against these regulations. Compulsory Italianization, indeed, has been carried to the extent of demanding that family names of Tyrolese citizens be Italianized as well as names and inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemeteries. South Tyrol is today the most tragic corner of Europe.

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NEITHER SENATOR NYE NOR AL SMITH seems to us to emerge well from their controversy over Governor Smith's connection with Harry Sinclair, whom he appointed in 1920 to the New York State Racing Commission. When Senator Nye has had more years in public life he will learn that the most effective replies in a debate of this kind are brief, dignified, and restrained—especially brief. On the other hand Governor Smith must have broken away from his usual advisers; they would surely never have permitted him to send such an outrageously abusive letter to Senator Nye. It does not augur well for the self-control of the Governor that he allows himself to write to as honest and deserving a public servant as Mr. Nye that he does not propose that he and "Senator Robinson shall escape public humiliation for the infamous insinuations," "false public statements," etc. Nor was it necessary for him to say that the inquiry directed to him "is a Republican counsel of desperation," a "demagogic slander." Senator Nye was quite justified in replying that this tone and attitude of Governor Smith aided and comforted the "oil scoundrels" and, he might have added, their apologists in the press. The whole thing was not worthy of the space and attention

given to it, but Governor Smith's extraordinary passion and intemperance in replying will remain to plague him throughout the campaign.

PROTECT US FROM THE POLICE! We are beginning in dead earnest to reap the harvest we have sown in allowing them to violate the laws and to take the law into their own hands whenever they choose. So we have the chief of police of the city of Miami and no less than five of his subordinates in prison awaiting trial for first-degree murder of two Negroes. A sixth subordinate, a detective, is in jail on a second-degree murder charge for killing a white carpenter. The Negro whose death two and a half years ago has now put the chief of police in jail was killed during the process of administering the "third degree," after he had been accused of "accosting a woman guest at a hotel where he was employed." The grand jury specifically charged "terrifying and damnable practices" in this and other cases and promises proof of "further startling irregularities." If the former chief of police of Canton, Ohio, has been released from prison in connection with the killing of Don R. Mellett, the Canton editor, some of his subordinates are in jail for life. In Brooklyn two patrolmen have just been convicted of crime and another from the Bronx has been arrested for attacking the chief of police of Nyack, New York. Hardly a day goes by without some such police lawlessness. Yet the Bar Association of the City of New York has not sufficient courage or respect for the law to stop the hourly abuse and maltreatment of prisoners in the New York police stations. But on the ground that it is a quasi-public body, it has recently had its building exempted from taxation.

IT WAS PRESIDENT ATWOOD of Clark University who, with his own presidential hand, turned out the lights on an audience listening to Scott Nearing lecturing six years ago. More recently he has been snooping on student editors. He induced the press which printed the *Clark Monthly* to send him, secretly, proofs of all articles before they were published. For the January issue one of the editors submitted a lively playlet entitled *Bull Session*. But before his play appeared he wrote to the editor asking that it be withdrawn. "It's too strong," he wrote, "and careless." Two days later President Atwood called the editor-in-chief and the author to his office, and suspended them. The fact that they had already dropped the article made no difference to him. He also demanded that two associate editors who, without reading the article, had carried it a quarter of a mile from one editor to another, resign. They declared that to resign would be to admit guilt, and they did not feel guilty. The president then informed the public that they had "voluntarily withdrawn from college"—a sheer falsehood. When the student body unanimously requested the president to reinstate the editors as students, President Atwood called the resolutions "absurd and impudent." When a student committee called on him, he greeted them with the words: "There's the door. Get out!" A new board of editors of the *Clark Monthly* has now given to the public an honest statement of this shocking story; two of the

editors, both honor men, one being president of the Student Body, have resigned from college, declaring that to be "the only act compatible with self-respect." We honor these men, Jacob Freedburg and George Grondahl, and Seymour Revzin, who resigned with them; and we hope that there is enough love for the university's good name among Clark alumni to get rid of the mean, deceitful little man who as its president has snooped and lied and shamed their alma mater.

STEPHEN G. PORTER has introduced a bill into Congress, asking, in connection with the new federal penitentiaries shortly to be built, for the establishment of two narcotic farms. At the present moment some two thousand federal prisoners are drug-addicts. According to Mr. Porter's plan these prisoners would be segregated and given special care, for they are not only a misery to themselves, but a direct menace to others; one of the peculiarities of the disease is that the drug-taker tries to make converts and initiate others into his habit. The narcotic farms provided for in Mr. Porter's bill would give these patients intensive and humane treatment, under scientific direction. Such a measure is, of course, a poor substitute for prevention. But prevention will be impossible until we can stop the incessant flow of smuggled drugs into the United States. Unfortunately it would take an army of men standing shoulder to shoulder along our vast frontiers to keep out this flood, and the conditions which cause it are beyond our control.

THE DRUGS CONSUMED in the United States come from about forty drug factories in this country, Great Britain, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and India. Except for those in India, all are owned by private individuals or corporations. The United States has rationed its factories, and our manufacture of drugs has been limited as closely as possible to the amounts needed for our own medicinal purposes. But this limitation of manufacture has not been adopted by other countries. In most of them the sky is the limit. Yet these countries, like the United States, are signatories to the Hague Opium Convention of 1912, and Article 9 of that convention binds every nation to limit drug manufacture to medicinal needs. In the last analysis, of course, the overproduction of the raw material is the root cause of the whole situation. But in regard to both factors, overproduction and overmanufacture, the United States is the victim of a situation which can only be altered by international cooperation.

THE FINAL AMENDMENT of the Jones Flood Control Bill by the Senate Commerce Committee eliminates the only section which would have required the States or levee districts to pay a part of the cost. The flood-stricken States, in view of the \$292,000,000 already paid by them for flood protection, are now required to furnish only the additional rights of way necessary for further levee construction. Although this reduces considerably the more generous appropriation of \$473,000,000 in the House bill—all of which was also to have been paid by the federal government—it is reported that it still does not come near enough to the original Jadwin plan to enjoy the support of President Coolidge. Under the Jadwin plan the flood-control expenditure would have been \$297,000,000, but the States affected would have been called upon to contribute 20 per cent—approximately \$60,000,000. Thus, most significant in the present Senate

bill is its recognition of the fact that the inundated areas, some of which have had to refund taxes, should not be overburdened by flood-control costs. It should afford ground for an intelligent compromise between the two earlier plans.

BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY of the thousand delegates present the United Farmers of Alberta recently passed a resolution demanding that Canada resume the trade relations with Russia which the Dominion Cabinet, docilely following the lead of England, severed last spring. The vote is, in effect, that of the unofficial parliament practically ruling the Western province. It was not reached, of course, without acrimonious discussion, soft words about the ties with the motherland, and the honor of dead heroes' blood in the red of the Union Jack. One delegate, with passionate loyalty, said:

If my mother asked me to do something to save her honor, I should do it without questioning. Great Britain has asked. It is not for us to reason why.

Unfortunately, since the severance of trade relations, the Russian market, which consumed \$165,000 worth of Alberta's agricultural exports last year, has been completely cut off. In the face of hard economic facts of this kind, the bonds of empire loyalty are strained. Another issue was suggested: Eighteen months ago, at an Empire conference in London, Canada and the other British Dominions were given the status of "nations." The farmers would now like to know how much substance, if any, there is behind the words "national status."

BORAH, BERTRAND RUSSELL, AND TROTZKY were invited to become honorary members of the Pan-Asiatic Conference at its second meeting held in Shanghai late last year. On subjects other than this invitation the delegates were far from unanimous. Despite the Japanese inspiration of the movement, the Chinese delegates insisted upon presenting a resolution inviting Japan to get out of Manchuria. The Indian delegate seconded the motion, and it was voted by the entire conference, with only the somewhat bewildered Japanese in opposition. Delegates more or less representative of Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Formosa, Afghanistan, Turkey, Turkestan, and Arabia were present, and no Europeans, not even newspaper correspondents, were permitted to attend its sessions. Such congresses are symptomatic, but as yet they cannot be taken very seriously. The militarists who rule China's provinces, the oligarchy which governs Japan, and the semi-modern dictators of Western Asia are as afraid of democratic nationalism as the European Powers which maintain colonies in Asia. Japan, which alone could be the effective leader of a pulsing Pan-Asiaticism, cannot do so unless she makes up her mind to abandon her attempt to imitate Western colonialism in Manchuria and Korea.

IN THE ROLLING HILLS of Marin County, California, which he so loved, William Kent died on March 13, and the bursting of a California dam crowded his name off the front pages. He was another kind of California dam that never burst. For six years in Congress as a fighting Progressive he was stalwart in a hundred movements to save their birthright for the American people. Those were the days when Roosevelt called himself a Progressive, and Kent fought with him. President Wilson appointed him

to the United States Tariff Commission, where he was a dam again. He had begun his war against corruption back in 1889 when, two years out of Yale, he began to attack the corrupt gang that then ruled Chicago. But although his name lives in Chicago, where the Municipal Voters League and the Civil Service Reform League grew strong under his leadership, he belonged essentially to California. He went there as a boy of seven, and grew up there; he returned as a man of fifty, served in Congress from California, and died there. His most enduring monument, perhaps, is the grove of mighty redwoods close to San Francisco Bay which he saved from destruction. Kent bought the old giants, and gave them to the nation as a park. President Roosevelt asked his permission to call them "Kent's Woods," but in a letter typical of the man Kent replied:

I suggest that ■■■ tribute to our great naturalist, John Muir, the park be named "Muir Woods." I am not unappreciative of your kindness in desiring it to bear my own name, and I thank you. However, I have five stalwart sons, and if they are not able to keep the name of Kent alive, I am willing that it be forgotten.

Your Electricity Bill

DO householders pay the power bills of the factories? The old complaint against the generating companies was that as a whole prices were too much in excess of the cost of production. In a pamphlet entitled "What Price Electricity for Our Homes?" Morris Llewellyn Cooke of Philadelphia argues that the great immediate injustice is in the inequality between rates for electricity in the home as against those for power supplied for industrial uses. He thinks that we are on the edge of a great extension in the domestic use of electricity which can be hastened, both to the benefit of the consumer and the generating companies, by a redistribution of rates as affecting the home and the factory. Mr. Cooke says:

The outstanding feature of the domestic electric-rate situation is the fact that for ■ quarter of ■ century there has been almost no effort at basic readjustment in the method by which rates are determined. *Domestic rates for electricity have been and still are from five to ten times as great as wholesale power rates.* Yet the conditions which twenty-five years ago justified the granting of exceptionally low rates to industrial users have completely changed. There is now no longer the need to attract the large industrial power consumers during periods of off-peak, ■ was the case at the inception of the industry. . . . In the face of these significant changes, not only has there been very little done in the way of removing or cutting down the large differentials originally established between industrial and domestic consumers, but these differentials in many places have actually been increased. Statistics show that whereas in 1923 lighting consumers paid on the average 4.8 times as much as power consumers, by 1926 this differential had been increased to 5.7 times as much.

Mr. Cooke's estimates are supported by O. M. Rau, electrical engineer for the Giant Power Board appointed by Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania. In compiling figures for 98 per cent of the electric current used in Pennsylvania in 1924, Mr. Rau found that the average rate paid by the wholesale power consumers was 1.35 cents per kilo-

watt hour while the average rate paid by domestic consumers was 8.4 cents, or 6.2 times as much. Mr. Cooke adds:

It is recognized on all sides that in the early days lighting rates were fixed with a view to covering, not only all costs of generating and distributing all current used for lighting, but also the entire overhead expense of plants which were also serving power consumers. No one pretended that the higher rates charged lighting consumers were in any way ■ measure of the greater cost of distributing current to them. Since those early days the cost of producing electricity has so declined . . . that the rates paid by power users are generally sufficient to meet their share of all overhead expenses. But the *relative* charges for power and domestic service have remained largely as before.

The *Electrical World* of January 1, 1927, presented figures on this point, showing that between 1923 and 1926 the average price of electric current to power consumers declined from 1.47 to 1.39 cent per kilowatt hour, or more than 12 per cent, while the charge to lighting consumers actually increased from 7.1 cents to 7.37 cents. In its issue of February 5 of last year the same publication said: "Of the 68,732,000,000 kilowatt hours generated in 1926 only 21 per cent was used for light—yet that 21 per cent returned \$1,072,000,000, or 64 per cent of the total central-station revenue." In other words, the ordinary citizen's lighting bill pays for power for the factories.

Formerly electricity was used predominantly for lighting, and facilities had to be installed to meet the demand at the peak hours, which were only a fraction of the twenty-four. It was often true that had the demand been steady rather than irregular, twenty times as much electricity could have been supplied with the same equipment. A customer who would use current in the off hours might rightly receive it at great concessions. But the industrial uses of electricity have expanded vastly, and in addition equalization has been obtained through the linking of systems and long-distance transmission. As Mr. Cooke puts it:

The generating stations may now be serving more largely a lighting need, now a transportation need, now ■ steel-mill need, now a clothing-factory need. At one moment the demand may be heavy in New York City, at another in anthracite coal mines, at another in rural silk mills. But, with the wide interconnection between companies, the load on any one generator as well as the load on all combined can be made—and in some areas has actually become—surprisingly even.

Approximately 400 mergers occurred in 1925, and approximately 1,050 mergers in 1926, the various companies which changed hands at one time counted separately.

What should be the proportion between rates for home consumption and those for industrial uses? The figures of the companies are kept in such a way as to obscure this point, but Mr. Rau, as ■ result of his studies in Pennsylvania, came to the conclusion that the difference of rate between small and large consumers should be three to one as contrasted with the actual proportion of six to one. In practice the Province of Ontario has proved on a large scale and over many years that it is possible to serve domestic consumers at rates much lower than those prevailing in the United States. The government-owned hydro-electric system supplied the homes of Toronto in 1926 with current at an average rate of 1.7 cent per kilowatt hour, representing a reduction from 4.5 in 1914.

Our Trustworthy Newspapers

“AN able and needed investigation.” “Senator Walsh is a merciless investigator. But he fights openly and honorably. The country, as a whole, regardless of party lines, is just as eager as he is to uncover the mysterious ramifications of the Continental oil-company enterprise.” “It is to be hoped that the Senate Committee will push its inquiry to the end without tenderness to persons.” These sentences we found recently in an editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune* and we confess that we could not trust our eyes when we first saw them. For this is the same paper that during inquiries in 1924 had no language too violent with which to denounce the same Senator Walsh and his associates in digging out what is now admitted to be the worst corruption in high office in the history of the republic. “The Montana scandal-mongers,” the *Tribune*, as it then was, called Senators Walsh and Wheeler on March 30, 1924. On January 30, 1924, the investigation was in its eyes “a Democratic lynching bee” which was, “in plain words, contemptible and disgusting.” On February 21 it denounced Senator Wheeler for his attack upon Attorney General Daugherty, saying:

He turned his back on the rules of fair play and decent conduct that control private citizens and, ordinarily, Senators of the United States. . . . Senator Wheeler would place Senatorial cowardice on a par with Senatorial courtesy. . . . The country is in for a period of wild accusations, rumor-mongering, and loud-mouthing by little minds.

It finally agreed with Senator Wheeler that Daugherty should resign, “not because of the slanderous attacks of Democrats, but in spite of them.” Again, it said of Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Walsh that “these precious legislators will doubtless continue to violate every rule of decency and fair play, for such is their nature.” And it finally spoke of “the preposterous hearsay of incredible witnesses.”

The *New York Times* was not far behind its Republican contemporary. When Senator Caraway attacked both Albert Fall and Edward B. McLean, the *Times* declared that “judicious Democrats” everywhere “must grieve over this Bombastes Furioso, for this is but another act of ‘Trying to Bamboozle the People.’” When Secretary Denby was forced out by the oil investigators the *Times* came to his defense, and declared that “not even his enemies charge him with a sordid use of his office or of malfeasance in it.” And it held to this viewpoint until the United States Supreme Court found that Denby had been guilty of most blameworthy lack of fidelity in office. Similarly the *Times* came to the aid of Harry Daugherty, declaring that there was “something unspeakably mean” about the desire to sacrifice him merely to save the party; that he was a sacrifice to Senators abler than he but “much meaner.” Again on March 19, 1924, it denounced the Senatorial “inquisitors” for introducing to the public “a fine collection of crooks asserting that other men are crooked.” On March 31 the *Times* had this to say:

A few Senators at Washington have borne themselves like men who are at heart enemies of lawful and orderly government. They profess to be engaged in the laudable effort to uncover corruption. . . . But . . . they make it seem that their real purpose is to paralyze the Administra-

tion, to terrorize members of the Cabinet, to break down the efficiency of the Government. . . . The inquisitorial power of Congress, which should be reserved for great events, has been placed at the disposal of men who display no sense of responsibility, and who make use of it for the pettiest and most malicious purposes. What should be the strong medicine of the Constitution, . . . has been made the daily bread of scandal-mongers and assassins of character.

When the investigators first got on the track of Mr. Mellon, the *Times*, on April 12, 1924, again declared that “It is one more step in a movement which will have the effect, if not the design, of throwing the government into disorder and demoralizing those charged with the duty of conducting the public business.” The *New York Evening Post*, too, was constantly firing away at Walsh and Wheeler, calling them the “mud-gunners,” and declaring that

There will come a day when Washington will recover its now lost sanity. . . . For weeks its mud-guns have belched and splashed. What once was a great deliberative body has been resounding to the partisan yelpings of little men and the snaps and snarls of character assassins. . . . The public has been shocked and finally disgusted by this brazen exhibition of poison-tongued partisanship, pure malice, and twittering hysteria.

It is needless to add that the example of these metropolitan papers was followed by dailies in other cities. So far from upholding the hands of the investigators, they broke the force of the evidence presented by their attacks upon the investigators and upon the motives that led to the inquiry. We do not know of a more unworthy chapter in the history of our journalism. We do not think that it was a deliberate conspiracy. We incline to the belief that it was pure stupidity, editorial laziness combined with an unwillingness to attack the honor of “respectable,” wealthy, prominent persons in high office.

Suddenly, this year, the newspapers discovered that Senator Walsh and Senator Nye were doing a good job. What caused the change? In the first place, there is this year no possibility of a third, and an honest, party in the field. In the second place, in the years that have elapsed, the men like Senators Wheeler, Walsh, Norris, Nye, La Follette, and Borah, who place public decency and honor above party considerations and the safety of rascals in public office, have steadily pounded away and bit by bit brought out more and more truth. There is, of course, nothing that has been revealed in this fresh investigation that is else than confirmatory of what was discovered before. Our editorial protectors of wrongdoers cannot allege this in their defense. The simple fact is that the mountain of evidence has grown so great that it cannot be whistled away. So these editors have had to face the truth and turn a complete somersault with the best grace possible.

Yet there are still limits to their virtue. When the sacred name of Saint Andrew of Pittsburgh is mentioned these newspapers again train their batteries of abuse upon the investigators. The *Tribune* and the *Times* are talking their old language. Will it take four more years to teach them the lesson?

Coal

THE NATION presents this week several portraits of a sick industry. Coal has not been carried along on the triumphant wave of American business progress; an undertow seems even to have swept it backward. The men who dig coal are worse off today than they were twenty years ago; and many of the operators themselves are not making profits. The public, content with the cheapness of the product, has turned to its radio, and has "tuned out" whenever a serious-minded discourse on coal came floating over the ether.

Yet there are signs of an awakening. When a hard-shelled Administration Senator like Mr. Gooding of Idaho comes back from the Pennsylvania coal-fields using language which he himself would have described as "Bolshevik" a year ago, and when the conservative State Industrial Commission of Colorado urges unionization of the blood-stained mines of that State, something is happening. The Senatorial discovery of the black feudalism in Pennsylvania has brought into the headlines of the metropolitan newspapers items which a few months ago would have gone into the editorial scrapbaskets. "Court Order Evicts 285 Mine Families"; "Railroad Banned Union Coal"—these are educational headlines.

There are two aspects of the problem of the coal mines. One is an administrative, organization problem. The industry has run wild; the "free play of competition" has reduced it to anarchy. There are too many units, and they mine too much coal. The operators themselves recognize this, but they preserve their religious abhorrence of government interference. Sooner or later, we believe, they will recognize that they cannot solve their problem without governmental help. It is conceivable that a genius will arise among the coal operators with capacity to reorganize the whole industry without aid from the government. Oil and coal, two of the basic industries of the United States, are running a race in competitive waste. Neither pays its workers decently; in both some operators make fortunes, and hundreds of others are crowded ruthlessly to the wall; and in this mad, speculative game the subsoil wealth of the country is being recklessly wasted. Consolidation by private agreement would be likely to run foul of the anti-trust laws, but business men will not consent to government control until faced with ruin.

However obvious the main lines of such a solution, they are politically impossible today. The current discussion will help, but the pessimistic notes struck by Professors Warne and Hamilton in this issue of *The Nation* are based upon political realism. The public must be hurt more before such action will be possible. Yet the exposure of the indecency of the coal barons toward their industrial serfs is helping in another direction. One part of the coal problem would be met if the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States were enforced in the coal-fields. The men do not have free speech or free assembly. They cannot organize. They dare not protest against the conditions that debase them. Some of the operators, as Messrs. Limpus and Codel show, have not the faintest glimmer of the meaning of industrial democracy. Charles M. Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on the witness-stand in Washington, showed a generous ignorance of conditions in their own companies,

but they had a faint apprehension of the meaning of collective bargaining which the Mellon representatives lacked. And the action of the Colorado Industrial Commission, in a State where Mr. Rockefeller's plan of company unionism has had the fullest trial and has gone down to ruin amid needless idleness and violence, should teach intelligent masters of industry a lesson. "Experience has shown that it is not to the best interests of the employees to leave their welfare exclusively in the hands of the employer," says this commission, mildly enough, and it recommends "restitution of collective bargaining through non-company unions."

The United Mine Workers of America have not a very good record of industrial statesmanship, but it can at least be said that where the union has held control of a coal-field it has maintained decent living conditions. The bloodshed of the Colorado mines can be traced directly to the long effort of the mine-owners there to keep out the union; and the worst mine conditions of America today are in the rigidly non-union mines of West Virginia and Kentucky. The demoralization of the industry today is in part a direct result of an organized attempt to destroy the coal miners' union. It is the overproduction, at a less than human wage, of those non-union fields which is directly responsible for the destruction of union standards in the North and the ruin of cheerful union mine communities. An immediate step which is possible today is an insistence upon the right of workers in American mines to organize to defend themselves economically. Where men live in company houses, in company towns, mistreated by company coal and iron police, not permitted to speak publicly, to meet, picket, or organize, American freedom is meaningless.

Rejecting Peace

THE eager enthusiasm with which the Powers at Geneva rejected the Russian proposal for complete disarmament does them no credit. They were assembled in a "Preparatory Commission on Disarmament," called together under the auspices of the League of Nations, and the Soviet Government did them the honor to suggest serious action in disarmament. It appalled them; Mr. Litvinov's own statement explains why:

There has been more than enough discussion of disarmament [he said]. I venture to furnish the members of this commission with a few data from which it will be seen that in addition to the general Assemblies of the League of Nations and the Council meetings, thirty-eight sessions of which occupied themselves with the question of disarmament, not fewer than fourteen different commissions have devoted more than 120 sessions—not sittings, mark you, but sessions—to this same question, on which 111 resolutions have been passed by the general Assemblies and Council alone.

Turning to the results of this vast quantity of work, the documentation of which has taken reams of paper, we are forced to the conclusion that not a single real step has been taken toward realization of disarmament. . . . The Soviet Government declares that it is ready to abolish all military forces in accordance with its draft convention as soon as a similar decision is passed and simultaneously carried out by other states. The Soviet Government asks the other governments represented here if they are also ready.

Count von Bernstorff for Germany, and Tewfik Pasha for Turkey, replied that they were ready to discuss sympathetically the Soviet proposals for complete and immediate disarmament. The Western Powers, led by England, replied with sneers and jibes. The very idea of complete and immediate disarmament was repulsive to them. They had not sent delegates to Geneva, it plainly appeared, with any intention of disarming, or of moving toward disarmament; they desired merely to use the word "disarmament" sufficiently often and sufficiently loud to placate the peace sentiment at home.

Lord Cushendun's speech ridiculing the Soviet position was a disgrace to Great Britain. He carried into the session of the Disarmament Commission the grim campaign which Britain is waging upon Russia on a dozen fronts. The attention paid to the Amir of Afghanistan in London—the parades of tanks, the air maneuvers, the submarine excursions—are part of the same campaign; a silent war is being fought in China; and the British are resentful because they permitted the Russians to steal a march on them and to suggest to the League the inclusion of Turkey in the present Disarmament Conference.

Lord Cushendun did not so much discuss the Soviet proposals for disarmament as denounce the Soviet Government; and in so doing he falsified history. If there is any point upon which the Soviet scutcheon is clean it is on this very matter of foreign wars. Its first years were clouded by a war waged against it by the Allies because it dared make peace with Germany and propose peace for all the world. France and Britain, the United States and Japan, sent their soldiers and munitions into its territory without declaration of war. Lord Cushendun called the Soviet interest in disarmament "sudden." But as far back as the Conference of Genoa, in 1922, the Russians suggested a discussion of disarmament—in vain. It was not Russia's fault that she was not represented at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, and Lord Cushendun grievously misstated the fact when he credited the League with any share in the achievements of that meeting. He objected because Soviet statesmen and the Soviet press have denounced the League, but so have the American press and American statesmen; and Mr. Litvinov's history of the League negotiations upon disarmament shows that participation in these sessions is no evidence of interest in the subject. For that matter, Viscount Cecil resigned from Lord Cushendun's own Government in protest against its attitude on the question of armament.

Our own American representative joined in cold-shouldering the Russian proposals. He thought them so divergent from the committee's draft that they were not even worth further study. But there is no evidence that he or anyone else at this Disarmament Conference—except the Russians and the disarmed Germans—had any interest in any program of disarmament, least of all in such a sweeping program as the Russian. The conference adjourned futilely and foolishly, having done nothing except to advertise Western hypocrisy.

What *The Nation* said four months ago it repeats: "The way to disarm is to disarm. . . . We welcome with all our hearts the Russian proposals. It is our deliberate judgment that if persisted in they will give to the Soviets the moral leadership of the world." They have been persisted in; and the action of the Western Powers has strengthened Russia's moral position.

Spring in the Cosmos

THE northern half of the earth—in our hemispherical conceit we call it the top half—has been tilting slowly downward toward the sun since that day in December when it had withdrawn to its highest and darkest point. A few days ago it took a position midway between the deep frown of December and the broad smile of June, and we said that Spring was here. But the sun does not know this; space does not know it; the ether, if there is any, is not interested in the fact that the rays which now speed through it are having a different effect upon the surface of a certain irregularly whirling ball from that which they had three months ago—what is three months to the ether, if there is any ether? The physical universe, wherein even the solar system is only the minutest of particles, is not aware that Spring has come. It feels nothing more than it would feel if an astronomer drew straight and curved lines on a sheet of paper to indicate the movements of its spheres. In time, as the cosmos knows it, the succession of winter and summer, of night and day, is as the whirring of a shutter which opens and closes so fast that neither black nor white appears, but merely eternal gray. And in some stretches of space there is not even a shutter.

Time as we know it, however, is not like this. For us there is such a thing as the coming of Spring, and to us it makes all the difference in the world. The three months since December ended have been more than appreciably long; they have seemed, if they have not been, interminable. And now when we get up in the morning we look out upon walls splashed with light that we are tempted to think was never there before. We say "It is a nice day," even though we remember that March's appearance of warmth is still deceptive and that we are not to be surprised by many changes in the sky before sunset. Days for us do differ. Seasons do come and go. So as we walk from home we pay more attention to the zenith than we have been paying to it for months; or, if we count ourselves among those who peep and botanize, we bestow fresh glances at the earth to see how all things in it are taking the new temperature. The birds, who never desert the sun while earth shifts under them North and South, have already come in numbers; we note them now with approval, and begin to think of still longer days when they will hide in the full branches of maple trees at noon. Or furtively we write Spring poems, blushing to think what our friends would say if they found them in our pockets, and resolving not to send them to those editorial offices where long ago it became the fashion to laugh at singers of the green season.

It is the fashion to laugh at bad Spring poetry, yet the oldest good poetry was on this theme—the earliest people who expressed themselves at all did so upon the occasion of the sun's return—and in the literature of any known nation, Chinese, Provençal, or Greek, some of the least tarnished pieces are pieces inspired by the equinox. It is possible to write very bad poetry upon a subject so great and old; but it is equally possible to write very good poetry around a fact of which all men have always been acutely conscious. Men will never be astronomers in March and April; they will find the crocus quite as important temporarily as the cosmos. The cosmos can take care of itself. But Spring is ours, and must be recognized.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

LOUIS BROMFIELD is mad at the critics. His disaffection from the fraternity has been embodied in an essay called *A Critique of Criticism*, published by Stokes in "Mirrors of the Year." It is reasonable that those who suffer at the hands of reviewers should answer back with as much asperity as possible. But it may be mentioned that Mr. Bromfield qualifies as one who has received within a year or so both adulation and acid. His last novel was wildly acclaimed. His play was damned. Accordingly this creative artist is in a position to say that he holds both the praise and censure of the scribblers in equal contempt. And he says just that.

I agree with Mr. Bromfield that criticism in America does more harm in its excessive kindness than in its savagery. Moreover there is small chance to deny the assertion that America boasts, at the moment, no great figures who deal in criticism exclusively. Still, *A Critique of Criticism* is not wholly logical if taken as a brief. In one paragraph the essayist complains that American reviewing is addicted to mass movements and that all the magistrates insist upon honoring the same person at the same time, while earlier in his article he writes:

With the assistance of helpers we undertook to cross-file the volume of criticism in another fashion—the good against the bad; and in at least 60 per cent of the cases we found the results utterly baffling. The poor author was unable to draw any sane conclusion except perhaps that criticism in America was a mad business. Side by side were to be found reviews condemning the author as a tyro and praising him as the best writer of the past decade. . . . Side by side were articles praising his style and condemning it.

There seems to me no soundness whatsoever in this objection. Even in the golden days, when criticism flourished, it never was nurtured by unanimity. Difference of opinion is as vital to the art of criticism as to the sport of horse-racing. And surely Mr. Bromfield does not believe that there exists, buried in some pyramid, a yardstick by which style may be measured so that it can be classified and standardized like eggs or wheat. For instance, I intend to fight for my right to think that Louis Bromfield, himself, assembles words in a manner not dulcet to my ear. To others he is a stormy sea beating upon a rock-bound coast with fascinating cadence. Who is wise enough to give decision now? Since the matter is vital we must all wait with bated breath till that august tribunal Posterity dons somber robes and comes to sit in judgment. And merely as a sporting offer I'll back my view at odds of two to one for any sum if Mr. Bromfield will let the wager run two centuries.

Some of the novelist's points against the critics are well taken but not, I think, of sufficient moment to justify his heat. He tilts against the use of "best" in journalistic appraisal. To him it is a high crime for any reviewer to speak of the best book of the week, or month, or year. In this citation I think his observation is a shade inaccurate. The form as I know it runs a little differently. Much more commonly the critic says, "This is the best book I have read in the last six months." There is no intention to be pontifical or to hint that this judgment has been reached through divine revelation. Very possibly even this mild form is

somewhat idiotic but I fail to see in just what way the future of American literature is endangered by its usage.

There is soundness in Mr. Bromfield's complaint that critics all suffer from the Columbus complex. "There is," he says, "a rather tragic game in America called Discovering a New Author and most 'critics' play at it." But this is an issue for which we should take our quotes off. There is such a game and critics play it here and in France, Germany, and England. Nor need we exclude the Scandinavian. In fact the pastime is traditional with all who have ever undertaken to evaluate the creative artist from the beginning of time. Because of the game, gross errors have been made. Unworthy souls have been puffed beyond their deserts but still it has served to succor some in garrets. There must be a recognition in the very beginning that critics are, like the rest of us, sons of old Adam. The artist creates in order to magnify his ego and the critic criticizes for the same reason. In only two ways may the reviewer triumph. He will acquire merit whenever he sees more deeply into the stirred waters than any other and he will get some small twigs from the laurel if he is the first to come upon the pool where miracles are made. Readily I will agree that stout Cortez has too many emulators among American critics. In newspapers the attention paid to brand-new books is out of all proportion. There is no reason why a commentator should not turn back upon occasion to some musty volume which has been out for an entire year. But even in this process of turning back to antiquity there still rides in the heart of the explorer a hope that he may find some golden things which his competitors neglected. At the least the man who delves is intent upon rediscovery.

Louis Bromfield would have more poise in the attitude of reviewers. Upon his juries he would accept none but Olympians. But even on Olympus cliques and jealousies and passions were not unknown. When Mr. Bromfield complains about the excessive effervescence of modern criticism, and mourns because America no longer has any such cool, calm intelligence as that of James Huneker I am a little puzzled. Can it be that Huneker is so soon forgotten? When called back from the dead to point this moral his memory is hardly flattered, for the truth of the matter is that Huneker could throw his hat higher into the air than any reviewer now functioning within our borders. It was Huneker more than any other American who succeeded in stirring up a national interest in the art of other countries. He led us in a leap across the ocean and that can't be done with a standing jump. There must be a running start. Huneker shouted as he ran and waved his arms. Compared to him Paul Revere moved like a mouse upon linoleum.

If there ever was a personal and passionate American critic his name was James Huneker. Once a fellow-worker came into his coop on an evening when Huneker was engaged upon a review of a performance by Mary Garden and immediately he tiptoed out as fast as his feet would carry him. "I felt," he explained, "like Peeping Tom of Coventry."

Mr. Bromfield says that most American critics are merely exhibitionists. His essay was written shortly after he had completed a lecture tour of the women's clubs in the Middle West.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
March 24



AS Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon permitted, if he did not actually inspire, his subordinates to refund vast sums in taxes to corporations in which he was heavily interested. He advocated and secured extortionate tariff rates upon products in which he and his family have a monopoly. He used his official position

to prevent an investigation of that monopoly. He contributed to, and defended the use of, the most colossal slush fund ever raised in a Senatorial campaign in this country. He holds his office in open and flagrant violation of the statute which bars it to any man engaged directly or indirectly in trade or commerce. He has now been exposed as one who joined in concealing the most scandalous fraud ever perpetrated upon the government of the United States. If he had the faintest sense of delicacy or propriety, he would retire from public life. Nevertheless, Senator Couzens's resolution, declaring it to be the sense of the Senate that he should resign, is practically certain to fail of adoption. Smeared with oil and smelling of Liberty bonds, the man who wields the federal taxing power is still formidable. His power was sufficient to prevent an investigation of the aluminum trust. It was sufficient eventually to force the adoption of the essential features of his tax program in behalf of the very wealthy. Morally, Mr. Mellon is discredited. Politically, he wields a lash under which Democrats as well as Republicans are wont to cower. The power to tax is the power to destroy in more ways than one, and Mr. Mellon repeatedly has demonstrated his willingness to use it without scruple. Senator Couzens discovered that once before, when, in reprisal for his independence and honesty, a \$10,000,000 penalty was slapped on him by the Treasury Department. He will discover it again if his resolution comes to a vote—which seems unlikely. In a crisis involving Mr. Mellon, there are always enough Democrats like Bruce of Maryland, Hawes of Missouri, and Blease of South Carolina, to overbalance the defection of such independent Republicans as Norris, La Follette, and Couzens himself.

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MELLON'S testimony before the Walsh Committee last week accurately indicates the degree of candor which may be expected of him, just as it illuminates the sincerity of his professions in favor of honest government. Defending his prolonged silence concerning the \$50,000 in

Sinclair bonds which Will Hays offered him in 1923, he explained that the incident was so trivial he felt no obligation to disclose it to the men who for four years had exhausted every effort to discover what was done with those bonds, and who handled them. He pleaded that his information would have added nothing material to that already in the committee's possession. It was a hollow and spurious plea. Until two weeks before Mr. Mellon's appearance on the stand the committee had no evidence that the tainted Continental bonds had been peddled around by Hays for the purpose of concealing Sinclair's enormous gift to the Republican Party. Mr. Mellon could have supplied that information. He withheld it. The facts about the Continental Trading Company's corrupt connection with the Teapot Dome lease were unearthed in 1924. If Mr. Mellon did not at once connect those facts with the offer which Hays had made to him a year before he is vastly more obtuse than any Washingtonian believes him to be.

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BECAUSE of his high character and magnificent record, one hesitates long before implying that Senator Walsh could be influenced in his duty, even by the hope of the Presidency. But the elaborate tenderness with which he handled Mr. Mellon on the witness-stand, together with a strange waning of his aggressiveness in other phases of the oil inquiry, have caused dark head-shakings and mutterings. He left it to Senator Nye to ask Mellon why he had remained silent about the Sinclair bonds for so long. He left it to Senator Wagner to ask him why he had joined in a scheme to influence the editorial policies of the foreign-language press during the campaigns of 1920 and 1924. He contented himself with bestowing a gratuitous compliment upon the Secretary for his refusal to accept Hays's disreputable proposal, and said nothing at all about the Secretary's almost equally disreputable suppression of the fact that the proposal had been made.

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NEWSPAPERS like the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* were quick to seize upon this idle compliment, which they distorted into a vindication by Walsh of Mellon's whole course of action. Mellon Absolved of Blame was the astonishing headline which appeared over one such story. It may be argued in Walsh's behalf, of course, that he cannot be held responsible for the lack of ethics which produced such deliberate and flagrant garbling of his words and their plain meaning. But it was hardly the moment for compliments to Mr. Mellon. A man who conceals a fraud deserves no flowers for having refused to become an active participant.

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THE applause with which the *Herald Tribune* rewards Senator Walsh's restraint can hardly be gratifying to him. When that newspaper concludes that he is proceeding against Republican corruption with "dignity and pro-

priety," the Senator may well pause to scrutinize his own methods. Especially will his suspicion be warranted when he finds the same editorial referring to the investigation of 1924, "when the egregious Wheeler ran away with the committee, and converted the oil investigation into a well of slander." Every newspaper in the country, except the egregious *Herald Tribune*, knows that Senator Wheeler has never been a member of the committee, and has never taken the slightest part in the oil investigation, either in 1924 or any other year. In its vague, muddled way, the *Herald*

Tribune probably is thinking of the select committee which in 1924 investigated the administration of the Department of Justice by Harry M. Daugherty. Wheeler was a member of that committee, and the disclosures which he elicited forced the reluctant Mr. Coolidge to ask for Daugherty's resignation as Attorney General. Is it that event which the *Herald Tribune* editor is lamenting? Or was he merely parroting the familiar complaint of Daugherty, Blair Coan, and the rest of the gang from the Little Green House on K Street, without troubling to recall where he heard it?

The Plight of Soft Coal

By WALTON H. HAMILTON

THE story of bituminous coal is an oft-repeated history that runs from crisis to crisis. For a time the industry goes its unobtrusive way; the consumers have little trouble in filling their bins, the operators lord it over their private domains, the mine-workers do such work as they can find for such wages as they can get, and the public takes no interest in so obvious a thing as coal. Then the veil of peace is torn aside, and the industry is for the moment endowed with a grave public interest.

The strike sets the stage for a dramatic presentation of the great confusion that is coal. Quietly as matters may be taken at first, inevitably the troubles of the bituminous industry break into the headlines, and millions of words, most of them a verbal heritage from previous crises, jump into type. Interested individuals, investigators for organizations, and even representatives of Congress visit the front and bring back stories of a situation much in need of mending. A host of members fill the legislative hopper with bills for intervention, for peace by an act of the state, for a thoroughgoing revision of the arrangements of the industry.

But the fundamental reorganization never comes off. Before the voice of the people becomes the will of the legislature some sort of truce is patched up. There may, as in 1922, be an agreement between the mine-workers and the operators in the whole union territory; there may, as in 1906, be separate settlements, district by district; there may, as seems likely in 1927-1928, be surrenders, local agreements, and a continuing guerrilla warfare. But, however it comes about and whatever its terms, peace is made, statutes die in the making, and the disorders of coal cease to be of general concern.

The bituminous coal question did not emerge in a day. For a very long time bituminous coal promised to be only a minor worry to the community. As was fitting to a petty industry, coal-mining was developed under the usages of petty trade. The industry was open; anyone who could command the necessary resources was free to enter it, but no one was constrained to do so. The market was open; anyone who had the price was free to purchase, but there could be no forced sale upon an unwilling buyer. The working places were open; there was no compulsion upon the operator to hire or upon the laborer to accept a job. Each person who ran a mine, purchased coal, or became a mine-worker was free to seek his own best advantage; each was prevented from overreaching himself at the expense of

others by the necessity of selling his coal, purchasing his fuel, or disposing of his services in rivalry with others who might undersell or overbid him. The competitive mechanism of petty trade was depended upon to keep the mining of coal orderly and efficient.

So long as coal remained a petty trade and consumers were supplied from nearby mines, the system at least worked. The trouble began when in the course of unintended events coal was exalted to a high place in the national economy. The series of changes called the industrial revolution introduced the machine process, dotted the landscape with factories, and quickened small businesses into great industries. The new system of production required a gigantic and continuous stream of fuel to keep it going; it found its single large and dependable source of supply in coal.

This demand for an "industrial-energies" industry raised anew the question of the control of coal. An organization which had grown up in response to the requirements of petty trade could hardly be expected to meet the larger needs of a great "key" industry. In time the various groups concerned each tried its hand at patching up the inherited scheme of order. The operators knew that the labor problem was too big for even the biggest of them and felt vaguely that other matters of concern to all were beyond the reach of any; they tried to organize trade associations. The workers found wages distressingly low, employment none too plentiful, and conditions of work far from ideal; they set out to develop a strong trade union. The State governments came to be persuaded that coal could not be left entirely alone and began to regulate the industry. Each aimed to end the unruliness of the industry by appending a new control to the ancient system of free competition.

But a lagging organization was not so easily to be adapted to the demands of a strategic industry. It was long after needs had arisen before half-hearted attempts were made to devise new instruments of control. The operators and miners worked at cross-purposes, creating a fault line through the industry, leaving it half union and half "free." The government felt it wise to walk warily in invading the domain of coal.

The net result of these protracted attempts to bring the organization of the industry up to date is easily set down. Not one of the instruments of control, whether it be trade association, labor union, legislative code, or what-not, extends over even one-half of the industry. Not one offers an agency and a procedure through which a major question can be

made a matter of conscious policy. A strategic industry is still controlled by a scheme of arrangements which grew up to meet the needs of petty trade.

The demand for coal is almost the only certain thing in an industry beset with uncertainties; at present the requirement is for nearly 550,000,000 tons each year. For the most part this demand comes from industries in need of power; it rises as the index of production moves upward and falls with its decline. It depends very little upon the price of coal, for the cost of fuel is a minor item among expenses of production. It responds very indifferently to stimulation by advertising or to adroit salesmanship.

Over against this demand is to be set down a capacity to produce far too unruly to serve as a balance. The law of the land, with a true devotion to democracy, invites whosoever will to take a chance at the prizes of mining. Rich and abundant deposits, easy of access, receptive to recovery, are a lure to the adventurous. Fresh enterprises have been started to produce coal that could be had at far less expense from old workings. Every rise in the price curve has created newly manned ventures and never a sag has cleared away superfluous undertakings. The sprawling domain of coal, beginning in the East, has taken its wasteful and disorderly way toward the West and the South.

And, as if the deliberate opening of new mines were not enough, human ingenuity and initiative have helped to make the industry a jumble of enterprises. The cost-sheets tempt the alert manager to improve methods, to eliminate needless operations, to articulate processes more closely, to substitute docile machines for more vociferous units of human labor. As the new machines, the new processes, the new administration make their way underground they accomplish a thing which was no part of the reason for their introduction. Since they enable the mine to be worked more rapidly, a given area will within a period of time yield a larger amount of coal. Thus a capacity to produce, already overdone by the opening of unneeded mines, is swollen still further by an addition which is a mere by-product of the advance in the art of mining.

Nor is there hope, under the regime of free enterprise, for an elimination of this excess capacity. The great surplus has come with the slow, the irregular, the oftentimes interrupted development of machine mining. At present, even under the wasteful conditions of operation which are usual, the mines of the country are capable of yielding very nearly one thousand millions of tons, almost double the requirements of the country. For the future an increasing excess capacity promises indefinitely to characterize the industry.

This unstable equilibrium sets the stage for an unorthodox competitive struggle without benefit of the usages of petty trade. A demand independent of price, and a capacity to produce which is lost to control, render impotent the very devices upon which competition relies to keep the industry orderly. The many coal companies engage in a scramble for a market which is too small to go around. Since the bulk of coal is mined to order, it is capacity rather than product which is peddled from factory door to factory door. The rival concerns come to secure such custom as they can command at such prices as they can get. The ordinary operator finds his market and his gross receipts alike uncertain; he gets into a hand-to-mouth habit of running his affairs, doing the best he can with the situation at the

moment, and thinking none too much and none too shrewdly about the days ahead. It would take a volume to set forth, in orderly fashion and with attendant circumstance, the resulting mal-organization in a disorderly structure of mines, a backward art of mining, a belated use of machinery, a wasteful employment of labor, and a reckless using up of human and material resources.

The continued union of a national industry and a petty-trade scheme of control has left behind a long, checkered, and repetitious history in the dusty annals of coal. It has played fast and loose with all the parties who have had an interest in coal-mining.

The consumer, whose reputed role is that of innocent victim, seems to be the only beneficiary of competition. Even if on occasions he has had to give what he calls outrageous sums for such coal as he could get, his purchases have usually imposed no severe tax upon him. None the less he has had his bothers. The coal which has poured into his bin has been far from uniform in quality; railroad charges have not accurately reflected carriage costs; and the operators have exacted quite different tolls from different consumers. There have been interruptions in mining and at recurrent crises at least a fear of no coal to be had at any price.

Since to the public every squire of a dinky mine is a "coal baron," the plight of the operator does not invite national mourning. Yet, in spite of lucky concerns which maintain solvency or even achieve affluence, the ordinary head of a bituminous mine has been caught in the toils of the general confusion. The inexorable pressure of the market forces him to pare his costs to the very minimum. Run-of-the-mine sort of person that he is, it is not out of sheer malice that he pays miserly earnings to his workers, overlooks the protection of life and limb, and neglects conditions of living; he would often prefer to avoid the low morale which attends industrial struggle. As recent events have shown, it is the operator who tries to live up to a union agreement who suffers most. With an evasive market in front and business failure at his heels, it is no wonder that the records abound in bankruptcies and reorganizations.

The lot of the miners reflects the chaos and depression of the industry. The operators have, as far as possible, passed their burden along to the workers. There has grown up a tangled, disorderly, and inequitable network of wage-rates. Certain rates compare favorably with those in other industries; but employment is irregular, and even a miner cannot live by wage-rates alone. The conditions of work and the protection of life and limb are alike far from uniform; a trickle of accidents day by day accumulates into statistical tables which are appalling, and an occasional disaster results in so large a number of casualties as to suggest a battle. Almost everywhere there is a dearth of opportunities for recreation, for education, for personal development—for mine-workers themselves, for their wives, and for their children.

Nor do the laborers possess an agency by which they may avoid taking up the slack of industrial disorder. At one time the United Mine Workers of America comprehended half the bituminous mines; now less than one-third of them are subject to its waning influence. From the first it was intended to be an industrial union; yet it has attempted to meet the unusual conditions of bituminous mining with the strategy usual in craft unionism. It has welcomed into the industry all the workers who have cared to

come, and yet has depended for its success upon a monopoly of labor. It has resorted to the strike when the deficit of coal could all be supplied from non-union fields. The use of the strike in an industry so overdeveloped that 500,000 men are employed to do the work that half that number could accomplish, attests a slavish devotion to an outworn creed. Yet the union is the only instrument whereby miners can protect their living, and the strike the only weapon the officials and men are accustomed to employ.

Most important of all, the great disorder has resulted in making the role of every man in the drama of coal anything but a heroic one. For behind action, the pretense of action, and the lack of action lies a muddled state of mind. There is from some a doleful complaint that the price of coal is too high, that barons and mine-workers are mulcting the public. Others are prone to attribute the wrong, whatever it is, to a vague, mythical, unholy sort of something called "capitalism." Still others in solemn chorus in-

sist that appearance is only appearance; that the reality is that of a well-behaved industry; that the bituminous problem is all a myth. It is the chief count against the prevailing order that it has created a body of general opinion in its likeness.

It is unfortunate that the plight of bituminous coal presents an economic and not a technological problem; for our ways of meeting the two are so different. A technological problem we intrust to competent persons who begin by asking what is to be done and proceed to contrive ways for bringing about the result. But we would never think of intrusting the bituminous question to a group of competent economists and engineers who would begin by asking what the coal industry was expected to do and proceed to contrive and fit together a scheme of arrangements which would give a reasonable chance of exacting from it a specific performance.

The Coal War

By COLSTON E. WARNE

CHEAP Southern coal largely explains the tragedy which has overtaken the coal-fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Sixty thousand men have been on strike for a year. Thousands more are unemployed. Hundreds of mines are bankrupt. Many more are losing money. In Illinois and Indiana the situation is scarcely better. The Northern coal industry is on its back. "Conditions which exist in the strike-torn regions of the Pittsburgh district are a blotch upon American civilization" is the report of the Senate investigating committee. "It is inconceivable that such squalor, suffering, misery, and distress should be tolerated in the heart of one of the richest industrial districts of the world."

At the base of this struggle are the widely varying labor standards of the Northern and Southern fields. Thirty years of collective bargaining in the Northern States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois brought a steady increase in wage-rates and a marked improvement in working conditions. Neat little mining villages were built up, especially in Illinois and Indiana, where privately owned homes are the rule. The check-weighman and the pit committee became fixed institutions. Qualification laws for miners were passed in Illinois and Indiana. Miners in this Northern field felt secure. Operators came to accept the union as a desirable institution which established a standard wage scale for the industry. Both operators and miners were, in fact, lulled into a comfortable security, broken only by intermittent dickerings as to the rate of pay.

So it was that little attention was paid to the rich mining area to the south. Though freight rates were early fixed at levels which would allow Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee coal to compete in the Northern markets, development in the Southern field was limited up to the time of the World War. Slowly, however, Negroes and mountaineers were trained in the art of coal-digging and company towns were established. From the beginning, unionism was everywhere resisted. With the company controlling the houses, the ground, the stores, and the government,

prevailing labor standards and wages came to be very low. This, coupled with the use of modernized mining equipment and the war demand for coal, brought a speculative boom in West Virginia and Kentucky. The security of the Northern mines was challenged.

The United Mine Workers met this challenge by concerted drives to unionize the West Virginia field. Bloody battles followed between 1919 and 1923 which often amounted to civil war. Injunctions, gunmen, and the "yellow-dog" contract broke the drive of the union. Finally, in 1922, a nation-wide strike was called. This strike, though effective in limiting the production of coal, failed to unionize West Virginia. Indeed, the union through bad bungling sacrificed 100,000 newly unionized workers in the coke region of western Pennsylvania.

For the past five years the union coal-fields of the North have been paying the penalty of this defeat. Miners and operators alike have suffered. Not only have the low labor standards of the South proved disastrous, but the development of a new mining area in a period when the market for coal was stationary was suicidal to the industry. In 1913, for example, the Pittsburgh district alone produced 71 million tons of coal. This amount had by 1925 dwindled to 48 million tons, while production in Kentucky and West Virginia rose from 90 to 177 million tons. Again, since 1920, the Pittsburgh area has lost to Southern producers all of a 48-million-ton increase in the demand in Mid-Western and Lake markets.

In an ever-increasing flood, the Southern non-union coal, mined on a \$3 to \$4 wage scale and aided by a favorable freight-rate structure, has rolled northward into the markets displacing the Northern competitors who had long dominated the field. With the union miners insistent upon receiving a \$7.50 wage from companies whose sales and profits were rapidly declining, industrial warfare became inevitable. The greater the encroachment of the Southern fields, the more necessary the higher scale became to the union miner, since the days worked per year declined greatly.

500,000 unemployed

Official report for Unemployment - 1,876,000
 Disinclination of unemployment
 between 1920-1927

The impending battle would have been staged in the spring of 1924 had not the Republicans thought it best to pacify the miners until after election. Under political pressure, an armistice—the Jacksonville agreement—was signed to preserve peace until April 1, 1927. This armistice was maintained in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio despite comparative stagnation in these union fields. In Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia, however, repudiation was common. Large operators like the Consolidation Coal Company, the Pittsburgh Coal Company, the Bethlehem Mines Corporation, and the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh mines were among those breaking their contract, in 1924 and 1925, in the endeavor to achieve lower labor costs. Most of these companies finally reduced the wage scale 33 1/3 per cent, to the 1917 level. Strikes ensued, the majority of which are still nominally continuing. The Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce in 1925 “impartially” surveyed the mine situation with funds supplied by the Pittsburgh Coal Company. After due deliberation, the chamber sponsored a plan for the reduction of wages and the establishment of company unionism in the mines of that concern.

With a loss of 150,000 members during the three years ended December 1, 1926, and with the menace of the non-union fields greater than ever before, the United Mine Workers was forced either to accept a reduction or to fight a battle against tremendous odds. Under the slogan “No backward step,” the latter course was followed. A nationwide strike which was called for April 1, 1927, brought out 120,000 miners from Illinois, Indiana, and outlying districts, together with 60,000 men from Ohio and Pennsylvania. Thus the organization which, five years before, had on its rolls 65 per cent of the bituminous miners, had only a 30 per cent grip on the industry. Even this hold was largely lost when in the summer of 1927 the union felt it expedient to sign a truce with Illinois, Indiana, and other Western operators providing for the payment of the Jacksonville scale up to April 1, 1928. Of the union fields, Pennsylvania and Ohio were alone left on strike. Production of coal at once returned to the level of market requirements. With 200,000 extra miners and a 400-million-ton extra capacity in the industry, the striking miners failed to cause a ripple in the coal market. Indeed the price of coal sagged; the greater share of purchases being made at \$2 a ton or less at the tippie. Large consumers, particularly the railroads, noting the condition of the industry, encouraged a cutthroat competition among producers.

The chief hope, then, of the striking miners has been that of making operation under non-union conditions so costly to the mining companies that the attempt would be abandoned. The operators for their part have attempted to break the spirit of the strikers by the use of company police, injunctions, evictions, and the importation of strike-breakers, and thus to reestablish regular operation. At the close of a year of these bulldog tactics the issue is still deadlocked. Millions have been lost by operating companies. Bankruptcy has been most common. In the case of one well-located mining concern for which definite information is available, the market value of the property since 1923 has shrunk from \$1,250,000 to less than \$150,000. The only ray of hope in the situation has, indeed, been a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission giving Pittsburgh a twenty-cent added freight differential over Southern competitors. This, however, does not seem sufficient to evoke enthusiasm over future prospects.

Still these financial losses, large as they have been, are small compared to the human costs of this struggle. With the exception of the meager \$3-a-week relief irregularly granted by the United Mine Workers as strike benefit, the burden of carrying on the fight has fallen upon the shoulders of the miners, their families, and the communities in which they live. The resources of all are now almost wholly exhausted. Everywhere the food supply is inadequate. In some areas, outside relief agencies are active. The left wing Pennsylvania and Ohio Relief Committee handles labor funds. The American Friends' Service Committee has gone into central Pennsylvania; the National Guard has opened soup kitchens in Ohio; at the instance of a church appeal the social agencies of Pittsburgh have covered Allegheny County. The condition, indeed, became so bad that in February, 1928, the leading business men of Pittsburgh formed a relief organization which received even the support of the mine-owners. This effort has been coordinated with the administration of the Clergymen's Fund, and the result has been adequate financing for a subsistence minimum in Allegheny County.

Between employer and employee, friendly relationships growing out of years of mutual understanding have been ruthlessly severed. Not only does deep-seated antagonism arise because of the employment of strike-breakers; it has also resulted from the annoyance brought on by guerrilla warfare. Everywhere disrespect for law is being created. The miners feel, with reason, that the courts have been unfair in the issuance of injunctions. The order of Judge Langham of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, which forbade the giving of relief, the posting of strike notices, and picketing is but indicative of the trend. In western Pennsylvania and in eastern Ohio picketing and free assemblage have likewise been limited by the courts.

Miners are furthermore increasingly convinced that in the coal-fields capitalistic enterprise has utterly failed. For twenty years they have averaged but 215 days of work a year. Recently the situation has become worse rather than better. The accident rate has been appalling. In ten years there have been 535 accidents for each 1,000 men employed in coal-mining in the State of Pennsylvania. The average time lost is 40 days. During a lifetime (forty years) of work a miner stands 17.2 chances out of 1,000 of being killed in a mine accident. In this risky and unstable industry living standards at best have scarcely approached the level of a living wage. The Jacksonville scale netted the average miner between \$1,200 and \$1,500. Out of this amount, an average of \$10 a month was paid as rent for the usual four- or five-room company house. Two out of one hundred of these houses have bath-tubs, thirteen out of a hundred have running water. The savings through inferior housing standards are largely taken up in higher food costs. The 1922 Coal Commission estimated that an expenditure for food of \$800 a year was necessary to provide a healthful living for an average miner's family. If the living standards under the Jacksonville scale were already low, the miners seem justified in contending that 25 to 33 per cent wage cuts will not serve to better their condition. Indeed, wage cuts in the Pennsylvania field tend only to give impetus to greater reductions in the Southern districts.

What, then, is likely to come out of the struggle in Pennsylvania and Ohio? Just what is desired by the contending parties? Strangely enough, both the operators and the International officers of the United Mine Workers are,

in general, supporting the same solution. In testimony before the Senate Committee, both request the right of coal companies to consolidate, both seem on the whole willing to have some measure of price control, or at least supervision of the industry, and both desire higher freight differentials in favor of the Northern mines. Indeed, the only discernible difference lies in the desire of the union to maintain collective bargaining and the Jacksonville scale. Most operators would willingly grant the collective bargaining if it were on a lower wage basis.

It is significant to note that the beliefs of the International officers and of the rank and file of the United Mine Workers are somewhat at variance. An insurgent "Save the Union" movement is gaining great headway, especially in the strike area. This movement is led by John Brophy, a former district president, who in 1926 contested for the International presidency of the union. For nearly a year this progressive wing of the miners was silent, feeling that at any cost a united front must be maintained. It was only when apathy and discouragement were sapping the effectiveness of the strike and when it became apparent that the fight would be long-continued that steps were taken to challenge the Lewis control of the union.

In this call Lewis is condemned in no uncertain terms. He is charged with the stealing of the election of 1926 through tactics that rival those of Philadelphia politicians. Indeed, in that election 10,000 more ballots were counted than there were taxpaying members of the union—a striking contrast to the usual 25 to 50 per cent poll. Moreover, Lewis is charged with the failure to organize West Virginia and with inactivity in resisting operators who repudiated the Jacksonville agreement. It is urged that he has failed to press the program of the union for nationalization of mines. Furthermore, he is termed a poor strategist for his action in bringing a settlement in 1922 which failed to include the coke regions; also for his withdrawal of Illinois and Indiana from the present struggle. Finally, no little attention is directed to his \$12,000 salary. The slogan of "Lewis Must Go" has been adopted.

Needless to say, the Save the Union Committee and its left-wing supporter, the Pennsylvania and Ohio Miners' Relief Committee, are roundly denounced by the Lewis group as "disruptive and communistic." Delegates to the projected convention are threatened with expulsion from the union. Brophy sympathizers, however, claim that they have the solid backing of several hundred local unions and that they will be able to force the adoption of a new leadership having a more militant program. Specifically, they urge: (1) The repudiation of the Lewis leadership in the union; (2) the sending of "shock troops" into West Virginia; (3) mass-picketing among all striking groups, defying any injunctions that may be issued; (4) the pressing of an aggressive campaign for the nationalization of mines; and (5) the establishment of the Jacksonville scale, coupled with the six-hour day and the five-day week.

Whatever may be the outcome of the gathering of the Save the Union group, it seems probable that the United Mine Workers will on April 1 attempt again to make the strike nation-wide. Undoubtedly this will include another effort to capture the strongholds of West Virginia.

At this moment no solution for the coal problem is in sight. The possibility of government control seems remote both because of the political hold of West Virginia (which would be adversely affected by any national stand-

ard of wages or by any rational readjustment of freight rates) and because of the several Supreme Court decisions holding coal to be an intra-State business. Until election is past and until the court can be brought in touch with economic realities, government control holds out no possibilities. Government ownership is not mentioned in Washington, even by Senator Wheeler. It is unlikely to have a hearing on its merits. Consolidation seems likewise doomed to failure. The 7,000 mining companies do seem to be drawing together in regional groupings but only so that the competition between districts may be more bitterly contested. No substantial lowering of mine capacity through this channel is in sight. Moreover, it is improbable that mining will be specifically exempted from the provisions of the Sherman and Clayton acts.

What, then, will happen? Probably some compromise will in time be effected which will permit a certain portion of the union miners to return to work under union conditions. Several new mediation efforts have been started in recent weeks. Any probable settlement, of course, will leave unsolved the fundamental problems of the industry.

Meanwhile, as the country censures the Pennsylvania operators and miners who are locked in a death grip, the West Virginia and Kentucky mine-owners whose actions lie back of the present tragedy may count their profits from the 4,000,000 tons of coal a week which they ship into the Northern markets. They alone can afford to smile.

Mr. Warden Testifies

By LOWELL M. LIMPUS and MARTIN CODEL

TWO men face a Senate committee in a marble-lined room, jammed with tense, eager listeners: The one, thickset, with bushy eyebrows and leonine mane surmounting a face whose grim expression is strangely emphasized by almost cherubic features: John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America. The other, stocky, clear-skinned, with arrogant thin lips which belie the flabby features and with a suspicion of a double chin, withal smugly self-assured: W. G. Warden, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Pittsburgh Coal Company.

Convincingly, John L. Lewis paints a picture of Hell-in-Pennsylvania. His voice booms through the chamber. He smashes a huge fist on the green-topped table, as he hurls his charges at the Pittsburgh Coal Company and the lesser operators in the soft-coal fields, who united in breaking a wage contract with the miners' organization: the ill-fated Jacksonville agreement.

Fidgety and stammering, W. G. Warden denies the indictment and tries to explain. He stutters and calls for quantities of drinking water, under the grueling fire of his Senatorial inquisitors. He is not defiant but he is persistent in justifying the wage-scale abrogation. He makes it very clear that he is opposed to the union and to organized labor in general.

This wealthy associate of the Mellons is subjected to a withering fire of criticism from both sides of the committee table. A liberal Democrat and an ultra-conservative Republican vie with one another in denouncing the conditions they themselves saw on the properties of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. Burton K. Wheeler grills the witness for

an explanation of his repudiation of the contract. Chairman Frank R. Gooding flays the witness for the brutality and degradation among the strike-breakers in his own camps. Warden's private coal and iron police suddenly prove to be more of a liability than an asset. Chairman Gooding says:

It does seem with so many police officers visible all the time that if their mission was to preserve the peace and morals of the community, it ought not to have been much of a job for your company to exercise proper care in the selection of the men for that purpose. I have never seen or heard of a country where there were so many men with authority to enforce peace in the morals of a community.

Aroused to fervor by an acute realization of the injustices involved, Gooding, in spite of his record as an old-guard standpatter, comes charging to the defense of trade unionism and what he calls a living American wage. Wheeler continues the discussion:

WHEELER: You do not believe in organized labor and in collective bargaining?

WARDEN: No, I believe in dealing directly with the men.

And a little later:

WHEELER: What you want is to have an organization among your men but you want to be the dictator of the organization, is not that it?

WARDEN: Yes, as long as I am interested in the company and run it, I want to take care of them in the right way.

WHEELER: In other words, you want to run your own men.

WARDEN: Yes, I want to run my own business family.

WHEELER: You want to run your own men and your own capital and your own labor the same as you run your machinery?

WARDEN: Yes, and if I do not run it right, they better appoint somebody else as chairman.

WHEELER: Well, we might not disagree upon that.

WARDEN: Maybe our stockholders will not either.

And again:

WHEELER: Regardless of whether Congress should pass any legislation to try and permit you to have a common selling agency [suggested as a possible means for relieving the fierce competition among operators which has depressed coal cost] you would still want to dictate what price you pay your men?

WARDEN: Yes.

WHEELER: You feel that you want to be the dictator in the coal business and make laboring men work for you?

WARDEN: Only to my own company. I think that is a natural desire and wish.

And once more:

WHEELER: What you really believe in is a benevolent dictatorship?

WARDEN: If it is efficient.

WHEELER: You do not believe in the ideas of democracy at all?

WARDEN: Not so far as the labor situation is concerned in your own company.

WHEELER: Do you believe in it in government?

WARDEN: In government dictation?

WHEELER: No; do you believe in democracy in government? For instance, in the government of the United States, or do you believe in a benevolent dictatorship in that well?

WARDEN: Well, I believe in the present government generally. It suits me. I'm satisfied with the management we have here now without changing it.

WHEELER: You believe in a democracy so far as politics are concerned but you do not believe in a democracy in industry. Is that the difference?

WARDEN: There is a difference there.

SENATOR COUZENS (interrupting): He believes in the Republican Party and not in the Democratic Party.

WARDEN: No, that is not quite right. I'm talking about business.

WHEELER: I will say that men of his views generally believe in the Republican Party.

It goes on for hours. Mr. Warden owns 16,000 shares of stock in his company and holds 8,000 more in trust. Secretary Mellon owns some stock, also. Mr. Warden does not know how much. He has no suggestions for the committee for a cure for the apparently hopeless economic situation. Time may cure conditions, he weakly suggests. He states flatly he does not believe in collective bargaining. He is going to run his own business. "I think that's a natural desire." He drinks and stutters and sticks to it. His grammar goes to pieces: "We were utterly impossible to pay. . . ."

But his self-sufficiency never wavers. He boasts of his "general business judgment." He is inclined to patronize those who have not "our degree of education." He admits he can respect people who have no money. They have a right to live.

Why then did the Pittsburgh Coal Company abrogate the Jacksonville agreement? Mr. Warden insists it was only an agreement with the union, which his lawyers told him he had a perfect right to break. All his directors agreed with him when he decided to end it, he says. He denies he was brought in to be chairman for the specific purpose of "breaking the union." First he testifies there was a vote—and then he changes his mind about that. His recollection was at fault. He just did it and told the board afterward about it. There was no written opinion about the legality of the contract, Senator Couzens discovers. Attorney Don A. Rose told him verbally that the company had a right to break it. It was only effective if the company decided to operate on a union basis. There was nothing in it saying he had to pay union wages in non-union mines.

He knows none of the provisions of the contract. He had not read it before he broke it. That causes gasps in the committee-room. He does not know that his company collected fines from the union men under the specifications of that very contract. His lawyer had not told him that.

The amazing revelations go on. Testimony brings out that the dictator of the coal-company policies does not know the meaning of the word "morally." He thinks it refers to the "morale" of his men. Patiently, Wheeler explains the difference to him and repeats the question about the moral obligation involved. Mr. Warden would have to let his attorney answer that. And he asks for more water.

So Mr. Warden, the biggest man in the soft-coal industry, had never read the Jacksonville contract. Attorney Oliver K. Eaton, of the United Mine Workers, reads it to him in the committee-room. Would he have been willing to break it had he known how the provisions were worded?

Mr. Warden draws himself up proudly.

"What we did speaks for itself, sir."

Facing the Famine Line

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

FOR one year the miners in the bituminous coal-fields of western and central Pennsylvania and Ohio have been locked out, without jobs, while the mine-owners have been trying to starve them into accepting the open shop. The second year of the strike finds the strikers' ranks largely unbroken, despite the fact that many of the mines have reopened. Where they are operating, strike-breakers occupy the company houses.

The miners' families are living in rough shacks, popularly called "barracks," built by the union to house the strikers, who were evicted from the company houses. The United Mine Workers found it difficult, in a State where almost all land is company owned, to lease the land upon which to build the barracks. Consequently, these makeshift habitations are found scattered over a wide area on whatever land was obtainable, chiefly on marshes or hillsides, with every possible physical disadvantage. The United Mine Workers supplied the lumber and the miners built the houses. They are long, rambling, pine structures, housing often as many as a hundred families, subdivided into two- or three- or four-room sections. In general, the order and cleanliness is amazing, as the women, with curtains, with plants growing in tin cans, make a brave attempt at maintaining a standard of living, defying coal black, melting snow and mud. The kitchen stove supplies the only heat. In winter there was much suffering from the bitter cold, as the mountain wind could not be kept out of the cracks. Obtaining coal is a major problem for families living in the heart of the richest coal-fields in America. Where the mines have reopened, loaded coal cars stand on the sidings and the older boys swarm over them, throwing the coal off for the younger children to collect in buckets before the coal and iron police discover them. At night friendly union trainmen dump it off on the tracks. Around the mines the children dig in the slag for lumps of coal to help keep the fires burning. Small independent mines working under the Jacksonville agreement supply coal to some camps, despite efforts of State troopers and coal and iron police to prevent the trucks from going through.

There is nothing to eat in the kitchens, literally not one scrap of food, until the trucks carrying relief baskets come. "When we have relief, we eat; when we don't, we don't eat," is the laconic answer. The miners, forced into this lockout, after working irregularly for more than a year, had slim savings to fall back on. Local stores, faced with bankruptcy, have ceased extending credit. The few struggling cooperative stores in the mining districts, established with such pride by the progressives, have been unable to stand the drain upon their slender resources.

In the Allegheny Valley many of the strikers are South Slavs. They are a sturdy, healthy lot, otherwise they would not have survived the hardships of eleven months' privation with such fortitude. The early spring blizzards have wrought great havoc lately, and there is much sickness in the camps, including numberless cases of pneumonia, which resulted in one barracks in six deaths in two days. There is a great cry for medicines as well as a constant demand

for soap. I happened to be in Mollenaur the day eleven children from the barracks were sent home, because they were too dirty, from a school notorious in the neighborhood for discrimination against strikers' children. The barracks felt it a disgrace and humiliation that union children should be considered too dirty to sit with scabs' children. Clothes lines flap day and night with children's clothes, while the mothers, carrying water in pails from a pump often as far as half a mile away, are constantly washing, in the superhuman battle against dirt and disease.

The miners have large families, often as many as six and eight children, and in any barracks it is not unusual to find more than a hundred children of pre-school age playing outdoors in the wet and mud. Most of them have severe colds; their noses run constantly; they have sores on their faces. Many of them have infected feet. Often they are shoeless, with their feet wrapped in rags; occasionally they flop around in an older brother's rubbers or galoshes. While their mothers talk they stand around, shy, listless, patient, unsmiling, with large, soft brown eyes and fair hair. All over the coal-fields one finds the same children, beautiful in spite of cold and hunger and sickness. Some of them still have the bright cheeks which are part of their Slavic inheritance. But if an epidemic strikes the camps before the spring sunshine kills the deadly winter germs, there will be many deaths of these unfortunate children, so undernourished and so weakened from disease.

The camps in the Allegheny Valley are within an hour's ride of Pittsburgh, and yet Pittsburgh, with all its medical and hospital resources, all its public-health facilities, does next to nothing to prevent infection and disease. Since the Senate investigation was commenced the social-service agencies have made more of an effort, and milk is now being distributed daily, free of charge, to some families in Allegheny County and elsewhere. The western Pennsylvania coal-fields center around Pittsburgh. Local trains, interurban cars, and buses provide fair service at an exorbitant rate. Families with children in hospitals have no funds for carfare to visit them. Men walk miles to the relief office in Pittsburgh to report on conditions in their communities. The strike area extending into central Pennsylvania and Ohio covers hundreds of miles. Mass meetings, mass picketing have been prohibited by union-smashing injunctions.

Strike strategy centers around the local unions, which can still conduct meetings. The unit of organization becomes the local union and as the United Mine Workers is an industrial union there is a local union for every mine, to which all workers in that mine belong. As the average mine employs from 400 to 500 men, there are almost as many families in every mining camp. Each local union has its relief committee, which is responsible for the distribution of relief. Relief given by the United Mine Workers has been extremely limited and it has been supplemented by the Pennsylvania and Ohio Miners' Relief Committee, with headquarters at 611 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, formed by the progressive rank-and-file miners. Today there are from 175 to 200 local unions receiving relief from the

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P and O Committee. The Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is collecting and forwarding funds to that part of the country.

By arrangement with local wholesalers, the P and O Committee buys in bulk such staples as flour, sugar, corn meal, rice, spaghetti, canned milk, canned tomatoes, herring, fat back, and, as often as possible, jelly or syrup or apple sauce for the children. There are constant appeals for such luxuries as salt, lard, and yeast, potatoes and coffee, but the relief funds are inadequate and only the bare essentials are provided. Wholesale shipments for each camp are distributed from the union hall, serving as a commissary, where the allotment is weighed, measured, and packed in three- and five-pound bags and evenly distributed to every family.

Every man, woman, and child in the coal-fields receiving P and O relief has become familiar with the issues of the strike through the medium of the P and O bags in which the relief is distributed. These famous bags have printed upon them in large, clear, black type the name and address of the P and O Committee and its fighting slogans: "Win the Strike," "Save the Union," "Mass Picketing," "Organize the Unorganized Miners," "Nationalize the Mines," "Defeat the Open Shop," "One National Agreement," "Solidarity." These bags have established contacts with the isolated camps where families live too far to come

to the relief office in Pittsburgh. Relief for these families in central Pennsylvania and Ohio is shipped in carload quantities, each car containing enough food to supply 5,000 families at a cost of \$4,000. Clothing is distributed in much the same way as food and is handled by the women's auxiliaries of the union. Women are playing an active and militant part in the strike.

Although it made the coal strike front-page news temporarily, the rank-and-file miners entertain no hopes from the results of the Senate investigation. The strike must go on. The union must be saved. Relief must continue to come in. In spite of nation-wide unemployment, money comes mostly in small sums under \$20 collected in shops, mills, and factories, signed for on collection slips by the workers themselves, who are only able to spare quarters and half dollars and often nickels and dimes. The mail arrives from all over the United States and Canada. The Paving Cutters' Union of Tennat, Maine, sends \$20; the workers in the Electric Shoe Repairing Shop in Niagara Falls collect \$19.38; a farmers' club in Minnesota sends \$45; a group of fishermen in Salmon Falls, British Columbia, contributes \$17; the Lettish Educational Society in Astoria, Long Island, gives \$15. So it goes. Letters are received in all languages, expressing solidarity with the striking miners. The miners, fighting to save their union, are fighting the battle for the American working class.

The McCoy Election Law

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, Nicaragua, March 1

THE United States is pledged to two political and revolutionary groups in Nicaragua by the Stimson-Moncada agreement of May, 1927, to guarantee fair elections in October, 1928. To carry out the agreement General Frank R. McCoy, personal representative of Coolidge, a man with extensive experience in other American colonies and protectorates, has drawn up a Transitory Election Law, giving himself dictatorial powers. Thus far the attempt to get this far-reaching law adopted by the Nicaraguan Congress, as promised Stimson by Diaz, has been held up by the Chamorro bloc in the Chamber.* In the effort to get it passed, the United States has become involved in local politics, our officials have lost their neutral poise, and we may yet have to exile prominent persons—all in the name of "free elections."

Free and fair elections never have been held in Nicaragua. Nor will a marine election be free and fair. There is no proper basis for such elections. Nicaragua, throughout its independent history, has been divided into two bitterly antagonistic parties: Conservative and Liberal, the first centering in the beautiful lacustrine city of Granada, the other centering in Leon on the highway to the leading Pacific coast port. (The dirty and ugly town of Managua was chosen for the capital at a later date as compromise ground.) Granada is aristocratic, super-Catholic, landholding, and commercial. Leon is middle-class, anticlerical, proud of its culture and its schools. The two cities

have all the innate hatred for each other of the Italian city-states. Too, they have been dominated, especially Granada, by a number of powerful ruling families, until recently patriarchal, feudal, wealthy. The names of the families Chamorro, Cuadra, Lacoyo, Sacasa, Pasos have long figured in politics. Thus parties in Nicaragua are divided, even more than along the lines of principles, along the lines of geography and perhaps race, for even before the Conquest (Spanish) the two localities were the centers of antagonistic indigenous groups—the Niquiranos and the Chorotegas.

The country is further divided geographically and racially east from west. The most populous region is along the Pacific—frequent cities, rich cultivation of sugar, coffee, tobacco, corn, and live stock, fairly adequate transportation. The greatest raw-product exportation is from the Atlantic coast—bananas, ore, hardwoods. Yet these regions, but two hundred miles apart, are divided by great mountains, jungles, and swamps. When President Zelaya in 1909 sent an army across country to put down the Bluefields revolt, it sank out of sight in the swamps. Between these two regions there is little intercourse, no railroad, no roads, only difficult prolonged travel on foot or down tropic, mosquito-infested streams. The Atlantic coast is obliged to import coffee from Brazil, sugar from Cuba, lard from New Orleans, though the country produces all these products in excess quantities. Too, its population is differentiated—Caribbean Negroes (about 9 per cent of the entire population of the country) are omnipresent on the East coast. More English than Spanish is spoken there. This region has suffered from carpet-bag government from the center,

* The McCoy electoral bill was definitely defeated in the Nicaraguan Congress on March 13.

from whose politics it is practically aloof. The Atlantic coast enterprises, largely in the control of foreign companies, are semi-independent, are often allowed to appoint their own local officials, and often maintain the local police force. These companies are resentful, often with reason, of the Managua overlordship—in the person, usually, of some grafting Jefe of a department, who is merely interested in showing unlimited authority, lining his pockets, and quickly getting out of such fever-infected localities. Since the coast, with a population of 40,000 people out of 600,000, is obliged to provide 35 per cent of the national revenues and puts up more graft than all the rest of the country, it is not surprising that nearly all of these companies are playing politics and are involved in nearly every revolution. The Atlantic seaboard is the place par excellence for starting revolution. Managua is so distant, months are required before an army can be sent across.

A third factor which makes elections more or less an impossibility at the present time is the great illiteracy—over 70 per cent. This, coupled with remnants of indigenous tribal systems, as around Matagalpa and in the Segovias, makes modern voting methods a bit ludicrous.

Against the odds of centuries of political procedure not patterned after American electoral practices, of party bitterness and the Granada-Leon feud, here in this unknit, illiterate, and prostrate country, divided north and south, east and west, the United States is pledged to implant "fair elections" by armed force upon a people knowing nothing of the ballot. This procedure utterly ignores the realities of the Nicaraguan situation; ignores the factors of group control already existing; and the man who is put into power as a result of these elections will be left without prestige and with no capacity for remaining in office except with continued marine occupation. The State Department says that it plans to get out, leaving the Nicaraguan question theoretically settled for all time as a result of a year's drastic action in guaranteeing supposedly fair elections. There are either some hare-brained Utopians in the United States Government or somebody is playing blind-man's bluff with the American public.

The legal instrument for bringing the millennium to Nicaragua in one year is the McCoy election law. As a result of the Stimson agreement, President Diaz, on May 15, 1927, dutifully addressed President Coolidge requesting the United States to guarantee "fair, free, and impartial elections," to create an impartial non-partisan constabulary, and offered to secure the enactment of an adequate election law, the character of which was set forth in a full memorandum. President Coolidge replied to Diaz on June 10 expressing willingness to proceed. On August 26, 1927, the Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Affairs notified Washington that his government accepted the appointment of McCoy to run the elections and would fulfil the conditions.

Nicaragua already has a constitution Made-in-America, and it already has an election law Made-in-America. At the insistence of our State Department, the Nicaraguan Government in 1922 invited Professor H. W. Dodds of Princeton to study the electoral system. He drafted a bill which was, in substance, enacted, and which governed the elections of 1924 (as lacking in validity as any Nicaraguan election). General McCoy, after consultation with Crowder, Hughes, Fletcher, White, and others, had the Solicitor of the State Department draft what is in substance the new

Transitory Law now under fire,* giving American officials absolute powers in the coming elections.

I have outlined the various forces in Nicaragua—geographic, historic, social, economic—which bare their fangs at the McCoy election project. There are more immediate and tangible *bêtes noires*. There is the Sandino revolt. How can there be free elections when four important departments out of seventeen are in an uproar? What chance for free elections in the localities where the marines have driven the people out like cattle and burned their houses? And what prestige will the election have with the Sacasa émigrés crying for justice from the housetops to all the Latin-American world?

Lastly there is the opposition of Emiliano Chamorro, the "strong man of Nicaragua," the leader of the Conservative Party. This is the most immediately harassing of all. Chamorro was in Rome when the Stimson agreement was made. Chamorro, long our friend, feels that the United States deliberately beat him out of the 1924 elections when Solorzano came in. He is rancorous that none of the evidence he submitted to us of fraud in those elections was considered. Chamorro knows that the resident American officials are overtly, sometimes intensely, pro-Moncada. He has no great faith in American impartiality, but his highest desire is to have them play with him instead of with the Moncada Liberals. Also, in spite of his opposition, he has real respect for McCoy. Chamorro asked me, with a smile, "And this election law, now wouldn't it make McCoy a dictator?" Chamorro maintains that the law is unconstitutional (he didn't worry about the constitution when he seized the government in 1925), both as regards American presence on and control of the election boards and because the board, instead of Congress, will canvass the votes and certify the result. Chamorro asks: "Why wound the constitution so vitally in order to safeguard the constitution?"

"Supervise one election!" he exclaimed to me. "Why you will have to supervise at least four. If the Liberals come in, as the State Department plans, the Conservatives will never get back, and we will be hounded, jailed, our property stolen, our lives without guaranty."

Chamorro, with reason, points out that it is unfair to permit Moncada to run as candidate. If the most powerful man of the Liberal Party be permitted to run, why not Chamorro also? Moncada was likewise leader of an armed revolt against the constituted authority and would have overthrown the Diaz Government had not Stimson come upon the scene in the nick of time. Chamorro cites the case of Carias in Honduras. Carias, though receiving a majority of the votes in the elections and leading an insurrection against a President whom the United States had ceased to recognize, was not permitted to be provisional President or candidate for President. Chamorro insists that Moncada's case is identical, and that our interpretation of the Washington treaties is opportunistic and capricious.

The better to oppose us, Chamorro, since returning from Rome, has been building up his political fences, slightly broken down while his party has been under direct American influence. Today he controls the majority bloc in the Chamber, substantially the same bloc that enabled us to put the puppet Adolfo Diaz into the Presidency. We used this bloc to beat the Liberals, just as we used the

* The text of this law was printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* on February 22.

Liberals to oust Chamorro, and now we expect it to be permanently subservient. But the Conservative bloc, like the Liberals, refuses to be shooed away from the spoils so easily. With Chamorro's return it promptly got out of hand. It refused to pass the McCoy election law; it passed one of its own that the Senate (of which Chamorro is now trying to gain control also) has thus far refused to pass. The pending Chamorro law provides for American supervision but no control. This same bloc in the Chamber has prevented the restoration of local Liberal judges and officials (promised to Moncada); it has prevented the reconstitution of its own membership (promised to Moncada); and it is holding up the entire American program, including a proposed loan and railway concession now being threshed over by the New York bankers. The loan is acutely needed; if Nicaragua has no money for these elaborate elections, McCoy is embarrassed, the constabulary under American officers is embarrassed, the road-building, undertaken to get American marines to the Sandino front, is embarrassed.

Chamorro is out to get support. He is log-rolling. His bloc is trying to push through an exorbitant appropriation to reward the Conservative troops that opposed Moncada—several hundred thousand dollars for a slush fund. Too, Chamorro learned something in the city of Mussolini and the Popes. The church gave him a Te Deum on his return. The Bishop of Granada has assailed the Liberals, calling them Bolsheviks and anti-Christ. The Secretary of Education, a right-hand man of Chamorro, is a fanatical Catholic. He is an intimate friend of the Archbishop; and, though the Government owes the teachers back salaries for twelve months, the Minister lavishly subsidizes private Catholic schools at the expense of the government schools, which are gradually closing. The Chamorro bloc has just given away valuable lands near the capital to be sold by the church to raise funds for a new cathedral. It has voted a special tax on coffee to provide funds for the same purpose.

American officials nimbly assure me that we will hold a fair election and get out. We are likely to get in deeper and deeper. We are multiplying the machinery of intervention: customs collectors, high commission, claims commission, financial experts, election overseers, marine officials, national-guard officials—a corps of high-paid representatives. I find little enthusiasm in these men to better the economic condition of the mass of Nicaraguan people, to promote education—things that would ultimately provide a basis for orderly political succession. Instead, great avidity to get to work on the claims from the last revolution—\$16,000,000 has already been pegged up. If, according to past experiences, you are a New York banker, you can buy up claims at a fraction of their face value and have them recognized at face value plus interest; if you are an official in power your claims are largely recognized. But if you are a poor American or Nicaraguan, you may be informed, "New York now permits us to pay you 10 per cent on the dollar."

Nicaragua, today, after nearly eighteen years of American meddling, is in a truly miserable condition. The argument for or against intervention cannot be based on the benefits, actual or supposed, to a people; yet it is significant that today Nicaraguan cities are dilapidated, its public buildings run-down and dirty; it has fewer miles of railway than under Zelaya before we overthrew him in 1910; it has fewer schools. The North coast in Zelaya's time had over forty government schools; today it has not half a dozen. The flourishing traffic of Zelaya's day up and down that life artery, the San Juan River, and Lake Nicaragua, is today practically non-existent. The trip is now made at the risk of one's life. The post-office service, and in fact nearly every public service, is a joke. Nicaragua, under our paternal tutelage for so many years, is the most backward of all the Central American republics.

By all means, let us hold an election.

[The next article by Carleton Beals, describing marine atrocities, is entitled *This Is War, Gentlemen!*]

The Democrats and the Tariff in 1928

By J. N. AIKEN

THE Democratic Party talks about the tariff nowadays a great deal more than it acts. Leaders in Congress have much to say about making the tariff the issue in the next Presidential campaign, but they carefully refrain from any definition of the party program in precise terms. Senator Walsh, of Montana, insists with the utmost emphasis that he would write a plank into the next Democratic platform demanding tariff reduction in the interest of the farmer. Senator Reed, of Missouri, urges tariff revision downward as the best means of relieving agricultural distress. Other Democratic Congressmen call for an old-fashioned tariff campaign in 1928. But none of the would-be tariff reformers has yet ventured to sponsor a specific proposal for translating their tariff principles into law. On the contrary, they are so busy fighting with their Republican opponents over the revision of the internal-revenue laws that they have no time to consider any of the practical details of tariff reduction.

From the standpoint of strategy, the failure of the Democratic leaders to propose an application of their tariff precepts to the actual conditions of the day is a serious omission. On only one occasion has the tariff figured as an important issue in a Presidential campaign when the differences between the parties had not been previously threshed out in Congress. In 1908 the Democrats pushed forward an attack on the tariff as "the mother of trusts," without previous Congressional preparation. The first tariff campaign under President Cleveland followed close on the heels of an unsuccessful Democratic effort to enact the Mills bill, reducing all customs duties. The tariff campaign of 1892 came after the lines between the parties had been closely drawn in the contest over the McKinley law. The tariff issue came to the front again in the campaign of 1912, following the prolonged dispute over the reciprocity with Canada and over the carefully planned movement of the Democrats and the insurgents in Congress to enact a series of tariff-reform

measures at the special session of 1911. No such preparatory measures have opened the way for an exploitation of the tariff issue in the campaign of 1928.

But if the federal income tax, authorized since the last big tariff campaign, has usurped the tariff's former position as chief revenue producer, the tariff continues to exercise an extremely important influence on the cost of living, the plight of the farmer, and our entire economic life. It has, therefore, high potential importance as an issue in any campaign in which economic questions are debated. But, whereas the question of tariff reduction used to be brought up whenever there was a surplus, it has never been mentioned in the debates in and out of Congress which have led to cuts in the personal and corporation taxes every two years since 1922.

Forty years ago, when Grover Cleveland led the Democratic Party in its most memorable tariff campaign, still another factor helped to focus attention on this issue. The customs duties had been raised to unprecedented levels in order to carry on the Civil War. It was then the general expectation that the increases would be temporary and that the tariff would revert to normal levels at the conclusion of hostilities. This expectation was not fulfilled. Sporadic efforts at tariff reduction were made, it is true. The law of 1872 ordered a horizontal cut of 10 per cent in all duties, but this measure was repealed in 1875. Again in 1883, a general revision of the tariff was undertaken, but the result of this effort was inconclusive. As a result, when Cleveland came on the scene twenty years after Appomattox, favored manufacturers were still enjoying the full protection of the war duties and overburdened consumers were still struggling under the load of taxation they had accepted in their determination to save the Union, a state of affairs which was producing on public opinion something of the effect that would have resulted in our own time from a failure to repeal the excess-profits levy and reduce the surtaxes at the end of the World War. Without this revulsion of public feeling, the Democrats would not have found it so easy to exploit the tariff issue in the campaigns of 1888 and 1892.

No influences of a comparable nature are at work today. The Fordney-McCumber tariff law was enacted deliberately and with no collateral promise of early revision. The only feature of the law which has not justified the expectations of its original sponsors is the Tariff Commission authorized to recommend increases or decreases of particular duties. Commissioner Costigan's arraignment of the commission in tendering his resignation from it has brought out its complete failure. This scandalous situation, with its direct reflection upon President Coolidge, and its revelation of the shortcomings of the whole tariff system, could be most profitably utilized by the Democrats if they had effective and sincere leadership in Congress. It could not, of course, be made a major issue, but a collateral one of extreme effectiveness since it bears directly upon the most important of our economic problems of today from the political point of view—the question of agricultural relief.

The farmer is forced to sell in a world market in which no tariff protection applies, and must buy in a domestic market from which foreign competition is excluded. He has naturally been demanding that he be more and more included in the protective system. He declares that the tariff duties on farm products thus far granted to him apply only to commodities of which he has no exportable surplus, and he rightly insists, President Coolidge to the

contrary notwithstanding, that the tariff is both a direct and indirect tax on agriculture. The cotton growers of the South have long been aware of this exploitation, but the wheat and corn growers of the West avidly swallowed the Republican protection arguments and have only waked up to the true nature of our tariff policy in the long period of abnormally low farm prices. They are now saying openly that if they do not get something like the McNary-Haugen bill they will attack the whole protection system, demanding protection for all or protection for none.

It is not to be denied, of course, that since Cleveland's day the Democratic Party has been corroded by the development of great manufacturing industries in the South and at other points, but the fact remains that this very year the Democrats could make a tremendous issue by pointing out that tariff reduction offers a quicker and more practical method of redressing the farmer's grievances than does the modified McNary-Haugen bill. It involves the granting of no subsidies. It requires the creation of no cumbersome dumping machinery. Moreover, it is in accord with the traditional policy of moderation in tariff matters for which the Democratic Party has stood for more than a century. But up to the present time the Democrats have failed to make these points clear to the West or to develop a unified and positive tariff policy on which to base an appeal for Western support. One-half of the Democratic representatives in Congress have abandoned their principles to vote for the protectionist McNary-Haugen bill, while the other half have contented themselves with registering opposition to that measure and have made no effort to formulate a counter-proposal.

The strategy of the Democratic Party on the eve of the Presidential campaign of 1912 was far more effective. When the Sixty-second Congress met in special session in the spring of 1911, the Democrats passed President Taft's reciprocity measure, and then joined forces with the Republican insurgents to enact a bill putting a large number of articles which farmers buy on the free list, a bill revising the woolen schedules downward, and a third bill moderating the duties on manufactures of cotton goods. The agrarian regions were, of course, keenly interested in the farmers' free list, and inasmuch as farmers are regular purchasers of woolens and of cotton goods, their interest in the other two bills was by no means inconsiderable. Mr. Taft vetoed all of these measures except that for reciprocity. But despite the fact that they did not become law, they served to focus attention on the Democratic tariff policy and to illustrate in an impressive and definite manner what that policy might do for agriculture.

The Democrats do not this year control the House where tariff bills must originate. But they and the insurgents, who also favor some tariff reduction, control the Senate. It should not be difficult for them to get the issue to the front in such a manner as to clarify the Democratic position and attract national attention. Congressman Cordell Hull is doing excellent work in insisting on the tariff issue. Where are the other leaders? Are they sincere in their opposition to the tariff? Do they believe in the historic Democratic principles of tariff for revenue only? This is their time to show it. It is rightly charged that there is very little difference in principle on most issues between the Republicans and Democrats. On the tariff there is a great difference. Much will depend on the attitude the leaders take toward it in the coming campaign.

The Government Must Act!

By FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

*House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., March 23*

THE present coal strike is a battle of statistics against human life. It is a test between the theories of a new school of coal economics and everyday living conditions of men and women.

I conferred with miners of the union on strike, with non-union miners, as well as with the representatives of some of the largest coal companies. Assuming that the conditions described by the coal-mine companies are exactly as they state them, still I fail to find justification for the present low rate of wages.

According to the statements made to me by the mine-owners with whom I conferred, unless the government intervenes this strike is going to be a long and bitterly drawn-out affair, costly and disastrous. The owners justify their attitude on wage reduction by what they call sound economics. I have yet to see a case where figures could not be used to prove either side of the question. Figures and mental experts are always available for both sides of a controversy.

I will concede that the soft-coal industry is unstable, that there is keen competition, and that the capacity of the mines of the country is greater than the present needs for soft coal. All that being true, what the mine-owners are seeking to do is to take the cost of an unstable industry, of cutthroat competition, and of overproduction out of the wages of the mine-workers. To illustrate the mathematics of this new school of coal economics, let me give you the formula on which the present and future wages of the mine-workers are to be fixed: Our economists take the return on capital invested, plus profit, plus all overhead expenses, plus depletion, plus depreciation, plus transportation, add them together, subtract the total from the present competitive market price of coal, and the remainder is taken as the standard to determine the rate of pay of the workers. The actual cost of living and the bare necessities of life of a miner are entirely disregarded and he is to bear all of the burdens of a demoralized industry and is doomed to work for starvation wages. On figuring the return on capital investment, interest is computed for 365 days of the year, while the miners are expected to live on a measly wage for only 160 out of the 365 days. When these coal economists find a way to make it unnecessary for a miner, his wife, and children to eat on the 200 days that the man does not work, they will justify their formula, but not until then.

Under the Jacksonville agreement the average earnings of a coal-miner approximate \$1,200 a year. Under the present wage scale, which incidentally has been reduced three times since the breaking of the Jacksonville agreement, the highest earnings will range from \$600 to \$750 a year, and no family can live decently on that amount in this country.

The factors which have created the unstable conditions in the coal industry must necessarily be charged to the owners of the mines and in no way can the miners or the miners' union be held responsible. The cutthroat competition which

prompts this organized and systematic campaign of wage reduction is entirely the fault of the operators themselves. The question of production is likewise due to the waste and bad business management of the coal industry.

Ninety per cent of mining coal is human labor. An industry that cannot pay its workers a decent living wage has no right to exist. Efficient operation, economic production, and stabilized prices would provide the mine-workers of this country with a proper wage scale, permitting them to live decently and happily.

Whether in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, or West Virginia the terrorism and brutality of mine-owners and their agents must cease. The custom of permitting mine-owners to uniform, equip, and arm their own police, maintain their own detention pens, and pass summary judgment on the workers is so contrary to the fundamentals of our laws that it becomes necessary for the federal Government to intervene and put a permanent stop to these outrageous conditions. The mine-owners have assumed an extraterritoriality which not even a sovereign State under our Constitution is granted. Sovereign States in our Union are subject to the limitations imposed by the Constitution. These mine-owners in their territory recognize no limitations.

Much has been said about the coal and iron police. I need not repeat it, but I simply want to state that there is nothing in the law under which they operate which gives these men the authority they assume. They wear military uniforms and Sam Brown belts, they are armed with automatic revolvers and clubs. They are paid by the mining company, they are commanded by the mining company, and they are under absolute orders from the mining company, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting property, and are responsible to no one else. I have ascertained—and it is a matter of daily and hourly occurrence—that they do not limit their activities to the protection of the mining property. They do not remain on the mining property, but they go out on the highways of the State and there they apprehend those men who have left the company and are indebted to the company. They exercise a brutality that I have never heard equaled in the United States or any other country, either now or in the past history of the world.

Ordinarily a labor dispute is so localized in one State that it is not the province of the federal government to intervene. In the case of the soft-coal strike, however, there are many compelling reasons which make either a House or Senatorial investigation imperative, to be followed by necessary governmental intervention. It is no longer a matter of adjustment between the workers and employers; it has become a national problem and must be treated accordingly.

Whether union workers or strike-breakers, it is a matter of national concern that men be enabled to live decently and enjoy the freedom which the Constitution of this country guarantees to them. It is a matter for Congressional investigation to probe the charge that strike-breakers are held in a system of peonage in the soft-coal regions in the various States. The statutes of the United States provide that

The holding of any person to service or labor under the system known as peonage is abolished and forever prohibited in any Territory or State of the United States;

and it is declared that any agreement made for services to liquidate any debt or for compulsory continued service is null and void. Another section of the United States laws, it is charged, has been violated:

Whoever shall knowingly and willingly bring into the United States any person inveigled in any other country with intent to hold such person so inveigled in confinement or to any involuntary servitude shall be fined not more than \$5,000 and imprisoned not more than five years.

A large number of Mexicans were actually brought to these coal mines, and only through the intervention of the Mexican consul were they released and sent back home. An offense against the federal laws has been committed which justifies federal investigation and intervention.

Here is another one: The strike-breakers are kept on mine territory. If they seek to leave, they are pursued by the coal and iron police beyond mine property, taken from the public highways, arrested and brought back, all in violation of Section 444 of Title 18 of the United States Code, which provides:

Whoever holds, arrests, returns, or causes to be held, arrested, or returned, or in any manner aids in the arrest or return of any person to a condition of peonage shall be fined and imprisoned.

This is a daily occurrence in the coal districts which I visited. These private, uniformed, and armed armies of the mine-owners are daily doing this very thing, and when a local officer issues a warrant against any of these agents of the mine-owners the mine-owners simply refuse to produce them. That, I submit, is another reason justifying federal action.

While coal may not be an absolute necessity in the future it will be so for at least a generation. In the meantime, the present disgraceful conditions should not be permitted to continue. Investigation has followed investigation. Recommendation has piled upon recommendation and nothing has been done for the simple reason that the owners of coal properties are sufficiently powerful locally and nationally to prevent action. I firmly believe that ultimately the Government will have to step in and take possession of all natural resources, coal, oil, water, and gas. These natural resources should not be owned by a favored few to be exploited at the expense of the many. The control and operation of coal along with other natural resources by the Government would permit the mining only of such quantities as industry may require, the abolition of excessive profits, and the payment of decent wages. It is not to be expected that this major operation will be performed during the present session of Congress. The very persons all through the country who are now being exploited by coal barons, monopolistic oil companies, and the power trusts would be the first to succumb to propaganda that the "Government should be kept out of business," that such a solution is "socialistic," and that it would be contrary to the Constitution. But these monopolies are becoming more powerful, more brazen, more greedy, and more defiant of constitutional law when it stands in their way. It will not be long before the American people will realize that something is fundamentally wrong and they will then be less impressed by oil favoritism, coal "economics," and power-trust "constitutionality."

In the Driftway

THE most interesting consequence of prohibition which the Drifter has noted recently is that implied by the confession of the black-eye doctor of Chatham Square, New York City, that the Volstead law has virtually ruined his practice. This individual has long served his fellow-men by applying first salve and then a coat of paint to eyes discolored by—well, never mind how. After holidays he used to have twenty or thirty patients eager to have their black eyes repaired, but last St. Patrick's Day netted him just one. This certainly is a case of a worthy industry crushed by prohibition, or else the Irish in New York are losing their verve. There are not many black-eye doctors in the country and it would seem that so picturesque a calling should be kept alive somehow. The Drifter calls the opportunity to the attention of the General Education Board or the Guggenheim Foundation.

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CHANGING customs have curious effects in many other fields. Take, for instance, the fine old American art of tobacco-juice spitting. When the Drifter was a boy he used to watch with eyes of bulging admiration while local champions and runners-up practiced this art. According to the Drifter's recollection some of the experts could hit a sawdust box ten or twelve feet away at least four shots out of five. Even more popular than a sawdust box was the open door of an old-fashioned heating stove in the hotel lobby or the railroad waiting-room. There was such a pretty sizzling sound when the shot landed. The Drifter used to try—with sad results—to project a stream from his mouth with the end of his tongue and the peculiar gurgling sound of the experts. The Drifter wasn't allowed to chew tobacco and so he hadn't the equipment necessary even for practice. But he came through to manhood with a healthy appreciation for this splendid old American craft.

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LATTERLY he has seen few exponents of the art. In the cities of the East tobacco-chewing is so frowned upon that a new generation is growing up on nut sundaes and peanut brittle that never even saw a good spittoon sharpshooter. But in Pittsburgh the other day the Drifter was riding in a street-car when right in the middle of a block the conductor swung open the doors and aimed a stream at the aperture across the rear platform. The stream fell short—as do so many heroic attempts in this world—and landed on the running-board. "You're weak today," observed the Drifter. "Never mind; I'll make it next time," responded the conductor, nonchalantly resuming work on his quid. "That's a regular practice on our street-cars," explained the Drifter's guide. "Generally the conductors are pretty good at it."

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WHICH reminds the Drifter of the passenger in a German railway coach who spat out the door just as the guard came hopping along the running-board. The guard got the full benefit of the discharge on his shirt front. Shaking a quivering fist at the careless passenger the guard shouted: "If one speck of that had gone on the running-board you would have been fined ten marks."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Exaggeration

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "President Coolidge thinks unemployment greatly exaggerated," says the newspaper headline. After spending forty-seven consecutive days hanging about the gate of the Seattle Ford assembly plant in the hope of "getting on"—and after seeing the police being called upon to clear the street of hundreds of unemployed men vainly seeking employment—yes, it may be exaggerated, I'll admit, but I hate to be reminded of it.

Edmonds, Washington, March 15

J. C. BLAIR

Historical Researches

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is encouraging news from a Texas newspaper:

According to a recent letter from Strasbourg, which is published in the *National Gazette* of Switzerland, the Socialist Party in Alsace is about to emigrate en masse to Texas, where one of their chiefs, the well-known Victor Considérant, has purchased a large quantity of land. The first departure of emigrants is to take place during the ensuing spring, and there is more than room enough in Texas for all.

I found it in *Galveston Journal*, February 2, 1855.

Sherman, Texas, March 8

ERNEST S. GREENE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the News from Washington column of the *New York Herald* for August 7, 1863, I ran across this little titbit:

It is stated here, and upon the very best authority, that the surrender of the city of Mexico was made by the Roman Catholic clergy of Mexico to the clergy of the same denomination attached to the invading French army.

What a germ of Ku Klux propaganda!

New York, March 21

LEO S. GELBSTEIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fraser's letter from Singapore in your issue of March 7 refers to secret societies being forbidden among the Chinese there. Some years ago I picked up a copy of an ordinance in Singapore, published over the signature of the Governor of British North Borneo. It provides certain penalties which it is fair to assume exercise a decidedly deterrent effect, contrary to the widely accepted theory that the reason no Ku Klux Klan exists in the Orient is the scarcity of nightshirts. The ordinance reads, in part:

1. Every person who shall, after December 1 next, in any place in British North Borneo apply for or receive any money on behalf of any secret society, or issue any tickets of membership, or keep any book, account, or document, or who shall summon or direct any meeting or in any way whatever participate or assist in the direction or management of any secret society shall be liable to any or all of the following punishments: (1) Forfeiture of all property; (2) rigorous imprisonment for any period not exceeding fourteen years; (3) exposure in the stock for any period not exceeding three months; (4) banishment for life or for any shorter period.

2. Every person as aforesaid who shall attend any meeting of or be in possession of any ticket, account, or document belonging to or relating to any such society, or who shall participate in the proceedings of or contribute money to any such society shall be liable to rigorous imprisonment not exceeding two years, and to fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and to banishment . . .

Montrose, California, March 11

R. R. HORNBECK

The Navy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial *Our Mad Dogs of War* does grave injustice to the navy and to that liberalism which you pre-eminently represent.

Your worthy end is not well served by means of such misunderstanding of the navy's psychology. Get next to it and you will find that international peace is sincerely desired by naval officers. The navy is built by Congress. Officers are frequently cross-examined by its committees. To say that Congress is duped by testimony biased by self-interest is absurd.

Your article is unjust to liberalism because it restricts its scope. It excludes naval officers as a class without discrimination. Before you assent to the pernicious doctrine that an officer "gives his opinion into the keeping of his commanding officer when he puts on the uniform," pause to consider whether by so doing you are not forcing upon him an iniquity greater than the imaginary one you condemn.

Camden, N. J., February 1

F. M. EARLE,

Naval Constructor, United States Navy

What Should Be Translated?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several times during the past year I have had letters from translators in Russia, asking for the names of recent American novels likely to interest the Russian people. Recently I had the same request from two German translators, and now comes a letter from my Swedish translator, as follows: "We wish that you would send us the names of such of the younger radical writers in America as have not yet been introduced to us. I should like to receive their addresses, and would be thankful if you would express yourself as to the significance of their books. We do not want poetry or drama, but more especially novels."

I find that it takes a lot of time to bring the best books to mind, and always I find that I have overlooked some. It occurred to me that it might be an interesting exercise for your readers to suggest the names of the twenty best novels written from a radical or socially critical standpoint by Americans within the past ten years. I believe it would be possible to find translators and publishers for such a list of books in a dozen different countries. It would mean much to the writers of the books, and also to the public abroad.

Long Beach, California, March 1

UPTON SINCLAIR

Walt Whitman Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 14 Johnson Brigham explains Why Harlan Dismissed Walt Whitman. Mr. Brigham published his "Life of James Harlan" in 1913, forty-eight years after the dismissal. No doubt he relied on what official and other documents he could find. Volume III of Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden" was not published until 1914. It includes reproductions of five pages of MSS notes made by Whitman on July 5 and 8, 1865, within a few days of the occurrence, going into all the details of the matter. On July 1, the day after the dismissal, J. Hubley Ashton, Assistant Attorney General, interviewed Mr. Harlan, who said Whitman was a "competent and faithful clerk" but that he "deserved punishment" for writing "Leaves of Grass," and added, "I will not have the author of that book in this department. . . . There is no need of any one's knowing either what Whitman was dismissed for nor the particulars of this conversation. It would

be best for you and me to confine matters to ourselves." Mr. Ashton, however, said he would certainly tell Walt Whitman, as he thought he had a right to know what he was dismissed for. (*Op. cit.*, pp. 469-485.)

Regarding the statement in Mr. Brigham's letter that "Whitman's work was not commensurate with his salary," the same volume cites a notice of promotion dated May 11, 1865, after Whitman had been working four months as a clerk. Mr. O'Connor was in close touch with both Whitman and Mr. Ashton at the time, and in his "The Good Gray Poet," written soon afterwards, verifies this memorandum of Whitman's.

And as to comments on this matter by Whitman's biographers, I cannot find any of them who agree with Mr. Brigham, and I have examined fourteen of them.

Toronto, Canada, February 8

HENRY S. SAUNDERS

On the Relief Line

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just come from the strike regions of districts two and five of the United Mine Workers of America.

Relief lines grow longer every day in the Pennsylvania mining camps as the small savings fade away. In the bitter wind they stand for hours, each carrying an empty sack, an old market basket, or a paper bag to receive the mite of beans, potatoes, flour, and sugar which must keep the family alive for the next week.

As they wait patiently they talk of the morning's experiences on the picket-line, the new scabs "incubated" at the mine, the strike-breakers who have promised to join the strikers soon as assurance of relief is given them, the child tossing with fever nearby because the company doctor has refused to call, the fear that the union dole will not be given out next week.

Funds sent to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, are being used to buy food in wholesale quantities to help supply biweekly shipments to about one hundred and seventy camps in Pennsylvania and Ohio. We are endeavoring to establish a fund to supply visiting doctors and nurses or to pay local physicians for calls on families unable to pay. We ask help.

New York, March 22

SUSANNA PAXTON,
Executive Secretary

Good News from Boston

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Boston physician, Dr. Antoinette F. Konikow, was arrested on February 9, after giving a lecture in the short course on sex hygiene which it has been her custom to offer during the past six years to her women patients and their women friends. The technical charge against her was that of "exhibiting" contraceptive devices for which the maximum penalty in Massachusetts is \$1,000 fine or five years' imprisonment.

Dr. Konikow was tried in the Municipal Court on March 1. She justly maintains that medical lectures are incomplete and confusing without illustrative exhibits and diagrams, especially in the case of harmful methods. Her defense was that she was not advertising devices or offering them for sale and so was not exhibiting within the meaning of the law. The judge upheld the defendant's contention. She was acquitted.

Owing to the extreme importance of establishing a favorable precedent in Massachusetts, it was necessary for the Emergency Committee, formed to defend Dr. Konikow, to incur far heavier expenses than those ordinarily incurred in the lower court. Contributions to meet these disbursements may be sent to me at 87 Robinwood Avenue, Jamaica Plain.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., March 10

MARY L. EAST

The Patriotic West

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of course in New York it may be different. Out here in the Great Open Spaces the heart of America still beats true. We have faith in our government and in its measures of preparedness. As for those peace-at-any-price pacifists who put peace before justice and right they don't cut much ice out here. Of course we believe in peace. We know that our government will never engage in an unjust war, and as long as we are ready to fight no other country will want to fight against us. Peace through Preparedness: that's our motto. You ought to have heard Erskine R. Meyer's speech to the University of Colorado. In the words of our local paper, he "made a strong plea in the interest of patriotism and urged the faculty and student body to 'carry on this splendid spirit and keep it ever fresh and exalted.'" "Wars have their sad and tragic aspects," he said, "due to lack of preparedness," and he gave as an example the War of 1812. "When this war began there were less than 4,000 British effectives in Canada, and had we been able to conquer these when the war commenced Canada would today most likely be a part of the United States."

The American Legion is the backbone of our patriotic body. Its national commander declared in its name that the legion will "combat every move for internationalism" and foresees that Congress will answer his prayers for military preparedness.

It is unfortunately true that the local ministers are writing unpatriotic letters to Congressmen. Their business is to preach the Gospel and not to meddle in politics. Peace with patriotism: that's what we want.

Boulder, Colorado, February 22

J. R. E.

Contributors to This Issue

The UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

WALTON H. HAMILTON is professor of economics at the Robert Brookings Graduate School, Washington, D. C., and is coauthor with H. R. Wright of "The Care of Bituminous Coal."

COLSTON E. WARNE is on the faculty of the School of Business Administration at the University of Pittsburgh. MARTIN CODEL and LOWELL M. LIMPUS are Washington newspapermen who have been covering the coal hearings.

ANN WASHINGTON CRATON is a member of the Workers International Relief Committee in Pittsburgh.

CARLETON BEALS, en route from Nicaragua to Mexico City, was not permitted to land at Guatemala, and is now proceeding to San Francisco. He is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino.

J. N. AIKEN is in the editorial department of the *Virginian Pilot*, of Norfolk, Virginia.

FIGORELLO H. LA GUARDIA, Congressman from New York, made an independent visit to the coal-fields.

HARRY KEMP is an American poet and author of "Tramping on Life."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK is a professor of history at the University of Chicago.

T. WINGATE TODD is in the school of medicine at Western Reserve University.

MAX RADIN is professor of law at the University of California.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

B. BLINISHTI formerly represented Albania at the League of Nations.

Books, Music, Plays

Mediocrities

By HARRY KEMP

All night they drank of wine and wine;
All night they poured the glasses down
And they seemed victors half-divine
That boasted glory and renown;

The victims of the less-than-sin,
The martyrs of the not-quite-good—
All night they were what they had been
Had they but done the thing they would.

And when they saw this truth, yet dared
To face conjoint as forth they fared
The dreadful rift of dawn's first gray—
It reddened like the Judgment Day!

First Glance

The arms of grief are very strong,
His vigor swift, his passion long.
A woman tired in heart and limb
Should not lie down to rest with him.

WERE this brief poem not so good it would seem worse than it actually was. By which I mean that Clinch Calkins, in whose volume of "Poems" (Knopf: \$2) it appears as the second piece, has come perilously near the edge of writing "woman's verse"—has in some cases really written it, but in most cases has avoided it by writing well. By which I mean that woman's verse in America today is the easiest of all verse to write and the most tiresome of all verse to read. Since Edna St. Vincent Millay in one of her aspects opened the vein of exiguity and fatigue we have had all that we can stand of the tired woman, the aching woman, the woman who takes ■ her symbol ■ barren twig holding itself starkly over the glassy surface, not any too well lighted by the dropping sun, of ■ stricken marsh. This woman uses no other experience than her pain, and since pain is ■ limited subject—some say it is an impossible one in art—she has had to refine upon it until now it furnishes only the sorriest of themes, and one too that in order to be used at all freshly must be used desperately and obscurely. We puzzle over her poems only to find in the end a slightly new variety of the old, old grief. It is almost as bad—not quite—as having to read the conventional chirp of the happy woman poet whose efforts, I believe, still grace the household magazines.

So that if I like Miss Calkins's book, as I do for the most part very much, it is in spite of the fact that it is one protracted gesture made in the face of a painful experience. That the gesture is stoical does not matter; the reference is to pain, and even a stiffened resolve to live pain down does not alter the circumstance that it is the thing being written about. In spite of such limitations Miss Calkins has produced an interesting and rememberable volume—one that lifts itself clearly out of the stream. It is a good while since lines of such definite quality, such rhythmical strength,

such convincing ecstasy have been heard. They are lines which address themselves directly to the person in the reader. There is no introduction, no explanation.

Come, tired young women,
The first snow is falling.
It is the enfolding season;
Wrap yourselves away from the exhausting earth.

What will she do with seven fat years
Now that her seven lean years are over,
Whose throat is baked with the parching tears
She would not shed for a faithless lover?

Night was never made for those
Who have to lie alone.
Night was made to keep the flesh
From remembering the bone.

The night is storming in the trees,
The night is raging on the plain;
The night is raising high the seas
And raining in the hearts of men.

So that if Miss Calkins has overcome the handicap of her material it has been by giving it to us straight, without the vulgar refinements of her contemporaries. That in itself would distinguish her book, even if it were not distinguished by her unusual literary gifts.

MARK VAN DOREN

An Important Journal

The Journal of William Maclay. Introduction by Charles A. Beard. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$4.

“THE Journal of William Maclay” is one of those human documents which, although perhaps not easily counted on the fingers of one hand, are nevertheless rare enough to form ■ small and unique class by themselves. Maclay was one of the first Senators from Pennsylvania, representing the Harrisburg region and drawing the short term, while Robert Morris, his colleague, drew the long term and represented the business aristocracy of Philadelphia. He had already had ■ considerable experience of public affairs when he was elected, having been ■ representative of the Penn family in their long controversy with the proprietary government of Pennsylvania, and later a member of the State Assembly and the Executive Council.

He entered the Senate with what Professor Beard, in his entertaining introduction to this attractive and much-needed edition of the journal, describes as “exalted notions of public duty and Senatorial obligations,” only to be disillusioned with ■ rapidity which left no opportunity even for a climax. Hardly anything, apparently, within the Senate chamber or outside of it was to his mind. He admired Washington personally, but the famous debate over ■ title stirred his wrath, the Presidential levees and dinners bored him to extinction, and the adulation of those whom he dubs “royalists” moved him to exclaim, near the end of his term: “If there is treason in the wish I retract it, but would to God this same General Washington were in heaven! We would not then have him brought forward as the constant cover to every unconstitutional and irrepublican act.” John Adams, the Vice-President, he despised, and abused and lampooned him in the journal, as he also did, in varying

degree, many of his colleagues. From the first he was profoundly suspicious of Hamilton's financial proposals, especially the plan for funding the national debt, and fought the program in general and in particular as long as it remained on the calendar. There was, in fact, hardly any legislative measure of importance against which he did not find himself arrayed.

The trouble, of course, was that Maclay was a Republican, whereas the prevailing sentiment of the Senate and the clear bent of the Administration was Federalist, and tolerably high Federalist at that. Edgar S. Maclay, who published the journal in full for the first time in 1890, raises the question whether Maclay's pronounced views, and his stout championship of them in the face of the opposition, do not entitle him, rather than Jefferson, to be regarded as the true founder of the Republican or Democratic Party. Something is to be said for the contention, for Jefferson did not return from France until early in 1790, when the new federal government was well under way, and did not make his great influence felt in party matters until some time thereafter.

Maclay, however, was ill-fitted for leadership. He had a bad temper, saw everybody and everything at an angle, was homesick all the time he was in New York, and suffered from rheumatism and the prevailing methods of treating it. How he found time or energy, in his incessant occupation and physical distress, to set down the often extended accounts of debates and other happenings is a wonder, but although his journal, in view of the secrecy with which the Senate at first covered its proceedings, is a priceless record of what was said, it is nevertheless a document which the historian can use only with the greatest caution.

Beyond its political interest the journal gives a vivid picture of how some things were done in New York at the beginning of the great federal experiment. Here we may learn that Maclay thought the "School for Scandal," which he saw from the President's box, "an indecent representation before ladies of character and virtue"; that he feared the Constitution "will turn out the vilest of all traps that ever was set to ensnare the freedom of an unsuspecting people"; how Washington at table habitually drummed with his knife and fork; how two shillings an hour for a saddle-horse was spurned as an extravagance, and how Mrs. Bell, whom he escorted to the Senate, affected "a bunch of bosom and bulk of cotton that never was warranted by any feminine appearance in nature." There are not many journals that can be read through with as much enjoyment from cover to cover.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Not Robespierre

Robespierre's Rise and Fall. By G. Lenotre. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$6.

IN the spring of 1789 a gentleman named Maximilien Robespierre came up to Paris from the provincial town of Arras to represent his bailiwick in the Estates General. He was young and anxious to get on in the world, but he had read the radical literature of his day and was a democrat. Consequently he was on the minority side in practically every question that came up. His sincerity, his devotion to the popular cause, his gradually developing dream of a republic in which patriotic and equality-loving citizens might some day be happy won for him the contempt of more practical men, who feigned to believe him a schemer, and the devotion of the Jacobin Club, who accepted him as "The Incorruptible." Eventually, the Jacobin Club came to predominate the government of France, and in the Jacobin Club no man was more powerful than Robespierre. He became a member of the committee that ruled France during the Terror. Because he was the best-loved man on that committee, all of its acts seemed to emanate from him. He became the personification of the Terror, and indeed, as a democrat fearful of reaction, did nothing to oppose it. His enemies, no

less favorable to the Terror than he, took advantage of a revulsion of public opinion to overthrow him as the prime mover of the Terror, which he never had been. They guillotined him in the flesh and then assassinated his good character. Memoirs by Barère and Barras, and the thoroughly unscrupulous "trick played on the dead" from the pen of Courtois, purporting to be an inventory of his papers, became the chief sources of information upon him. And so, for five generations of historians, he remained a hypocritical puritan, a bloodthirsty maniac, a spleenic *ambitieux* who sacrificed thousands that stood in his way, until, more recently, Professor Mathiez and his Société des Etudes Robespierristes began publishing his papers and writing innumerable works upon this man, who, at worst, was a fanatic, and, at best, a dreamer of Utopia.

But our present author seems never to have heard of these works. He refers to only one of Professor Mathiez's dozens. Yet he uses Barras and Courtois freely, despite his own warning that they are unreliable. He is gullible; he believes exactly what he wants to believe, and he wants to believe the worst of Robespierre. He tells us some "vulgar details," for example, of the Fête of the Supreme Being (which he pretends was an apotheosis of Robespierre rather than the expression of a national longing for a popular religion that should be free from counter-revolutionary influence), and then naively adds (as if it were to his greater glory) that we have only one record of them. On further examination, this single record proves to be the testimony of aristocrats indirectly quoted. This is a glaring but not untypical example of M. Lenotre's method. As a result, we have a Robespierre that even Carlyle would have hesitated to believe in and of whose existence the conspirators on the eve of the 9th Thermidor would have been happy to convince some of their contemporaries.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Negro Anatomy

The American Negro: A Study in Racial Crossing. By Melville J. Herskovits. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN this very readable and significant little volume there is no heavy-handed English such as we often get in scientific presentations, but instead a clearly expressed argument setting forth, though not pleading for, a new and more wholesome conception of the Negro problem. Unexpected phrases here and there demonstrate that the author is giving us the very practical results of his actual experience among the people of his study, an experience which goes far beyond the limitations of his anthropometric instruments.

It must of course be clearly understood that Mr. Herskovits cannot bombard the reader with the full battery of his observations. That must be reserved for technical scientific journals. Though samples alone can be displayed, almost before the reader can get fixed in his mind the erroneous assumption that low variability is constant among Negroes the author restores proportion in the reader's mind by definitely stating how he chose the traits to be studied and how many of them indicate the trend which he is demonstrating. It is precisely in such conservative handling of his problem that Mr. Herskovits is convincing and that he gives us an inkling of the breadth of his insight and the sanity of his judgments. I have read the book the more critically because I know in detail the full evidence at Mr. Herskovits's disposal and doubted the possibility of presenting in small compass a clear, compact consideration of the Negro question.

Amid the welter of peoples which dot the earth, here is one which, compounded out of elements as diverse as imagination could conjure, is nevertheless so confined by social conventions that it seems fast becoming one of the most homogeneous. Those who would learn the latest views and most probable interpretation of the trend of Negro physique must carefully study

this little book. Its importance far transcends the number of its pages and its truth is all the clearer for its simply worded sentences.

T. WINGATE TODD

Of Sovereignty

The Sanctity of Law. By John W. Burgess. Ginn and Company. \$3.

WHAT Professor Burgess calls the sanctity of law is really concerned with the source of political authority. That is not quite the same thing, except for untarnished Austinians. Professor Burgess is an Austinian in his somewhat unseasonable insistence on the unqualified nature of sovereignty, but he is very little of an Austinian in his rejection of power as the source of that sovereignty. It was such a source, he believes, up to the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, and it ceased to be when with Christianity a divine sanction of political authority was established.

In this, as in a number of other historical matters, he is mistaken. The history of European political thought has been largely rewritten in the last three or four decades. Professor Burgess prefers to ignore the results of this rewriting, and does so, I venture to think, inadvisedly. Since his combative thesis is consciously based on an elaborate account of historical developments, it is important that his history be sound. But his specific errors, though often grave enough, are matters of detail. The important thing is what seems to be the thesis itself.

The thesis is that, after Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution had weakened and almost destroyed the concept that sovereignty was derived from God, a new sanction was being evolved and was becoming the basis of certain modern European units, characterized as real national states. Of these the most important were Germany and Austria-Hungary, which either had become or were in a fair way of becoming nearly perfect examples of what national states should be. They fulfilled all the requirements of geographic units supporting economic and political units. Their leaders were vigorous and honest men, competent and eager to act as the responsible instruments of a law, sanctioned and justified by the loftiest purposes.

To be sure, Germany was only one of several countries which, carrying out "the intent of history," were bringing into full actuality the really national units that Europe was by nature intended to have—eight, I think, they are. But Germany was much the most successful of them. It was "that great national union of middle Europe which, either as a whole or in its parts, has borne the burden and done the work and reaped the glory of the civilization and culture of Europe and of the world, in large—if not largest—part."

Under these circumstances one wonders whether Professor Burgess regards the outcome of the World War, rather than the war itself, as a world disaster. He certainly holds the crazy-quilt pattern which post-war Europe presents to be a political retrogression. But his gloomy outlook is mitigated by a hope that "conceivably" the situation might be worked into something better and that "the United States of America may at some future day regard it as its own great mission to perfect a real world unity of genuine national states." Foreigners will read this with surprise and some resentment, and a great many Americans to whom the present is less dismal will find the future less alluring.

The weakness of his thesis is of course not the fact that Germany may not have been so important or the United States as loftily predestined as he supposes. Whether he applies his political theory well or ill, the theory itself is one which he has consistently maintained in all his writings. It is based on two things, the unqualifiable and absolute character of sovereignty—however sanctioned—and the exclusive necessity of a geographical and economic unity to constitute a nation.

One may say that this is an interesting conceptual scheme;

but it is surely no more. If the term sovereignty is an idea in the mind of God we can understand its atomic character, but if it is a device to secure certain practical and human results it is not easy to see why there should not be all degrees of sovereignty from standard full strength to a 3 per cent solution. A great many modern thinkers have managed to do very well without the concept of sovereignty at all, and one might well wish that, if it is retained, it should be divested of those very associations which make Professor Burgess fall down and worship it.

Are there really eight geographical units in Europe—Europe, which itself is separated from Asia only by a series of low hills? Italy, for example, has the Alps which Cicero declared to be created by nature to keep out the barbarians, and Italy has been swept by military invasions from the earliest times to the most modern, just as it has been a constant goal and starting-point for the commerce of ideas, movements, and wares.

I cannot refrain from calling attention to the astounding character of pages 308-314, recounting what the author considers "pertinent and significant experiences." It contains a suggestion that Mr. Wilson, a Southern Democrat, forced us into a war with Germany in revenge for the action of the Germans of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee in taking sides against the Confederacy and in thus causing the loss of the war to the South. It is a new notion. I do not think Professor Burgess should be very proud of it.

MAX RADIN

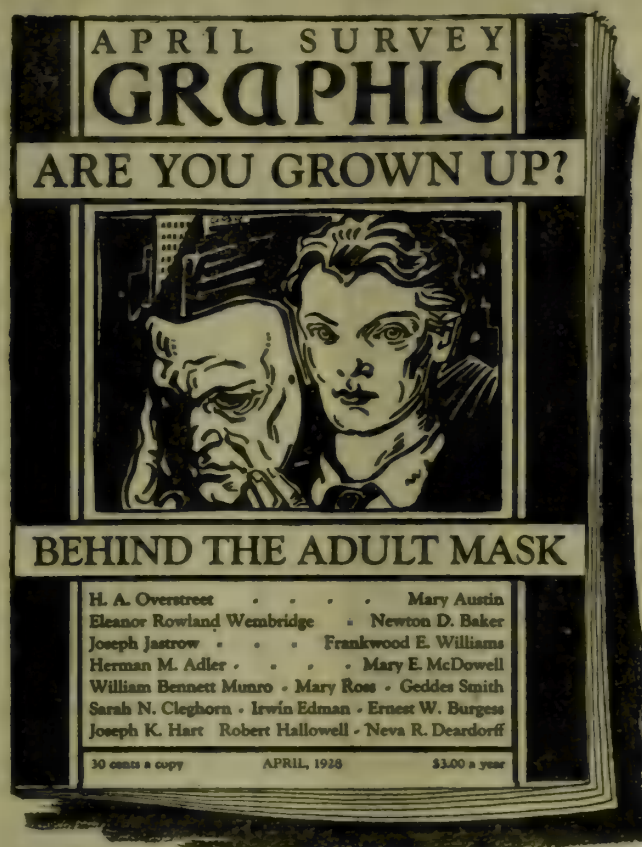
Not in Our Stars

We Sing Diana. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

IT was on the boards that someone should attack our quaint habit of segregating girls in colleges during those years when their normal emotional development especially requires free and natural association with men. Mrs. Neff's attack loses force because in addition to singing Diana she is writing a novel whose particular circumstances and incidents seem to be dictated by some inner compulsion, in spite of the fact that they happen rather disastrously to overemphasize her argument.

Nora, the heroine, is represented as being more interested in men and their activities than in the petty artifices with which women pass their time; she finds herself trapped in a female labyrinth, and, owing to adverse conditions, never frees herself from it for more than a few weeks at a time. At the age of thirteen she is adopted by an ecclesiastical spinster whose house is visited only by women and clergymen; she leaves this feminine cage to go to a woman's college; and as she chooses an academic career, the rest of her life, with the exception of a year at a New York coeducational university, where she seems to have met no men, is spent with women. Yet from the youthful days when she hoped prayerfully that Stanley Morton would speak to her until, at the end of the book, she definitely accepts her unwedded fate and adopts a baby, she is in continual revolt against this condition.

The book assumes that Nora's starved emotional life is due to circumstances outside herself, and its energy is directed to condemning them. It is therefore with some surprise that we remember she went to public school in an average Middle Western town. In such a school the number of girls and boys is about equal. School commonly begins at eight or nine o'clock and continues until two, three, or four. The greater part of Nora's day was therefore spent in close contiguity to girls and boys, rather than in the cloistral seclusion of Cordelia Tait's neat house. Since no single friendship with a boy is recorded during five or six such years we must conclude that some idiosyncrasy of her own was to blame for this far from average



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experience; it seems sufficiently evident that her failure to bring boys romping into Cordelia's house was inherent in herself.

A psychologist would, I think, find the circumstances of her one love affair illuminating. She was thirty-two and the man a chance acquaintance suffering with heart disease. Nora discovered almost simultaneously that she loved him and that he was about to die. They took a house together and had two beautiful weeks before his death, after which Nora returned to America wrung and emancipated. She had had her love affair. It would always be with her as a memory, a sword and a buckler against her spinsterhood. In future she could give her mind without qualms to the great work of reforming her college.

Nora is a likable person; but it seems to me also significant that she is portrayed as an extremely critical person who, as girl and woman, clearly observed everyone's failings. In her girlhood these failings belonged to the members of the Altar Guild, who couldn't contrive matrimony, and to Della Schuster's mother, who contrived it too easily. In her post-college years they belonged to the foolish virgin who went in for labor, to the equally foolish virgin who went in for pacifism, and to the poor neurotic whose incipient insanity gives us the most vigorously written and most promising pages of the book. Nora sees everyone's foolishness and passes by all the silly little goals of her friends, to that really important piece of work, "England on the Eve of Industrial Revolution." This critical turn of mind perhaps accounted, even more convincingly than her four cloistered college years, for the loneliness of her life and for her inability to find men in any scene.

The book is sincere and covers large panoramas of human experience with that easy superiority to which we are becoming accustomed. Its writing is kin to its matter. It reaches to no felicities, perceives no subtleties, and, attempting little, sounds much more professional and competent than many first literary ventures.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

Later Greek Sculpture. By A. W. Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$7.50.

An attempt to clear up the intricacies of the development and influence of Hellenistic sculpture in the West and East. Mr. Lawrence very sensibly treats Hellenistic art not as the decadence of the Periclean ideal but as the spontaneous expression of a changing and more complex society. There are an exhaustive appendix of all important sculpture and 112 plates.

Social Problems of the Family. By Ernest R. Groves. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

In his discussion of the family Mr. Groves occupies a happy middle ground between the extremists who insist on conserving the past and the other extremists who seem to seek to demolish even the present. He holds that through a study of the social problems of the family we may be able to conserve the best elements of family life, while eliminating many of the undesirable features. He is particularly vigorous in his insistence that parents must become educated to fill their position adequately, and to this end he advocates a widespread knowledge of child psychology.

Art in Greece. By A. De Ridder and W. Deonna. The History of Civilization Series. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

To those to whom Greek art means something quite different than the monotonous plaster casts lining the entrance halls of the Metropolitan Museum this volume offers a new and refreshing approach. It is a commonplace that the most beautiful examples of Greek art must forever remain a mysterious perfection to us; in sculpture only a single authentic statue (and

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that one of Praxiteles's least accounted works) has survived. We are apt, therefore, to form our judgment of Greek art on the extant Roman copies, those cold, mathematically rigid copies of Roman copies of Greek copies of famous originals which have been drained of all the marvelous refinements. One is grateful, then, that these authors base their speculation on the modest, though faithful, documents of lesser-known contemporary sculptors, vase painters, and workers in the minor arts rather than on the replicas of celebrated works modeled centuries later in a foreign land and spirit.

The Anti-Slavery Movement in England. A Study in English Humanitarianism. By Frank J. Klingberg. Yale University Press.

Professor Klingberg has made an important addition to the literature of a subject which thus far has received more attention on its American than on its British side. Beginning about 1770, he traces the growth of anti-slavery opinion in England, the great fight over the abolition of the slave trade, both British and general, the rise and decline of parliamentary and public interest in gradual emancipation, and, finally, the achievement of emancipation itself. Throughout the book the agitation against slavery is linked with the general humanitarian movement which gave England parliamentary and poor-law reform, somewhat humanized prisons and prison discipline, began an improved structure of labor legislation, and stimulated missionary zeal. Into the wider ramifications of the subject, economic as well as political, the author does not go, a number of such topics of imperial significance being reserved for later treatment.

Documents of Russian History, 1914-1917. Edited by Frank A. Golder. The Century Company. \$4.

This volume presents translations of diary extracts, newspaper clippings, speeches, official documents, and letters concerning the fall of the Czarist Government, the Kerensky regime, and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks. The textual apparatus is sparse, simple, and lucid. An appendix containing portions from the Czar's diary kept just before and after his abdication is of unusual human interest. It contains just one important political statement: "Kerensky is to be Prime Minister. . . . This man is certainly in the right place at the present moment: the more power he has the better."

Mussolini, the Man of Destiny. By V. E. De Fiori. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

Absurd rhetoric and unsubstantiated statements by another faithful castor-oil expert who writes adoringly of il Duce.

Chopin. By Henri Bidou. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

The essentials of the composer's life are made the framework for histories, descriptions, and discussions of his various compositions. The narrative portions are engrossing.

Music

"Œdipus Rex"

NOW that "Œdipus Rex" has come and gone and with it its composer, Igor Stravinsky, the curtain may be said to have rung upon another decade of modernism. For "Œdipus Rex" is the last flickering end of a once mighty promise. In it Stravinsky has again turned his back upon his heritage, Tartar Russia. And this time the desertion seems final. There is a feeble reminder of race memory in the Chinese use of the drums to heighten and foreshadow dramatic action, first as an accompaniment to the chorus and later as a link in the action itself. But for the rest, this "opera-oratorio" is as mixed

AMERICAN LABOR DYNAMICS

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The result of a cooperative analysis of the American labor scene in the momentous decade since the United States joined in the World War. There are thirty-two contributors, and the book is in four parts: The Decade in Retrospect; Problems of a Labor Union in 1928 and Five Years Later; Labor Issues in Industry and Politics; The Mind of Labor. There are four appendixes, to which more than 500 labor union executives, editors, teachers, and students have contributed. This is not another reference book: the dynamics rather than the statics of labor have been dealt with. "Mr. Hardman is to be congratulated on having produced one of the few books that deal intelligently with post-war labor problems." *N. Y. Sun.* \$4.00

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and uncertain in the content and style as its name implies. Out of Sophocles by Jean Cocteau, one of the "Six," the text is unimpressive and none the more so for being sung in Latin. Why Stravinsky desired this translation is difficult to surmise, as the result is merely to make one cling rather closely to one's program notes. The work is divided into two parts and was given in its original ballet form when first produced in Paris last May by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. As given here in concert form by the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky it had the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club for the chorus, of Paul Leyssac for the role of le Speaker, and of four singers: Tudor Davies (Œdipus); Margarete Matzenauer (Jocasta); Rulon Y. Robinson (the Shepherd); and Fraser Gange, who did triple duty as Creon, Tiresias, and the Messenger.

In spite of this mighty array of talent the work fell flat. There was no clear outline of the conception as a whole, because there was no unity of style ■ a composition and no cumulative horror in the music itself. The chorus alternated between barbaric shouts and Handelian suavity; the airs between classic formalism and modern experimentalism; while Jocasta's aria was a mixture of both, sounding like a neo-Russian melody just off key. The only feeling of inexorable fate—and that in spite of its neo-Russianism—lay in the majestic exposition by Mme Matzenauer. Not only was her voice rich and round but, excellent musician that she is, her role held further illusion by being sung without the printed score. Mr. Gange, too, sang with great intelligence, and Mr. Leyssac read clearly and well. Otherwise, there were too often long stretches of just notes. The Glee Club sang with spirit, but, ■ someone remarked facetiously, "it seemed to root for everybody." Alas! One might in sober truth say the same of Stravinsky himself.

And so the fight is ended—the goodly fight that began some seven years ago; for "Œdipus Rex" is frankly retrogressive, proclaiming those very elegancies which Stravinsky himself was the first to strip off in his elemental "Sacre du Printemps." Nor are there any other composers to take his place—any, that is, of his generation. Bartok is ■ good craftsman, and no more. His colleague, Zoltan Kodaly, whose orchestral suite, "Háry János," still carries on the folk spirit which Bartok abandoned, made a hit, it is true. But neither in this nor in his "Serenade" for two violins and viola, also heard here this year, does one get anything more substantial than ■ charming fancy and ■ very clever use of instruments; while with neither could his "Psalmus Hungaricus" compare. Coming to the Spaniards, De Falla's ballet, "El Amor Brujo," was good theater music, distinguished mainly by the always great conducting of Toscanini and the rarely fine singing of Sophie Braslau, who also showed her mettle by singing her tricky solo from memory. Flying northwards, we find Sibelius's First Symphony standing out like one of his native pines in lonely beauty; but then, Sibelius belongs not to one age but to all.

Beauty, indeed, is what the composers of this past decade have been most afraid of, listening rather to the noises without than the raptures within. Two of the younger men, however, have begun to acknowledge her—Paul Hindemith and Roger Huntington Sessions. Hindemith, in the six songs from his cycle, "Das Marienleben," substituted spirit for animal spirits, for which part credit, one suspects, must be given to their interpreter, Greta Torpadie. As for Sessions, the first of his two Chorale Preludes for organ, with its austere but fine inwardness of feeling, would be enough to set him apart from his American fellows. For the rest, there has been nothing perhaps so strangely new and beautiful ■ Gesualdo's madrigal, "To m'uccidi," of some three hundred years ago. While in comparison with the dry experimentation and even nonsense that has been forced upon us one is almost grateful to the Metropolitan for giving us Puccini's "La Rondine," with its harmless and diverting formulas, as a "novelty," if only for the exquisite vision of former Metropolitan glories evoked by Lucrezia Bori. A rare artist whose even rarer personality remains always fresh and new!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Mr. Shakespeare's Latest

THOSE who have been following the work of the promising young playwright William Shakespeare will be much interested in the production of his new play, "Henry V," which Walter Hampden is offering at the Hampden Theater. Mr. Shakespeare has tried his 'prentice hand upon various types of dramatic entertainment, but during the last few years he has devoted himself particularly to historical plays of the type which first brought him conspicuously before the eyes of critics, and hence the temptation to compare the new work with the first and second parts of "Henry IV," which immediately preceded it, is irresistible. Nor can it be questioned, even by those who most warmly admire the talents of the author, that the comparison will not be generally favorable to the new work.

Few will deny that Sir John Falstaff is the most interesting character whom Shakespeare has created, and yet he is not allowed to appear at all in the present play, and his companions Bardolph and Pistol and Nym, while amusing enough in their merely clownish way, can by no means make up for his absence. They are mere zanies and obviously contemptible, but he was spiritually large enough to balance his philosophy against that of the other protagonists, and certain of his speeches, like that which contained the much-applauded question "who hath honor?" rose to ■ height which constituted him a genuine comic challenge to the heroic characters of the play. The presence of mere common sense, always around the corner and ready to speak through his lips, served to throw the towering sentiments of the other characters into a sort of perspective and gave to the plays in which he appeared ■ kind of depth which "Henry V" entirely lacks. Without him

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to offer his pungent criticisms and without Hotspur to carry the romantic chivalry of the other characters to its *reductio ad absurdum* the whole piece seems almost naively heroic.

No one, of course, ever accused Mr. Shakespeare of belonging to the "debunking" school of historians. He takes his history quite uncritically and he always accepts the statements of public men at their face value. His hero hates wars (except, of course, just ones like that upon which he happens at the moment to be engaged) and, with the exception of a few traitors, all of his noblemen think only of the common weal. Somewhere in the latter part of the present play there is a long soliloquy in the course of which Henry utters various sonorous commonplaces about the emptiness of rank and the mere humanity of the great, but that is mere talk on Mr. Shakespeare's part. There really is, to his mind, a divinity which doth hedge a king and titled people are not made of common clay. One of our most elegant critics, Sir Philip Sydney, has said that it is the business of the poet to recount events, not as they were but as they ought to have been, and Mr. Shakespeare is evidently of the same opinion. His people are as noble as perfection would have them and England as great as he would like her to be. I should not like to brand "Henry V" as mere patriotic propaganda and to do so would be, no doubt, to render less than justice to Mr. Shakespeare's sincerity, but it can hardly be denied that such plays certainly tend to encourage that insular self-satisfaction which many foreigners have noted as characteristic of the English. Not only does he give us his variant of the old saying that one Englishman can beat seven Frenchmen, but he even solemnly asks us to believe that at Agincourt ten thousand of the enemy

were slain and only twenty-five of our own men lost. God, to be sure, is given some credit for this miracle, but God of course always fights on the English side.

Yet, for all, I would not have it understood that my confidence in our most promising young dramatist is in any way shaken. Though "Henry V" is not as good as "Henry IV" its naively heroic spirit is rhetorically effective and it has passages of gorgeous rant which have not been equaled in their kind by anyone except their author since the days when Marlowe first taught our writers the trick. There are signs, too, that Mr. Shakespeare has solidier stuff in him, and if I utter a reproach it is only because I would not have him content with such easy victories as this. There are other books beside Holinshed's "Chronicles" and there are stories which would give greater scope to his imagination than those furnished by recent history. Before now he has made one or two excursions into the rich field of romance furnished by those Italian writers who have had so much influence upon our literary revival, and he might very profitably do so again. Mr. Shakespeare is not very young in years, but he is maturing slowly and we expect from him much better plays than that which he has just given.

As for the production of "Henry V," it is somewhat uneven, but on the whole satisfactory enough in a generally conventional fashion. The prologues, unusually important in this play, are spoken in a somewhat namby-pamby fashion which robs them of their effectiveness, and Mr. Hampden is rather too gravely mature to give an ideal representation of the fiery young monarch. The direction is good, however, and the whole production is satisfactory even if not the occasion for any great enthusiasm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Albania

By B. BLINISHTI

DURING five centuries of Turkish domination—until its establishment, in 1912, as an independent state—Albania was closed to the outside world. The sultans wanted this region, peculiarly susceptible to Western influence, to remain in isolation and ignorance. But since the World War Western technical experts, exploring the country, have found its soil and subsoil rich, capable of a great economic development. These economic potentialities are in large part the motivation of Italy's recent policy and reveal the meaning of Albania's independence for the whole of Europe.

Albania extends 200 miles along the Adriatic and its maximum width is about 85 miles; its area is 11,000 square miles, with a population of 850,000. Its size and the richness of its soil would permit Albania to accommodate another four or five million people if the territory were properly developed. Albania is a country of mountains, but includes vast fertile plains and great plateaus suitable for pasturage. The people are frugal, active, and adaptable.

The succession of wars has led many Albanians to emigrate to Turkey, Rumania, Greece, Egypt, and the United States, where they have become a patriotic and progressive element of the population.

The plains of Albania are very fertile, but the methods of cultivation are old. It is estimated that one-tenth of the land is under cultivation; the rest is barren. Great landowners still dominate the country. Certain rich families control most of the tillable land and farm it out to tenants, the owner claiming two-thirds of the crop. The two most important products are olives and tobacco. Wheat, corn, barley, and hay are also grown. Olives dominate in the center and the south of Albania and the tobacco is at its best near Scutari and Elbassan, being used more and more for the manufacture of Egyptian cigarettes. For most products the chief market is Italy. Forests of beech, pine, fir, elm, sycamore, walnut, chestnut constitute Albania's greatest wealth. Large tracts are owned by the state, but grazing and burning have destroyed thousands of acres of forest land, and there has been no reforestation. The region of the river Mati—twelve or fifteen miles from the sea—could be developed into a great industrial forestry region. There are some 26,000 acres of oak woodland there. The forest of Diviaka on the coast between Durazzo and Volona, consisting of pine, which gives 70 per cent of resin, is also important.

Cattle-raising methods are behind the times. The country has excellent pasturage for goats and sheep, and in the north hogs are raised. Albania could become a great wool-producing country. Fishing is an important source of wealth for Albanians but the industry has never been properly organized.

Some 800 square miles of marsh lands along the coast would, if drained, become extraordinarily fertile. Professor Albert Calmes, in a report made to the League of Nations, estimated that it would cost 50,000,000 francs to undertake this work, but that "the land thus recovered from the

marshes and the lakes would be worth 172,000,000 francs—more than three times the cost of the work." This territory could be utilized for the cultivation of cotton and sugar cane.

Albania has many rivers, rising in the mountains. The Arsen could develop about 5,000 horse-power; the Drin from 8,000 to 10,000 horse-power; the Devoli from 20,000 to 25,000 horse-power. It is estimated that the utilization of these three rivers would cost about 15,000,000 francs gold.

Albania's mineral resources have never been carefully surveyed, although there are indications that the country possesses great mineral wealth. The mountain of Griba and the village of Mamelia, west and northwest of Tepeleni on the left bank of the river Vjosa, resemble the iron deposits of Lorraine and Luxemburg. Close to the sea, with the river Vjosa available for transportation, these mines have great possibilities. Mamelia coal, occurring at a depth of two meters, was used for the Italian army and navy during the Italian occupation in the Great War. Analysis has shown the most satisfying results. This section of Albanian territory may become an important industrial center. Lignite coal, extremely rich in volatile substance, is also found south of Koritza. Lignite deposits south of Tirana seem equally rich.

Traces of copper have been found near the village of Narel in the district of Puca. The Austrians began to exploit these beds during their occupation from 1916 to 1918. Other copper mines occur at Peroj, in a heavily wooded region close to the navigable river Drin, and south of Koritza, between the villages of Rehova and Bithgugi. Two kilometers south of Pogradec, at Memelishto, chrome iron is found.

The bituminous mine of Selenitza, ten miles east of Valona, has been exploited since ancient times. It formerly belonged to a French company and the product is used largely in paving the streets of Paris; but two years ago it was transferred to an Italian corporation.

At Mali Cajes, near Scutari, there is arsenic. Pyrite is found at Gumina, and asbestos near Koritza at Dishnitza, at Voskopoja, and also near Scutari. At Dibra, near the Yugoslav frontier, iron, chrome, sulphur, and sulphate of aluminum are found, but their value is not known.

The laws of Albania give to the state ownership of all mineral properties in the country. The state may, accordingly, exploit these resources itself or grant concessions for operating them on a one-third royalty. Only the bituminous mines at Selenitza have so far been conceded.

Many companies have since 1921 asked the Albanian Government for oil concessions. First came the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, then an Italian company, then the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and others. In 1925 the Albanian Parliament ratified six concessions, on substantially identical terms. The first concession, dated February 18, 1925, granted the Anglo-Persian Oil Company the right to make geological studies throughout the entire country and select for development 123,000 acres which might be within four different zones. A maximum period of three years was granted to the company to complete its studies. In these three years the company was obligated to sink seven wells, three of which must be of a depth of at least 1,000 meters. The company has the right to exploit the output of gasoline on its 123,000 acres until December, 1935. It must form a company with a capital of at least

£500,000, pay a royalty of 13½ per cent on all raw petroleum produced, and a tax of 1½ francs for each hectare developed in the first five years. A production of 56,000 barrels per year is to be aimed at. The company has the right to transport machinery and material free of charge throughout Albania, and to export without duty raw petroleum, asphalt, and petroleum derivatives. The company must deliver to the Albanian Government whatever quantities of petroleum and derivatives are produced—up to 20 per cent of the net production—at 10 per cent below the market price. American, French, and Italian companies have similar concessions in other parts of Albania.

With a coastline of 200 miles, Albania has four ports: Durazzo, Valona, St. Giovanni di Medua, and Santi Quaranta. The first two are destined to assume international economic importance whenever they are linked with the rest of the Balkans by railways. These ports all need jetties, docks, and light-houses. When the Buna River is drained small ships will be able to go as far as Scutari. A concession for the development of the port of Durazzo has recently been granted, for 8,000,000 gold francs, to an Italian company.

There are no standard-gauge railroads in Albania. The lines at Decanuellé, built during the war by the Austrians, have been rendered unusable by the Italians. The most important project is for the construction of a link between Scutari with Pírzren, following the valley of the Drin. Pírzren is fifty kilometers from the Albanian frontier in Yugoslavia. A second line from Valona will follow the valley of the Devoli linking Koritza, Monastir, and Saloniki. The two lines, one 200 kilometers long, the other 260, will cost sixty to eighty million francs gold.

Half of Albania's imports are cloth and clothing. She also imports coffee, tea, sugar, candles, and spirits. Two-thirds of her imports come from Italy; Greece ranks second, Yugoslavia, England, and the United States follow. Half the exports go to Italy, but Greece and America are also important markets. Albania exports maize, beans, hemp, hay, barley, olives, lemons, oranges, cheese, milk, butter, eggs, dried herbs, tobacco, wool, fur, fish, horses, mules, and bituminous products. In 1925 its exports were valued at \$3,112,503, its imports at \$4,208,380—bad enough; but in 1926 exports fell to \$2,309,649, while imports rose to \$4,800,121—much worse.

Internal commerce is all conducted in the towns and villages by small retail merchants and in the bazaars. Local manufacturing is relatively slight—a few oil refineries and flour mills. Cigarette factories, started with local capital, are growing in importance. A few skilled workers produce jewelry and filigree work in gold and silver. There is also home weaving and spinning.

A law of June 23, 1925, fixed as a monetary unit of Albania the gold franc. Gold pieces of 100, 20, and 10 francs, and silver pieces of 5, 2, and 1 francs are current. The Albanian National Bank, opened in September, 1925, has a nominal capital of 12,500,000 gold francs, and its charter permits it to engage in all branches of commercial banking; it acts as treasurer for the Albanian state, has power to issue money, and receives bids for public works and makes the contracts. The concession was accorded to a group of Italian banks; the presidency of the council of administration, the chief directorship and administrative positions are given to Italians. While the council is composed of two Albanians and two Italians, in case of a tie vote the Italian

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president casts the decisive vote. Italy now has 75 per cent instead of the original 54 per cent of its capital.

The Bank of Athens has two branches in Albania—one at Durazzo and the other at Koritza. A Yugoslav bank has an office at Scutari.

Following the creation of the Albanian Bank the Italian Government lent to Albania 50,000,000 gold francs, this loan to be used solely for public works and with the consent of Italy. In reality, however, Albania became indebted for 70,000,000 francs, the bankers' fees, taxes, etc., raising the total. Meanwhile Italy, upon various pretexts, has refused to pay the various instalments of the loan. Since 1925 Italy has paid on the loan 6,000,000 gold francs, in paper notes of the Bank of Albania; and the Albanian Government has been debited with 16,000,000 francs of interest! To be sure, Mussolini and Zogu have recently reached an agreement whereby the Italian lenders grant Albania a three years' moratorium on this interest, in return for which Albania agrees for five years to exempt all Italian ships—almost the only ones which touch at Albanian ports—from all forms of taxation. But the loan contract still includes a threat of seizing the Albanian customs if interest is not paid, and this still hangs over Albania like the sword of Damocles. The loan makes Albania an economic and financial serf to Italy, and doubtless will be the cause of trouble in the future.

The Albanian budget for 1926-1927 was 23,000,000 gold francs expended and 20,000,000 gold francs received, showing a deficit of 3,000,000 francs. The receipts for the preceding year were only 15,781,000 gold francs and they are now hardly likely to touch the budget figure of 20,000,000. The new budget calls, on paper, for receipts and expenses to balance at 29,000,000 gold francs.

To summarize, Albania is a naturally rich country, capable of great development, but she has suffered from political disturbances and complications. Her budget must be balanced, and some solution found for the 50-million-franc Italian loan. She needs foreign capital, and would prefer to have it from America, but the difficulties arising from her Italian neighbor hold her back.

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THE SUDDEN DEATH of Senator Willis removes a favorite-son candidate, but not a serious contender for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. It cannot be said that he was a great man, or even a great orator, though he had one of the most powerful voices ever possessed by a human being, one that made voice amplifiers unnecessary under all conditions. But he was popular in his State with the temperance forces, and with many of the good people of Main Street whose spokesman he was. It is too soon to tell what the effect will be upon Mr. Hoover's chances for the nomination, especially as Mr. Willis's name cannot be removed from the official ballot. That the Hoover boom is growing is beyond question. We are seeing the fruition of years of careful planning and skilful publicity. Here, for instance, is the testimony of the editor of the *Dinuba (Cal.) Sentinel*, who assures his readers that "mats, cuts, plates, etc., bearing Herbert Hoover's likeness have come into our office, gratuitously through the mails and by express, to the number of four or five hundred, sometimes two or three in one week." He adds that the amount of publicity has averaged "at least one piece every day in the year." Despite this flood of matter this particular editor is opposed to Mr. Hoover and he, like the *Fresno Bee*, dwells upon the complete silence of Hoover about the "almost all-pervading graft and corruption."

SOME DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION have not forgotten that the ancestors they respect fought for freedom. In Massachusetts, where good movements grow, Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of the D. A. R. is protesting against the ridiculous and defamatory blacklists which the little leaders of that organization have been circulating. Virtually everyone in Massachusetts who has ever deserved well of the Commonwealth appears to be on the list of "dangerous" speakers. College presidents, law professors, settlement workers, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. in general, labor unions—and, by implication, the wife of the Governor, who once publicly sewed a union label in a garment and accepted honorary membership in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union—are on the list of those whom the renegade daughters would muffle. A bishop's wife arose in a recent meeting of the organization and objected on discovering that her husband's name appeared on the blacklist. Presumably anyone who read in public the seditious language of the Declaration of Independence would, in the judgment of the blacklisters, deserve the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti. In Massachusetts, as elsewhere in America, the *Springfield Republican* is asserting, the blue menace is more dangerous than the red.

DON ADOLFO DIAZ, our puppet President of Nicaragua, has issued a Mussolinian ukase enacting, by executive fiat, the made-in-Washington election law which the Nicaraguan Congress refused to accept; and the entire Cabinet has been reshuffled in order to fill the offices with a more amenable set of satellites. We learn from the Panama papers that Admiral Sellers sent Dr. Carlos Cuadra Pasos and the other docile members of the Nicaraguan delegation at Havana back to Nicaragua on a United States warship; and from the American papers we learn that another thousand marines have been sent to Nicaragua to crush Sandino, but that since the rainy season is coming on that gentleman may escape his pursuers for another year. A California subscriber, however, calls our attention to headlines in the *Sacramento Bee*: "Nicaraguans Mowed Down By Marine Air Attack; Deadly Drive On Sandino Men Said To Be Most Bloody In The Campaign; Natives Helpless Under Rain Of Death; Massed Rebels Make Perfect Target For Bombs Of American Planes." Carleton Beals in his article in this issue describes the results of marine warfare behind the Sandino lines. It is shabby business, and among the shabbiest episodes is the attitude of the American Red Cross. One of our subscribers, moved by reports of suffering, sent the Red Cross a small check, asking that it be forwarded to Sandino's men for the purchase of quinine and bandages. The Red Cross, which also feels unable to help the starving miners' children in Pennsylvania, replied: "We regret to advise that we know of no effective way in which your generous desire could be met, and we are therefore returning the funds to you." *The Nation*, however, suggests that any reader who has similar impulses may send funds for medical supplies to the Nicaraguan Red Cross Division of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League, Room 40, 39 Union Square, New York.

HAVING JUST COMPLETED the Nelson and the Rodney, 35,000-ton battleships armed with 16-inch guns—heavier and more powerful than anything else afloat—the British topped off the latest “disarmament” conference by repeating the proposals they made at Geneva last summer. They suggest that future battleships shall not be of more than 30,000 tons, that guns be kept down to 13.5 inches, and that the accepted life of existing capital ships be extended from twenty to twenty-six years. All three “disarmament” proposals would strengthen the British navy in comparison with the American. If British statesmen care anything whatever about American friendship they will do well to avoid such transparent hypocrisies. At the Washington Conference Britain agreed to accept a 5-5-3 naval ratio with the United States and Japan. Peace may be promoted by honest extensions of that ratio, but not through tricky proposals which, seeming to reduce armament, work to the advantage of a single Power. The American people, by its protest, has just forced the Administration to cut its navy program in half; but the British action at Geneva plays directly into the hands of our jingoists.

NEITHER HATS NOR CATS are beneath the notice of Fascismo. Thus a long list of decrees given to the Mayor of Rome for improving the health of that city included a ukase against stray cats found roaming the streets; and the Unione Industriale Fascista has created new designs for men's hats intended to free Italy from the domination of French fashions. If these seem like frivolous matters, even for a spring day, the latest controversy between Premier Mussolini and the Pope certainly is not. Under the guise of concern over the Catholic Boy Scout organizations, sponsored by the Holy See, it is the old struggle over again between church and state. The Pope has long looked askance at the growing importance of the Balilla, groups of young men not yet old enough to be initiated as full-fledged members of the Fascist Party. Mussolini, on the other hand, has insisted that instruction of youth was the cornerstone of the Fascist state. Despite this difference, however, prospects of harmony between the Vatican and the Government seemed bright when they were blasted by a sharp criticism from Pope Pius a fortnight ago, directed against the Government in general and the Catholic National Center Party in particular. Mussolini promptly replied by ordering the suppression of the Catholic Boy Scouts, the last organization under the control of the church. Mussolini has confidence in his own powers. For other rumors are flying about—for instance, of the possible abdication of the King, which would quite possibly result in an alliance between King and Pope. The King has long been in an anomalous position; the Pope approaches one. Only the Duce is invincible, all-powerful, all-great.

OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES the political leaders, weary after years of opposition, determined that on the arrival of Governor Stimson they would try the soft wiles of cooperation. One and all—Quezon, Osmena, Roxas—praised Stimson's appointment; they even began paying tributes to the memory of Governor Wood. Part of the new good-will was due to Acting Governor Gilmore's astute interim regime. Mr. Gilmore succeeded in being friends with both Americans and Filipinos; he got along without the irritating “cavalry cabinet,” he succeeded in

changing the inter-island shipping law, and broke the monopolistic grip upon the best routes. Mr. Stimson's reported intention to reestablish the army coterie as his intimate advisers disturbed somewhat the peace, but the politicians continued their new tactics. Now, dramatically, the Filipino Commissioner at Washington, Isauro Gabaldon, has resigned his post and returned to the East to conduct an electoral campaign upon the old slogan of immediate independence, broadcasting his closing speech in the American Congress. “I am opposed,” he told Congress, “to the investment of a single additional dollar of [American] capital in the Philippines until after we have been made a free and independent people. . . . In the name of God, members of the American Congress, I beseech you to give us our independence before the Philippines, like the Teapot Dome and the naval oil lands, are donated to campaign contributors whose mouths are watering for our golden natural resources.”

THE REPORT ON UNEMPLOYMENT which the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, has sent to the Senate in response to Senator Wagner's resolution contains no new information but does embody some new misleading conclusions. Mr. Davis is not responsible for the lack of new information, for the Senate's request for facts was not coupled with any appropriation with which to obtain them, and perhaps he is not to be censured too severely for his rosy conclusions because this is a Presidential-campaign year and all good Republicans must bolster up the belief in prosperity just as all worthy Democrats must attack it. Taking the known figures on unemployment in the manufacturing industries and on the railroads for last January, Mr. Davis has compared them with the same month in 1925 (selected as an average year) and finds a shrinkage of 7.43 per cent. He then applies this ratio to other occupations (which is guesswork) and arrives at a total of 1,874,050 jobless as against an estimate of 4,000,000 or more made in various other quarters. But Mr. Davis forgets that even in a “normal” year there are 1,000,000 unemployed to be added to his number.

EVEN WITH THIS QUALIFICATION Mr. Davis's figures are probably overoptimistic. The secretary admits (though he does not allow for it in his estimate) that the number of prospective workers has been increased in the last three years by the gain in population. He also speaks of the exodus from the farms to the cities, although this would count only in case the farm workers had hitherto not been among the “gainfully employed.” Taking Mr. Davis's own statistics, the Labor Bureau turns them against him, declaring that they indicate that 5,790,000 persons are unemployed in this country! This is just another guess, but it may be as good as that of the Secretary of Labor. On the same day that Mr. Davis's figures were made public the American Federation of Labor announced that there had been 18 per cent of unemployment among union workers in twenty-three cities in January and February. Against this the National Association of Manufacturers reports that a canvass of 1,078 of its members shows an increase of 1.24 per cent in employment this spring over last and that plants are operating at 87.5 per cent of their capacity. It is probable, though, that the manufacturing industries are the most stable and prosperous in the country at the present time.

"FEW OVER 65 AMONG DESTITUTE"—thus the headline on a report of the National Civic Federation's study of 14,000 people sixty-five years old or older. The federation cheerfully noted that a quarter of the old folks had property with a capital value of at least \$10,000, and that less than a third had no property whatever. But this means that a million and a half Americans are put on the shelf at 65 entirely without property, which is appalling. Their children help many of these, and only a few actually starve, but this offers scant comfort except to a statistician with ice in his veins. Indeed, the federation's own investigators were little impressed with its statistical morals. "The recipients of [chiefly municipal] pensions earned by years of service constitute our happiest aged among the near-dependent, because of the sense of security felt," one of the field workers reports. France, which seemed the stronghold of individualism, has just launched a tremendous program of national insurance, which includes pensions, effective at the age of 60, of one-half the annual income. America still lags behind. Perhaps the sessions of the First National Conference on Old Age Security, held in New York on April 10, will mark a new awakening.

THE WARDEN OF AUBURN PRISON recently took the advice of the Attorney General of New York State, and refused to accede to a writ of habeas corpus. The Appellate Division, Fourth Department, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, has unanimously declared the warden guilty of contempt and fined him a total of \$1,500. The warden, who merely obeyed the chief law officer of the State, may now sue his chief, Mr. Ottinger, for malfeasance or negligence in his advice; he may go to the legislature for relief, or he may pocket the loss. On March 2, 1924, Justice Angell signed an order in habeas corpus directing the immediate discharge from Great Meadow Prison of one Benny Sabatino. Three days later, ignorant of this writ, the Governor granted Sabatino a discharge on parole. In due time he was reconfined for an alleged violation of this parole. The case went to the Appellate Division, which decided that a writ of habeas corpus could not be superseded by an executive order. Accordingly on June 29, 1927, the court ordered Sabatino "forthwith discharged from custody." The order was served several times, but the warden, on advice, refused to release his prisoner. The decision, he said, had been appealed. On October 28 the Court of Appeals unanimously pronounced that

It would be intolerable that a custodian adjudged to be at fault, placed by the judgment of the court in the position of a wrongdoer, should automatically, by a mere notice of appeal, prolong the term of imprisonment, and frustrate the operation of the historic writ of liberty. The great purpose of the writ of habeas corpus is the immediate delivery of the party deprived of personal liberty.

Sabatino, of course, is unimportant. What is important is that the highest law officer in New York State instructed the warden to disregard a writ of habeas corpus, and that the courts of the State have reaffirmed the dignity of that historic safeguard of personal liberty.

OURS IS A DRAMATIC AGE, and among its major dramas are its charities. A Lindbergh winging his way across the sea would have seemed a mad dream a century ago; but no more mad than an oil millionaire building a modern hospital in Peking or a mail-order magnate turn-

ing over five million dollars to help settle Jewish colonists in the Ukraine and the Crimea. Julius Rosenwald has used his profits well, as hundreds of schools for Negroes in our own South attest; and he has been generous to his own people. It was he, if we remember aright, who startled a meeting to raise funds for Jewish charities a few years ago by rising from the floor and announcing calmly: "I'll give a million dollars." The work of the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, of which James N. Rosenberg of New York is chairman, is a stirring adventure. In Czarist days the Russian Jews were herded into city ghettos, and the legend grew up that the sons of the hill-dwellers of Palestine were essentially an urban people. Within the last five years the "Agrojoint," with the cooperation of the Russian Government, has helped more than 100,000 Russian Jews to settle on more than one million acres in South Russia, and most of them, already self-supporting, are disproving the charge that Jews cannot produce on the soil. Nor is this work merely sectarian; more than 80,000 non-Jewish farmers have also been aided by the Agrojoint. The project has not the romantic appeal of the return to the homeland of Palestine, but it has a sounder economic basis. The difficulties come at the start; and Julius Rosenwald's great five-million-dollar gift, which must be matched by an equal sum from other contributors, will overcome them.

ONLY THREE NUMBERS of the *Hound and Horn: A Harvard Miscellany* have appeared to date, but this is enough to demonstrate that college journalism in the United States can produce something genuinely and maturely distinguished. The typography is nothing less than exquisite. The crudeness and casualness of the ordinary undergraduate literary magazine are simply not there; one has the unusual experience of turning the leaves of a quarterly planned in leisure and executed with taste. If the taste of the editors and contributors is dictated to a degree by some of the best literary journals in England, notably the one operated by Mr. T. S. Eliot, nothing surely is lost by the contact; students, like other people, learn by imitation, and these have chosen excellent models.

IT COMES AS SOMETHING of a shock to learn that all the girls in the country do not want to marry Charles A. Lindbergh. Indeed only 29 of 150 girls who answered a questionnaire at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, admit such an ambition, and only eleven of them consent unqualifiedly. Fifteen of the twenty-nine say cannily that they would want to "date him quite a while first," thus revealing that they are "from Missouri" temperamentally as well as geographically, while three confess unblushingly that their thought in marrying the young aviator would be to be photographed beside him for the newspapers and movies. But it is the answers in the negative that interest us most. Three advanced thinkers insist that they could not stand it to marry Lindbergh and be known merely as his wife, while we are glad to note that twelve are sufficiently individualistic to assert that they do not care for "his type at all." We sympathize with seventeen who think Lindbergh too popular and six who beg to be excused because he might be killed any minute. But we envy and like best the sixty-three who decline because they are in love with someone else. It is among them that we would advise the transatlantic flier to look for a future mate.

What About the Democrats?

SENATOR ROBINSON, who represents the Ku Klux Klan of Indiana in the United States Senate, has taken it upon himself to daub mud and oil and garbled misstatements of facts all over the Wilson Administration and the Democratic Party. He charges that "the 'conspiracy' to get control of the oil reserves of the country was not formed in Chicago during the Republican convention of 1920, but was formed in the city of Washington during the Democratic Administration of President Wilson, and it was participated in by high officials of that Administration and aided and abetted by still other Democrats of high standing."

Now *The Nation* is not a Democratic journal; and it will hardly be accused of prejudice in favor of the Wilson Administration. We have repeatedly stated our belief that the two old parties are in their outlook and principles as alike as twin peas; and we believe that there is scant hope for political decency in this country until the people revolt against them both. The war-time profiteering under the Wilson regime is a disgraceful chapter in American history, and we have done our share in exposing it. But, after due consideration of Mr. Robinson's facts and statements, we give it as our deliberate judgment that his speech was a tissue of intentionally misleading insinuations. The Democratic Party has its sins, but Mr. Robinson unearthed nothing to compare with the bribery and corruption in which Mr. Fall and others were implicated, or with the plot to conceal oil men's contributions to a party deficit, in which Messrs. Mellon, Weeks, Hays, and Butler were concerned.

So cleverly did Mr. Robinson interweave truth and insinuation that the country may easily be deceived. He refused to permit the usual Senatorial interruptions until he had read his prepared speech, apparently with the deliberate intention of broadcasting extracts from the *Congressional Record* which should not include the denials and explanations of those whom he libeled. It is therefore worth while analyzing his charges.

He charged, first, that three members of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet had, after retirement, accepted retainers from Mr. Doheny or Mr. Sinclair. It is true that Franklin K. Lane, a poor man, resigned from the Cabinet in February, 1920, to take a \$50,000-a-year position under Mr. Doheny. Apparently his private secretary also became an officer of a Doheny company; and two other subordinates also joined the staff of the oil companies. It is not true, as Mr. Robinson alleged, that Mr. Doheny employed former Attorney General T. W. Gregory, although it is true that, several months after he left the Cabinet, Mr. Gregory received a fee of \$15,000 from the Island Oil and Transport Company for services in connection with Mexican claims, and that a Doheny company later paid \$2,000 to the Island company because the service had benefited the entire oil group. It is also true that Mr. McAdoo accepted from Mr. Doheny a retainer of \$150,000—not of \$250,000, as Mr. Robinson stated—"because," as Mr. Doheny put it, "we thought his connection with the Democratic Administration would give us an entree to it, open the door to it." But never has anyone, Republican or Democrat, discovered that these men, in or out of office, betrayed the public for the oil companies. Whatever one may think of such colossal fees as that

paid to Mr. McAdoo; they are not comparable with the loans and gifts to Mr. Fall while he was still in office, which he kept secret, and in return for which he illegally and corruptly turned over public oil property to Sinclair and Doheny. As to Mr. Lane, his reputation stands above reproach. Mr. Robinson himself, when challenged, said, "I do not mean to reflect upon Franklin K. Lane," and Senator Glass heatedly and properly retorted: "Yes, that is exactly what the Senator means to do; and the denial simply accentuates his moral turpitude in doing it . . . by the meanest kind of insinuation."

Mr. Robinson pointed out, further, that Mr. Doheny contributed to the Democratic Party funds in 1920—though the sum was \$34,000, not \$75,000, as Robinson stated; that Doheny wrote the oil plank in the 1920 Democratic platform; that his name was entered as candidate for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President in that year; and that Senator Walsh had once referred to Doheny as a disinterested witness having no interest in the naval oil reserves. All this, however unpleasant it may be to the Democrats, dates from 1920, and neither Senator Walsh nor anyone else had at that time reason to believe Doheny the man he later proved himself to be in his transactions with Secretary Fall.

Secretary Daniels, Mr. Robinson charged, had initiated the policy of leasing naval oil lands, and Senator Walsh had approved it. This was, perhaps, his most serious and apparently his most damaging charge. In making it he deliberately and consciously confused public mineral lands outside the naval oil reserves with the naval reserves, and a checkerboard reserve with the solid blocks of the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills fields. Senator Walsh did approve a policy of leasing certain idle lands in the hands of the government to private parties. That may or may not have been wise policy; but it was not corrupt, and it had nothing to do with the naval oil reserves. And Secretary Daniels did approve drilling in Naval Reserve No. 2, after the Supreme Court had affirmed a railroad company's title to all the alternate-numbered sections in the field. The government's oil would all have been drained if private owners could have drilled on land immediately contiguous to it. This, however, is a very different matter from drilling in a great solid area like the fields which Fall surreptitiously handed over to Doheny and Sinclair, and the context of Mr. Robinson's remarks makes it perfectly clear that he knew it was different yet wilfully confused the issue. Finally, the Senator from Indiana made an absurd attempt to give President Coolidge credit for Senator Walsh's work.

Senator Nye once remarked that the Democrats got less from the oil men than the Republicans because nobody cared to spend as much money on a flat tire as on one that was constantly in use. That is undoubtedly true. Insull, Sinclair, Doheny—all the big-business spenders—have proved their nonpartisanship. They give to both parties, when and as they think it will do most good. But Senator Robinson's speech, like his attack on Al Smith, was less an effort to throw mud where mud belongs than to blur the issue of the direct bribery of a high Republican official by the oil magnates, and the fact that other high Republicans abetted, and still others helped to conceal, that crime.

Mr. Morrow and Mexico

IT is a striking evidence of the importance of selecting the right man for the right place, in diplomacy as in other human relationships, that Dwight Morrow has been able to arrange a settlement of the oil dispute between the United States and Mexico. He gained the confidence of the Mexican officials instead of trying to bully them, a modification in diplomatic methods worth continuing. He not only worked out a solution with the Mexican Government; he also persuaded the State Department to give up a position which it had previously maintained.

The background of the settlement is this: Certain rights to exploit oil were granted to landowners by Mexican statutes prior to the revolution of 1911. The Constitution of May 1, 1917, declared all oil national property, and permitted concessions for its development to be given only to Mexican companies or to alien individuals who agree not to appeal to their governments in case of dispute with the Mexican Government. American oil companies protested against the decrees putting this provision of the Constitution into effect, claiming that it would result in confiscation. The dispute came before the Supreme Court of Mexico, which interpreted the law not as giving to landowners the oil under their lands but as offering them the right to acquire it. An act showing an intention to accept this offer must be made before the right vested. This offer was withdrawn by the Constitution of 1917, which forbade the grant of oil rights except by concession under its terms. But the Constitution did not deprive anyone of rights acquired prior to the date on which the law went into effect, so that all who had accepted the offer by a positive act prior to that date kept their right unchanged. The oil companies and the State Department did not accept the court's interpretation of the law, but maintained that every American owning land owned the oil rights on this land whether he had done any positive act prior to May 1, 1917, or not. Thus arose the distinction between "tagged" lands, on which some act showing an intent to exploit the oil had been done prior to 1917, and "untagged" lands.

The dispute again came to a head in the negotiations of 1923 which ended in the recognition of the Government of President Obregon. Throughout the discussions the American commissioners expressly maintained the American view that any owner of land in Mexico prior to 1917 had the right to develop oil on his land, and that to deprive him of it was confiscation. The Mexican commissioners, on the other hand, sustained the position taken by the Mexican Supreme Court.

The Mexican Congress passed an act in 1925, to take effect January 1, 1927, which provided for concessions to develop oil. It allowed concessions of right to owners of "untagged" lands but limited the period of time for the concessions. It was also claimed by the oil companies that under the Constitution only Mexican corporations could get concessions, so that it was doubtful whether the Americans would be allowed concessions even for their "tagged" lands. The question came again before the Supreme Court of Mexico, which decided that the law was invalid in so far as it changed the property right of the owner of "tagged" lands to exploit oil for the indefinite period into a right under a concession for a limited period.

The present arrangement, according to newspaper summaries, adopts the interpretation of the Mexican law held by the Mexican courts and expressed by the Mexican commissioners in 1923. If the State Department accepts it as the final settlement of the oil question, the State Department will have abandoned its interpretation of the legislation prior to 1917. Mexico will have adapted its law and regulations to protect the rights which its own courts, in 1921, declared were vested in foreigners, and have abandoned the position apparently taken in the law of 1925.

It was evident before Mr. Morrow went to Mexico that the old method of trying to settle this dispute by representatives of the oil companies and the Mexican Government had come to a stalemate. Each party thoroughly distrusted the other and no progress could be made, especially when the oil companies felt that the Washington Government supported their position. Mr. Morrow went to Mexico as a personal appointment of the President. He was a man of high business position and great skill in negotiation; he showed confidence, not suspicion, of the Mexican authorities; he took a position legally and equitably right; and he has succeeded in accomplishing a result which could never have come about under the old method and with the old point of view.

Both the oil companies and the Mexican Government have suffered severely from their inability to settle their disputes. The taxes on oil production for 1926 amounted to 24,697,472 pesos as compared with 58,374,155 pesos for 1922. In this period production fell from 185,057,253 barrels to 90,609,991. It is easy to see what this has meant to the workmen employed in the oilfields and refineries and to the companies. Every economic reason for a settlement has long existed, only good-will was lacking. There are other issues outstanding between Mexico and the United States. But if mutual good-will replaces mutual distrust any conflict can be adjusted. Mr. Morrow has proved that good manners pay.

This Is Not News

DANA said that if a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is news. He might have added that when an innocent man is sent to jail it is news, but when he is kept there year after year it ceases to be news. This seems less than just. Every day that an innocent man is kept in prison increases the injustice and ought to increase the public demand for his release. But it doesn't work that way. News, as Dana's illustration was intended to explain, is the unusual and unexpected. And even the gravest injustice, if it is continued long enough, ceases to be unusual or unexpected. It ceases to be news and thus ceases to interest or occupy the public thought.

So it happens that Mooney and Billings, who have been in jail in California for upward of twelve years, although the case against them was exploded long ago, are the object of less public concern today than ever before, and eight men who were sent to prison after the tragedy in Centralia, Washington, in 1920 are still wearing their lives out in a cage although five of the jurymen have signed affidavits repudiating their original verdict.

The Centralia tragedy grew out of the hatred of the

employing lumber men for the Industrial Workers of the World on account of the latter's strike activities in the Northwest. In the spring of 1918 a so-called Red Cross parade was used as a screen for a mob attack on the I. W. W. hall in Centralia; the men inside were run out (some were driven from the city), while the furniture and papers were destroyed. When the Armistice Day parade took place in the following November a similar assault was organized, but this time the men inside the hall defended themselves with firearms—as they had a lawful right to do—and four of the attackers, including a prominent member of the American Legion who had led the procession, were killed. Wholesale arrests followed all over the State. A mob broke into the jail in Centralia and lynched one of the prisoners, Wesley Everest, an ex-service man. The trial was a farcical farrago of prejudice and bias. One man was incarcerated as insane, seven convicted of second-degree murder.

In 1922 two of the jurors, W. E. Inmon and E. E. Sweitzer, signed an affidavit that they had believed all the men to be innocent but had accepted the verdict found because otherwise they feared a hung jury, a new trial, and, in the hysterical state of public opinion, possibly a conviction for murder in the first degree. Two days later another juror, E. E. Torpen, signed an affidavit that the first ballot had been for acquittal and that second-degree murder had finally been agreed to only with a recommendation for "extreme leniency." (The judge carried out the jury's wishes by imposing sentences of from twenty-five to forty years!) P. V. Johnson next signed an affidavit that the jury had not been permitted to hear evidence of the premeditation of the attack on the hall and that he believed all the men to be innocent. A fifth juror, Carl O. Hulton, shortly after signed an affidavit accepting the facts set forth in the statements of Inmon, Sweitzer, Torpen, and Johnson. Other jurors made more qualified statements.

Yet the Centralia victims are still in jail!

The case against Mooney and Billings is of even longer standing and is equally tragic. They were convicted of planting the bomb that killed a score of persons in the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916. When it came out later that the principal evidence against them was perjured, the judge who presided at the trial, the detective sergeant who procured the State's witnesses, the Attorney General of California, the District Attorney who succeeded Charles M. Fickert, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco, and many others urged action to remedy the miscarriage of justice—but Mooney and Billings are still in jail. Worse than all else is the apparently well-established fact that the State Federation of Labor in California is using its influence against a pardon for Mooney, whose sympathies are with the left wing rather than with the group now in power. The labor leaders of California advocate that Mooney should be released on parole rather than pardoned, for the first course would naturally limit his activities and prevent him from disturbing the powers-that-be in the State Federation. Governor Young, aware of this attitude, is understood to be ready to parole Mooney but not to pardon him. Mooney declines to ask for a parole, regarding such action as a confession of guilt.

As we suggested at the outset, the injustice of this case and that of the Centralia victims is of too long standing to be news. But some of the wrongs most worth attacking are those about which other people have ceased to concern themselves.

A Music Merger

THE growing cost of maintaining a great orchestra is given as the real reason for the just-announced amalgamation of the New York Philharmonic and Symphony orchestras. The former is in its eighty-sixth year, and the latter has just reached its semi-centennial. Neither can support itself; where is the orchestra that does? For years the man who has made the New York Symphony possible, Harry Harkness Flagler, has dug into his capacious pocket in order that his friend, Walter Damrosch, might have a fitting medium for his musical interpretations. Last year Mr. Damrosch retired to what was intended to be a rest but has turned out to be the management of an extraordinary radio enterprise, giving good orchestral music to a possible audience of between ten and fifteen millions. To this he talks once a week about the music which an orchestra under his direction then performs.

Mr. Damrosch's retirement has undoubtedly led up to this orchestral amalgamation—a striking event because of the disappearance of the New York Symphony as a separate organization, and also because it had been felt for some time past that New York was entitled to two first-class orchestras. Under the reorganization plan Arturo Toscanini will be the chief conductor, but associated with him will be Willem Mengelberg, Walter Damrosch, Albert Coates, Bernardino Molinari, and Willem van Hoogstraaten. The regular season will be extended to May 1; during May and June of each year there will be supplemental popular and promenade concerts nightly, and then will come the weekly concert of the orchestra at the City College Stadium from July 5 to August 31. This is a tremendous season, but one which ought to make it unnecessary for the individual orchestra player to find special summer employment in hotel or resort orchestras, or to exhaust himself by teaching during the winter months when rehearsals and concerts, to say nothing of the out-of-town tours, take so much of his time and strength.

Obviously, the new plan raises several questions. The regular season of weekly concerts, as stated, is to end on May 1 instead of at the beginning of March. It will be interesting to observe whether this will not give too long a series for even ardent music-lovers. Again, as the performers will now have to be on call from October 1 until August 31, it is a question whether they will not be overworked; there is a limit to the strength and the freshness of the best of players. Moreover, since the capacity of Carnegie Hall is limited, it is not entirely clear that the combination will reduce to a considerable extent the present large deficit of the Philharmonic. If Mr. Flagler will continue to donate large sums—he has already given about a million and a half dollars to the maintenance of the New York Symphony—the raising of the deficit may, of course, be that much easier. We should not be surprised, however, to see the immediate rise of another orchestra. With a city of six millions of people to draw upon it is more than likely that there will be a demand for additional orchestral entertainment. As to that the future will tell. Meanwhile, the amalgamation makes the Philharmonic-Symphony more than ever one of the greatest of American orchestras, and insures to it for a period of five years the services of Toscanini, the greatest of orchestral conductors.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PRESIDENT HOPKINS of Dartmouth College is a little less than perfect in his conception of honor and truthfulness. This is a serious charge to make against a great educator and so I will explain the basis of my accusation. Some weeks ago I wrote an article about the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at which Judge Webster Thayer was praised by the toastmaster and cheered by the diners, and the *New Republic* also referred to the affair. My comment was based upon a clipping from the *Boston Post* which described the incident and attributed the words in praise of Thayer to Andrew Marshall. A reader of *The Nation*, Miss Blanche Watson, of Washington, sent the article to President Hopkins and he has just replied to her as follows:

MY DEAR MISS WATSON:

I have just returned from a six weeks' trip among the alumni associations of Dartmouth College and have found on my desk your letter addressed to Dr. Andrew Marshall.

I have several reflections as I read it. Chiefly I have the sad conviction that the forces of liberalism or progressivism will never accomplish what civilization needs to have accomplished through them until there is something of the desire to know facts and some unwillingness to believe those whom they criticize to be all evil, up to the time that valid evidence indicates this to be true.

The writer of the editorial in the *New Republic*, Mr. Heywood Broun in the *New York World*, and others of their kind are perfectly willing to accept credulously a newspaper report as a basis for criticizing and unfairly attacking those with whom they do not agree, when they would be the first to question the validity of such a report if it happened to misrepresent a cause or an individual in whom they were interested.

There was very little, if anything, in the account of the *Boston Post* in regard to the Dartmouth alumni meeting which was right. Mr. Andrew Marshall, for instance, to whom you have addressed your letter, was not seated on the platform and had no responsibility in regard to the meeting. He was later elected president of the Boston Alumni Association for the forthcoming year and will preside at the meeting a year from now—which is as close as he came to participating in any way in the official proceedings of this meeting. The president of the Alumni Association for this year was Mr. Joseph W. Bartlett, a prominent lawyer in Boston and one who, in times past, has been deemed a radical.

But, on the whole, I do not know of any reason why I should spend my time undertaking to deny the various erroneous statements in the *Boston Post*, or the assumptions which you and others have been so eager to make, regardless of any facts involved.

I dislike to think what you or Mr. Heywood Broun or the editors of the *New Republic* would think and say in regard to a conservative who as credulously accepted a sensational newspaper report concerning the occurrences of a meeting of so-called liberals.

I am yours truly,

ERNEST M. HOPKINS

President Hopkins has specifically denied one point in the *Nation* article and intimates that if it were worth his time and trouble he could brush aside the rest. But let us examine the facts. Mr. Hopkins is quite right in saying

that Dr. Andrew Marshall had no part in the proceedings. The reporter of the *Boston Post* made an error, for the toastmaster was Joseph W. Bartlett, retiring president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston. But President Hopkins intimates that this was merely one of many errors. Miss Watson would have a right to assume that there was no speech in which Judge Thayer was hailed as a hero, no demonstration by the Dartmouth men in his favor, and perhaps no Thayer and no banquet.

Mr. Bartlett, the toastmaster, ought to be an excellent witness. Some Dartmouth alumni were interested in the incident because it seemed to them that the sanction showered upon Thayer at the banquet might be interpreted as an official act by Dartmouth College, which of course it was not. My article in *The Nation* did not intimate that the proceedings were other than informal. Two of the Dartmouth men who investigated the incident at the Copley-Plaza Hotel have been kind enough to forward their findings. They report that Judge Thayer was a guest at the banquet and that he was seated at the speakers' table "in normal deference to his position as a member of the Massachusetts bench." This report, which comes from Edward S. Kirkland and T. S. Anderson, continues:

The toastmaster, after mentioning one or two other well-known alumni present, then called attention to Judge Thayer. A letter from Mr. Bartlett says that he did so on his own authority, and that he designed his remarks to commit nobody to an opinion on the merits of the great case, but merely to call attention to the fact that, in his estimate, Judge Thayer had stood courageously for what he believed to be right.

The newspaper account says that Mr. Bartlett asked the audience to rise in acknowledgment of the judge's courage. Mr. Bartlett does not himself say whether he did so or not. Whatever the fact, the point is this, that the action was in no sense an official action of any body of Dartmouth alumni. If Mr. Bartlett did ask for a rising tribute, and thus place the others in a position where they could not refuse without conspicuous discourtesy, he did so entirely on his own authority . . . his rashness and poor judgment were entirely his own. As Dartmouth alumni we have a quarrel with Mr. Bartlett for not sensing the possible implication of his act. But that is a family affair, and perhaps the natural product of the sort of demonstration normally found at American banquets, and particularly those of college alumni.

I have looked over my article again and, in the light of this testimony, it is not necessary for me to change a single word of what I wrote. The quotation from the *Post* did name Andrew Marshall where the name Joseph W. Bartlett should have stood; but I myself made no mention of either gentleman and I do not see just how this error affects the fundamental issue.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, who says I spoke untruthfully and misrepresented the proceedings at the Dartmouth banquet, might take the trouble to reread my original article. It hurts my pride to feel that he could not have read it very carefully before he commented upon it. You see he attributed it vaguely to the *World*, although it was actually published in *The Nation*. Since

I first deplored the Dartmouth cheers for Thayer I have been informed, and Gardner Jackson is my authority, that both Hopkins and Lowell joined heartily in the applause for the indiscreet judge. Somewhat later President Hopkins justified his action by saying that he felt it was good manners to join in with the other boys and that he would do it again under the same circumstances. This business of politeness and college loyalty may be carried a bit too far. If I went to a banquet and found A. Lawrence Lowell, or Charley Brickley, or anybody whom I choose to dislike at the head table I feel that it would be my privilege to withdraw in spite of the fact that he was a hero when I was an undergraduate. Which I still am.

I said that Judge Thayer sat at the speakers' table during a dinner of Dartmouth alumni in the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. I said that the toastmaster called him "the peace-time soldier fighting for his country." I said that the diners cheered Thayer and that the judge buried his face in his hands and wept. Every word of this is true in spite of the pious side-stepping of Mr. Hopkins. He is the head of a great institution. At times he has supported liberal movements. Stronger words could be used in regard to his letter, but possibly he may choose to examine the record and make proper apology. At present it will be enough to say that the man is just a shade evasive.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Presidential Possibilities

VII

Charles Curtis

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE situation is tapering down to Tim," said Thomas C. Platt,

boss of New York, when asked

once what were Lieutenant Governor Timothy L. Woodruff's chances for the governorship. Mr. Platt was wrong. The situation did not taper down to Tim, for it could not; it was too preposterous a proposal. If the Republican Presidential contest should taper down to Charles Curtis it would simply mean that cowardice, timidity, and moral bankruptcy had done their worst. The only redeeming feature might be that thereby the country had escaped Dawes or Coolidge. But the nomination of Curtis would be the apotheosis of mediocrity; Mr. Babbitt would thereby come into his own.

Mr. Curtis is well aware of his own limitations. He has no delusions of grandeur, no hope or expectation that by a sudden outburst of oratory or statesmanship he could force himself upon the convention. He has hoisted his lightning-rod for the Presidential bolt to strike it because he feels himself in precisely the same situation that Mr. Harding was in 1920—Mr. Harding had folded his tents and was stealing away when fate in the shape of the bosses did him and his country the ill turn of picking him as the choice of the convention. Mr. Curtis apparently believes that Lowden and Hoover will deadlock, and that in their search for a thoroughly colorless but deserving man who has no enemies they must inevitably turn to himself. Does he not come from Kansas, a farming State, that lives in history because John Brown spent a few weeks there and because it was the permanent home of "sockless Jerry Simpson"? Is he not the only Senator of American Indian blood? Has he not been the most obedient floor leader of the Senate since the death of Henry Cabot Lodge? What would you have? A man of brilliant parts, colorful attainments, charm, and wide vision? What nonsense! Party candidates are chosen not because they have such qualities but because they are without them. Roosevelt was an accident; Wilson the exception.

The seventh in a series of studies of the candidates

So Mr. Curtis is well within his rights. History and precedent fight for him and so does the fact that Senator Willis of

Ohio is now dead and that Speaker Longworth of that State is otherwise disabled. If—Mr. Curtis doubtless reasons—Mr. Coolidge persists in his refusal to run, then Curtis of Kansas will have his chance unless some other dark horse appears whose name is not even mentioned—possibly Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, or some other favorite of Andrew Mellon's. Mr. Curtis probably eliminates Hoover because the politicians dislike him so. Dawes and Lowden he thinks impossible. So it comes down to Curtis or an unknown. He sees himself the boy standing on the convention deck whence all but him have fled in dire defeat. His god is the Process of Elimination. Kansas knows that Curtis is a great man; knows that in his sixteen years as a Congressman no Representative ever worked so hard for his constituents, called so many of them by their first names, or mailed as many packages of seeds, or as many letters, necessary and unnecessary, as he—once upon a time he received 1,400 a day! As Senator, too, no one has kept his political fences in better repair. Then why should not unsurpassed industry be rewarded? Is there no sense of gratitude in his party? When he first came to the House there was only one other Republican from Kansas. Now there are eight.

Senator Curtis is as faithful and as devoted to his party as he is dull and dumb. "Yes" and "No" are his favorite answers to queries and he resents questions not put in such a way that he can reply by a monosyllable. He was early told to talk little in Congress and to saw wood. He did both; therefore he was bound to rise, and he rose. Colorful? Only in his ancestry and his early years. He is one-eighth aboriginal American, the Indian Chief Pawhuskie, a Kaw, having been his great-great-grandfather and Princess White Plume a great-grandmother, as well as the wife of a French trader. With French and Indian blood there should have been produced

a really high-bred racer; instead of which we have the most patient and plodding of political wheel-horses, one who has never yet sulked or lain back in the traces, or lifted his heels, or tossed his head, or threatened to bolt. Only the crack of the party whip, or the sound of its dinner bell, ever moves him. You could not make him buck or rear if you built a fire under him. Such is heredity! You would swear, if you did not know what strains were in him, that his pedigree read at every generation post "out of Main Street, by Bourgeois."

Is this an undemocratic aspersion of the great lower middle-class? By no means. I admit that the soviet which comprises the Kansas farmer, merchant, postmaster, the Elks and Shriners and Moose and Rotarians in good standing, is entitled to its representative in the Senate. The doubt is whether at this precise juncture in American history the hour calls for their Charles Curtis, now sixty-eight years of age, in the White House. As a candidate he runs true to type in that his beginnings were of the humblest. But they were spiced with the thrill of the race track! For this darling of the Kansas W. C. T. U. really was a boy jockey from his tenth to his sixteenth year—he who as prosecuting attorney at twenty-four won his way to Congress in the early nineties by enforcing prohibition in his town. He closed eighty-eight saloons in thirty days and in four years obtained 103 convictions of criminals out of a possible 108. But he did line his pockets with the godless money of the race tracks for seven long boyish years. Then came his mother, Permelia, a Massachusetts Puritan by descent, to his rescue. Charley heard her heartfelt plea; he left his horses, the ring, the big stakes, the quick rewards; he bade adieu to the book-makers, trainers, hostlers, and track-side easy-marks. Resolutely from that day to this he has trod the straight and narrow path. One of Marryat's heroes was tattooed in boyhood with the King's broad arrow to signify that he was for life the "King's Own." If Kansas had a broad arrow it would not be needed on Charles Curtis's shoulder. Kansas and Kansas virtue are stamped all over him.

So Charles went back to school, quite unsuspecting that he had exchanged the race-track for the Senate and that the rewards which are supposed to come to all good little boys were to be his. The years sped by in deep domestic felicity and then Charley was back with the horses—not the race-track, for he remembered his promise to his mother. They were hack horses that lured him this time, and the reins that he held earned him the money that paid for his education for the bar. Indeed, this honest and industrious youth was so honest and industrious that he took his way right into Congress in 1893 and there, except for two years when the Democrats tipped him out, he has been ever since. No wonder all the good people of Kansas hold Charley Curtis up to their children as a model of virtue, as the boy who made good far away from home. No wonder they include him in their prayers so that the Almighty may hear how many of the righteous wish Charley Curtis to enter the White House.

If virtue, that is Curtis, does not get this reward, there is the comforting thought that after all he has a tremendous record of achievement to look back upon—years in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. You can hear him there any day in his swelling periods and the rotund oratorical phrases for which he is distinguished. Here they are: "Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a

quorum." "Mr. President, I ask a roll-call." "Mr. President, I rise to a point of order." "Mr. President, I move the Senate do now adjourn." Not his to fill the *Congressional Record* with his beliefs as if he were a Copeland, a Caraway, a Heflin, feeling forty-eight States tuned in to hear. He is as silent as those stoical Indian chiefs who were his ancestors. Yet he can talk, as did they, when the spirit moves. Here are samples given to James O'Donnell Bennett and printed in *Collier's*, sonorous samples of his style, and planks in his platform. Speaking on his favorite theme, "the passing of the political domination of Congress from the East to the West," he said:

The chairmanships of nearly all the important committees are now in the hands of Western men. The Speakership of the House has passed from Massachusetts to Ohio, and the most urgent problem before the country—the problem of farm relief—is a Western problem. Therefore my insistent plea is and will be, "Help the farmer."

I hope and expect that this Congress will pass some reasonable measure of farm relief which will receive the President's approval and will go a long way toward ameliorating the conditions surrounding agriculture by giving the farmers better marketing facilities, greater assistance in carrying forward the cooperative marketing principle, and assisting them along other needed lines.

I also hope that the committees of the two houses will agree upon the report to their respective bodies of a measure which will provide a definite shipping policy, and that under it our country will be assured the permanent merchant marine so essential alike to our commerce and national defense.

Stirring words these, profound and profoundly wise! But there is no need for him to hold forth often as to his views on any topic. You can always find them in the campaign book and party platform—as soon would he dispute the Holy Bible or the tenets of that Methodism which has carried him so far on the road to greatness as to question his party dogma. He is a regular of the regulars, a cornerstone of the American temple—even the capstone. There must be law and order and men to enforce them by precept and practice. Even Frederick the Great knew that with his ungrammatical: "Ordnung muss sein!" Charles Curtis knows it, too, and to it has given his life. Henry Cabot Lodge, his predecessor as majority leader, may have been an intellectual and a Back Bay aristocrat, but he was not as good a collie for the flock as Curtis of Kansas. Curtis knows his master's voice, his master's slightest desire, and his circling of the sheep never ceases, nor his yapping at those who dare to wander.

For he knows his job as the job knows him—majority leader! No temptation to eloquence shall distract him from it. Henry Cabot Lodge had other interests, other tasks. Not Charles Curtis. He is majority leader, heart and soul. For him authority is the final word. Did he not allow himself to be allied with Speaker Cannon at once when, a youngster from the Kaw, he entered the House? Did he revolt against the Speaker and his rules when the upstart Norris of Nebraska began the fight to bind the foremost legislator of Danville, Illinois? Charles Curtis did not! Loyalty is the meat of his bones, fidelity the tune for every beat of his heart. He went down to defeat with Joseph Cannon, but rose again to righteousness and the upper chamber. You cannot keep a good man down—in Kansas or the Capitol. Work is his gospel, work his salvation—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and more hours a day if need be.

Occasionally, rumor has it, he breaks away when Congress is not sitting and then he can be found at a nearby race-track, leaning on the rail, absorbed, a spectator who once rode winners, recalling this hairbreadth finish and that game defeat when he was almost sitting on his horse's ears. Those were the real racing days!

Then, the races over, he is again shepherd of the Republican flock and more than shepherd—detective, supervisor, and controller of all who will be controlled. Not his to reason why. Orders were meant to be obeyed—what a fine soldier was lost in Charles Curtis! Romance may have

its way. The pulse may beat faster for one moment. The might-have-been may project itself upon the retina if only for a second. Even in Kansas they dream dreams—sometimes dreams to interest a Freud. But let Charles Curtis enter the White House and mankind everywhere will know that the American home and the American family ideals, best in all this glorious world, have triumphed anew. Every true American will feel a sympathetic thrill. There is in the very simpleness of Charles Curtis something of the soil and the workshop. He is in himself the least common denominator of us all.

The Oil Industry Wakes Up—A Little

By GEORGE WARD STOCKING

SINCE its inception in 1859 the oil industry has been disorderly and unruly, suffering continuously from overstimulation. These very characteristics, however, have enabled the industry to perform its task in economic society with a fulness which has frequently been mistaken for native vigor and strength. Meanwhile, the economic importance of the oil industry has greatly increased, and as a concomitant the far-sighted conservationists have begun to wonder whether the production of oil in such generous quantities, coupled with the growing military importance of petroleum and the widespread use of gasoline and the motor car, may not herald the day of an oil shortage.

The early and oft-repeated assurances by the industry that all was well with itself have been followed by an intensive campaign of cajolery to convince the public of that fact. Witness the decision of the Public Relations Committee of the American Petroleum Institute to spend \$100,000 per year in preparing and distributing facts about the oil industry, its achievements and accomplishments—apparently an endeavor to build "a solid asset of public confidence which nothing can disturb." And, more recently, the Report of the Committee of Eleven of the American Petroleum Institute. These eleven representative men of the industry were content to solve the problem of waste and the possibility of shortage by denying its existence. All that is required, they said, is the continued guaranty of the free play of competitive forces, and, perhaps of equal importance from the viewpoint of the consumer, "prices that will provide a return to producers, refiners, and distributors commensurate with the risk involved and the capital invested."

The basic cause of the oil industry's troubles is excessive competition in the production of oil. The remedy, according to the Petroleum Institute, is to be more of the same stuff! Waste in production has become a commonplace among the technical experts within the industry, the consensus of whose opinion seems to be that under a unified system of operation of oil pools, which would permit control over production, ultimate recovery might with existing technique be doubled. And so, despite these professions of faith on the part of the industry and a resort to the simple, old-fashioned remedies, the industry's troubled condition has not been changed—except in degree.

But every drawback has its blessing. In 1925, when the Committee of Eleven made its interesting report denying the existence of waste and promising its elimination,

the total domestic output of oil equaled but 763,743,000 barrels. This represents slightly more than the average production for the four years, 1923-1926 inclusive. The year just closed witnessed a total output of 905,800,000 barrels. Such a surplusage of oil has spoken the message of waste in language that even the most hardheaded business man can understand. It has meant lower prices for petroleum and its products; it has meant increased expenses in the construction of storage facilities. The result has been diminished profits or outright loss. The stock market tells the story effectively. Last year saw more than a score of the leading oil stocks strike new lows in the face of a generally bullish market, and the year closed near the bottom. Such independents as Marland Oil and Phillips Petroleum have been hardest hit, but even such old-timers as the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Standard of New York have run counter to a generally rising market. Houston Oil and a few others have furnished speculative bright spots, it is true, but altogether it has been a gloomy year. And the end is not yet.

Meanwhile, for three years now, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, appointed by President Coolidge in December, 1924, to study the problem of conservation because it was then evident "that the present method of capturing oil deposits is wasteful to an alarming degree," has been carrying on. Two brief but incisive reports have been made public. The more recent of these has dealt largely with the question of substitutes for petroleum in case of shortage. The earlier report, dealing with the general petroleum situation, recognized both the tremendous waste which has characterized the production of oil and the basic cause of this waste—the competitive mining of a migratory mineral which recognizes no property lines and transgresses the principles of ownership. But although recognizing the problem, the board has been content principally with stating it. Anxious, apparently, to formulate some plan which will secure the approval of the industry, it has manifested a sympathetic understanding of the practical difficulties to be encountered in any program of control and has accordingly sought the advice and counsel of the industry at every point in its study. The industry's response of two years ago (the report of the Committee of Eleven) failed utterly to comprehend the nature and purpose of the Government's inquiry. Meanwhile, the threatening waters of bankruptcy or diminishing profits have rolled about it, the

industry is being shocked into a realization of its own sickened condition. The recent report of the Committee of Nine to the Oil Board (released February 6, 1928) indicates progress made, slight though it may be. The Committee of Nine consisted of three representatives of the oil industry, three representatives of the mineral section of the American Bar Association, and three representatives of the federal government. It was appointed by the Conservation Board to make recommendations regarding appropriate legislation for the purpose of conserving the nation's oil supplies. Representing, as it presumably does, the balanced judgment of the industry's leading practical men, the best legal talent, and the people's official representatives, it is a document of unusual interest.

The Committee of Nine begins its report with a frank recognition that there is a "distinct waste in the process of getting oil out of the ground." Under the present haphazard methods of competitive production, engineers are agreed that the greater percentage of the oil underground remains there. Probably not more than 25 per cent is now recovered. That recurring overproduction inevitably results in the directing of oil products into uneconomic channels of consumption is likewise recognized by the committee. "In the nature of things, the extent of this waste cannot be estimated, but there is no doubt that it is very extensive." The primary cause of waste in oil production is recognized by the committee to be "the law governing the right of the owner of land to recover oil from it." Each operator, in an endeavor to capture as much of the underground fugitive oil as possible before his neighbor captures it, is forced to drill the tract over which he happens to have competitive control as rapidly as he can. Common law has come to reinforce customary practice and, under its application, the dilatory operator may be forced to drill wells for the protection of the rights of the owner. As a result of such headlong methods, engineering principles are subordinated to business expediency.

The Committee of Nine's frank statement of the case is encouraging. Particularly so, in view of the fact that two of its members representing the oil industry were signers two years ago of the Report of the Committee of Eleven, which denied the existence of waste in the oil industry and recommended the "free play of competition" and the free operation of the "laws of supply and demand" as a cure-all for any problems which then confronted the industry or might ever confront it. The third representative of the oil industry who signs the present report is the same former president of the American Petroleum Institute who some seven years ago eloquently urged, as a solution for the problems of oil, the same "free play of the economic law of supply and demand" and the same assurance to "everybody from everywhere" of the right "to participate in the prospecting and production" of oil.

These gentlemen, no doubt, are to be congratulated for the facility which they have shown in changing their minds; it is to be regretted, however, that the Committee of Nine, which frankly recognizes the shortcomings of unrestricted private exploitation of oil, has been able to make no constructive suggestion as to a way out. "In our judgment, the only practical law governing the right to recover oil is that which now exists and which has developed to meet the necessities of the case." The way out, as they see it, is to be found in the cooperative development of oil pools by voluntary agreement. In effecting this, the state is to re-

move any unnecessary obstacles and bring to bear what pressure it reasonably can. As a step in this direction, the State and federal anti-trust laws are to be amended so as to remove unequivocally from their purview voluntary agreements looking to the restriction of output and the cooperative development and production of oil. Finally, the waste of gas is to be prevented by statutory enactment.

In passing judgment upon the committee's proposals, we should bear in mind that the physical facts of oil occurrence coupled with the principles of private ownership—not anti-trust laws—have accounted for oil production's having been carried on under highly competitive conditions. In the absence of something more constructive, perhaps there can be no serious objection to a modification of anti-trust laws in such a way that they clearly afford no possible obstacle to voluntary agreements which look toward the cooperative development of oil pools solely for control over production and the elimination of waste. It should be emphasized, however, that in the face of a competitive scramble for oil, with operation on the basis of the property tract, the industry has shown little capacity for cooperation except as an emergency measure for the prevention of overproduction. And yet the futility of control over production by purely voluntary agreement even in the face of an emergency, where the production of oil is in the hands of a multitude of small operators, has been demonstrated time and again. Witness Seminole field! In October, 1926, with a break in the market for crude oil imminent, Seminole was producing 81,000 barrels daily from 37 wells—with more oil in sight. To avoid demoralization of the market, a voluntary program of "control" was instituted. Despite repeated efforts to keep the situation in hand, by August 9, 1927, Seminole had reached a peak of 527,400 barrels daily from 637 wells. Meanwhile, the market for crude oil had broken and some half dozen successive price cuts had been made. Not only has voluntary action proved ineffective however, but to the extent that it is resorted to as an emergency measure it fails entirely to touch the problem of waste except as waste results from overproduction.

More futile still is the committee's recommendation that the waste of gas be prohibited by the passing of a law. Gas pressure is not amenable to control by incantation. For ten years past the State of Texas has had legislation, iron-clad from the legal point of view, forbidding all waste in the production of oil and gas. And I have it on good authority that the waste of gas in the recently developed Panhandle field in Texas is exceeding even the spectacular performance of Desdemona in its best days.

Any adequate program for control of oil production and the elimination of waste must take as its point of departure the basic geological conditions under which oil occurs in nature, and not present methods of production, as does the committee's report. The development of such a program involves the difficult task of a change of mind. There is hope on the horizon, however. Three years ago Henry L. Doherty, the first leader of the industry to make a definite proposal for compulsory unified operation of oil pools on a basis of the geological conditions, became, according to his own pronouncement, *persona non grata* with his former cordial friends. Mr. Doherty's plan involved modifications of existing rights in private property looking toward the scientific exploration of oil lands and the conservation and orderly development of the nation's oil resources. In brief, it provided for the establishment of

federal control (under what particular agency the plan does not specify) over the industry, under which no land should be drilled for oil until opened by federal permit. Although the plan provided for the granting of permits for drilling immediately all lands within drainage distance of existing production, it also provided that on new lands not liable to drainage permission should be withheld subject to the formulation of an oil-exploration district. Each of these districts was to be regarded as a unit for purposes of development; and the payment of royalties to individual property owners was to be made on the basis "of the amount of oil which underlay their land as the oil and gas existed — an individual pool," not on a basis of the amount of oil captured over a particular property tract.

Although Mr. Doherty's plan in its details is not im-

peccable and although it raises delicate questions of a legal and constitutional nature, it is scientifically sound in that it substitutes for the private tract a geological area as a basis for development and, through a unified operation of this area, removes the incentive to overrapid and wasteful exploitation. But the plan was considered so radical and dangerous by Mr. Doherty's colleagues in the industry that he was even denied the privilege of presenting it for discussion to the American Petroleum Institute in open meeting. Late in February of this year a program similar to that advanced by Mr. Doherty some three years ago and agitated continuously by him since furnished the basic topic for discussion at the open meeting of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in New York. Progress has been made; but fundamentalists die hard.

This Is War, Gentlemen!

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, March 6

WE met the first Nicaraguan refugees in Danli, Honduras, on our way in to Sandino's territory. In fact, we had supper in the house of a bearded carver of saints who had had his house burned in the battle of Ocotal. And on the trail from Escuapa to the frontier we met long trails of émigrés, some coming with merely the clothes on their backs, others with a few salvaged possessions in gunnysacks, some with chickens; one bent old woman came driving a pig. Others, being comfortable ranchers, came with many belongings packed on mules, came driving cattle, came accompanied by all the appurtenances of their normal patriarchal life. Clear to the frontier in Honduras, indeed clear to the flanks of El Chipote and beyond, we met these same straggling lines of homeless and dispossessed.

With all of these refugees I talked, often at length. All were filled with deep bitterness, not toward the "bandit" Sandino, whom they considered their friend, but toward the American marines. And on their tongues were tales of marine atrocities, most of them, I imagine, grossly exaggerated. But men do not leave their homes and their belongings and fly into the wilderness or into a foreign country with their families without grave provocation. Men do not hide in the darkness of narrow canyons and seek shelter in inhospitable crags and cower at the approach of a stranger like frightened animals without having suffered violations.

Nearly all of these people are from the Department of Nueva Segovia, in which is situated El Chipote, the fortified height which for six months served as the bulwark of General Augusto C. Sandino. Over most of this region Sandino for a time held sway, not only in the imaginations of the people but in a military sense. From El Chipote his *retenes* or military outposts radiated clear to the frontier. And he had the unbounded loyalty of the inhabitants who were safe in person and property. Women of the region came voluntarily to El Chipote to wash the clothes of the soldiers, to grind corn for the tortillas, and prepare the meals. The husbandmen of the locality brought food and provisions. And every man was a newspaper to keep Sandino informed of the movements of the marines.

Against not merely the armed contingents of Sandino but against an obviously hostile countryside, the American forces could only consider every civilian a combatant and treat him accordingly.

The marines are not accustomed to fight in tropical forests, and they are dealing with a tricky opponent who declares "God and my native mountains are fighting for me." It is perhaps only prudence before advancing into a dense growth of these hostile mountains—especially since ammunition is plentiful and the American taxpayer generous—to blaze away with machine-guns. But in these mountains and in these forests people have their homes, humble to be sure, and their little clearings, both invisible a few yards away. One of the *Juanas*, or camp women, wounded in the forehead by a piece of shrapnel in an aerial bombardment of El Chipote, put it to me: "The Machos [Americans] have killed many civilians, many animals; they have burned many homes, but they've been careful to kill few Sandino soldiers."

I was told that the families of known Sandino combatants are singled out for special treatment. Thus the marines, according to a story which was repeated to me by many people in different places, went to the home of Colonel Marin, who was killed leading the early attack on Ocotal. They took Vana Marin, his mother, and Juana Mendoza, a woman over eighty, tied their hands behind their backs and nooses around their necks and led them away from their house which was burned down. The *casarios* (i.e., a settlement of houses near a river) El Valle and Buena Vista were reported to me as having had every house burned. The village of Quilali was razed to the ground shortly after Sandino's evacuation of El Chipote. American forces entered the Hacienda El Hule near Jicaró (this story was told to me by refugees from there), furniture and buildings were burned, and valuables were torn from the bosoms of the women. Santiago Herrero, a rich hacendado, according to another story, refused to talk when his place was approached by Americans, and he was shot. It so happened he was dumb. These are the sort of tales which are circulating throughout Nueva Segovia. I do not vouch for them. I give them for what they are worth. That hundreds of private homes have been burned

down by the American forces, probably out of military necessity, I can declare a fact.

Some of these stories may come from official Sandino sources. General Sandino showed me the following letter he had received:

On December 6 this town (Ciudad Antigua) was attacked by two Yankee airplanes, the combat of machine-guns and bombs lasting an hour and a half, as a result of which the old woman Norberta Quiñonez was wounded; Paulina Cesteno had her left forearm broken; a little child with the surname Quiñonez suffered two grave wounds, and another child a slight wound. Most of the houses in town were destroyed, and the church remained with fifty-two large holes. Only Divine Providence saved our lives from the horrors committed by the Gringo bandits with their cursed airplanes.

December 23, 1927 [Signed] FLORENCIO LOPEZ

Major Rowell, in charge of the American airplanes, admitted to me that Ciudad Antigua had been bombarded because the Sandino rebels had a habit of taking refuge there. The church of Ciudad Antigua, thus damaged, is twelve miles from Ocotál and is renowned for its antiquity and beauty of construction. Its walls are three yards thick.

I was also shown the following letter signed by one Jose Leon Diaz, from which I quote extracts:

On December 4 a commission of marines going out from El Pataste captured the honorable and pacific citizens, Santiago Jimenez and Eugenio Vasquez. They were tied up in their house in Santa Isabel and were found assassinated the same day in Vuelta del Sueño.

On the 20th a commission of Yankee marines, which went to Pueblo Nuevo, seized in their houses the worthy citizens Jose Leon Corea and Lorenzo Obando, who were later assassinated by them in Arado Quemado, jurisdiction of Yalaguina.

On December 11 a group of conquering marines went to the town of Macuelizo where they camped several hours during the night. They used the church as a barracks, sacked it. They stole the golden jewels of the saints. They captured three honorable individuals belonging to the Liberal Party. On the road they pretended to grant them their liberty, but when the prisoners had gone about thirty varas, they fired off their machine-guns. One was killed, and the other two, gravely wounded, escaped, fleeing into the mountains, where a second died shortly after. The names of these victims are Luis Enriquez, Romualdo Contrera, killed; and Serapio Gonzales, gravely wounded. The assassination was effected in the Santa Rosa creek, jurisdiction of Macuelizo.

Such documents could be multiplied. I have had no opportunity actually to investigate any of these specific cases. I did investigate the following case with some care, talking with witnesses and all the members of the family. The family now resides in a miserable two-room hut about ten miles north of Jinotega, and all of the women are in mourning garb. The facts apparently are these: S. Carmen Valdivia, over fifty years of age, married, is the owner of the Hacienda Buenos Aires, located in Pedernales, in the Comarca of Tomayunca, which is quite outside of the disputed war zone around El Chipote, though during the last few weeks Sandino and American troops have passed through this locality. But at the time these incidents occurred it was considered a peaceful district. Valdivia was reported to be a Sandino sympathizer but vigorously denies the fact, declaring that he has always kept away from politics and has never given the slightest aid to San-

dino forces. On December 26, 1927, twelve marines and two national constabularies entered his hacienda when he was absent, took his son, Felipe Morales, twenty-six years of age, prisoner, burned the house, demolished the sugarcane press, destroyed 120 cargas of maize, and tore down the fences. His son, who I suspect was a Sandino sympathizer though I could find no evidence of participation in the rebellion or of direct aid, was taken to a nearby creek and shot, the discharge of the gun being clearly audible to the women of the house. Shortly after they found his dead body. On December 29 Señor Valdivia protested to the Governor of the department, setting forth in a sworn statement that he had suffered the following losses, aside from the murder of his son:

| | |
|---|-------|
| House 18 x 8 yards..... | \$350 |
| 120 cargas of maize at \$3.50..... | 420 |
| Implements, etc..... | 200 |
| Buffalo press, seven tons capacity, not including personal labor of installation..... | 500 |

Total loss, not including fences destroyed.....\$1,470

The Governor of the department replied that he was helpless to take any action, but suggested that Señor Valdivia address the American commander-in-chief in Managua. He did so but has not, as yet, been honored with a reply. After collecting the sworn testimony of witnesses and making the proper legal depositions, Valdivia was given permission by the Governor to reconstruct his home. Here the matter rests. I have mentioned the matter to American officials but have been unable to get any information.

Even in places remote from the war zone, as on the Atlantic coast, the marine policing has been frequently carried on with high-handed brutality. Another case is reported to me from an Indian village near Bragman Bluff, where a religious festival was taking place and many of the Indians were drunk. The marines turned their machine-gun on the crowd, killing four and wounding five. The military commandant of the place refused to conform to the marine whitewash of the incident and resigned, whereupon he was brought to Bluefields and arrested, being released only upon the signing of a dictated statement. Later, when he wished to leave for the interior of the republic, the marines refused to let him leave.

When I went through most of Mataguineo the inhabitants were in such a state of fear that on the approach of strangers they either whipped out their guns and shot without warning or else took to the hills in full flight. We always sent a single unarmed Indian ahead of us to advise the householders that friends were approaching and not to take flight or shoot. As we came nearer to El Chipote, this sense of desolation became more overpowering. And when we landed in Murra at sundown on a rainy night and found the town completely deserted, the effect was gruesome in the extreme. The fear of war gripped us with a hundred vice-like terrors. Everyone had left Murra hurriedly. Some of the doors were padlocked; others had been hastily tied with pieces of cloth or rawhide; some were not even tied. From the refugees we learned that they thought the place would be sacked and burned by the marines. Most of the belongings had been left behind, only a few valuables or cherished objects which could be carried on the shoulder or head had evidently been removed. These people were not running from Sandino; they were running from the marines. And as we pro-

ceeded we found the mountains silent, depopulated; the food supply was for days exceedingly difficult. At the few houses where people remained there were only men; they had sent the women into hiding with all available food. It grew more and more terrifying to go on, without proper equipment, into mountains from which most of the human inhabitants had vanished. We were lucky to get a few green bananas, a few tortillas—without salt, for salt had become more precious than gold. The refugees who had not gone into Honduras had gone deeper into the wilder mountains. They had found concealed nooks where they had built temporary lean-to's out of branches and *suita* palm. In many cases they had even concealed the entrance to the narrow paths leading to their erstwhile abodes. All the way to Little Mataguineo we found no people, only evidences here and there of the passing of refugees. In Little Mataguineo, a place of one house, we came upon a family, man, wife, three children, and a sick old man with a bandage around his head, all emigrating, but they were kind enough to share a few beans with us—again without salt. The owner of the house, we learned, was in the vicinity, but in hiding.

When later we crossed into the Coco River basin, the cry was the same: "The Machos are coming!" "They will burn our houses." Here again, part of the region had lost many inhabitants.

Whatever the rest of Nicaragua may think of us, this little corner knows only bitterness and hatred. We have taken a place in the minds of these people with the hated Spanish conquerors of other days. The password runs among the people and it echoes in their songs: "We must win our second independence, this time from the Americans, from the Machos, the Yankees, the hated Gringos." Names enough they have for us.

My personal opinion is that if Sandino had arms he could raise an army of ten thousand men by snapping his fingers; that if he marched into Managua, the capital, tomorrow, he would receive the greatest ovation in Nicaraguan history. America's friends in Nicaragua are the politicians who have bled the country for so many decades, they are the politicians who wish to stay in power or to get into power with our help. I would not advise any American marine to walk lonely roads at night in Nicaragua.

Etienne Clémentel

By LIVINGSTON MACDONALD

THE originator of the International Chamber of Commerce, and as its honorary president one of the chief speakers at the Geneva Economic Conference, Etienne Clémentel was the man who founded in 1922 the widely differing General Federation of French Artisans.

In the present economic development of France, Clémentel is comparable to a wheelwright, not too specialized, but able to make the rim, the spokes, and the hub, and put them all together. In the world of French business the international body is the rim, and the more recently organized small producers, with their headquarters at Paris, the hub. And the spokes are not lacking, for in his reorganization of national chambers of commerce in various towns he has created strong factors whose common interest lies in the productive power of France and whose capacity has long been shown in their foreign industrial and commercial relations.

All three organizations, international, national, and artisan, are conservative but Clémentel is a Radical-Socialist, of the sort which a writer in the *Figaro* not long ago discovered to be the ideal of the country voter. "We will vote solid," the butcher had told him. "Not too far to the right or too far to the left, but right in the middle: Radical-Socialist."

If Clémentel is taken as the measure of the party's activity in safeguarding the traditional French spirit, the provincials are justified in their position. For this man has much more of the old school than the new in his air of distinction. His direct manner is not due to lack of reserve. His socialism has in it much more of the fraternal than the fretful and his radicalism consists in getting practical results while others are still vamping.

The French find in this series of contradictions the romance which they love. Recently they discovered an-

other combination of the practical and the artistic when Clémentel assembled in one exhibition all his paintings and sold them for the benefit of the hospital in his home town of Riom—of which he has been the mayor for twenty-five years. Few people knew that he painted; those who did had not known how much, and no one guessed that he would be willing to expose to the gaze of public and critic the work with which he has filled his leisure ever since his boyhood. Many of the studies had been done in the studio of Rodin, whose friend he was, and the trace of Monet was evident in many of his landscapes. The story was told of his youthful enthusiasm when on one occasion he took down a rusty sword from the wall of the museum where he was painting to fight an impromptu duel with a friend—who seized an equally unpolished weapon—in defense of impressionism.

Two hundred and fifty thousand francs was realized by the sale of the paintings and a modern surgical ward installed in the hospital. Whatever he undertakes succeeds, and that is why, perhaps, the visitors in his antechamber show pertinacity in waiting for him. They know that what he is willing to do for them will be done promptly and not be pigeon-holed. They know that in his political activities he has never wasted time in personal conflicts, nor even in self-explanation. He is always too busy. He belongs peculiarly to the people from whom he springs—to the Auvergnats of the Central Plateau. The saying there is that when the farmer of Auvergne finds he cannot get anything out of the ground because of the poor soil, he takes out the ground itself—the granite and the Volvic lava. Conquest of difficulty is a matter of course. The Auvergnats tell with pride of the Napoleonic general, Desaix, who on a day in Egypt made the report: "It is three o'clock and the battle is lost, but there is time to

have another." Clémentel, when he was a boy, wrote a drama on that theme. His friends—at those innumerable banquets with which the provincials exiled in Paris comfort themselves—remind him of his early writings in which he expressed his devotion to the highlands of the plateau, particularly in his study of "The Celtic Soul."

He did not want to be a notary but an artist. Nevertheless he was sent as Deputy to Paris and within a short time was given the Ministry of the Colonies. And to show his independence he sent, at the same time, a painting to the Salon. Ever since he has been connected with the French Cabinet—Minister of Agriculture, of Labor, of Merchant Marine, of Finance, of the Post, Telephone, and Telegraph, and, most recently, of Commerce.

It was in this latest capacity, in 1916, that he called for a conference of the Allies from which sprang the International Chamber of Commerce. And it was in that same capacity that he took advantage of an old law, which allows the local French chambers of commerce to act in concert upon questions of common interest, and divided France into twenty "economic regions" with the chief industrial town for its capital. Because this division roughly followed the old provincial boundaries, ignoring the artificial "departments," there was a great awakening of regional enthusiasm. And this was made to serve the forces of centralization in spite of centuries of antagonism to Paris. Today it seems likely that this grouping of 147 chambers of commerce into twenty parts will do more for the foreign commerce in France than any other movement toward expansion; for towns like Lyons and Lille are those which have always had their representatives abroad for their great industries and have been the colonizers of France in those countries where raw materials and markets were to be found, and now they are all linked in one economic movement with the capital.

It was during this same time that Clémentel made Parliament vote a reorganization of the ministry of commerce which permitted the creation of commercial attachés and foreign agents. The National Office of Foreign Commerce was shaken up and the results were export credits, a people's bank, postal checks, and several laws—among them one for technical education. It was an active period.

With his ear to the ground, in that first silence which succeeded the war, Clémentel heard, as no one else, the sounds of the scattered handicraftsmen plying their trade in the early and late hours outside the eight-hour day of the rest of the working population. The sounds were growing fainter and fainter, a motley music, but appealing to one who as a child had lived in a country mill and listened to the even dropping of the great wheel into the stream over which it was hung.

The artisans, the small producers of France, were absent in that procession which led to the nation's treasury after the armistice. The Minister of Commerce noticed that they made no claim for indemnity. He knew that it was because they were not organized that they had no one to speak for them. He took up their problems—which he said he knew from his father's experience—and after he left the Cabinet he finally found collaborators who put their shoulder to the wheel. Rim and spokes were made, and now it was time to make the hub.

In the six years of its existence the Federation of French Artisans, which now numbers nearly one hundred thousand, has gained legal recognition, official connection

with the Ministry of Commerce on one side and with the Ministry of Labor on the other. They have over forty million francs in the Bank of France for the system of loans which they have undertaken. They have a cooperative society for the buying of raw materials and the basis of one for the selling of finished products. And, perhaps most important of all, they have a plan for the education of handicraftsmen and are to combine the study of the apprentice with the *chambres des métiers*, which are to be for the small producers what the local chambers of commerce are to industry and commerce in general, a link with the central government.

As an example of how this is working today, the shoemakers of Auvergne, in spite of the competition of the machine industry, from having been an inchoate and scattered class of individualists facing defeat, are now a completely organized body, buying their material as one man, represented in Parliament by committees of defense and propaganda, and likely, although politics have not been allowed discussion in the federation—to vote for the safeguarding of their interests the Radical-Socialist ticket.

Nor is the work of Clémentel limited by the political success or failure of his party. He is more popular than the party, he is valuable to any government which finds itself in power, and his lack of personal egotism permits him to serve wherever there is need of the education which he has gained in twenty-five years of public life.

And the artisans themselves, in an official manifesto, have promised "to follow the economic evolution of the times without giving up our distinctive qualities." More than that they add: "Let us be given economic, social, and financial security and we will take it upon ourselves to furnish France in the least possible time the financial reserves which will allow her to look with serenity toward the future."

In the Driftway

AN artist friend of the Drifter has been pointing out the revolutionary changes in our ideas of the form of the world about us that the airplane is bound to make. "We see all objects now from the side," says the artist. "The pictures of them in our books and in our mind's eye with which we grow up from babyhood are lateral. Our idea of a cow is what we see looking at her from the same level. The mental image that we carry of a tree or a house or a man is a sidewise vision of them. When airplane travel becomes general it is going to change all these old images. We shall then have to get used to, and to identify, objects as they appear from above. Our ideas of the shape of the physical world will have to undergo a complete change, or at least extension. A house will be the oblong or square made by the roof, as seen from above, dotted with a few small circles or rectangles representing the chimneys. A tree will take the shape of a pancake, and a cow will come to have much the same form for us that a cockroach now has. A man will be a couple of circles made by the crown and brim of his hat. We shall have to reeducate ourselves to a new world of form. A new kind of painting and illustration will arise, wilder in its conceptions than anything so far given us by cubists or futurists."

IT may occur to some that views from the air are not novel. "We have always had bird's-eye views," they will say. But the old-fashioned bird's-eye view was never a truly vertical vision. It was a stretch of country from a mountain top or a city from a high building. It was partly a vertical and partly a side view, becoming more and more the latter as it receded. It is only since the advent of the airplane that we are coming to get truly vertical views, and so far most of these are photographs taken at such a great height that the detail of specific objects is lost. We have yet to develop any appreciable amount of photography showing us small familiar objects like an individual cow, tree, house, or man as appearing from directly above.

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A NUMBER of years ago, the Drifter recalls, there was a fad in our illustrated magazines for what were called "worm's-eye views" of the world. Our streets and houses were shown as they were believed to appear from directly below. The fancy gave opportunity for many bizarre and amusing conceits, but not more so than the views of our familiar world as seen from above.

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ALTHOUGH airplane photography of a large and distant sort has already made a good start, few artists have seriously attempted so far to paint either in black and white or color from airplanes. The friend of the Drifter already spoken of made a number of such studies when he was in the naval service during America's participation in the World War. To the Drifter they are fascinating bits of painting, but they make no appeal to the buying public. Picture buyers stick to the favorite old subjects which they have been educated over a period of years to prize. The great difficulty in painting from the air is to get a machine which can stay long enough in a single spot for an artist to record what is below. The Drifter's friend found a dirigible better than an airplane. Probably a captive balloon would be best of all, but obviously it would prove rather expensive equipment for the average artist's purse. In any event, it is difficult to work with paint in the strong wind that rushes at one riding high in the air.

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THE Drifter's friend plans an exhibition of paintings some day done solely from the air. And the best thing is the scheme for showing them. The idea is not to hang them on walls, but to lay them flat on a floor, face up, and erect a circular gallery around them. The visitor will step up to this gallery and look down upon the pictures as he walks around them. It sounds like the ideal way for showing pictures done from the air, and as an advertising trick it would undoubtedly create a riot on Fifth Avenue not equaled since the day when New York went daffy over the famous Nude Descending a Stairway. It is equally certain that the Drifter's friend will never carry out this ingenious scheme of showing his work, for the idea smacks more of showmanship than of art, and the Drifter's friend is an artist. But someone else, less of an artist and more of a showman, may carry out the idea and make a mint of money from a public which is universally ready to pay more for a circus than for a picture.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Slogan for Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears that Mr. Herbert Hoover is going to run in some primaries out in the Middle West. To run for office you have to have a convincing slogan, and these slogans have to be short and snappy. Let me suggest one for Mr. Hoover's manager:

"He sat in the Harding Cabinet and he never peeped."

Long Beach, California, March 23

UPTON SINCLAIR

Women and the Issues

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York City League of Women Voters, at a two-day Conference on Public Affairs on April 10 and 11 at the Hotel Astor, will consider National Issues in 1928. On the first day problems of foreign policy will be taken up at round-table conferences which will discuss the policy of this country toward arbitration treaties, disarmament agreements, the League of Nations and the World Court, Latin America, and our rights and duties as a creditor nation.

On the second day there will be an opening address on The Federal Government and the States: Changing Concepts of Government Responsibility, which will be followed by round-table discussions of the part the federal government should play in the utilization of natural resources (water-power and coal), and in the conservation of human resources (child labor, health, and education). In the afternoon, after an address on the economic and financial problems of government, there will be round-table discussions of the tariff, farm relief, taxes, and government expenditures. In the evening a round table on prohibition will discuss the possible courses of action. It is hoped that able exponents of the various possibilities—enforcement, modification, nullification, and repeal—will discuss frankly the practical advantages and disadvantages of each. No conclusions will be arrived at; it is hoped, however, that a frank and fearless discussion of the facts in each case will help to clarify the situation and make a definite contribution to intelligent use of the franchise in 1928.

New York, March 12

YVONNE STODDARD HAYES

The Colored Mission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Colonel Robert Gould Shaw led his regiment of black soldiers in the Civil War, the wave of abolition enthusiasm was at its height. Today our white citizens know but little of the needs and distresses of the descendants of the blacks whose fate caused so tragic a division in the sixties.

A quiet work for the needy colored residents of this city was started in a room over a saloon on West Thirtieth Street by some sweet "concerned" Quaker ladies in 1865. Incorporated in 1871 as the New York Colored Mission it now finds itself in three houses on West 131st Street and two on 130th Street in the great Harlem community of Negroes where, despite progress by some, there is still great need and suffering by many.

The management of this mission has steadily maintained its old spirit of simplicity and honesty. A day nursery enables self-respecting, competent mothers to go to their work confident of intelligent care of their little ones while they

clean or cook for someone else. Boys' and girls' clubs and sewing classes, with quaint names, help to form sound men and women for the work of citizens, and employment office and simple furnished rooms help to serviceable living. Through it all the moral, characterful teaching of the early Quaker Sunday School is continued.

I write to give information to any of your readers who has the impulse to aid. Clothing and supplies should be sent to the New York Colored Mission, 8 West 131st Street, and checks to the treasurer, Mr. Paul D. Donchian, 878 Broadway.

New York, February 12

WILLIAM T. FERRIS

From West and South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three hundred and fifty men and women gathered at Los Angeles dinner, celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorship of *The Nation*, send greetings and felicitations to the great leader of the liberal forces in America and pledge their continued support to the work he and his associates are carrying on for truth and justice.

Los Angeles, April 1

AARON RICHE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subscribers of *The Nation*, gathered here at luncheon, send their appreciation of your past efforts and their best wishes for your future activities, inspired by the great love of mankind so clearly shown in your past labors.

New Orleans, La., March 13

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Books and Plays

Grandmother

By KWEI CHEN

It is a cold winter day,
Outside the north wind roaring,
Roaring through the bare black branches,
Across the pale yellow stubbles of the rice field.

Grandmother sits in the large bamboo chair,
Before the fire-basin aglow with the burning charcoal.
"Grandmothers have their partiality," says she;
"I prefer one child to the others."

She holds fast my little hands in hers,
Looking at my mother's face, and sighs:
"I shall not live to see this boy
When he grows to be a man. . . ."

"Should he one day become a manly man and renowned,
Worthy of the yearning of his mother and his grandmother,
On my tomb let a large inscription in stone be erected:
'Here lies the grandmother of Ching-yu.'"

First Glance

TENNEY FRANK, who not so long ago published a literary biography of Virgil, follows now with "Catullus and Horace" (Holt: \$3), and achieves such success as inspires the wish that he go on to Ovid, Propertius, and Martial, or to any other Roman poets who may seem to him worth while. Certainly it is worth our while to read Mr. Frank; certainly the best poets of Rome are worth our while to know as Mr. Frank makes us know them. For all that may be said about the priority and superiority of the Greeks who taught them their letters, Lucretius and Catullus and Virgil and Horace and Ovid are closer to us than any Greek will ever be; they are more immediately understood; their problems, their sentiments, even their limitations, are our very own. Their world, in short, is one of the most fascinating to which we have access. And Mr. Frank is performing the inestimable service of making that world as clear as it may be.

In his new book, for instance, he tells us all that a responsible scholar can tell us about the life of Catullus from the time he left Verona for Rome to the time of his death at the age of thirty. This is not much, perhaps, judged by the standards of modern biography; but Mr. Frank has made much of it, and has done so in such a way as to create in us the exciting conviction that we know Catullus as well as it is humanly possible to know him. First there is Verona to explore; then Rome, with Clodia and Metellus and Cicero and Gallus; and then the stream of literature up which the lover of "Lesbia" is to be pursued as he hunts for materials and forms, and returns finally to write his own immortal poems. Mr. Frank leads us so expertly through these eight years—sketching in the political background as if it were no background at all, but rather a complex of personalities and

events built into the mind of the poet, drawing the literary scene with many quick strokes of reference to Catullus's friends and rivals in poetry and criticism, setting the stage for Catullus himself by showing what he might have thought here and felt there—Mr. Frank takes us so easily along that we go quite without the reluctance usually felt in the presence of antiquarian guides. Mr. Frank is so good an antiquarian that we feel at home.

He does not ask us, however, to assume that there is no difference between Rome in the first century B.C. and the United States in the twentieth century A.D. He is not the kind of antiquarian who pretends that he can annihilate time. His virtue is not that he has brought Catullus and Horace to us—they would not know how to get here—but that he has taken us to them. And this is an unusual merit in contemporary biography, where so frequently we see age insulted and time denied. Our newspaper columnists, for instance, would have us suppose that Horace was a newspaper columnist. In truth he was a many-sided poet of marvelous dignity and skill. Mr. Frank, while making Horace "live," reveals more of his sides than I have ever seen revealed in a single book; and at the same time there is not a pedantic syllable in what he says. Such freshness without vulgarity, such reality without melodrama is a welcome thing, and for it Mr. Frank cannot be too highly praised. There is only one moment when in my opinion he slips. He speaks of "the parlor socialism" of Catiline and his clique. What does that mean—particularly in view of the fact that certain members of the clique were strangled for their opinions in a dungeon at the foot of the Capitol?

MARK VAN DOREN

Santayana's Roots

The Realm of Essence. Book First of Realms of Being. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

A CRITICISM frequently made of contemporary philosophy is that it is merely giving us a stale rehash, merely giving us old systems under new names. And if we exempt a few of our contemporaries engaged in the reconstruction of the theoretical foundations of science, and a few who, like Mr. Dewey, are essentially social thinkers, the criticism seems to be justified. Is it that the majority of contemporary thinkers have no issues to face? Or that they are trying to escape those issues? Of modern philosophy in general, not to speak of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, we certainly cannot make this criticism. Philosophers, when they deserved the name, have been men perplexed by problems upon the solution of which were contingent all their other activities; problems so vital that it was worth dedicating their whole lives to the solution. Locke was fighting for political and intellectual freedom. Berkeley was fighting the spreading skepticism which threatened his faith, and fighting with the only weapon he could wield: a subtle and paradoxical mind. Kant in "The Critique" was gambling with hell, and in his ethics was in part asserting the faith in human dignity which the intellectual forerunners of the French Revolution believed in. Are our contemporaries moved by any such deep affective issues? It seems as if the majority of them were moved to philosophize out of intellectual competitiveness, when they are not moved merely out of a desire for material advancement within the schools.

Whatever one may think of Santayana's philosophy, this criticism can hardly be made of it. From the very beginning

of his career Santayana has been moved by a deep need within him. At times that need was difficult to see; at other times it showed itself in such guise that one might mistake it for something else. But it has run steadily throughout his system, definite and single, a thread knitting the fabric of his thought into coherence and radical unity. Nor is it possible fully to understand Santayana unless one is aware of this profound motivation; for without reference to it, one will lose oneself in details.

Santayana's work, comprehensively considered, represents an effort to rationalize a very strong inward need for liberation and detachment into a system of philosophy. Both in his metaphysics and in his morals, all other issues are implicitly subordinated to this one. Freedom from the ties that bind a man to the narrow interests of his people; from the fashionable prejudices of his age and from its vested intellectual interests; from the contingency and incertitude of human opinion; from the nettling insecurity of the natural flux—this is what Santayana has striven for. In "The Life of Reason" that discreet yet passionate aspiration endeavored to find realization through an examination of the formal conditions of happiness. And happiness, although he does not explicitly tell us, must be understood in him to mean spiritual freedom. But this aspiration met in his earlier period with an inward check—his temperamental conservatism and the aristocratic temper of his mind. For these traits of his character led him, in spite of his own intellectual convictions, to neglect the most important and obvious determinants of freedom—the material conditions upon which it rests.

The World War led Santayana toward what he had called in the optimism of his youth "post-rational morality"; and it convinced him that the life of reason of which he had been dreaming—which was to achieve for him moral liberation—was a "decidedly episodic thing, polyglot, interrupted, insecure." This repudiation of his moral philosophy, which is found expressed in "Soliloquies" and in the preface to the second edition of "The Life of Reason," and which gains impetus in subsequent volumes, has a number of extremely important consequences. Chief among these is that Santayana has been led to seek liberation in a purely intellectual realm. As a result of this shift of interests a problem which previously occupied only a place of secondary importance in his thought has come to the foreground: the problem of permanence as against transience in the natural flux, and of certainty as against doubt. Like Plato, Santayana has never been satisfied with the contingency of the material world, where his spirit, in love with certainty and the absolute, can grasp but a shadowy travesty of the perfection he is capable of conceiving. It was a relatively easy task for Plato to achieve a compromise, through his theory of ideas, between the two worlds conceived by Parmenides and by Heraclitus. But for Santayana it is not so easy. For, accepting as he does Hume's atomistic analysis of consciousness, he is forced into a solipsistic position from which he cannot extricate himself by so facile a device as that of Plato. "I am nothing but a mere bundle of sensations"—the *now*, and that *now* unstable and fleeting, perilously poised, like a bird with maimed wings upon a dry slender twig, is the only thing I am certain of. But I cannot carry certainty into the next moment; it is no longer certainty when it has become a memory; then it is mere belief, trust in my animal faith.

Santayana's conquest of this predicament is contained both in this book and in the introductory volume, "Skepticism and Animal Faith." Certainty, liberation from the harassing vexation of doubt and from the contingency of the flux, is to be found only in the realm of essence, which is discovered when every gratuitous belief has been rescinded and one has submitted to the galling but inevitable conclusion that nothing given exists. Essences are the only reality. The opaque, obdurate world of objects which animal faith compels us to posit cannot critically be called real. Essences alone are luminous, self-contained, identical within themselves; but above all, they

constitute the only objects of certainty which a dissociated consciousness can grasp. For the realm of essence Santayana reserves many lovely adjectives, all of which express the satisfaction and relief he finds in it; and which confirm one's opinion as to the affective roots from which the doctrine springs.

The obvious criticism his doctrine invites, from the point of view of a more mundane person than himself, is that the liberation from the contingent which he finally comes to constitute, from one point of view, moral suicide; for rather than a solution of the problem, the doctrine is an opiate with which the world-wearied soul can put itself into a contemplative trance. And from another point of view it is realistic suicide; for genuine realism does not need mediation of symbols, of ghostly ultra-natural shadows, that it may come to know natural objects. This in spite of the fact that representative realism is the place where a good many of our contemporaries seem to be seeking a solution for the problem of knowledge. But such solutions as have been offered in our day, Whitehead's, for instance, as well as Santayana's, hinge upon a verbal quibble. So that when we examine Santayana's theory of essence in its wide implications, we find ourselves no better off than we were with Kant's phenomenalism.

Now the whole difficulty is inevitable only to one who accepts what Santayana has called Hume's malicious psychology. Essences are a useful way of avoiding Hume's conclusions once his premises have been accepted. But there is no need to accept his premises. What Santayana seems to be doing is locking himself in a room, throwing the key out of the window, and then proceeding to batter the door nervously in order to get out. This is acceptable in a movie comedy. In philosophy, where whimsicalities have no social status, a little more candor is required. But perhaps this criticism should be suspended until Santayana's next book, "The Realm of Matter," comes out. For it may be that his excursion into the realm of essence is only temporary—although it does not appear so from the tenor of this book—and that he intends to come back in the future to a real world.

ELISEO VIVAS

Penology and Publicity

The Evolution of Modern Penology in Pennsylvania. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

THE commonwealth of Pennsylvania was one of the early influences for good in the history of American penology. After emerging from the chaos of the Colonial period Pennsylvania exemplified most of the significant advances of nineteenth-century penology, but in recent years it has fallen behind in applying the most modern methods in its treatment of prisoners. Political control and threats of labor leaders have prevented the utilization of convict labor, so that prison industries have been paralyzed for more than a score of years, thus increasing the costs of maintaining State penitentiaries and greatly lessening, if not wholly eliminating, the reformatory effects of incarceration. All this, as Mr. Barnes points out, without improving in any way the condition of honest labor within the State.

Mr. Barnes calls his book a study in American social history. One suspects that this is done partly at least to insist on a certain unity in the varied and voluminous activities of this herculean writer in the social sciences. The present volume is a companion to a similar one of last year on New Jersey's prison system; both grew out of the services of Mr. Barnes as historian to prison commissions in the two States. The author's customary documentary thoroughness is shown in his new book, while he further defends the position already taken in "The Repression of Crime." He is, on the whole, optimistic concerning the future of prison reform and the training and rehabilitation of prisoners, holding that penology as a science has been greatly developed in recent years. His emphasis is now upon

the importance of letting the general public know what has been or can be done. He points out that while sterilization of defectives in our prisons would be an immense improvement and aid in the repression of criminality, this has never received even serious consideration by the Pennsylvania Legislature. The State has made progress in the erection of hospitals for the insane and in the transfer of insane convicts to these hospitals, but has not yet recognized in any adequate fashion the assistance which can be rendered by psychologists and psychiatrists in dealing with the criminal class.

By applying the Quaker doctrine that imprisonment should be the basis of punishment and reformation, Philadelphia reformers first permanently established the fundamental principles of modern criminal science and were able later to proceed to the realization that reformation must be the great aim in the treatment of the criminal. This position has now been widely accepted in scientific circles, while practical experiments in enlightened penal administration have been carried out with much success. A new type of warden is demanded by this new science; the development of a professional attitude on the part of prison administrators is well under way. The next step is to persuade the legislatures to permit the utilization of the best methods of scientific penology, and for this there is necessary the development of an enlightened public opinion. "Until such a situation has been brought about," Mr. Barnes holds, "progress in penology is doomed to be sporadic, local, and generally ineffective. The solution of prison problems, then, seems to be fundamentally a problem of conscientious and scientific publicity."

LORINE PRUETTE

A Hyphenate Passional

A Yankee Passional. By Samuel Ornitz. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

A VARIETY of commentators since the appearance of this novel have remarked upon the bizarre unreality of both its theme and its characters. The saga of Daniel Matthews, the mystic, who emerges from the Maine woods dreaming of a consolidated world religion, embraces Catholicism when he comes to New York, is thrown in with a crew of Irish politicians, priests, social idealists, gunmen, and barkeeps, strives to reform the Catholic church and Tammany from within as a "plainman" priest in the tradition of Hecker, and in the end meets death at the hands of a mob in the same woods which had witnessed the beginning of his passional, is never convincing.

Many of the characters bear close fictional affiliations. The Archbishop and his Italian Secretary who precipitate the final catastrophe are cunning prelates whom Dumas may well have inspired. Then there are The Three Musketeers of social idealism whose ambition is a Clearing House for Humanitarian Ideas. Somehow the treatment of the career of Orr Appelgate, the physical culturist, who ends by amassing riches even beyond the hopes of Bernarr Macfadden, is extravagant in the manner of Sinclair Lewis. It is more than the coincidence that most of the characters are Irish and one Jewish that recalls Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses": the style, the very orthography, exhibits the influence. The hand is the hand of Jacob, but the voice is the voice of many Esaus. If the Irishmen are understood, it is intellectually, not emotionally. The whole creation is more understandable as phantasmagoria than realistic fiction. The crimes, follies, carnalities, and horrors which are the burden of the tale strain one's credulity. Life may be vile as that, but, after all, as Alfred de Vigny has said, "art is selected truth." The situations often, indeed, have power, piquancy, and a demoniac brilliancy, but the only logic that underlies them is the logic of a bad dream. The milieu is supposed to be the 1890's in New York, but one may find any number of anachronisms. If these are the 1890's, then so is Walpurgisnacht!

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But at least Mr. Ornitz's failure is an interesting one. It is a little surprising when we remember that "Haunch, Paunch, and Jowl" was so remarkably true to life that it earned the testimonial of a number of threats of libel suits. The malicious often say that almost anyone with talent can write a first autobiographical novel. Yet the present work is, after all, far from negligible. A Jewish novelist who begins by writing a successful novel of Jewish life is warned, on the one hand, against the professionalism of Abraham Cahan or Israel Zangwill, and, on the other hand, against attempts at artistic assimilation. But there is no good reason why, if Mr. Joyce can write successfully of Leopold Bloom, Mr. Ornitz should not be able to write successfully of Mr. Liam O'Heggerty. The Jews and the Irish have much in common; in different ways they both suffer from the minority complex. The apostasy may be only superficial. Mr. Ornitz may have chosen a Catholic mystic as his protagonist, but there would be many to say that it was only another form in which the religious preoccupation of the Jew asserted itself.

In the last analysis, it is to be doubted if any American novelist could have made such a story as "The Yankee Passion" believable, and it is this which is most significant. It is only lately that we have been witnessing the growth of a religious realism of which the Klan is merely one symptom. In the end, Daniel Matthews is its victim, but we are still incredulous. The machinations of Popery and the bigotry and intolerance of the Protestant sects are alien to us still. We prefer to believe that the better Tammany and enlightened Catholicism of which Daniel dreamed have come to pass in the person of Al Smith. The catastrophe shocks us too much where we are most sensitive. A good European such as Anatole France or De Gourmont can deal with Catholicism and mysticism intuitively, sympathetically, but a good American would find their tales fantastic if projected in the republic of Washington and Jefferson. The last thing that Americanism is is mystic. We do not possess the keys to understanding. We do not have the will to believe. These are insuperable obstacles.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

The Tale of Terror

The Haunted Castle. By Eino Railo. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$10.

THIS tall volume proves to be a scholarly and carefully documented study of the character, source, and subsequent influence of those eighteenth-century novelists—particularly Horace Walpole, Ann Radcliffe, and "Monk" Lewis—to whose work the term "Gothic" is commonly applied. Like the mystery-enshrouded edifices which are the setting of their thrilling tales, Mr. Railo's "Haunted Castle" is an interestingly rambling building with no very clear ground-plan. It is evident that the author has explored far and wide in what he aptly calls terror romanticism, and with true hospitality he houses everything under one roof. To illustrate with the most conspicuous digression, he includes a 20,000-word biographical sketch of Lewis, introduced with little regard for proportion—incidentally, the best biography of this strange figure that has ever appeared.

Again like the medieval castles beloved of Walpole and his successors, Mr. Railo's structure is equipped with underground passageways that terminate in surprising places. At the end of several one finds oneself in the Shakespearean chamber. The theory that Gothic romances were an outgrowth of Elizabethan drama is not new; it is defensible, and one has little trouble seeing a probable connection between the haunted castle of Elsinore and the haunted castle of Otranto. But when Mr. Railo selects Hamlet as ancestor of the somber and mysterious hero-villains of the terror school, at least one reader is beset by skepticism.

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Most of Mr. Railo's subterranean ramifications lead forward rather than back, and here in particular the book is of distinct value. The stage settings, themes, and characters of the eighteenth-century romanticists are traced through Scott, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and others, and considerable light is thrown in dark places. The author has a good deal to say about the Byronic hero, whom he represents as a personal adaptation of the conventional tyrant, descending through Scott from Walpole, Radcliffe, and Lewis, rather than merely as a projection of Byron's own rebellious nature. Taking up the incest theme in this connection, Mr. Railo shows that it was a popular motive with the terror romanticists, and argues that Byron got the idea from them rather than from his own private life. Clearly this does not disprove Byron's guilt, but at least it pretty well destroys the evidence of the poems.

It is not so easy to follow our author when he asserts that Shelley's visionary heroes spring from the young romantic heroes of the terror tales. Here we seem to see more of Shelley than of the Gothic novelists. Nevertheless, Mr. Railo's belief that Southey and Landor, taking this type from the romances, so expanded and elevated it as to prepare it for Shelly's use should not be dismissed too lightly.

It is impossible here to convey an adequate notion of the range and richness of this occasionally disputable, always stimulating book.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Negro Portraiture

Portraits in Color. By Mary White Ovington. The Viking Press. \$2.

TWENTY biographical portraits of Negroes of contemporary note, drawn as the author says "from life," present a fair sample of so-called race achievement, and to those whose main approach to Negro life is the philanthropic, or for whom the "exhibit A" is necessary, this book will accordingly serve a very useful and enlightening purpose. The life stories of outstanding artists, poets, scientists, educators, publicists, and social reformers of conservative, liberal, and radical persuasion are truthfully and zealously told, and the sketches have been carefully and conscientiously drawn, but we must remember that after all it is prejudice which has made such books necessary and that an inevitable counter-attitude gives missionary coloring to the portraiture. Indeed the background of the entire gallery is the author's own twenty-odd years of active and generous participation in "race work," that is to say, uplift social work and propaganda in the interests of equal rights and opportunity for Negroes in America. While we have this to thank for Miss Ovington's familiarity with her subject and deep human interest in it, the dominant impression of the whole book is too much that of the object lesson, shading off at times into the stereotyped "success story."

It is the type more than the individual instance to which it seems proper to take exception—for indeed the book is the best and most humanly drawn of all in its class—but it becomes more and more a question now whether this moralistic approach and partisan zeal is any longer just and proper to the best treatment of Negro life, and whether a truer or at least more convincing picture cannot be made against another background.

The time has arrived, I believe, for measuring Negro achievement not in terms of its melodramatic conflicts and handicaps but realistically and objectively; and for its story, whether told from the inside or outside, to be free from cant and compassion, self-pity and pose. The human as well as the racial values in Negro portraiture, for final artistic effect, demand more concrete atmosphere and less of the played-up and artificial lighting of the studio. That type of portraiture seems in fact already to be out-moded.

ALAIN LOCKE

Fiction Shorts

Strangers and Lovers. By Edwin Granberry. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

An interesting and promising second novel which is a considerable advance over Mr. Granberry's first attempt, "The Ancient Hunger." The present volume is a sort of idyl with the primitive Florida prairie as a background and a simplified set of characters describing rather overfamiliar patterns of love and jealousy upon it. Mr. Granberry's chief gifts are the less important ones: an uncanny sense of natural atmosphere and dexterity in the use of dialect. If he can develop beyond his bare emotional scheme and refrain from depending on melodrama to help out what is essentially a static plot his next production should be distinctly worth reading. The evident sincerity with which he writes has caused him to be overpraised however.

Martin Schöler. By Romer Wilson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is a welcome reissue of Miss Wilson's first and perhaps finest work in fiction. As a study of musical genius, the morose and romantically surly type, it will probably remain unsurpassed. Miss Wilson's great gift is an ability to suggest the mystic sources of genius without making her hero indulge in rhetoric. No matter how noble inspired people may be in real life they have a tendency to become ridiculous when placed between book covers. Somehow Miss Wilson's Martin Schöler is at once terrific and curiously dignified.

Perversity. By Francis Carco. Pascal Covici. \$2.50.

A lean and ugly bit of naturalism, done in the pseudo-Flaubert manner, dealing with the brutalities of Apache sexual life and the one emotion which Carco is always able to delineate—craven and hysterical fear. Despite Ford Madox Ford's generous laudation, this book is not half as powerful as its author's "L'Homme Traqué"; but it is distinctly worth reading if only for the genuineness of its prostitutes.

C. P. F.

China Books in Brief

China: A Nation in Evolution. By Paul Monroe. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Professor Monroe is calm and sane; he steers a middle course. He makes no attempt to reflect the hot turmoil of current China, but he points a cool and analytic finger at some of her abscesses. He seems to have a teacher's hope that the rising generation might, if only they applied themselves, solve China's problems by achieving "honest and efficient government," but he also reads stern lectures to foreign offices, missionaries, and Shanghai minds.

Whither China? By Scott Nearing. International Publishers. \$1.75.

Scott Nearing is as irritating as Upton Sinclair. Both men have touches of genius, and can rise head and shoulders above the competent little men who flood their fields; and both tumble into puerilities. "Whither China?" has its feet on solid economic ground, and is utterly free from the sentimental adoration of a vanishing past, the purely political bias, and the race prejudice which weaken almost all writing in English upon China. But it ought to dig deeper. Capitalism in China was not invented by the British East India Company; it began, perhaps, two or three thousand years ago, when the early irrigation works, requiring capital for maintenance, put the best Chinese soil into the hands of absentee landlords. The Russian revolution did not give birth to the labor movement in China; Hongkong's striking seamen knew the Golden Gate better than the port of

Vladivostok. American missionaries have been as disruptive a force in old China as soviet propagandists. China is too vast, too varied, too chaotic, to fit into some of Mr. Nearing's Moscow-colored schedules; yet "Whither China?" is the most serious attempt in English to understand the economic forces which feed the fire of revolution in China today.

The Chinese Puzzle. By Arthur Ransome. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.

Ransome is one of the great international journalists. His experience in Russia has given him a rare understanding of the germinal quality of China's embryonic labor and peasant movements, and his study of *The Shanghai Mind* is a classic. Like the other chapters in this book, it is the fruit of his 1927 visit to China as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Baltimore Sun*.

What's Right with China. By O. D. Rasmussen. Shanghai: The Commercial Press, Ltd. \$1.75.

A slashing reply to the current gossip, myth and malice, of the treaty-port foreigners. Mr. Rasmussen writes in much the same spirit as his most passionate antagonists.

China: Where It is Today—and Why! By Thomas F. Millard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

In the three dangerous years just past no observer on the spot has read the meaning of China's chaos with more consistent intelligence than Thomas Millard. When the *New York Times* dropped him in the midst of the hurlyburly of 1927 it was an international tragedy. His return to China in behalf of the *New York Herald-Tribune* means that the United States has in China a bulwark against the follies of career diplomats and golf attaches. Almost alone in hectic Shanghai Millard kept his head, and his articles, reprinted from the *Times*, the *World*, *Asia*, *The Nation*, and the *New Republic* assemble into a book which has a penetrating permanence rare in daily journalism. Millard is political-minded, and he makes some errors of fact; but he always has an intuitive understanding that transcends mere logic.

L. S. G.

Drama

The Nation's dramatic critic, Joseph Wood Krutch, has sailed for Europe, where for four months he will study theatrical conditions in Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, and London. During his absence, when no correspondence from Mr. Krutch appears in this column or elsewhere in *The Nation*, brief notes on the current plays will be supplied by various members of the staff.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Knickerbocker Theater). Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, and Henrietta Crossman in an "all-star" revival. Mr. Skinner's excellent Falstaff is quite the best performance of the evening.

"The Behavior of Mrs. Crane" (Erlanger Theater). Margaret Lawrence in something half-way between farce and problem play.

"Hedda Gabler" (Civic Repertory Theater). Miss Le Gallienne, who celebrates the memory of Ibsen every year, adds this play to her repertory as a gesture for the centenary.

J. W. K.

"The Scarlet Fox" (Theater Masque). Willard Mack in a new and entertaining melodrama, celebrating the exploits of the Canadian Mounted Police, which equals his previous performance in "Tiger Rose."

R. L.

"The Beggar's Opera" is pleasantly performed at the Forty-eighth Street Theater by an English company. It would have profited much by the touch of a Winthrop Ames.

M. G.

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International Relations Section

Deadlock in India

By G. T. GARRATT

Delhi, February 17

THE decision of the Indian Legislative Assembly to hold aloof from the new Simon Commission marks the end of one phase in what is likely to be a long struggle. At the beginning of February it seemed probable that the Government, with the help of its official bloc, might gain a narrow victory, for many prominent members of the Congress Party had not troubled to come to Delhi, being debarred by their party decision from taking part in the ordinary proceedings. Telegrams were hastily sent to Burma and to the south of India to gather in supporters for Lajpat Rai's resolution, and even then there were certain waverers whose votes were doubtful. That the resolution was finally passed by six votes was partly due to the very ill-advised speech by Lord Birkenhead, the telegraphed version of which reached India a day or so before the debate, and which was marked by that mixture of truculence and condescension which the Indian politician finds so annoying. It was realized at once, even by the British press in India, that a tactical mistake had been made, for a government victory and an offer of cooperation, even if passed against the wishes of the majority of elected members, would have had considerable value. It would have enabled the government to "save face," and also would have furnished opportunity for appointment of the members of the Indian Commission to sit with the Simon Commission.

Meanwhile everything is helping to throw a large section of Hindu Moderates and a small group of Moslems into the arms of the more intransigent type of politician. Probably few people in England realize the significance of this revolt of the Liberals and of those who have tried to work the Reform schemes. Men like Mr. Jayakar, Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Chintamani, and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru have become the virtual leaders of the boycott movement. This means that the one class of Indian politician with any belief in Western democracy refuses to assist the commission which has to report on the possibility of extending that system in India. Deputations of all kinds will, of course, appear before the commission. The one idea which most of them will have in common will be a profound disbelief in the main tenets of English democratic government. Whether they come from European chambers of commerce, from the depressed classes of the South, or from the Sikhs of the Punjab, they will all plead that their interests would not be safe under a Western form of government. At the other extreme there are many who will not appear before the commission, but who think that nothing good can come from England, and that no constitution imposed from the outside can be acceptable. Dyarchy gave India the first glimpse of the democratic machine and this first glimpse was not impressive. If we are to go on with the experiment, then it is essential to get the support of those men who have watched the working of the machine from the inside and who still believe in it.

The attitude of the Indian Moderates may seem un-

reasonable in England, but is very easy to understand in India. Just as in the early days of the war many young soldiers lost their lives because they could not realize that fighting was a serious and entirely ruthless business, so our English politicians err because they look upon Indian nationalism as an ordinary political movement, occupying the same sort of place in the life of educated Indians as party politics might take in English middle-class life. Every Indian Moderate has had at times to face something like social ostracism. Nearly all of them are "English-educated" men, belonging to the professional classes. Their friends and relations are usually keen nationalists, and whenever political feeling runs high, every kind of indirect pressure is put upon the Liberals to persuade them to give up their middle course. They are told that they are being merely used by the English, who will drop them whenever it is convenient to do so. They are accused of "place-hunting," and of physical and moral cowardice. It is not pleasant to be classed with Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, or to hear Mr. Gandhi's taunt: "I fear we will have to admit that moneyed men support British rule; their interest is bound up with its stability." The Liberals, more than any other class, needed to be treated carefully and tactfully by the British. Their leaders are sincere men with a strong bias in favor of constitutional methods and some admiration for certain aspects of Western civilization. Yet for the last two years the British have sought neither their advice nor their help, and when they take up an independent line of their own they are taunted with being mere politicians.

The British seem to be repeating today the error they made before the war, when they adopted a mildly patronizing attitude toward Mr. G. K. Gokhale and his Moderate Party. They must try and find some political friends in India, and not trust to a few reactionary landlords and to the great force of inertia. The idea of "appealing to the silent masses of India" seems to fascinate Conservative politicians, but it is an exceedingly dangerous game at which two can play, and at which the Imperial Government is not likely to be very successful. All the best cards are in the hands of the extremists. They control the vernacular press which alone penetrates into the villages. The village priest and the village schoolmaster are usually of their persuasion. They have at their disposal thousands of enthusiastic students who are prepared to go out and preach in the districts. The Government has only its officials, who are poor propagandists, and, if Indian, often have strong nationalist sympathies. The elections, which have been held under the Reform Scheme, have led the more advanced politicians to set up some rough machinery for reaching the country districts. Even in the areas where communal feeling runs highest it would be as well not to trust too much to the "loyalty" of the villages. The Punjab is such an area, and it is also the most prosperous agricultural province in India, but it is only eight years since the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre, and the Akali troubles are still more recent.

There is, fortunately, plenty of time to make a fresh start. The Simon Commission has not to report till 1930, and the collection of evidence is not a matter of great importance. Every official knows that nearly all the evidence which any human commission could possibly assim-

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ilate is already in existence and in print. The chief work of the commission is to establish some kind of contact with such elements in Indian public life as are prepared to cooperate. So far they have singularly failed to do this, but during the months which elapse between their return to England in April and their autumn visit to India it should be possible to think out a new line of attack, and to make that preliminary reconnaissance which will insure some measure of success. The important factor is the existence in India of a number of influential nationalists whose mental outlook is much the same as that of the nineteenth-century Liberal. They are nearly all men of considerable private means, and are not open to the meaner forms of corruption to which the British government sometimes stoops. They have a keen sense of their own dignity, which has been enhanced by many years of contact with a race not especially noted for its social tact. They were very badly handled by the Viceroy during the summer of 1927, and are now determined to fight for the idea of "equality of status," a phrase redolent of old-fashioned liberalism. As they expect little from a commission which has begun its work so inauspiciously, they will stand out firmly for this principle, and if the British are to get any help from them this feeling must be met. It should not be impossible to do this, for the Moderates accept the view that the new constitution must be passed by the houses of Parliament. They only insist that there must be no racial distinction during the preliminary inquiries. The letter which Sir John Simon addressed to the Viceroy did not satisfy this condition, especially as it made clear that certain important evidence would be heard in camera. The Liberals, therefore, rejected the offer immediately,

not because they are determined to refuse their cooperation, but because the party has decided upon its policy, and its leaders are not prepared to modify this main principle. If England had sufficient imagination to understand all that lies behind the demand for equality, she would, perhaps, be less willing to assume that the demand is only a move in a political game.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE WARD STOCKING is professor of economics at the University of Texas and an editor of the *Southwestern Political and Social Science Quarterly*.

CARLETON BEALS, the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino, has recently returned to Mexico City from Nicaragua.

LIVINGSTON MACDONALD is the pen-name of an American journalist now living in Paris.

KWEI CHEN is a student at the University of Nebraska.

ELISEO VIVAS is in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

LORINE PRUETTE is author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is a New York lawyer who has contributed to the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, and other periodicals.

ORAL SUMNER COAD is professor of English at Rutgers College.

ALAIN LOCKE is editor of *The New Negro*.

G. T. GARRATT, formerly member of the Indian Civil Service, is on the executive committee of the Indian Information Center, London.



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IN CHICAGO it is "America First"—but keep your hand on your gun! In an impressive series of articles, Dudley Nichols in the *New York World* writes of the gangs that terrorize the city on Lake Michigan, of the old-time "red-eye" that flows like water, of city politicians "fixed" in advance so that bootlegging may go on fast and furiously, of murders committed as casually and good-naturedly as if they were afternoon calls. Not since the old days of New York gangdom, now happily gone forever, have we heard the like. Time was when a man in a good suit of clothes could not walk near New York's waterfront after dark without just fear of being blackjacked and robbed, or even killed and rolled into the river. And that time was little more than twenty-five years ago! Now Chicago is having its turn. If prohibition is the cause of this new outburst of anarchy in a city of three million persons, then

down with prohibition; but probably it is not the entire cause. After all, a city that a century ago was a cluster of log huts with fewer than 100 persons living in them, a city that fifty years ago had grown to half a million inhabitants, and now boasts nearly six times that number, is still too near the frontier to have forgotten all the best frontier methods of city government and individual behavior. Chicago is the world's biggest and worst of Urban Bad Boys. In time it may grow up—it may even elect a new mayor—if all the citizens do not kill each other off either by drinking each other's whiskey or stopping each other's bullets.

MURDER IN TEXAS at \$5,000 a head is developing into a fair-sized industry. This sum is the reward offered by the Texas Bankers' Association for the murderers of persons who, in the judgment of either a police officer or a private citizen, are apprehended and killed while in the act of robbing or being about to rob a bank. Bank robbers caught alive are not worth a cent. Now comes Captain Frank Hamer, of the State Ranger force, charging that incitement to bank robbery on a grand scale is going on in Texas for the sake of the reward. According to Captain Hamer's signed statement

It is worth noting that most of the successful bandit killings have been at night. It so happens that it is not a capital offense to rob a bank at night, that is, without firearms and without endangering human life. . . . In one instance two men were killed who had nothing with them that would enable them to get into the vault of the bank once they were inside the building.

Repeatedly men who have been killed were not professional bank robbers. . . . In one instance the men killed did have in their possession an acetylene torch of the kind used by experienced bank robbers, but it was impossible to find, either on the persons of the dead or anywhere about, tips for this torch. Without these tips the torch was useless.

SEVEN MEN, Captain Hamer charges, have already been killed while at or near the premises of some Texas bank, although no evidence has been adduced to show that they were about to commit robbery. At the invitation of Governor Dan Moody, Captain Hamer is testifying before various grand juries in the counties wherein murders of "bank robbers" have already taken place. Last week he appeared before a grand jury in Upton County and urged the arrest of men who he believes are members of a "murder ring," engaged in "framing" innocent men at \$5,000 a head. It remains to be seen what action will be taken, but both Governor Moody and Adjutant General R. L. Robertson are backing Hamer in his fight against the bankers' reward and Hamer himself is one of the best-known and liked of Texas Rangers. It might be cheaper in the long run if the bankers would withdraw their award before any grand jury has had time to take action. It would be infinitely more sensible and civilized.

ONE BEGINS TO PITY THE KLAN, or at least the Klansmen. If one-quarter of the story now being told by D. C. Stephenson, former King Kleagle of the Indiana Klan, is true, the members of that organization are victims

of one of the most gigantic tricks in American history. Stephenson, to be sure, is in jail for murder, and his story is in part an obvious attempt to revenge himself on those who deserted him; but its circumstantial accounts of murder, blackmail, character assassination, and violence arranged at the behest of the highest officials of the Klan are impressive. Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Klan, is the arch villain of Stephenson's story, and the account of that gentleman's methods must be startling to simple folk who thought the Klan an expression of "Americanism." Some of Stephenson's stories are borne out by other revelations in the intra-Klan dispute which is being fought through the Pittsburgh courts. The dissident group, whom the regulars sought to enjoin from interfering with the organization, assert that the Imperial Wizard openly recommended staging a second riot like that at Carnegie, Pennsylvania, as a means of arousing more interest in paying memberships; and they admit participation in attempted lynchings and similar crimes.

AT THE NORTHWEST CONFERENCE of Farmer-Labor and Progressive parties held in St. Paul on March 28, composed of "representatives from the Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota, the Progressive Party of Illinois, the Progressive farmers of Iowa, the Farmer-Labor Party of Montana, the Progressive Party of Idaho, and the Farmer-Labor Party of North Dakota, and other progressive political groups," a resolution was adopted favoring the formation of a "national party in the interest of the producing classes." The conference announced its intention of joining forces with representatives of the unionists and progressives of nineteen States who had convened at Chicago the previous week, and of calling a national convention in Chicago on July 4, to inaugurate the new party and choose candidates for President and Vice-President. It agreed on few principles; even the resolution quoted above met with opposition, some of the delegates doubting the possibility of mustering sufficient strength for a new national party, others opposing the very idea of a "class" party. The conference agreed on one thing: indorsement of Senator George W. Norris as the new party's candidate for President. But his acceptance of such a nomination is problematical, and unless the national convention can agree on at least a few basic desires and intentions, it will be difficult to take this particular third-party movement seriously or even hopefully.

IN CHINA the American Government has taken the lead in "settling" the Nanking affair of March 24, 1927. "Settling" such affairs is pretty much a face-saving matter for all concerned. The succeeding Nationalist governments, each more conservative than its predecessor, had already executed several score "radicals" charged with complicity in the anti-foreign outbreak of last spring—indeed, some 10,000 alleged Communists seem to have been butchered in China in the last year without arousing an iota of that indignant moral protest with which the foreigners in China greeted the seizure of land by the radicals last spring. Now the Nanking Government asserts—without specifications—that "it has been found" that the Nanking affair was "entirely instigated by Communists," but it will accept responsibility. Accordingly, it has disbanded the division which took part in the looting, and agrees to pay compensation for damage done. For the death of Dr. J. E. Williams,

one of the finest American missionaries in China, there can, of course, be no compensation. This promise Mr. MacMurray has accepted, coupling with the acceptance a defense of the action of the American warships in bombarding a part of Nanking and a tempered expression of regret at the incident. Any friendly settlement is a gain, but it is unfortunate that the Chinese have been led to believe that wholesale murder of Communists facilitates friendship with the "civilized" West.

FARM RELIEF is again before Congress, with possibly more important consequences than at any time heretofore. The effect upon the farmers will probably be slight, whatever happens, but among the politicians the results may be considerable. In the main the McNary-Haugen bill is the same measure that Congress passed and the President vetoed last year. Instead of limiting emergency relief to six basic products, as heretofore, the new proposal extends the possible scope of first aid to all farm products. It is also provided that the President shall have a free hand in appointing the board to administer the act, one from each federal land-bank district. Last year's bill limited him to nominations made by farm organizations, a point criticized by President Coolidge as probably unconstitutional. But the kernel of the old bill remains—the equalization fee by which the public would have to pay in higher prices for establishing artificial selling prices to domestic consumers. The measure is a farmers' tariff and cannot logically be opposed by an apostle of protection like the Republican Party. Even so steady a supporter of the Administration as Senator Watson of Indiana has felt the pressure of farm sentiment to be such that he has lately come out for the equalization fee. Perhaps the Republican leaders think that it will be safe to let Congress pass and the President veto the McNary-Haugen bill again, on the ground that Mr. Coolidge is not running for office but his party is; that the West will be pleased with the gesture and the East satisfied with the result. But what will the Republican candidate for President say when he is asked for his views?

THE PRICE OF RUBBER STRETCHES when the automobile factories in the United States are busy; and it contracts when automobile production is low. That is the fact behind the low prices of rubber seven years ago, which led to the Stevenson price-fixing effort in the British colonies; behind the high prices in 1925, which led Mr. Hoover to scream against the British "rubber monopoly"; behind the present decision of the British Government to abandon the attempt to keep prices up by restricting production. The Dutch planters, who refused to restrict, also played their part, as did, to a much lesser degree, the Hoover program of reclaiming old rubber in the United States. In 1920 this country produced 2,205,197 automobiles, and rubber boomed; in 1921 production fell to 1,592,041 cars, and the bottom dropped out of the rubber market. It was then that the British Government decided to limit the export of rubber whenever the price fell below a certain level. In 1923 America's automobile factories hummed again; that year they turned out 3,900,000 cars. The price of rubber went rocketing; and as automobile production continued high in 1924 and 1925 rubber prices leaped and jumped. But while the British were holding down their rubber production the canny Dutch were coining money. In 1920 the British plantations produced 275,000 out of a

total world production of 368,000 tons of rubber; in 1927 the British produced 297,000 tons, but the world total had risen to 604,000. The Dutch were making the profits, though the United States Rubber Company, hoping to share in them, had invested \$25,000,000 in East Indian rubber plantations of its own, Harvey Firestone had turned Liberia into a rubber republic, and the Philippines had been shaken by the echoes of the rubber war. Another effort at artificial price-fixing has failed, but the chief lesson of the story is the economic interdependence of remote parts of the world.

SOSTHENES BEHN, who ten years ago was an obscure Porto Rican sugar planter, has never been interviewed for any newspaper. But he has just engineered the organization of the International Communications Corporation, merging the International Telephone and Telegraph Company with the Mackay system, which includes the Postal Telegraph system and the Commercial Cables. J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank are represented on his board, but the retiring Colonel Behn is president and executive head of the new company, which will control 62,899 miles of cables, out of a total world mileage of 260,000. Compared to the 121,256 miles of cable controlled by the amalgamated Eastern Telegraph Company and the Marconi Company this seems small, but it is a threat which the British capitalists will heed. Their frantic and successful endeavor to keep Behn from winning control of the Brazilian Traction Company last year is a sample of their determination. But Behn's companies are conducting a world-wide campaign. They will open radio stations at Honolulu in June and at Manila in September; they have cable lines connecting Florida with Cuba and Porto Rico; they have recently opened three radio stations in the West Indies; and the Mackay radio station recently opened at Saybrook, Long Island, has communicated experimentally with the Indian Ocean and is expected to be able to reach any part of the world on short wave-lengths. They control the Spanish, Mexican, and Chilean telephone system, and have companies in Brazil and Uruguay and equipment factories in Belgium, China, Argentina, France, Japan, Norway, Spain, Italy, England, Australia, and Austria. Sosthenes Behn may, a century hence, loom considerably larger than Calvin Coolidge.

IT IS A LONG TIME since the transatlantic steamship companies have taken a serious step toward higher speed. The American project for a daily express service of vessels at thirty knots—depending, as it does, on a heavy government subsidy in the way of cheap construction loans and many other factors—may be set down as probably a vision of the future rather than as a possibility of the present, but when old-established lines like the White Star and the Cunard promise, each one, to have a 1000-foot 28-knot liner in service in 1931 we are touching reality. The White Star Line has already ordered its vessel; it is to be begun within two months at the famous Harland and Wolfe yards in Belfast at an estimated cost of \$25,000,000. The gross tonnage of the new steamship is to be 55,000; it is expected to show a maximum speed of 28 knots an hour and an actual cruising speed of 26 knots—at least one knot better than the Mauretania of the Cunard Line. The fact that the "Big Mary" has been allowed to hold the speed championship of the ocean for twenty years indicates the lull that has rested over the waters in that respect. Recent

effort has all been toward greater size and increased luxury. Now, apparently, the companies see a demand for speed. Or is it that they discern competition from the dirigible?

CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S SUCCESS IN LIFE was largely due to his ability to be amusing and entertaining. As an after-dinner speaker and jester he was for decades in great demand and rarely grew stale or unwelcome. In his youth he left his father's home because he espoused the cause of the slave and his father would not. But that seemed to exhaust his capacity for revolt and for humanitarianism, and thereafter he conformed in a most conservative manner, both in politics and in railroading. In the latter his advancement was clearly due to his social tact and his ability to manage men. There was a long time during which he and his railroad were the most demoralizing and corrupting force in Albany. It may, however, be said in his behalf that there were few railroad presidents in his time who took any different attitude and that those who "did business" with legislators were very often blackmailed and threatened by unscrupulous members of the legislature. As is always the case, the more the railroads sought to obtain immunity or privileges the more and the greater the "strikes" and the demands they had to face. It was not money alone that was used. Passes for free rides and social, political, and business favors of every kind did their part until the installation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and a changing public sentiment toward both public-service corporations and the maintenance of railroad lobbies began a different era. If the situation is not yet ideal it is so improved as to bear almost no relation to the conditions which ruled when Mr. Depew began his activities on behalf of the New York Central Railroad.

MR. DEPEW OUTLIVED THIS CHAPTER in his career; he grew steadily in the affections of the public. Not, however, because he rendered conspicuous service in the Senate at Washington, for there he was a conventional railroad Senator, but because, as his years piled up and he passed first threescore and ten, and then fourscore, he became a New York institution. He was a link with the past, always witty, usually entertaining, a repository of much personally experienced history and of incidents of friendship with every leading public man from the Civil War to recent years. His admiration for Lincoln was always intense; of all the orators he had heard during close to eighty years he declared Wendell Phillips to have been the greatest—a judgment worth recording for one who probably spoke at more public dinners with more public speakers than any other American. Of all his unusual experiences nothing seems to us more amusing than his unveiling his own statue in Peekskill in 1918—and delivering the oration at the same time. He had given the statue to his native city in his own honor! Ambrose Bierce, twenty-five years ago, wrote a cruel but honest "ante-mortem epitaph" upon Depew:

Stranger, uncover; here you have in view
The monument of Chauncey M. Depew.
Eater and orator, the whole world round
For feats of tongue and tooth alike renowned.
Pauper in thought but prodigal in speech,
Nothing he knew excepting how to teach.
But in default of something to impart
He multiplied his words with all his heart.

The Blue Menace

"I THINK public laughter will soon take care of the blacklist," says President Faunce of Brown University, whose name appeared upon the D. A. R. list. William Allen White is less placid, but he is doing his share to set public laughter in action. He laughed the Ku Klux Klan out of Kansas, and he is now laughing Klanism out of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I do not claim [he says] that Mrs. Brosseau [president-general of the D. A. R.] is a Kamelia of the Klan. Far from it. But she accepted this list from a bunch of professional witch-burning Red-baiters in Washington. . . . The D. A. R. has thus yanked the Klan out of its cow pastures and set it down in the breakfast-room of respectability. . . . Mrs. Brosseau is a lovely lady with many beautiful qualities of heart and mind, but in her enthusiasm she has allowed several lengths of Ku Klux nightie to show under her red, white, and blue.

The blacklist, as Mr. White says, is a Klannish list. Jewish, Catholic, and Negro organizations are prima facie suspect. As a matter of fact, the list includes almost every man, woman, and organization in America who, or which, has ever sought to achieve any reform or change whatsoever. It includes the American Association of University Women, the Farmers National Council, the Council of Women for Home Missions, the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Foreign Policy Association, the National Association for Child Development, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, etc., etc., almost ad infinitum. It is an honor roll of American life. Citizens and groups whose names are missing ought to apply for membership.

In the opposition to every reform movement lies the significance of the whole network of blacklists from which the D. A. R. list derives its inspiration. The D. A. R. did not invent the idea of a blacklist; indeed the D. A. R. probably does not deserve the special opprobrium which is coming to be attached to its name. It merely happens to be peculiarly dramatic and humorous that an organization which sets out to worship the revolutionaries of a century and a half ago should join in a crusade of religious persecution against those who dare to criticize anything American today.

We were not quite so silly before the war. This heretic-hunting, this blacklisting and proscribing is an afterproduct of the violent nationalism of war days. Mrs. Brosseau, perhaps, would honestly like to go back to those emotional days when individual thinking was a crime, when the Government, through Apostle Creel, told the citizens what to think, and they obeyed. We have grown out of the nadir of that madness but there are still men like Fred R. Marvin of the "Key Men of America," who make a living out of intolerance, providing the more extreme sections of the Klan, the Legion, the D. A. R. with blacklists and false biographies of men and women who dare to think for themselves. This little group was responsible, through the Legion, for barring Sherwood Eddy from various Southern cities last winter; it has closed scores of colleges to any expression of liberal opinion; it is attempting today to keep Frederick J. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, out of East

Orange, New Jersey, to drive Professor Thomas Woody, who rightly and bravely called the patrioteers "monstrosities," out of the University of Pennsylvania, to shut down the Ford Hall Forum in Boston. Wherever a liberal or progressive goes, these wasps of reaction follow, seeking not so much to injure the liberal as to poison the community into refusing to listen to what the liberal may have to say. They set up a narrow religion of Americanism, and seek to convince the country that whoever disagrees is sinful.

Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of Boston is leading a movement of protest, worthy of the ancestors from whom the D. A. R. takes its name, against the debasement of the D. A. R. into a tool of such reactionary conformity. Her revelation of the distinguished names barred by the Daughters confirms what Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt said of that organization a year ago—that it is making "mendacious, brutal attacks upon thousands of Americans who never saw a Bolshevik in their lives." Yet protest should not be too much directed against the absurdities of this particular list. William Allen White dwells upon the respectability of many of the people proscribed; we would plead also for the least respectable. Mrs. Brosseau says her blacklist does not violate free speech. She does not know what the words mean. As Bernard Shaw once said:

It is not possible to make the ordinary moral man understand what toleration and liberty mean. He will accept them verbally with alacrity, even with enthusiasm . . . but what he means by toleration is toleration of doctrines that he considers enlightened, and, by liberty, liberty to do what he considers right: that is, he does not mean toleration or liberty at all; for there is no need to tolerate what appears enlightened or to claim liberty to do what most people consider right. *Toleration and liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable, and liberty to do what seems wrong.*

Mrs. Brosseau and her sisters in ancestor-worship could spend a profitable half-hour turning the pages of the deliberations of the Continental Congress, rereading the Declaration of Independence ("All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed"), pondering the writings of Thomas Jefferson ("If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it"). *The Nation*, like the other Americans whose names are honored in these blacklists, does not, as it happens, want to change the republican form of government, but we do want free and full discussion wherever any man sees something which he believes requires remedy. There is, in our judgment, no Red menace in America, but, as some Boston ministers are pointing out, there is a Blue menace. Mrs. Brosseau has a right to state her own opinions, but not to block expression of opposing views. No extreme of free speech is so dangerous as the stifling conformism of silly blacklists. As Wendell Phillips put it, "If there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack."

Alice Out of Wonderland

ONE child, at least, wept when the last sentences of Alice-the-never-to-be-forgotten were read aloud for the first time by a parent. Not that there is anything doleful in those last words, although to be sure their cadence is a little minor. More likely it was the dim realization, even at six years old, that here was a felicity never to be experienced in quite the same way again. Alice was finished; she had wakened from her sleep; her dream was over. She would dream again many times, but never again for the first time. Some such thought may have occurred to Mrs. Alice Hargreaves, the Alice of sixty years ago, as she sat the other day in Sotheby's Auction Rooms in London and listened to the fantastic price of \$75,259 being bid for the manuscript of "Lewis Carroll's" story. She had been the very first to hear it; she had sat with her sisters on a smooth, green river-bank one summer afternoon and had heard the beginnings of Alice in Wonderland from Charles L. Dodgson himself. There was a beginning indeed, the beginning of a story that was to go round and round the earth, that was to delight the ears and warm the hearts of uncounted millions of children and men and women, that was to be the source of as many quotations as Hamlet, and the rod by which books for children will be measured until English no longer is spoken.

This is high praise, and there are a few malcontents who will deny its justice. But for the vast majority of persons to whom Alice is known, the memory of that little figure in flat-heeled strap pumps, with a cord bound high around her waist under her arms, and another about her loose hair, is somehow irretrievably tangled in their lives. Sir John Tenniel, who drew the pictures for the original edition, has helped to give this impression. The mathematician of Oxford who invented Alice out of his orderly mind, with a real child on a bank beside him to help out, did more. It is reported that Queen Victoria, delighted with the story of Alice, wrote Mr. Dodgson that she would be pleased to honor him by perusing other specimens of his writing. Whereat he sent her: "The Algebraic Formula for Responding," "The Fifth Book of Euclid Treated Algebraically," and one or two besides. Which is just another way of saying that Alice was a miracle, like all great works of the imagination, and that for a few hours angels or good fairies or Pegasus himself flew near an Oxford Don and brushed him with their wings.

However this may have been, Alice has changed hands for the first time in her life, and may soon be taken out of wonderland forever. If she is, it will be to come to a new wonderland, younger and in some respects more wonderful than the old, where she will be no less gently treated or highly regarded than she was in her original home. The purchase of the "Lewis Carroll" manuscript by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, presumably for an American customer when one shall have been found, has been bitterly lamented by Americans as well as Englishmen, and Dr. Rosenbach's offer to sell it back to the British Museum for the price he paid only partially helps matters. But Alice can never be taken away from those who know her, and of them the number is small who will ever see, or who have ever seen, the manuscript itself. And it has been said, perhaps too harshly, that those Englishmen in possession of literary or artistic

treasures must value them less than the price Americans offer to pay for them, or they would never let them go. Certainly it is true that there have always been English bidders to compete with American, even though they were able to offer less at the end.

There is, of course, not much logic in these matters. And the fact is that much of the disaffection felt by the British with Americans is because English pictures or books or castles are traveling across the ocean at an alarming rate. Nor is England herself blameless in this respect; there are Italian and French and Dutch and Flemish paintings in the London National Gallery that were not all put there with the blessing of their original owners; there are the Elgin marbles, handsomely mounted in the British Museum, a whited sepulcher which should ever reproach those who consented to have them torn out of their rightful setting. Here, too, logic is less important than passion. But if logic will not help Alice in America, there will be plenty of the most enduring affection to make her welcome. Let her take ship and sail three thousand miles, let her disembark at a strange shore, let her look into the faces of 100,000,000 strangers—and surely she will not be frightened when she sees to how few of them she is a stranger herself!

T. W. Richards

THE Nobel prize in chemistry has been awarded to but one American, Theodore William Richards. His death at the age of sixty and at the height of his research powers leaves much undone that lesser men can hardly attempt. His unfinished work on the physical properties of atoms and the forces which hold them together in solids expresses his unique love for facts. His determinations of the atomic weights of two dozen elements will probably stand for all time as authoritative values, while his development of precise methods of analysis furnished a new tool to chemists and set a model of critical thinking and of careful work that is unequaled in pure intellectual beauty. In an age of soaring imagination, of hypotheses and mathematical abstractions, Professor Richards quietly asked: "What, just what, are the facts?" Theories were to him merely the scaffolding for the erection of a solid edifice of fact, and he was confident that the structure thus slowly created would surpass any product of fantasy.

When the Curies discovered radium and Rutherford showed that the atom is not the "hard, massy particle" of Isaac Newton's day, but rather a complex, vibrant world, bristling with energy, some one suggested that Richards's painstaking years spent on atomic weights were no longer significant and that the weight of an atom no longer represented a fundamental or controlling property. But Richards, who had been the first to show that the atoms of apparently identical elements may have different weights, depending on their inheritance, had an answer ready. If the weights of atoms do not have the simple significance we gave them, they are basic facts nevertheless and become even a greater challenge to our understanding. More than ever they are "mute witnesses of the coming of cosmos out of chaos."

When he began his work the very existence of the atom was a theory. That was long before the day when atoms could be observed one by one. An admirer who knew

nothing of his work entertained him at a social function with the tribute: "Oh, Mr. Richards, what wonderful scales you must have to weigh those tiny atoms!" "Yes," he replied, "we weigh them in the scales of logic." Atoms have now become real chiefly through the work of physicists. Great advances in our knowledge of both matter and energy have come from the joining of physics and of chemistry in a common problem. Professor Richards was one of the first American proponents of physical chemistry, which has proved so much more powerful than either parent science alone. He long insisted that matter and energy are inseparable, that neither is significant without the other. Today we have, in hypothesis at least, the possible conversion of matter into energy or of energy into matter, and some of the anomalous but unquestionable atomic weights measured by Richards are explained on that basis. He began with a theory to build facts; he has left facts which challenge the theories.

His scholarship will be remembered, but his service to chemistry in America went far beyond his researches. He came to Harvard in 1885, a graduate of Haverford and, as he put it, "temperamentally a Quaker." He received the degree of Ph.D., at the age of twenty, and went to Germany to work with Jannasch, Hempel, Victor Meyer, and Ostwald. On his return to Harvard he took up the analytical investigations which had been begun there by his teacher, Josiah Parsons Cooke. Ira Remsen had brought the German inspiration to Johns Hopkins fifteen years earlier, and under Richards this emphasis on research and graduate study was expanded at Harvard with the sympathy of President Eliot, himself a chemist. Richards gave himself to the work with complete devotion but without that monastic spirit which had made research merely a private hobby. His personal charm and his fascinating lectures helped to attract the best students from all parts of the country, at a time when to be a chemist was hardly to be a gentleman. He was the first and for long the only American chemist to whom students came from Germany.

He lived to see chemistry established as the leading American science. Nearly a third of the Ph.D. degrees annually awarded in science are now in chemistry. His students direct chemical instruction and research in colleges from Boston to California and Saskatchewan. Scholarly research is their gospel. Chemical research is now in progress at 146 American colleges, with more than 2,000 graduate students at work. Even the world of finance keeps its eye on chemical research, and the leadership of Germany is seriously challenged. In Europe no chemist is considered fully trained unless he knows American chemistry. The war is, of course, largely responsible, but it is significant that the Nobel prize was awarded to Professor Richards before the war and that his students who are now leaders were trained in the pre-war days.

Essentially, however, Professor Richards was an artist. His father, William T. Richards, was a painter distinguished for his seascapes. His mother was a poet. He himself was a musician and an artist in water colors. He once said: "If I were asked to select the best chemist in any gathering I should find out first who played the 'cello best." It seemed obvious to him that scientific research is an expression of the same creative impulse that appears in all art. He did not live to see this truth generally recognized; research is still fostered chiefly because it pays, but there is evidence that scientific men are coming to a new

point of view. T. W. Richards, a scholar among scientists and an artist among the scholars, guided American chemistry in its infancy and gave it a direction which will be effective for many years.

Calvin H. Goddard and *The Nation*

SOON after the publication of Arthur Warner's article, *A Sacco Revolver Expert Revealed*, in *The Nation* for December 7, Calvin H. Goddard, with whose activities in the Milazzo case in Cleveland the article dealt, sent a long reply, with the request that it be published and that certain statements made in the article be retracted. *The Nation* replied at once, stating that it had no desire to do Mr. Goddard any injustice and that if further investigation revealed that it had done so steps would be taken to set matters straight. Before this investigation had been completed, Mr. Goddard started suit for libel. This suit is now pending, and *The Nation's* answer has been served.

Our investigation has been completed, and careful attention has been given to all the points raised in Mr. Goddard's reply. Mr. Warner said in his article that a Cleveland detective had arrested a man named Milazzo in the belief that Milazzo might have been responsible for a murder committed a few weeks earlier; that the gun found on Milazzo had been taken, with the fatal bullets, to a bullet expert in New York, Mr. Goddard; and that "the expert found that the bullets had been fired from the revolver, upon learning which the Cleveland police charged Milazzo with the murder." Later it was discovered that the revolver in question had not left the factory until after the murder had been committed. Mr. Goddard's principal argument is that at the time when *The Nation* published Mr. Warner's article he—Mr. Goddard—had made no report upon the bullets "that was final in any sense of the word" and that his final report, submitted later, exonerated the defendant. *The Nation's* investigation, however, indicates that Mr. Goddard conducted various examinations of the bullets and made statements to the Cleveland police which led them to believe that it was his definite opinion that the fatal bullet had, in fact, been fired from Milazzo's pistol.

Mr. Goddard further takes exception to Mr. Warner's statement that last summer "Goddard announced that he had determined by new and positive tests the guilt of Nicola Sacco," and says that his finding was not that Sacco was guilty but "that the shell was fired in the Sacco pistol and could have been fired in no other and that the so-called fatal bullet was fired through it and could have been fired through no other." Mr. Goddard's statement is correct; and, indeed, Mr. Warner quoted his precise words in his article. It is none the less true that his report was generally understood to be a finding as to Sacco's guilt, and that, as Mr. Warner further stated, his report, receiving wide circulation, "must have had an appreciable effect in confirming public opinion on the side of the Lowell report."

In fairness to Mr. Goddard we make this explanation, but we cannot retract the statements made in Mr. Warner's article. Since Mr. Goddard has chosen to bring the case to court, we shall welcome the opportunity to present the facts in full and to have them passed upon judicially.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN the case of mystery plays the program frequently contains a note asking the reviewer not to give the plot away, as it may spoil the fun of future spectators. Sometimes there isn't any fun, but that's beside the point. I wish there were some such custom among the critics of books, and I am not thinking at all of the reader's enjoyment but of his rank pretensions. Hundreds of people use the literary magazines for the base purpose of gathering enough catchwords to make a showing on current fiction.

In this matter I am no Puritan at all. With my life I will defend a man's right to have an aggressive attitude concerning some work which he has skimmed. There are books which reveal their quality, or lack of it, in the first ten pages. Some few may be appraised merely by balancing the volume in the hand. This is particularly so of such stories as splay out into two volumes. I would not deny the reader's privilege to venture the opinion "tedious" concerning any novel which requires more than one hundred thousand words for the telling. Occasionally the blurb upon the jacket provides excellent circumstantial evidence that a crime or, at the very least, a misdemeanor has been committed. This method, I will admit, is not infallible. A few excellent efforts have been badly corseted by the publisher. However, I will even be liberal enough to include among the righteous the somewhat fantastic folk who do assert that by holding a new book close to the nostrils they can accurately determine whether or not it is suitable for their purposes.

Having admitted all these as people qualified to say "I like" or "I cannot abide" this book or yet another, it seems to me that the time has come to call a halt. No longer will I listen patiently to the opinions of the exceedingly articulate people who tell you just what they think of something newly published upon no basis other than the reviews or maybe the advertisements. This strains charity beyond all reason. Do not think I am being whimsical in suggesting that such a practice is in vogue. I know and should, for I have been a sinner. If the lady on your right inquires "What do you think of 'Trader Horn'?" the dinner guest is churlish if he replies, "I haven't read it." I don't even think it helps much to answer, "I'm sorry, but I haven't read it." Such a reply leaves one of those uncomfortable pauses not unlike the dreadful calm which follows the telling of an unsuccessful joke.

Please refuse to accept my earlier confession of guilt. I have not sinned but did no more than any gentleman should if placed in the same circumstances. If I am to throw off humility I will go on to say that when forced to lie concerning literature I never do things by half-measure. It is no more than fair that there should be contempt for brief and adjectival liars. You see we have come back to the unfortunate young man whose dinner partner wants to know just what he thinks of "Trader Horn." The assumption has been made, and accepted I hope, that no man of spirit can dodge the issue by the mean expedient of confessing ignorance. Very little better is the fellow who fobs off inquiry with some such quick reply as "jolly" or "I found it spirited." Even the truth is better than these feeble phrases. I know one man who uses a method

which seems to him successful, but to me sounds base and deceitful. It is his practice to confuse the issue by pretending to misunderstand the exact phrasing of the question. Thus if the lady said, "What do you think of 'Trader Horn'?" he would smile broadly and with marked enthusiasm as he answered, "Oh, yes, indeed!" He tells me that following some such reply there is confusion during which he is able to change the conversation.

I can't explain it on scientific grounds, but through long observation I am prepared to state that 98 per cent of all literary conversation at dinner parties comes from the lady on your right. The one on your left is Southern and is much too busy preserving her accent to pay any attention to books. With her you are generally safe, but once a haggard victim staggered into my apartment late at night shouting and screaming that he had been betrayed. At his left, so he said, there sat a personable young woman from deepest Georgia who not only insisted upon conversing about current literature but did it all in baby talk. Fortunately such experiences are rare. Throughout this article "Trader Horn" has been used as a sort of symbol. Possibly this suggests too great an ease for the unread person who desires to get by and never confess ignorance. Any fool, I take it, can talk about "Trader Horn" sight unseen. This book has been so much in the news that I would be quite willing to wager any clever fellow could maintain a running comment on its qualities without ever having dipped into the tale at all. I was about to substitute "I" for "any clever fellow" but refrained not only for the sake of modesty but accuracy as well. I belong to that vast army who have started "Trader Horn." This is not said in disparagement of the book. After any deluge of popular approval and interest there come stragglers with lily cups. "Main Street," I suppose, is the finest example of the nation's eagerness to sip and quit.

Naturally, I am not railing against this practice. As one who hopes some day to write a novel I much approve of the fact that it is possible to collect royalties even upon copies which do no more than ornament the library table. If this essay is still heading in the same direction as at the beginning my contention remains that any man who owns a book has a right to an opinion about it without further research. Purchase should be enough not only for matriculation but graduation too. The lazy public is not an enemy to us who live by our wits and our writings. All I ask of any cherished work of mine is that in time it shall be moved from off the bookstore counters. And naturally I mean moved out into the world and not down in the cellar.

Accordingly, we have one foe and one alone—the critic. Not infrequently he quotes the best passage and nearly always he outlines the plot. He may improve it in the telling. Indeed, I can't agree at all with the familiar contention that criticism in America is barren stuff. It's much too good. Again and again I have seen a browsing dilettante look up from the literary section of some daily newspaper or weekly journal with a happy smile upon his face. "There's one more book I will not have to read," the miscreant will boast. "I've got enough now to be able to talk about it."

HEYWOOD BROWN

Presidential Possibilities

VIII

A. Victor Donahey

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

GOVERNOR A. VICTOR DONAHEY of Ohio is as much a man of the plain people as Al Smith himself.

If you do not believe it, go hear him pound a mighty fist upon the gubernatorial table in the capitol at Columbus, and see him spit tobacco juice—like Al again—over the carpet to the accompaniment of many “by Gods” and other liberties with the King’s English. Watch him, moreover, settle a difficult problem in the straightforward way which so often distinguishes Governor Smith. Having led plain, simple lives, both men approach trying situations in a way that is usually direct and so lacking in the guile and finesse of the so-called “higher type” of statesman that observers often believe they have a touch of genius. Governor Donahey shows it particularly when under great stress. Then he acts vigorously, effectively, and, again, simply, so that the people of Ohio believe they have a Governor who is on the job and who proposes to administer his office with integrity, force, and courage. In consequence they have three times elected this Democrat Governor of a Republican State—the only Governor to have served three times in the history of Ohio. He was elected in 1922, 1924, and 1926, and in 1924 ran 587,093 votes ahead of John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President. He is renowned as a vote-getter because Ohio’s electorate feels about him as New York’s does about Al Smith—that he is a fine administrator who plays the political game honestly and squarely, besides being in himself the personification of the masses.

So it has come to pass that “Vic” Donahey, as he prefers to be known, himself really and earnestly believes that he is just a common, honest servant of the people trying to serve Ohio in a plain and humble way. “Even to intimate friends in his private office,” writes one who for years has watched the Governor at work, “he is on parade. To newspapermen who have long known him from the ground up to the top of his six hefty feet, he is constantly making speeches and uttering campaign platitudes. He is ever the avenger of public wrong.” But the newspapermen like him, as in New York they like Governor Smith, and for the same reasons, and so he, too, has a friendly and colorful press. The plain man of the people gives opportunity for endless Sunday special articles and equally numerous photographs of Governor “Vic” whittling away at the bird-houses which he makes to give to friends at Christmas, of Governor “Vic” in summer fishing and cooking—he is an expert at broiling steaks and barbecuing—and tramping and talking and laughing with his neighbors on the shores of Indian Lake, where they all live simple lives in modest cottages destitute of plumbing. No golf for the Governor. That would be out of the part, and so would any more fash-

The eighth in a series of studies of the candidates

ionable resort than this rather hot one on the banks of a reservoir in northwestern Ohio.

Children? Yes, indeed, and here he is ahead of Al Smith, for he has ten living out of twelve, and three grandchildren, although he is not yet fifty-five years old. What could prove better his complete fitness as a candidate? “Babies is [sic] my long suit,” he remarked at his last inauguration, when the movie-camera men were taking pictures of him, Mrs. Donahey, and the youngest grandchild, then three weeks old, under specially provided Klieg lights. It would seem also to have been Mrs. Donahey’s, although a Governor about to be inaugurated apparently forgets a trifle like that. But those who watch the Governor closely know that Mrs. Donahey’s part in bringing her consort to the front is concerned with many other, if less important, things than bringing babies into the world, rearing the entire quiver, and teaching music to her daughters. The Governor did his best day’s work when he married his wife. Here again I must quote from a friendly observer: “Mrs. Donahey is a marvel of tireless energy and good taste. She has such a deep vein of sincerity and makes him believe so in himself that he has acquired the habit. She is a charming hostess and modest in her dress and social life.” It is she who helped to make his inaugural ceremonies of the simplest and it is she, beyond doubt, who has kept the public from a wider understanding of certain of her husband’s foibles and pretenses that would lend themselves easily to ridicule and criticism.

So there in Columbus sits Governor “Vic,” favored of the gods. He, with his Irish name, and all the elements of popularity in him, is actually not a Catholic but a Methodist. That is his supreme good fortune—next to Mrs. Donahey. For there is no greater stronghold of Methodism than Ohio, which, for all its large cities with their foreign population, remains a State of rural communities and small towns and villages with all the hypocrisies and all the conventionalities of Main Street; a place where frills are few; where deacons are still shocked by the wickedness of the great cities and the horrible Bolsheviks with their loose ideas about marriage. For them it is a source of untold joy that, in a dreadfully changing world, Ohio, personified by her Methodist, ten-child Governor, champion of the home, the family, and the state, faces four-square to all winds and bows to none.

As a public speaker Governor Donahey plays safe, like so many distinguished contemporaries, and takes refuge in the well-known and highly popular platitudes. Here are some excerpts from the speech that he delivered to the National Christian Endeavor Convention in Cleveland on June 3, 1927:

It must not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others. Liberty is responsibility; responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law, for the law, and by the law. The forefathers placed this precious inheritance in our hands for safe-keeping and passed on. We, in turn, must place it in the hands of those who follow us, enlarged, of course, but unprofaned.

Therefore we must inculcate in the youth of our land a firm and abiding faith in our destiny and mission as a nation. We must teach them that the greatest responsibility which God in His wisdom has given to His creatures is the responsibility of self-government. We must teach them that self-government is a civil agreement to protect the health, peace, and safety of the people and promote their happiness. We must teach them that self-government means politics, a field in which every loyal citizen should take an active part.

And again:

Our boys and girls are our most priceless possessions. The boys and girls of today will be the business men and women of tomorrow. Remember, no community, State, or nation is going to be any better than its boys and girls. Our boys and girls are our hope for the future. In my opinion the greatest inheritance a boy or girl can have is to have been reared in a religious family.

Why should not the Presidential lightning strike this man? There would be the best of chances that it would, Ohio being the mother of so many Presidents, good, bad, and indifferent, if only he were a Republican. Should a deadlock arise this year among the Republican hosts and Calvin Coolidge still refuse to run, "Vic" would be the ideal compromise candidate if only he were not under the other banner. For he, too, has lived in inexpensive homes, and he, too, is frugal and has all the small-town virtues. He also once called out the militia in a crisis, and is a tremendous devotee of economy in public life. Honestly he believes that modern governments are over-organized, that there are too many boards, commissions, and bureaus, and he has abolished a number of them. Did he not, as State auditor, cut down the \$2 meals which State officials allowed themselves to \$1.25? Is he not credited with trimming a Lucullan baked potato out of the expense account of an august appellate court judge? Why, if the Democratic convention deadlocks, should it not turn to this man whom Senator Thomas of Oklahoma declares to be "young, vigorous, honest, independent, fundamentally sound, and a teetotaler"? Has he not a printers' union card in his pocket? And is he not supported by all the religious groups in his State? Besides, Mr. Donahey comes from a pivotal State. How can party managers overlook such a man of all the virtues who, with unemployment abroad in the land, would have every trump in his hand?

As for his record as Governor, it is quite striking. He has consistently carried on a campaign for the reduction of taxes in a way to win the heart of the hardest of financiers. He has vetoed many tax bills as well as other measures—no fewer than seventy-four in 1923, thirty-four in 1925, and thirty in 1927. He vetoed the first gasoline-tax bill passed, although he knew the legislature would pass it over his veto, and it is now on the books to stay. Despite the fact that he is the darling of the deacons and the

dominies, he bravely vetoed the bill which was to Christianize all Ohio by compelling the daily reading of ten verses of the Bible in all the public schools of the State, in which thereafter all pupils above the fourth grade were to be birched, if necessary, into memorizing the Ten Commandments. This bill was actively supported by the Ku Klux Klan. It was lobbied through in one of the bitterest religious fights waged in the Ohio Legislature in many years. It was introduced by a farmer, and the farmers, "Vic's" special friends, were all for it, but the Governor vetoed it with some fine truth-telling about this being a country which was "founded out of the hope and desire for religious freedom." He has never openly attacked the Klan but he has also never truckled to it.

Always he vetoes with a flourish of trumpets, restating his demand for economy and his fears that pay rolls will be padded and public funds exhausted. Only cynics suggest that some of these vetoes are unwise, or that the expenses of the Governor's Highway Department, far from showing retrenchment, are abnormally high. What would you? The Governor vowed that if he were elected he would "get Ohio out of the mud." Here is a campaign promise that has been kept, and every motorist rejoices. Why should anybody, therefore, question the cost? Or notice that road maintenance charges are going up every year?

The Governor has been, and is, both inconsistent and illogical—quite often. Like many another—almost every other—politician, he has been accused of instability of purpose, of not knowing his own mind, of failing to keep promises; why does not every public man wear on his person an automatic promise-recorder? A classic example of this phase of the Governor is his pushing through the legislature by means of special messages a bill providing a better and speedier method of recounting ballots in contested elections. He was the savior of the people. But—when it came time to sign the bill after the legislature had done his much-heralded bidding, he discovered some minor features he disliked and vetoed it. The very next day he wailed aloud and promised by the hairs of his head to reconvene the legislature at once in special session—economy be hanged! Then he found that would get him into trouble on a prohibition issue, and the special session still awaits his call.

But, as has been said, the time comes when the Governor acts with speed and vigor and plain common sense and deservedly gains much praise thereby. Take the rioting at Niles in November, 1924, two days before the Governor's first reelection. Klansmen and Catholics were attacking each other, and for three days the situation had been serious. The sheriff called for troops, but the Governor declared that he would send them only when shooting occurred. Press and public waited to see how he would act, with the opening of the polls but forty-eight hours off. The shooting began and the answer came. Troops, mobilized in the interim, were sent at once by the Governor, who had never left his desk by day or night during the crisis.

An even finer story, which illustrates best of all Governor Donahey's simple, straightforward way of tackling difficult problems, is that which deals with the southeastern Ohio coal-fields. They have been without hope or work since April, 1927, when the mines were shut down, chiefly because of the competition of the unorganized West Virginia fields. There had been little work for months before. The shutdown drove the men to despair. Like all miners

they have large families and for years have been earning at best much less than the minimum requirement for an American family. Is it any wonder that after a while the hotheads among those whose children were starving shot at sheriffs and mine guards, damaged tipples, set fire to mines, and planted dynamite? Soon frantic long-distance telephone calls reached Governor Donahey and his adjutant-general, Frank D. Henderson, begging, demanding troops. The Governor sent none; he took a new chew of tobacco and tried something else. Being a man of the people he realized how often the arrival of troops has precipitated hostilities instead of preventing them. What did he do? He sent twenty-one officers to Jefferson, Athens, Hocking, and other coal-fields—not one in uniform, not one wearing a badge of authority, not one showing a revolver or uttering a threat. Each officer entered as a friend of both sides, calling on the starving miners in their desolate shacks, and warning them against violence, and similarly warning mine superintendents against uncontrolled mine guards who might arouse the miners to fury. Then, after a thorough survey, they reported to Columbus the results of their observations: children slowly starving to death; 6,000 in dire need; 15,000 trying to live on one skimpy meal a day, most of them unable to go to school because of lack of shoes—this in Ohio in the fall of the prosperity year, 1927.

What did the Governor and General Henderson do? Sit back with hands folded like the recreant Red Cross and do nothing? Utter pious wishes and deplore platitudinously this new conflict between capital and labor? They did not. They appealed for food, clothing, and money and sent, not machine-guns but supply trains to feed starving American children who could get food in no other way. The rescuing militia set up stores in the schoolhouses and sent word that every child who came to school would receive potatoes, meat, vegetables, bread, and butter. Said that humane soldier, General Henderson: "The children did not come into the world of their own accord. Once they are here, it is the duty of the state to see that they are fed and clothed and put to school. When they see their brothers and sisters slowly starving they are likely to blame the government, saying, 'You exist only for the rich and not for us who are hungry.' We are not asking whether they are miners' children, or what is their religion or color. All the Governor cares about is that they are fed and clothed. This is not a miners' relief or even a miners' children's relief. It is a children's relief." In a brief time General Henderson established 103 relief stations feeding about 7,500 children daily and supplying 18,000 with clothes, all done by National Guardsmen performing charitable and social duties instead of practicing battle formations, or policing the property of mine-owners, themselves warm, well-fed, and sleek while starving children faded away. Distinguished service crosses? Not for General Henderson and Governor Donahey. They have only answered the appeals of little children.

Another unusual use of the National Guard by Governor Donahey was in connection with the murder in July, 1926, of Don R. Mellett, the Canton, Ohio, editor who was killed for attacking the alliance of the local authorities and the underworld. "There should be no delay in meting out justice," the Governor declared. "It should be swift and just. . . . Let every one know that the State through my office stands on that basis." He used National Guard officers and State prohibition officials to help unravel the

crime because he had no other State employees he could employ. A year later when there were labor troubles at Adena he again refused to furnish troops on demand of the mayor. Instead, he authorized the sheriff to use as many deputies as he needed. The sheriff did so and the trouble soon ended.

As for prohibition, teetotaler that he is, Governor Donahey, too, can dodge issues connected with it. The Supreme Court of the United States having declared unconstitutional the fee system by which judges of certain courts were paid out of costs in cases of conviction, the temperance forces pushed a bill through the legislature the purpose of which was by some hocus-pocus to get around this decision. The vetoing Governor Donahey permitted the bill to become a law subject to a popular referendum, while stating that he did not approve of its terms. Thereupon he kept as quiet about this issue as Calvin Coolidge on the oil scandals. His Prohibition Commissioner was one of the protagonists of the bill, but Governor Donahey had nothing to say, not even when by the greatest victory (447,000) ever recorded in an Ohio referendum the bill was buried.

When it comes to nation-wide issues, Governor Donahey's resemblance to Governor Smith is again marked—both have many blank pages to fill. True, Governor Donahey is known to desire an "adequate navy"—nobody knows what that may be; tariff revision by a bi-partisan board, if such a thing be possible; and rigorous enforcement of all United States laws. For neither man does Europe seem to exist. When it comes to the question of social and political agitation by liberals or "reds," Governor Donahey seems to me to trail far behind his New York rival. I sometimes doubt if he understands that there are liberals and "reds" and that people get excited over social and labor evils. Governor Smith has stood up admirably in favor of the old-fashioned American doctrines. Governor Donahey's position is not as praiseworthy—if it can be praised at all. It was he who shivered in his boots when President Harding died and declared publicly that he "feared that the United States would be swept by a wave of unrest and that there would be grave uneasiness as a result of Harding's death." As will be remembered, only the "Ohio gang" suffered by Harding's timely decease. It was also Governor "Vic" Donahey who in December, 1925, in high dudgeon ordered the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State University to make a thorough housecleaning because prohibition officers found a bottle or two in the cellar of an instructor's house. The guilty teacher's dismissal was ordered by the Governor without even waiting for a report, and he appears to have concurred heartily in the inquisition to which the Board of Trustees subjected every teacher who was charged with having a mind of his own, which extended to affiliation with liberal organizations, and subscriptions to journals like *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. Of course the Governor does not know that there is such a thing as academic freedom, and that people fight for it and against it. Here the Methodist came out in the good Governor; for the hour he was the pontifex maximus of Ohio.

Politically he still is that, and apparently he may continue to be a satisfactory chief executive of the sadly besmirched State of Ohio as long as he wishes to be Governor. Why not? Is he not an Elk, a Woodman, and a Knight of Pythias, as well as the teetotaling father of ten children?

Florida Interlude

By STUART CHASE

Florida, March, 1928

WE were driving over the great concrete causeway which connects the town of Sarasota with its flanking serpentine keys, upon whose chalk-white beaches the Gulf of Mexico pounds. "Ringling built this causeway," our host remarks; "cost him a million. That's the new Ritz-Carlton over on Lang Boat Key—that big pile with the tower and the scaffolding. He's building that. With the new causeway and the golf courses it will mean a couple of millions more. And there on the mainland, behind those pines, do you see that enormous half-completed structure? That's his new art museum: the John and Mabel Ringling Art Museum. When he gets his collection into it, it will mean five million, ten million, Heaven knows what. And that's his house, back of the stretch of lawn. This island here belongs to one of his sons. And you see those low, arched roofs against the skyline? That's the winter quarters of the circus. We're having a carnival and parade next week—600 horses, right out of the circus. Oh, he's done a lot for Florida. I wouldn't be surprised if it came to 20 million altogether. And he kept right on doing it, even after the boom blew up, shoveling it out with both hands. We owe a lot to John Ringling. That's why we're giving him this banquet to-night. I'm so glad you could arrange to come over."

We dressed, my friend and I, at the Hotel Alvarez, and came down to the magnificence of the great false beams of the Spanish Mission lobby to find Frieda Hempel, a gold spot against its shadows; and more bankers, real-estate operators, railroad presidents, oil magnates, and distinguished politicians than perhaps had ever before been gathered under one roof. Their composite assessed valuation would probably run the kingdom of Italy for ten years.

At 9:30 we find our places and, three-hundred strong, all male, all immaculate in black and white, sit amid gleaming crystal and silver around the splashing fountain of the vaulted banquet hall, while the red-smocked Czecho-Slovak band of Mr. Ringling crashes out the opening bars of the "Beautiful Blue Danube." In front of each guest is a souvenir menu, richly engraved, gilded, tasseled; magnificent as the brochure of a super-advertising agency. On a dais at the end of the hall is the speakers' table, and back of it, in slightly improbable perspective, a painted backdrop twenty feet high representing the façade of the new art museum. Upon it blinding searchlights from the balcony are focused.

The dinner is heavy and very good. Throughout the stately procession of the courses the waiters pass and re-pass with what, if this were a wet republic, might be mistaken for champagne. Meanwhile the red band thunders. The black coffee is served, boxes of mammoth cigars are put in circulation, chairs are pushed back, and we look expectantly toward the speakers' table. The ceremony of acknowledging Mr. Ringling's twenty million dollars is about to begin. It begins with a sheaf of laudatory telegrams—from the president of the New York Central, from the president of the Pennsylvania, from Gene Tunney, from

Henry Ford, from Will Rogers, from Harry Sinclair, from senators and governors and kings of industry.

After a few preliminaries, the orator of the evening is introduced. He is among other things Mr. Ringling's counsel on public relations. He takes us back to the poor struggling family on the Illinois plains; young John and his brothers on the woodshed trapeze; their open-mouthed attendance at infrequent traveling shows; the sturdy father, the deep-browed mother; the first sawdust ring; the incredible hardships of the road; bitterness, loss, and triumph—in brief, the great American saga, old but ever new, of the rise to power from one suspender. And how he has risen! Was there a citizen in the republic in whom a President—we bow in memory of Mr. Harding—placed more affection and more trust? At this climax the orator spreads his arms in mute appeal, inclines his head, and sits.

Next we have the mayor of Sarasota, stupefied with dog-like gratitude for what the great man has done for his city. Then follow a business man or two, a little shy, inarticulate, but firmly grasping each his closing hollyhock for Mr. Ringling.

At this point the toastmaster turns with the utmost gravity to a man on his right who has been largely hidden from us by a Spanish mission column (probably a false one). "Gentlemen," he says, portentously, "I have the honor to present a distinguished public servant, a man than whom there was no more loyal, able, conscientious administrator—Mr. Harry Daugherty!" My chair slips sideways under me, but sure enough, Harry it is—amiable, confident, and just the least little bit mellow. His face is mobile, hard-lined, an admirable face to appear above a poker game. The eyes shift from one corner of the hall to another. The applause misses a heart-beat in starting, but it gains in volume until it roars like the surf on Lido Beach. A dozen enthusiasts spring from their chairs and stand shouting. Almost instantly the whole hall follows their example, until every man is upon his feet, cheering, clapping. Every man, that is, except three dazed, and doubtless very discourteous, guests. These guests receive a battery of hard looks, but they are suffered to remain. Mr. Daugherty avoids politics, tells a number of witty and perhaps a trifle risqué stories, offers his hollyhock with a note of tremolo to the guest of honor, and sits down, amid another storm of hand-clapping.

Follows the Governor of Florida, who gives us a political ham sandwich served with a Southern accent. A banker; a renowned manufacturer. . . . Then the toastmaster turns to his right and addresses a man who looks vaguely familiar—a meek enough little man with a toothbrush mustache. "Gentlemen, I have the honor to present another very distinguished public servant, a man than whom, it is fitting to say, there could be no more" and so forth. "Mr. William J. Burns." So that is who it is. Mr. Burns arises, bows to the tide of claps and cheers, but addresses himself directly to Mr. Daugherty. It appears that the happiest years of Mr. Burns's life were those spent when, shoulder to shoulder with his beloved chief in the

Department of Justice, they together guarded the portals of the republic from enemies without, and from enemies within. He speaks sincerely, touchingly, just saving his voice from breaking. Mr. Daugherty sits bemused, motionless, staring at the tablecloth. Above them both the searchlights continue to blare on the John and Mabel Ringling Art Museum. The audience is hushed, appreciative, a little touched by this almost non-Nordic display of one great public servant's devotion to another. After the concluding tribute to the guest of honor, the applause, while warm, is almost deferential.

A few more speakers, and then, long after midnight, the guest of honor heaves himself out of his chair to bring the occasion to its climax—a great chunk of a man with a shock of black hair, a shrewd, kindly face for all its resemblance to a prize-fighter's. The band launches into an anthem, but its valiant brass is drowned by the roar of human voices which strains the vaulted rafters to the bursting-point. Mr. Ringling smiles, waits, smiles again, and then beckons us to silence. Grudgingly we obey him. Obviously he is the sort of man one does obey. I like him immediately he begins to talk. He is sincere, honest, direct. His words stand out like bells against the booming and the roaring of the seas of oratory through which we have just passed. He hopes we have not been as uncomfortable as he has. He is gratified by it all, but he is surely not worth such geysers and caldrons of superheated air. "As for Jim here," he turns to the up-from-the-farm orator, "as for

Jim, you should not pay any attention to him, for I give him a salary to talk his head off." Thus the evening, in charge of this blunt giant, turns back in the direction of reality. But it does not stay there long. For John Ringling himself dreams dreams.

The acknowledgments disposed of, he turns to the picture above him. The twinkle goes out of his eye, his humor vanishes, and he begins to talk about his art museum. Love comes into his face, and passion. For ten years he has been planning for it, buying for it. "I am told by the foreign experts who have been gathering my collections, that it is to have the finest art treasures of any museum in the United States. But such things of course are hard to measure." He tells of the work of his agents and buyers who have sought beauty to the four corners of the globe. He tells of the school of art and the model dormitories that are to be established in connection with the museum.

He looks up at the painted façade again. The room is utterly silent. "And so, gentlemen, with this museum, with this school, with this wonderful climate, this sunshine, the colors upon this bay, this air and light which I am told by experts is particularly good for work on canvas, I hope that we may some day have here our own Michelangelos, our own Titians, our own Millets, and that the Sarasota school of American painters will grow to rival, yes, and surpass, the Barbizon school of France!"

And so this strange interlude ended. The Ohio gang, the ring of sawdust, the Acropolis by moonlight.

Chamorro, the Strong Man of Nicaragua

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, Nicaragua, March 10

EMILIANO CHAMORRO, "the strong man of Nicaragua," was eliminated from the Presidency by the combined force of the United States Government and the Liberal arms. He was then sent to Europe as Minister to Rome. Neither he nor Sandino was a party to the Stimson-Moncada agreement. Sandino, at the time of the Stimson agreement, advised Moncada: "Come and disarm me. I am in my post and I await you. In no other way will I cede. I do not sell myself; I do not surrender; it is necessary to defeat me." So the United States, except for the passive and chronically ill Moncada and the portion of the Liberals he represents, is now playing a lone and fairly unpopular hand in Nicaragua, trying to enforce a peace to which only part of the Liberals agreed and to which the strongest personality in the Conservative Party—Chamorro—was not a signatory.

Chamorro is frankly at odds with the present policy of the United States. He is not anti-American as is Sandino; during the seventeen years of American intervention in that country, you will find the name of Emiliano Chamorro signed to nearly every important document and treaty, including the famous Washington treaties of 1923. The treaty which gave the United States canal rights in the face of adverse criticism from the Liberal Party and from members of Chamorro's own party as well, which was put through over the violent protests of Honduras, Costa Rica, and El Salvador, and which practically put out of business the Cen-

tral-American Court of Arbitration, set up by the United States—this bears his name: the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty. And during this period he himself served as President, which means that he served with American consent. He has signed a goodly number of the notorious treaty loans which have kept his country in continuous penury.

General Chamorro told me: "I am ardently pro-American. Nor am I opposed to American intervention in Nicaragua at the present time. I am merely opposed to the form of that intervention, lest the supervision proposed seriously violate our constitutional regime."

This, of course, is quibble. Intervention constitutes, *ipso facto*, such violation. Chamorro desires to conserve the advantage to his party derived from its control of the government and hence the election machinery, which McCoy would take out of its hands. The Conservatives were, at first, eager for American intervention and went into the Stimson agreement, thinking that it was a move to disarm and defeat the Liberals, that the United States was actually interested in keeping the Conservative Party in power. But now that it has become apparent that the Stimson agreement actually involves protection for the Liberal Party, the Conservatives are placing every obstacle in the way of the smooth working of the intervention they themselves invited. Chamorro's maneuvering also involves his desire to be a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming elections.

But whatever his motives, the Americans are determined to permit no modification of their purposes, to accept

no suggestions from native sources. Chamorro, therefore, has become doubly a trouble-maker in their eyes. A high American official exclaimed to me with exasperation: "Diaz, President Diaz now, has brains. He is a man you can deal with. Chamorro has no brains. He is always breaking his head against stone walls."

To write the history of Chamorro is to write most of the history of Nicaragua since the fall of President José Santos Zelaya, the Liberal Party dictator who came into power in 1893 and fell in 1910. Chamorro was born in Acoyapa, Chontales, in 1871. He first became interested in politics in the early nineties. He participated in the uprising of 1896 and the following year was expelled from the country for four years. Two of those he spent traveling through the rest of Central America, so that he knows the politics of the neighboring republics intimately. In 1899 he returned with an armed expedition to the Atlantic coast, but was captured. In 1903 he participated in another revolt, after which he again left Nicaragua, and in 1909 returned to join in the revolution of Bluefields with his old friend Adolfo Diaz. On the crest of this revolution in 1910 Zelaya was deposed and the Conservative Party was brought into power; it has been kept in power by the United States down to the present, except during the short-lived coalition government of Carlos Solorzano, installed in 1924 with partial American supervision of the elections. Chamorro himself served as President from 1917 to 1921.

I asked General Chamorro what he thought of the 1923 treaties which he signed. He replied: "On the whole, I consider them sound. Certainly they contain many beautiful sentiments. However, as their interpretation and application rest entirely in the hands of Washington, political expediency sometimes dictates these decisions, and the outcome is not always the same or equally just in all cases. They were applied very improperly against me in 1926. When I took over the government in that year the United States refused to recognize me, though it recognized Ibanez in Chile, who came into office in identically the same way and followed the same procedure as myself, a procedure which I considered fulfilled the constitutional requirements."

"What do you think were the motives of the United States? Do you think we have been actuated by purely altruistic motives?"

The General smiled. "The way the United States operates is all a mystery to me; and I presume to all Latin Americans."

It is perhaps equally difficult for the United States to understand Chamorro's procedure. American difficulties in Nicaragua, of course, date from the time when Secretary Knox backed the revolution against Zelaya, but the immediate point of departure for the recent events and America's actual intervention is the coup d'état of Emiliano Chamorro against President Solorzano, when he seized the Loma above Managua in October, 1925, after nearly two months of street-rioting and violence. He remained the power behind the throne, but finally, in January, forced Carlos Solorzano to resign. Sacasa, the Vice-President, in spite of pressure, refused to do so, and secretly fled the country.

The Nicaraguan constitution, adopted under American auspices in 1913, provides in Article 106:

In case of the absolute or temporary lack of a President of the republic, the office of the Chief Executive shall devolve on the Vice-President, and in default of the latter,

on one of the emergency candidates in the order of their election. In the latter case, if Congress is in session, it shall be its duty to authorize the intrustment of the office to the Representative whom it may designate, who must fulfil the requirements for President of the republic.

Of the coup of Chamorro, Mr. Stimson has the following to say ("American Policy in Nicaragua," p. 22 ff.):

The marines . . . were withdrawn on August 4, 1925. Order lasted just three weeks thereafter. The friends of General Chamorro, the defeated extreme Conservative candidate, had been making preparations for trouble. President Solorzano had appointed a coalition Cabinet composed of both Liberals and Conservatives. On August 25, while the Liberal Cabinet and officers were attending a banquet, they were seized and locked up. Thereafter the Chamorro conspiracy rapidly progressed. On October 25 his supporters seized the Loma, the fortress which overlooks the city of Managua, and the possession of which dominates the capital. Vice-President Sacasa and subsequently President Solorzano left the country, claiming to be in fear of their lives. The membership of Congress was reconstituted by expelling eighteen Liberal and moderate Conservative members and their places were filled by adherents of Chamorro. He was then elected by Congress as a designate or substitute for the Presidency and assumed the functions of that office on January 16, 1926.

It might be added that Chamorro also reorganized the Supreme Court, forcing the resignation of three of the five judges—exiling one—and one of the two substitute judges. The spoils system was also carried down through the local governments, and most of the local officials were changed.

As for the coup, the above is the official American interpretation. In part, it is open to question. Chamorro, of course, claims that he was beaten out of the election in 1924, when he was candidate, by fraud in which the American officials acquiesced. Certainly the American officials, though they supervised the elections, made no effort to consider the proofs of fraud presented by Chamorro. Chamorro thereupon retired to his hacienda across the lake from Managua and worked quietly. There is little doubt, however, that he was bitterly scheming to return to power. But that he had a hand in the wanton attack on the Liberal officers is open to doubt. It was staged by a brother-in-law of President Solorzano, a man who later went over to Chamorro. This display of violence aroused the fighting spirit of all parties and was succeeded by street riots and other evidences of disintegration. The American Minister at this time sent word through an intermediary to Chamorro, begging him to attempt to quiet the people. This, to a Latin-American politician, was nothing less than an invitation to seize the power. The Loma came into the hands, subsequently, of elements opposed to Solorzano; Chamorro stepped into the breach, made a deal with these elements in order to avoid bloodshed, and took over the Loma himself in an orderly fashion in October. Here he remained the power behind the throne of the Solorzano Government.

There is every indication that during the two months of disorder American officials, instead of reprimanding Chamorro, leaned upon him in the hope that he might stabilize the situation, and that later the State Department was not ill-pleased with his having seized the Loma and having taken over the real power. Indeed, during those troublous days, the American Minister actually harassed the Solorzano Government, demanding that it sell back the bank and railroad to Wall Street, that it invite American officers to take

charge of the army, that it accept a new and onerous loan, and that it officially request intervention. It was only when he took over the Presidency on January 16, 1926, that America adopted a hostile attitude toward Chamorro. Before taking office Chamorro twice visited the American Legation. He was prepared to act on the fourteenth, but was willing to delay provided the Legation would indicate to him its willingness to have Congress call new elections. He returned on the fifteenth for a reply from Washington. None had come. He took over the Presidency on the following day.

In spite of American refusal to recognize him, Chamorro held his ground against the Liberals for ten months. At this time the marines and the State Department were not pulling well together. The marines were apparently secretly aiding the Chamorro forces. The first Liberal revolution in May was promptly suppressed, but by August America was sending vessels to Bluefields and Corinto. On January 22, 1926, and again on August 27, our Secretary of State sent formal notice to Chamorro, disapproving of his action in violating the 1923 treaties. By October, a year after his *cuartelazo*, the rebel opposition had become pronounced, the attitude of the United States was unyielding. A conference was held aboard the U. S. S. Denver, attended by both Liberals and Conservatives. The Liberal representatives were handpicked. But as a result, on October 30, Chamorro turned over control of the government to the transition President, Senator Uriza, preliminary to the ap-

pointment of Adolfo Diaz, who had been President twice, and who was always amenable to American suggestions. Though the United States was against Chamorro, the marines kept his party in power; his successors were appointed by a Congress completely controlled by him. Chamorro himself was virtually exiled to Europe—as Minister to Rome.

The United States was, at that time, afraid of a Liberal President. Sacasa, the Vice-President under Solorzano, had never relinquished his claim to succeed to the Presidency. The constitution prohibits the President from leaving the country without permission of Congress; this clause does not apply to the Vice-President. Besides, both Solorzano and Sacasa were urged by threats to resign, their houses were constantly fired upon, and finally, in fear of his life, Sacasa slipped out of the country secretly. In the Denver conferences there was no real effort on the part of the United States to restore the status quo before the *cuartelazo*. Our recognition of Diaz, the appointment by him of all three of the Conservative delegates to the conference to Cabinet positions, and the utter ignoring of the elements constituting the earlier Solorzano Government were as great a violation of the Washington treaties as that of Chamorro. Our concern at that time was not justice for Nicaragua but the seating of a puppet President who would do our bidding blindly. We are paying for that mistake now.

[This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Beals from Nicaragua.]

Beauty Instead of Ashes

By ALAIN LOCKE

LIKE a fresh boring through the rock and sand of racial misunderstanding and controversy, modern American art has tapped a living well-spring of beauty, and the gush of it opens up an immediate question as to the possible contribution of the soil and substance of Negro life and experience to American culture and the native materials of art. Are we ever to have more than the simple first products and ground flow of this well-spring, and the fitful spurt of its released natural energies, or is the well-head to be drummed over and its resources conserved and refined to give us a sustained output of more mature products and by-products?

To produce these second-process products is the particular *raison d'être* of a school of Negro poets and artists, and what most of our younger school really mean by an "acceptance of race in art" is the consciousness of this as an artistic task and program. Its group momentum behind the individual talent is largely responsible, I think, for the sudden and brilliant results of our contemporary artistic revival. The art movement in this case happens to coincide with a social one—a period of new stirrings in the Negro mind and the dawning of new social objectives. Yet most Negro artists would repudiate their own art program if it were presented as a reformer's duty or a prophet's mission, and to the extent that they were true artists be quite justified. But there is an ethics of beauty itself; an urgency of the right creative moment. Race materials come to the Negro artist today as much through his being the child of his age as through his being the child of his

race; it is primarily because Negro life is creatively flowing in American art at present that it is the business of the Negro artist to capitalize it in his work. The proof of this is the marked and unusually successful interest of the white writer and artist in Negro themes and materials, not to mention the vogue of Negro music and the conquest of the popular mind through the dance and the vaudeville stage. Indeed in work like that of Eugene O'Neill, Ridgely Torrence, and Paul Green in drama, that of Vachel Lindsay and a whole school of "jazz poets," and that of Du Bose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Carl Van Vechten, and others in fiction, the turbulent warm substance of Negro life seems to be broadening out in the main course of American literature like some distinctive literary Gulf Stream. From the Negro himself naturally we expect, however, the most complete and sustained effort and activity. But just as we are not to restrict the Negro artist to Negro themes except by his own artistic choice and preference, so we are glad that Negro life is an artistic province free to everyone.

The opening up and artistic development of Negro life has come about not only through collaboration but through a noteworthy, though unconscious, division of labor. White artists have taken, as might be expected, the descriptive approach and have opened up first the channels of drama and fiction. Negro artists, not merely because of their more intimate emotional touch but also because of temporary incapacity for the objective approach so requisite for successful drama and fiction, have been more effective

in expressing Negro life in the more subjective terms of poetry and music. In both cases it has been the distinctive and novel appeal of the folk life and folk temperament that has first gained general acceptance and attention; so that we may warrantably say that there was a third factor in the equation most important of all—this folk tradition and temperament. Wherever Negro life colors art distinctively with its folk values we ought, I think, to credit it as a cultural influence, and in the case of Uncle Remus, without discrediting the interpreter, emphasize nevertheless the racial contribution. Only we do this can we see how constant and important a literary and artistic influence Negro life has exerted, and see that the recent developments are only the sudden deepening of an interest which has long been superficial. After generations of comic, sentimental, and *genre* interest in Negro life, American letters have at last dug down to richer treasure in social-document studies like "Birthright" and "Nigger," to problem analysis like "All God's Chillun Got Wings," to a studied but brilliant novel of manners like "Nigger Heaven," and finally to pure tragedy like "Porgy" and "Abraham's Bosom." Negro intellectuals and reformers generally have complained of this artistically important development—some on the score of the defeatist trend of most of the themes, others because of a "peasant, low-life portrayal that misrepresents by omission the better elements of Negro life." They mistake for color prejudice the contemporary love for strong local color, and for condescension the current interest in folk life. The younger Negro artists modernists have the same slant and interest, as is unmistakably shown by Jean Toomer's "Cane," Eric Walrond's "Tropic Death," Rudolph Fisher's and Claude McKay's pungent stories of Harlem, and the group trend of *Fire*, a quarterly recently brought out to be "devoted to younger Negro artists."

These critics further forget how protectively closed the upper levels of Negro society have been, and how stiffly posed they still are before the sociologist's camera. Any artist would turn his back. But in the present fiction of the easily accessible life of the many, the few will eventually find that power of objective approach and self-criticism without which a future school of urbane fiction of Negro life cannot arise. Under these circumstances the life of our middle and upper classes is reserved for later self-expression, toward which Jessie Fauset's "There Is Confusion," Walter White's "Flight," and James Weldon Johnson's "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" are tentative thrusts. Meantime, to develop the technique of objective control, the younger Negro school has almost consciously emphasized three things: realistic fiction, the folk play, and type analysis, and their maturing power in the folk play, the short story, and the *genre* novel promises much for the future.

Though Negro genius does not yet move with full power and freedom in the domain of the novel and the drama, in the emotional mediums of poetry and music it has already attained self-mastery and distinguished expression. It is the popular opinion that Negro expression has always flowed freely in these channels. On the contrary, only recently have our serious artists accepted the folk music and poetry as an artistic heritage to be used for further development, and it is not quite a decade since James Weldon Johnson's "Creation" closed the feud between the "dialect" and the "academic" poets with the brilliant

formula of emancipation from dialect plus the cultivation of racial idiom in imagery and symbolism. Since then a marvelous succession of poets, in a poetry of ever deepening lyric swing and power, have carried our expression in this form far beyond the mid ranks of minor poetry. In less than half a generation we have passed from poetized propaganda and didactic sentiment to truly spontaneous and relaxed lyricism. Fifteen years ago a Negro poet wrote:

The golden lyre's delights bring little grace,
To bless the singer of a lowly race,
But I shall dig me deeper to the gold—
So men shall know me, and remember long
Nor my dark face dishonor any song.

It was a day of apostrophes and rhetorical assertions; Africa and the race were lauded in collective singulars of "thee's" and "thou's." Contrast the emotional self-assurance of contemporary Negro moods in Cullen's

Her walk is like the replica
Of some barbaric dance,
Wherewith the soul of Africa
Is winged with arrogance

and the quiet espousal of race in these lines of Hughes

Dream singers,
Story tellers,
Dancers,
Loud laughers in the hands of Fate,
My people.

It is a curious thing—it is also a fortunate thing—that the movement of Negro art toward racialism has been so similar to that of American art at large in search of its national soul. Padraic Colum's brilliant description of the national situation runs thus: "Her nationality has been a political one, it is now becoming an intellectual one." We might paraphrase this for the Negro and say: His racialism used to be rhetorical, now it is emotional; formerly he sang about his race, now we hear race in his singing.

Happily out of this parallelism much intuitive understanding has come, for the cultural rapprochement of the races in and through art has not been founded on sentiment but upon common interests. The modern recoil from the machine has deepened the appreciation of hitherto despised qualities in the Negro temperament, its hedonism, its nonchalance, its spontaneity; the reaction against oversophistication has opened our eyes to the values of the primitive and the importance of the man of emotions and untarnished instincts; and finally the revolt against conventionality, against Puritanism, has fought a strong ally in the half-submerged paganism of the Negro. With this established reciprocity, there is every reason for the Negro artist to be more of a modernist than, on the average, he yet is, but with each younger artistic generation the alignment with modernism becomes closer. The Negro schools have as yet no formulated aesthetic, but they will more and more profess the new realism, the new paganism, and the new vitalism of contemporary art. Especially in the rediscovery of the senses and the instincts, and in the equally important movement for re-rooting art in the soil of everyday life and emotion, Negro elements, culturally transplanted, have, I think, an important contribution to make to the working out of our national culture.

For the present, Negro art advance has one foot on its own original soil and one foot on borrowed ground. If

it is allowed to make its national contribution, as it should, there is no anomaly in the situation but instead an advantage. It holds for the moment its racialism in solution, ready to pour it into the mainstream if the cultural forces gravitate that way. Eventually, either as a stream or as a separate body, it must find free outlet for its increasing creative energy. By virtue of the concentration of its elements, it seems to me to have greater potentialities than almost any other single contemporary group expression. Negro artists have made a creditable showing, but after all it is the artistic resources of Negro life and experience that give this statement force.

It was once thought that the Negro was a fine minstrel and could be a fair troubadour, but certainly no poet or finished artist. Now that he is, another reservation is supposed to be made. Can he be the commentator, the analyst, the critic? The answer is in process, as we may have shown. The younger Negro expects to attain that mastery of all the estates of art, especially the provinces of social description and criticism, that admittedly mark seasoned cultural maturity rather than flashy adolescence. Self-criticism will put the Negro artist in a position to make a unique contribution in the portrayal of American life, for his own life situations penetrate to the deepest complications possible in our society. Comedy, tragedy, satire of the first order are wrapped up in the race problem, if we can only untie the psychological knot and take off the somber sociological wrappings.

Always I think, or rather hope, the later art of the

Negro will be true to original qualities of the folk temperament, though it may not perpetuate them in readily recognizable form. For the folk temperament raised to the levels of conscious art promises more originality and beauty than any assumed or imitated class or national or clique psychology available. Already our writers have renewed the race temperament (to the extent there is such a thing) by finding a new pride in it, by stripping it of caricaturish stereotypes, and by partially compensating its acquired inferiority complexes. It stands today, one would say, in the position of the German temperament in Herder's day. There is only one way for it to get any further—to find genius of the first order to give it final definiteness of outline and animate it with creative universality. A few very precious spiritual gifts await this releasing touch, gifts of which we are barely aware—a technique of mass emotion in the arts, a mysticism that is not ascetic and of the cloister, a realism that is not sordid but shot through with homely, appropriate poetry. One wonders if in these sublimated and precious things anyone but the critic with a half-century's focus will recognize the folk temperament that is familiar today for its irresistibly sensuous, spontaneously emotional, affably democratic and naive spirit. Scarcely. But that is the full promise of Negro art as inner vision sees it. That inner vision cannot be doubted or denied for a group temperament that, instead of souring under oppression and becoming materialistic and sordid under poverty, has almost invariably been able to give America honey for gall and create beauty out of the ashes.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
April 7

PERHAPS the country has grown callous to Republican corruption. Perhaps the scandals of the Harding Administration have rendered it insensible to the scandals of the Coolidge Administration. Perhaps this explains the curious indifference which the daily press has maintained toward the shocking disclosures of chicanery, trickery, and lying which have attended the Senate investigation of the circumstances under which the prosecution of the Bread Trust was dropped. Or it may be that this indifference arises from the tender solicitude which the Washington correspondents habitually harbor for honest Calvin and his appointees. At any rate, the fact is that three of the leading members of the Administration have been detected in a conspiracy to shelter a company which they had previously charged with violating the law, and one of

them has subsequently been caught red-handed in an effort to deceive the committee which was investigating his part in the transaction. In any period except the present one of utter apathy toward official misconduct, only speedy resignation would save these officials from impeachment.

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MENTION of their names will startle nobody. Abram F. Myers was a young lawyer in the Department of Justice until Harry Daugherty made him an Assistant Attorney General. While occupying that position he participated in the shady transaction herein described. Subsequently (as a reward for it?) President Coolidge elevated him to membership on the Federal Trade Commission. William E. Humphrey also served under Daugherty. He relinquished that congenial employment to become a lobbyist in Washington for the lumber interests. Mr. Coolidge then appointed him chairman of the Federal Trade Commission—an office which might in time require him to investigate the practices of his former employers! Without the slightest attempt at concealment, he promptly set out to wreck the commission. The third member of the trio is John Garibaldi Sargent, noted as the leading lawyer of Ludlow, Vermont (population 1,900), until his friend the President made him Attorney General of the United States. Whether Sargent is ludicrously too small for his job, or whether he was put there to nullify the anti-trust laws, is



canery, trickery, and lying which have attended the Senate investigation of the circumstances under which the prosecution of the Bread Trust was dropped. Or it may be that this indifference arises from the tender solicitude which the Washington correspondents habitually harbor for honest Calvin and his appointees. At any rate, the fact is that three of the leading members of the Administration have been detected in a conspiracy to shelter a company which they had previously charged with violating the law, and one of

a question on which Washingtonians differ. They agree, however, on the result.

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THE late Senator La Follette informed the Senate and the country in 1924 that the Continental Baking Company, having acquired control of sixteen of its competitors and being in process of acquiring others, appeared fairly on its way to a monopoly of the nation's bread supply. In obedience to a Senate resolution, the Federal Trade Commission investigated and filed a complaint, charging a violation of the Clayton Act. However, the commission under Humphrey kept the complaint secret, gave the Continental several months in which to answer it, and granted private hearings to its officers. Under cover of this secrecy and delay, the Continental acquired nine additional bakeries, bringing its total to twenty-five. Presently it attempted a still greater merger with four of its leading competitors. Thereupon the Department of Justice filed suit in the Federal Court at Baltimore, asking for the dissolution, not only of the latest proposed merger but of the Continental's previous mergers. The suit was handled by Assistant Attorney General Myers.

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MYSTERIOUS negotiations ensued among Myers, Chairman Humphrey, and Chief Counsel Hainer of the Trade Commission and attorneys for the Continental. As a result, a majority of the commission voted late one afternoon to dismiss its complaint against the Continental. Commissioner Nugent protested without avail. His request for forty-eight hours in which to study the proposal was denied. The reason assigned by the majority for dismissing the complaint was that the Continental was being prosecuted by the Department of Justice and that two proceedings constituted double jeopardy. On the following morning Myers and the Continental lawyers appeared in the Federal Court at Baltimore and presented to Judge Soper a consent decree, already drawn up and ready to be signed, which ordered the dissolution of the latest proposed merger, but dismissed the suit against the previous Continental mergers on the ground that a complaint against that company was pending before the Federal Trade Commission! Judge Soper signed the decree, and the Continental thus went scot free.

* * * * *

THE facts leaked out, and the Senate voted for an investigation by the Judiciary Committee, which was intrusted to a subcommittee composed of Senators Walsh of Montana, Borah, and Deneen. Their inquiry disclosed that there had been a deliberate deal whereby the Continental obtained immunity for its previous offenses in return for its consent to abandon the latest proposed offense. It was found that Hainer had acted as an intermediary between the Continental and Chairman Humphrey in arranging for the dismissal, that Commissioners Nugent and Thompson were kept in ignorance of the negotiations, and that the lawyer who had prepared the commission's case had not been consulted. The subcommittee found that Myers was fully aware of the dismissal when he presented the decree which stated that the complaint was still pending. Finally, it was learned that Attorney General Sargent had been consulted about the transaction and had not opposed it. Summoned to explain, Myers told the subcommittee that he had attempted to inform Judge Soper fully of the dis-

missal of the complaint, but had been brusquely interrupted by the judge, who declined to hear explanations or to accept any responsibility, and summarily terminated the hearing by signing the decree, in order to depart on a vacation. Myers produced a carbon copy of a letter which he said he had sent Judge Soper afterward, stating that he "distinctly remembered" having apprised the judge of the dismissal.

* * * * *

WHEN Judge Soper, a jurist of unblemished reputation, heard of these aspersions, he hastened before the subcommittee to refute them, and he made a thorough job of it. He asserted flatly that Myers did not apprise him of the dismissal of the complaint by the commission. Half a dozen witnesses who had been in the courtroom corroborated his testimony. He declared that he did not expedite the hearing, but, on the contrary, exercised unusual care to see that the proceedings were in proper order. Again the witnesses corroborated him. He showed by his docket that he did not depart on a vacation, but continued to hold court all of that day and through ten succeeding days. Finally, he produced the original of Myers's letter to him, in which the writer, instead of stating that he "distinctly remembered," stated that he "had an impression," but was unwilling to trust his memory.

* * * * *

IN his final appearance before the subcommittee, Myers, assuming a manner reminiscent of William J. Burns, brazenly admitted that he "didn't give a damn what kind of a case the commission had against the Continental." This was already obvious, because it had been shown that he had made no effort to acquaint himself with the evidence which the commission's agents had painstakingly gathered over a period of several months. Receding from his previous claim that he had told Judge Soper about the dismissal, he asserted that "it is immaterial whether I did or not." As to the discrepancy between the original of his letter and the spurious "copy," he told a strange tale of mistakes on the part of his stenographer—which that frightened young woman tremblingly confirmed. It seemed that Myers had written one letter, and then destroyed it to write another, and that the carbon of the first letter had been filed by mistake, and by another mistake had been submitted to the committee. It was an odd coincidence that the carbon submitted by mistake conformed perfectly to Myers's original testimony, while the copy subsequently produced as the genuine was at variance with his testimony.

* * * * *

THE latest chapter in this astonishing narrative of jugglery, trickery, evasion, and plain lying is not the least interesting. Neatly whitewashed, the Continental has gone blithely on its way, gobbling up bakeries at the rate of one or two a week, until at last report it had acquired a total of ninety-three. Yet it remains secure and unmolested by those two departments of the Government which charged it with having violated the law by the acquisition of a mere twenty-five! President Coolidge has raised Myers to membership in the Federal Trade Commission. Supported by this fragrant record, and blessed with Presidential approval, he and Humphrey sit solemnly upon great cases involving alleged combinations in restraint of trade! The more one sees of Mr. Coolidge's appointments, the more one is inclined to feel that Harding, Daugherty, and Fall have been grossly maligned.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER went with a friend the other evening to an amateur violin recital. The Drifter knew nothing about it in advance except that his friend was to be one of five persons who gathered weekly to play together at the home of the organizer of the group. When the Drifter and his friend arrived they were shown into a large parlor where the musicians were tuning up and an audience of half a dozen was waiting. There was a little typewritten program bearing in one corner the words "1209th Meeting." When the Drifter saw that he pricked up his ears at once and made further inquiries. Yes, it was true. The meeting was the twelve hundred and ninth gathering of the group or club—at least of the two brothers who constituted its nucleus. For some thirty years these two had been getting together once a week, except in summer time, inviting certain others—a more changeable group—to take part with them.

* * * * *

THE tuning-up ended and the players began on the score. One of the brothers, the leader, played the 'cello and the other a viola. The Drifter's friend furnished another viola and there were two violins. None of the players had practiced the program much, if at all, in advance, and it was good, solid music—Beethoven, Brahms, and Dvorak, if the Drifter recalls it aright. So the players stopped from time to time to go back over a passage or to discuss how a certain part should be done. The audience, all members of the family except the Drifter, followed the score closely and critically and added suggestions in regard to interpretation. After the playing was over, all adjourned to another room and relaxed from serious music into light conversation over the supper table.

* * * * *

WHERE did this happen? Certainly not in New York City, all the Drifter's readers will agree. That is the kind of thing that never can happen in New York City. The restless, changeable, crowded life of the metropolis leaves no room for it. Yet the Drifter testifies that it did happen in New York—not in a foreign quarter either, but on the upper West Side. And the two brothers are native Americans of English stock! The Drifter has always found it thus. It is precisely those things that never can happen in New York City which one is continually discovering there. The great city has its overtones and its undertones, and the oddity and integrity of the latter give substance to the drama of the metropolis, compensating for much that is tawdry and trivial and tosh.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hoch Hoover!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From *The Nation*, Jim Reed, Mr. Brand of Ohio, and other disinterested persons I have learned that Herbert Hoover is responsible for practically everything that has happened in the last twenty years. The farmers' troubles, unemployment, the coal mess, the oil mess—in one way or another Hoover is

responsible for everything. Will Hays has said he is for Hoover, and Will Hays wangled a lot of money from Sinclair; therefore, Hoover is responsible for Teapot Dome. Q. E. D. But what if Hays suddenly said he was for Norman Thomas? Probably Hoover would be back of that. No one, so far as I know, has yet said that Hoover forged the Zinoviev letter, but I wouldn't be surprised. It is clear that Hoover should be President. The trouble with our Presidents lately has been that they could get nothing done. Wilson could not get the League of Nations; Harding could not keep the oil leases; and Coolidge. . . . We need as President a man so annoying to his opponents that they take extension courses in ancient history and fiction-writing to defeat him. Vote for Hoover.

Merced, California, April 4

CORNELIA MORAN

Dr. Sun and Maurice William

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Sun Yat-sen's book "San Min Chu I" seems to be under the impression that Sun Yat-sen was a Marxian. He points out the conflict in Dr. Sun's mind "between Confucius and Marx," and observes: "Henry George as well as Karl Marx colored Dr. Sun's mind." But Dr. Sun definitely and unequivocally broke with Marxian socialism, repudiated it, and proved it to be inapplicable to Chinese conditions. Dr. Sun said in this very book: "But in China, where industry is not yet developed, class war and the dictatorship of the proletariat are unnecessary. So today we can take Marx's ideas as a guide, but we cannot make use of his methods. . . . Class war is not the cause of social progress; it is a disease developed in the course of social progress." On what ground did Dr. Sun repudiate Marxianism? He himself tells us (pages 382-383):

Our Kuomintang has been advocating the Principle of Livelihood for over twenty years; we have not championed socialism but the Min-sheng Principle. Are the spheres of these two doctrines in any way related? Recently an American disciple of Marx, named William, after making a deep study of Marx's philosophy, came to the conclusion that the disagreement between fellow-socialists is due to defects in the Marxian doctrines. He sets forth the view that the materialistic conception of history is wrong; that the social problem, not material forces, is the center which determines the course of history, and that subsistence is the heart of the social problem. This social interpretation of history he believes is the only reasonable one. The problem of livelihood is the problem of subsistence. The new theory of this American scholar tallies exactly with the third principle of our party. William's theory means that livelihood is the central force in social progress, and that social progress is the central force in history; hence the struggle for a living and not material forces determines history.

But who is this "American scholar" William, on whom Dr. Sun leans so heavily? The translator thought it was Whiting Williams; in fact it is Dr. Maurice William, author of "The Social Interpretation of History—A Refutation of the Marxian Economic Interpretation of History." The book was published in 1921 by an obscure publishing firm, but was extensively reviewed. John Dewey in his book "Human Nature and Conduct" refers to it; a German translation was brought out in Berlin, with an introduction by Oswald Spengler.

The Kuomintang is seeking to reconstruct China on the basis of Sun Yat-sen's Three People's Principles, which, as we have seen, were greatly influenced by the views developed in William's "Social Interpretation of History." Bolshevism will never make any headway in China so long as the Kuomintang remains loyal to Dr. Sun and his principles.

New York, March 19

JOSEPH ELLNER

The Webbs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the present year Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb keep a joint seventieth birthday, and it is proposed to celebrate this event by securing the painting of a joint portrait of them. The range of interests and activities covered by them has secured for them the respect and affection of people of many different ways of thinking. We hope that through your columns we may bring this project to the notice of many who otherwise might not hear of it. It is proposed that the portrait shall be placed in the new Founders' Room at the London School of Economics, which, among the many creations of the Webbs, holds perhaps a peculiar place in their affections. Sir Josiah Stamp has consented to act as honorary treasurer of the fund and checks for the portrait may be sent to him at the School of Economics.

C. S. ADDIS

W. H. BEVERIDGE

HALDANE

GILBERT MURRAY

G. BERNARD SHAW

ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

VIOLET MARKHAM

HERBERT SAMUEL

J. C. STAMP

GRAHAM WALLAS

London, England, March 27

Contributors to This Issue

STUART CHASE is director of The Labor Bureau, Inc., and coauthor of "Your Money's Worth."

CARLETON BEALS, the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino, has recently returned to Mexico City from Nicaragua.

ALAIN LOCKE is editor of the *New Negro*.

EZRA POUND, an American poet living in Italy, is the author of "Personae: Collected Poems."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN reviews fiction regularly for *The Nation*.

ROBERT FROST is the author of "North of Boston," "New Hampshire," and other volumes of verse.

JOHN COTTON DANA is librarian of the Newark Public Library.

JOHN DEWEY is the distinguished American philosopher.

GEORGE GENZMER is on the staff of the Dictionary of American Biography.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

JOHAN SMERTENKO is a New York critic and student of criticism.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

V. L. PARRINGTON is the author of "Main Currents in American Thought."

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the City College of New York.

ANITA BRENNER has lived most of her life in Mexico, and has contributed a number of articles on Mexican life and art to *The Nation*.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Mohammed."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY is a prominent critic of the drama and the cinema.



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International Relations Section

Russia Wants to Disarm!

THE speech of M. Litvinov, chairman of the Soviet delegation to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva, read by him at the meeting on March 19 last appears below.

The Soviet draft convention for general, complete, and immediate disarmament, sent by the delegation of the USSR to the general secretary of the League of Nations a month ago, is entirely based upon those main theses presented by the Soviet delegation at the fourth session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in November, last.

I have the honor to draw the attention of this commission to the fact that the draft convention provides for land, naval, and air forces in all states to be put into a condition not later than one year from its coming into force rendering it difficult to employ them for warlike purposes, thus considerably limiting the possibilities of armed conflicts even before the carrying out of complete disarmament. . . .

I venture to remind the commission that no attempts to give serious consideration to the Soviet proposals were made at its fourth session. During the extremely brief discussion of this question not a single serious argument against the Soviet proposal nor any practical criticism of it was put forward. The Soviet delegation is naturally unable to accept as criticism such remarks as have been heard, to wit: that the Soviet draft convention is "too simple," or that, even if complete disarmament were accomplished, the peoples would all the same fight among themselves in disarmed and disorganized masses, with sticks, pen-knives, fists, etc.

The cautious attitude and the refusal to discuss our proposals at the fourth session of the commission displayed by the other delegations may partly be explained by the novelty and unexpectedness of the Soviet proposals, although attempts were made to cast doubts even upon the novelty of our proposal. Mr. Benes, I seem to remember, referred to a Norwegian proposal similar to ours supposed to have been made to the League of Nations. I took the trouble to verify this statement, but was unable to find any traces whatsoever among the materials of the League of Nations, including those with which the disarmament section of the League was so kind as to furnish me at my special request, of any proposals for general and complete disarmament.

At the third commission of the League in 1924 the Norwegian delegation mentioned wishes expressed by the Inter-parliamentary Committee regarding the reduction of war budgets by one-half in the course of ten years. Even this was qualified by the stipulation that war expenditure incurred by individual states under the Covenant of the League of Nations should not be included in war budgets subject to reduction. There was not a word as to the abolition of the other half of war budgets or anything whatsoever about the reduction of armed forces and materials for war. The Danish delegation, referring to the Inter-Parliamentary Committee, expressed a desire for the reduction of land armed forces in all countries, in accordance with the resolutions of the Saint-Germain Peace Treaty, i. e., allowing each state the right to keep an army of 5,000 per million inhabitants, and naval forces in accordance with the Versailles Treaty, i. e., 2,000 or 4,000 metric tons per million inhabitants. According to these calculations the USSR, for example, would be entitled to an army of almost 735,000, which would be an increase of 175,000 to its present standing army, and 200,000 metric tons to its navy, while China would be entitled to a standing army of something like two million. Such have been the most radical ideas with regard to disarma-

ment so far expressed in the League of Nations. I say "ideas," for none of these have been crystallized in the form of proposals or resolutions or made the object of serious discussion. Lord Esher's plan, aspiring only toward the reduction of land and air armed forces, had also nothing in common with the idea of complete, general disarmament. It may therefore be considered irrefutable that the proposal for complete, general disarmament has been put in a definite form before the League of Nations, and indeed brought into the sphere of international relations, for the first time, and the USSR will always be proud to call this initiative their own. If, however, I dwell upon this point it is from no motives of mere sentiment, but because it seems to me that in certain League of Nations circles an erroneous conception exists that the Soviet delegation is wasting the Preparatory Disarmament Commission's time on proposals already discussed and rejected by the League. Such an erroneous conception, unless corrected, might react unfavorably on the further procedure with regard to our proposal.

The Soviet delegation, anxious that it was to speed up the consideration of its draft convention and thus bring nearer the beginning of real disarmament, nevertheless agreed to the postponement of the consideration of its proposals until the fifth (current) session, bearing in mind their novelty and desirous to give an opportunity for all members of the commission and their governments to make themselves ready for their practical consideration. With this aim the Soviet delegation provided the general secretary of the League of Nations with the draft convention, accompanied by an explanatory note, a month before the beginning of the fifth session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, for dispatch to the respective governments, and now considers itself entitled to insist on the practical consideration of its proposals without further delay.

The Soviet delegation considers it essential once more to emphasize the fact that nothing but the fulfilment of the convention for general, simultaneous, and complete disarmament, proposed by the USSR Government, is capable of solving in a satisfactory manner the problem of general security and peace. This would also in itself solve a series of other vexed international problems, such as the freedom of the seas, and so on. At the same time the execution of the Soviet scheme would not come up against the difficulties inevitably connected with partial disarmament. By way of example I would cite the matter of control, for it is perfectly obvious that it must be infinitely easier to control total, than partial, disarmament.

I would further emphasize the fact that the basis of disarmament as proposed by the Soviet delegation, being uniform and applicable to all states, is therefore the most equitable and the least likely to arouse opposition from individual states. It is precisely this, in my opinion, which constitutes the obvious simplicity of our proposal, although, strange to say, some of its opponents have endeavored to make an added objection of this very simplicity. . . .

The Soviet delegation therefore considers it indispensable that general discussion should result in a reply—not merely theoretical but quite clear and definite—being given to the questions: Does the Preparatory Disarmament Commission accept the principle of general disarmament during the period mentioned in the convention? And does it accept the proposal as to that rate of disarmament which would make war impossible in a year's time? The Soviet delegation considers that all other delegations and their governments have had time enough, if they cared to, to study both the underlying idea of the Soviet proposal and the draft convention in its finished form.

During the three and a half months which have elapsed since the fourth session of the Preliminary Disarmament Commission the Soviet delegation has had ample opportunity to convince itself that the idea of complete disarmament has been met and accepted with enthusiasm by the broadest masses of

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both hemispheres and by all progressive and peace-loving elements in human society. The innumerable addresses and resolutions of sympathy from labor parties and multifarious organizations, groups, and societies from all parts of the world which I am still receiving testify, among other things, to this. I will not impose upon your attention with an enumeration of all of these, but will venture to read only one—a collective address I received here a few days ago, signed by representatives in thirteen countries of 124 organizations (chiefly women's) whose total membership runs into many millions. This document, showing as it does the lively response among women evoked by the Soviet proposals, derives special importance from the extension of women's political rights now proceeding in many countries. Their declaration is as follows:

On behalf of the growing world opinion, embodied in the organizations which we represent, we gratefully welcome the courageous proposals of the Soviet Government for complete and general disarmament, and note with satisfaction that they are to be discussed in detail by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at its next meeting on March 15.

Being convinced that these proposals represent the will of the great mass of people in every country who are determined to make an end of war, and that, where the will exists, practical means can be realized for giving it effect, we urge with all the strength at our command that the members of the commission should examine the Russian proposals with the utmost care, and with the determination to place before the International Disarmament Conference, when it meets, some concrete scheme for the complete disarmament of the world within a definite period of time.

This document bears 163 signatures of the secretaries of the respective organizations. . . .

Mere theoretical discussions and arguments about disarmament no longer meet the case—it is time to take practical steps toward the realization of disarmament. It seems to me there has been more than enough of discussion of disarmament. I shall venture to furnish members of the commission with a few data, from which it will be seen that, as well as the General Assemblies of the League of Nations and the Council of the League, the thirty-eight sessions of which occupied themselves with the question of disarmament, not less than fourteen different commissions and other League organs devoted over 120 sessions—not sittings, mark you, but sessions—to this question of disarmament, on which 111 resolutions have been passed by General Assemblies of the League and the Council of the League alone. Turning to the results of this vast quantity of work, documentation of which has taken reams of paper, we are forced to the conclusion that not a single real step has been taken toward the realization of disarmament. The Soviet delegation considers that an end should be put to a situation which may discredit the very idea of disarmament. It would be loath for its proposals to serve merely for the multiplication of commissions and subcommissions or other organs, which would simply add to the existing resolutions with the same negligible results which have so far been achieved. The Soviet Government has not sent its delegation to Geneva for this sort of work. Absorbed in the vast problem of rebuilding an enormous state with a population of 150 millions on entirely new principles, and in the creation of a new social-economic structure in the face of the open opposition of the whole of the rest of the world and in the most unfavorable circumstances, it would never have turned aside from this work if its attitude to the problem of peace were not everything that is serious, practical, and sincere, and if this problem were not the keystone of its whole policy. In this connection I may be permitted to mention by way of illustration of the Soviet Government's serious attitude to the questions under discussion here the fact that although it did not take part in the League of Nations' Conference which passed the protocol for the prohibition of the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and of bacteriological

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methods of warfare, only adhering to the latter at the last session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, it was one of the states (three in all) to ratify this protocol, still unfortunately a dead letter owing to its non-ratification by other states, the majority of which are members of the League.

We are aware that shallow persons and equally shallow press organs pretend to see inconsistency between the peace-loving proposals of the Soviet Government and the maintenance and improvement of the red army. As a matter of fact, the USSR already has a smaller army, not to mention its navy, than any other state in proportion to its population and the extent of its frontiers, while if we consider individual security—the favorite theme of this Assembly—it must be admitted that Soviet Russia is in a less favorable position than any other state. It has almost the whole of the world against it, in unconcealed hostility to the new state. A glance at the press of any country on any day full of attacks, inventions, and libels on the USSR will serve to show the extent of this hostility. A number of countries have to this day not recognized the existence of the Soviet Government, already in its eleventh year, and non-recognition can only be construed as an act of hostility. But even those countries recognizing the Soviet state not infrequently indulge with a few exceptions in hostile manifestations which are often grave tests of the patience and peaceableness of the Soviet Government. The new Soviet state has seen its territory invaded by foreign troops which caused detriment to the state from the results of which it has not yet recovered. A part of the territory of the former Russian empire, the population of which unmistakably aspires toward the Soviet Union, is still occupied by foreign troops, preventing it from exercising its rights of self-determination. All this notwithstanding, the red army has remained during the ten years of its existence, and will continue to remain, exclusively a weapon of defense. The USSR does not require an army or a navy for any other purposes. . . .

In any case, the Soviet Government has declared and still declares through its delegation in Geneva that it is ready to abolish all the military forces of the Union in accordance with its draft convention as soon as a similar decision is passed and simultaneously carried out by the other states. The Soviet Government declares once more that it is ready for this, and asks the other governments represented here if they also are ready.

The Soviet Government expects a reply to this question at the present session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at which all the bigger states are represented. No sub-commissions or any other auxiliary organs, in fact no body of a lesser composition and authority than the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, can give an answer. . . .

The proposals formulated by myself in two questions are so clear as neither to demand nor admit of preliminary diplomatic negotiations and conversations between different countries and groups of countries.

In conclusion I will venture once more to repeat the two main questions underlying our proposals:

1. Does the commission agree to base its further labors on the principle of complete disarmament during the period proposed by us? and

2. Is it prepared so to carry out the first stage of disarmament as to make the conduct of war, if not an absolute impossibility, of extreme difficulty in a year's time?

Only when unequivocal and affirmative replies have been given to these questions will it be possible to enter upon the detailed consideration of the Soviet draft convention. . . .

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Spring Book Section

Where Is American Culture?

By EZRA POUND

NOT only have the citizens of the United States shown a displeasing and exaggerated incapacity to maintain the civic institutions so nicely contrived and offered them by their forerunners, but we do not, now, in any save matters of flat and immediate utilities, find even that capacity for intelligent individual opportunism which has been known to exist in other times and places, even when the government was as trivial and malfeasant as our own.

Mr. Coolidge has acted as a corrective to certain Wilsonian excesses, but we now find the whole press saying voluminously and with diverse phrasing: "The Republican leaders are in despair because they cannot find a real and complete robot to succeed Mr. Coolidge, thus perfecting the American state as we conceive it." Elaboration of which considerations is off the main line of my discourse. The state of our government is a dreary and not a diverting subject. It is not funny, and the duty of the citizen is to build up so strong a force of hate against such maladministration that repetition cannot occur.

Outside of government we have enlightened opportunism exemplified in Henry Ford. This is admirable as far as it goes, but Ford's world is the world of the hired man. Ford himself is the hired man, raised to the thousandth degree, a titanic but by no means gargantuan figure, a revolutionist to such degree that the bickering of impotent reds concerning him is almost comic. If Marconi made the initial success of the Russian revolution possible, its continuance probably rests on Mr. Ford's shoulders. But where does this get us? For everything above comfortable brute existence there is a vacuum.

Obviously for any one as good in his own line as Mr. Ford, the local trade in cultural sawdust is inefficient to the point of raising his ridicule. A meeting of Ford, Edison, Burroughs, Burbank has in it a mental potential so much higher than that of the local ladies' cultural *bund* that no one, certainly not Mr. Ford, can be expected to direct his curiosity to the sawdust.

It is not the failure in culture of Americans who are doing something totally non-cultural but the utter inefficiency of those who do make a try at cultural activities that I am trying to "feature." Neither is it the "joke," as an active confrere puts it, of "one hundred million morons trying to start a civilization and utterly failing." The 100,000,000 are otherwise occupied, but there is an enormous annual outpouring of wealth toward an alleged cultural objective. A number of American individuals have tried to do something "fer kulchah," and so far as I know no one has tabulated the ratio of splurge to result in the case of these grandiose schemes conducted at so great expense and with such startling incapacity.

BRIEF TABULATION OF TYPICAL CASES

The Carnegie Libraries: Their defect is a lack of provision for the selection of books. No attempt is made to secure efficient transmission of knowledge to the serious reader via the system as a whole; or to have good syntheses

made for the purpose of "vulgarization." And there is no provision for the serious student at all.

I mean that at twenty-two, stranded in Devil's Island, Indiana, I could make some use of the local Carnegie Library, but that at forty it would probably be utterly useless to me. So far as I know no attempt has been made to institute an exchange system between branches, such as exists between all university libraries in Germany, and all state libraries in Italy, by which the qualified worker anywhere can get any book owned by any of the libraries.

The superficial danger of a central selecting committee is said to be "standardization of knowledge." The practical danger of this is probably small, but in any case with an exchange system the Carnegie foundation could by now have had an unique collection of books. I mean they could have had every known book save ancient incunabulae and things extant only in single manuscripts. They could and can by cooperation cover the expenses of printing any new book needed in any particular field, merely by subscribing for a few hundred copies.

The foundation could have been creative as well as collective. It could have brought more efficient books into being, an enormous quantity, in fact, of better books of reference and information, and even encouraged contemporary belles lettres. Which latter it never has.

Tackle any member of a local Carnegie board on the subject of selection and he makes a trivial and fundamentally irrelevant answer. He says the people "don't read the good books, they want only light fiction." That is to say, he judges the consumption by quantity, by the number of times a book goes out, not by the amount of change it causes in the mind of the reader. Every book with a content leaves the reader permanently more competent than he was before reading it.

The Curtis Musical Foundation: This is much younger, much more definitely "constructive" in aim. There has been an enormous outlay and, so far as I know, the record of one comparatively small expenditure on one composer of distinction. That is a definite laurel leaf for the institution, but the whole musical situation in America is not as rosy as it is painted.

America is supposed to be the paradise of musicians. It buys a heavy percentage of all the best and superbest standard and superstandard repeaters. But the performer who wants to present music having some tendency to alter standards, to stretch the repertoire of accepted "concert stuff," does not have an easy time. And when we come to the life blood of a nation's musical life, actual composition on the spot, America answers: NIL.

There is the great hoorah over jazz; and when one does hear a good piece it turns out to be the quasi-anonymous tango of some unknown non-American writer. The modern dance forms offer magnificent opportunity for short composition, I mean for work as good as one finds in folk song or in minuets. But only in a very few tangos has a fair result been obtained: there are few pieces that will be worth some-

one's while to collect in a century's time and put in the permanent anthology.

The Juilliard Foundation: One knows of no useful act committed by it. It has the bacilli of our university system—examinations, competent pupils, and strict avoidance of anything as heretical as the creative impulse.

The Morgan Library: This is almost the finest example of misapprehension on my list. Morgan was rivaling the Medici and Malatesta Novello, but for once he missed the point. He gathered priceless treasure, all dead. Manuscripts of great poems everywhere available in print, in cheap editions, in editions de luxe. He was the stupendous patron. A sycophantic journalist holds up for admiration the fact of Morgan's marvelous flair for money value—how he bought cheap, or even at great price, items that would "go up in value." As Morgan did so instinctively and as matter of habit he is not to be scorned on this account. But Morgan missed the point—at least if he thought he was being the Lorenzo and Malatesta de Cesena of this era. True, the Malatesta spent money they could ill afford on manuscripts, but these manuscripts were not then in print and the manuscripts of the Malatesta served as copy for Aldus, and so let loose a flood of unknown matter upon contemporary buyers of Aldines. Morgan to equal this action would have had not only to maintain active workers, translators, printers, but to find such items as an unpublished work of Voltaire or a lost play of Christopher Marlowe.

I am not being severe in this judgment. I naturally have no great sympathy for a man who had no contact with contemporary letters or art, but my treatment of him is fair and my comparison is perfectly just. The prototype of the Morgan collection is neither the Malatestine nor the Medici library, but the collection of saints' bones and metal caskets enshrined in Mouselice. We may want a civilization, but the personnel is still deficient; though perhaps the would-be patrons manage to come successively nearer the mark.

The Barnes Foundation: Mr. Barnes made a laudable effort; in his case we have a man personally concerned with what he is doing, not merely leaving it to underlings. He has produced by far the most intelligent book on painting that has ever appeared in America. He lives, presumably, in a state of high-tension hysteria, at war with mankind. But he has produced an admirable book, he does know something about Renoir. His book ought to help people to see a picture when they look at it. He has, I suppose, an admirable collection; but it is not produced in America. He has gathered a small group of helpers, but they are teachers merely; so far as one knows he wants to found a method of teaching art, not to cause art to exist on the spot. At any rate one hears no report of his having initiated American painting, or of his having American painters at work, or of his improving the quality of American production, though that may be his ultimate aim, and his pedagogy may (or may not) conduce thereto.

The Guggenheim Foundation: This is the most generously planned foundation of all. It sets out with the most admirable professed intentions, and it is perhaps early to condemn it, but unless it undergoes radical change in tone one cannot see that it has any chance of success as a fosterer of the arts. It will doubtless allocate fellowships in scientific and philological research with maximum competence. But you cannot expect professors to pick a winner among creative artists and writers. There is no known

practitioner of any art on its selecting committee, and without that it is as useless for promoting creative work as I should be for picking winners on a Kentucky race track. I don't wish to imply any personal agreement with the contemporary standards of writing in America, but I should prefer a young writer picked by Cabell to one picked by the local high school, or one picked by Sinclair Lewis to one picked by the local professor of English.

The American dilemma is between men like Ford who manage a partial scheme of life excellently and the other kind who have more scope but manage it with lamentable inefficiency.

An immediate obstacle lies in the faith in filing systems and in the bureaucracy. This latter fester attacks not only civic government but "institutions"—universities, etc. The American millionaire is not interested primarily in civilization, i.e., in any system of life comparable to that of Pericles, or to that offered let us say to Bassinio in Rimini. When badgered into doing something about those arts or this high-brow stuff, he hands it on to a committee.

The first committee may have a "live wire" in its composition, it probably has the man who wrung the endowment out of the "patron," but it soon falls into the hands of the professor or the fonctionnaire. The latter has the eunuch's jealousy of Don Juan. He also wants a soft seat and no disturbance. The pragmatic Alberti long ago advised young painters to have good manners, and added: Thereby you will often get a job that is denied to a better painter who is lacking in courtesy.

It is not that I am a crank; it is simply that the American millionaire is not serious in this matter of the arts. When he wants a thing done in his own world he does precisely what ought to be done. For example, Hetty Green's offspring is interested in aviation. What does he do? He does for the airplane exactly what the best patrons of art have always done for art. He does it unerringly. "Come down to my place, I'll grub-stake you. All the appliances are there for experiment. If you discover anything the profits are yours."

Who are we to force upon these people an ideal alien to their sensibilities?

A museum is a sarcophagus. A museum is alive only at one phase of civilization, i.e., during the first revolt against some utter wreck, the first stirring of sentient men amid a barbarism or among debris. Kept on after that phase the museum is a confession of failure, a confession of incapacity to make any new unit comparable to that from which the fragments have been collected. The British Museum, as distinct from its library, is the grave of English mentality; the South Kensington Museum with its old furniture is the last funereal dirge of British life. We may still need a few museums in America, but it is atrophic to regard them with more than tolerance; they are there as a property room, or as a dictionary. Only the half-dead can mistake them for the play, or the book, or the aim of a civilization.

[Events too recent to have come to Mr. Pound's attention—notably the Guggenheim appointments and the selection of John Erskine as head of the Juilliard Foundation—may have altered the situation described above. Whether or not this is so, the article as a whole is to be taken as an expression of Mr. Pound's personal opinion on the subjects discussed.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Whole Duty of the Young Novelist

By CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

HOW can one plot and determine the course of a literary movement? When can it be said to be ended?

In a previous article I expressed the not particularly original opinion that the phase of the American novel which began with the towering figure of Theodore Dreiser reached its climactic with "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Babbitt" and is now coming to a significantly inglorious close with Mr. Louis Bromfield and the Lethean remnants of the prairie fictioneers, those who are now winning all the five-thousand-dollar prizes—the jackals' spoils after the lions have departed. That great American novel-eruption which blew the late Stuart P. Sherman out of his critical wits and landed Mr. Mencken into an incongruously large editorial chair is probably spitting its last lava. Mr. Anderson is editing, with great credit to himself, a country newspaper. Mr. Dreiser is expressing his views on Russia and is being regarded with amusement by Mr. J. P. Morgan's experts. Mr. Lewis publishes a sketch in the *American Mercury* which with great skill proves that the conversation of a certain Mr. Schmaltz is an unutterable bore after the second page. Mr. Mencken's renowned periodical is the sole support of half the newspapermen in America. Mr. Cabell produces his annual illusion-novel to convince us that he can still cry echo to "Jurgen."

When does a literary movement end? Not necessarily when its exponents produce feeble work. Naturalism has not breathed its last gasp because Mr. Bromfield happens to be a bad writer or because the latest corn-fed novelist sends us to sleep. These may be accidents. Of themselves they fail to persuade us that tomorrow a new great naturalist may not arise and, though hampered by an outworn form, still give us something in some way moving. A literary movement is dying when its finest productions fail to offer artistic nourishment to a new generation of writers. It is on its last legs when its central emotion fails to move young people. When the experience which gave birth to it is a dead thing, it itself is dead. Finally, when the forms it has created petrify and become adequate only for that experience, it is dead.

Let us now look at the problem more constructively from the point of view of the young writer who fails to receive from his elders the constant nourishment he has a right to expect. If we assume that he has finally localized his dissatisfaction he may begin, particularly if he is a theoretician, to build up for himself a program of development which will be largely a reaction to the program Mr. Anderson and Mr. Cabell and Mr. Lewis evolved for themselves. He will draw up a Whole Duty of the Young American Novelist; then if he has the spark he will write significant fiction; and if he has not, he will simply be an intelligent man who will read it. The results of his cogitations may possibly be summarized as follows:

"Things which I have learned to take for granted after reading my elders or which I appear to take for granted without reading them—these things I must not

use as thematic material. This is in obedience to the fundamental law of all imaginative writing which states that a work of literary art is always the resolution of an emotional conflict; and things which I take for granted cannot generate conflict in me. I have learned, for example, that the American middle class is dull, stupid, and materialistic. As a blanket statement this seems so obviously true that I cannot become indignant about it; and I observe that my more intelligent neighbors cannot, either. Nor can I follow Mr. Mencken in his vaudeville-show attitude because there is no variety in such an attitude and because, if Mr. Mencken is unable any longer to write interestingly from that attitude, surely I cannot. Accordingly, either I must avoid problems connected with the stupidity of the middle class or I must focus my vision so as to view some isolated portions of that class from a new and untried angle. Here I remember *Mme Bovary*. Similarly it is impossible for me to get excited about the discovery of sex, the depravity of American politics, or the nineteenth-century materialism of Herbert Spencer. If I find my indignation rising at some particularly sordid chapter in our political life, I will examine that indignation and discover that it is a crusading and propagandizing emotion. Accordingly, I will release that emotion in the most economical and effective way—through the avenues of journalism and pamphleteering. Upon referring to the works of my elders I observe that they have failed to analyze their emotion, with the result that they have released it in the irrelevant form of the novel.

"Connected with all this is the perception that my elders were concerned over and excited by certain standard preoccupations which cannot possibly concern or excite me. Among these preoccupations are the general conceptions involved in the words revolt, Puritanism, etc. Inasmuch as my elders have won the revolt I need no longer busy myself with what is after all little more than a phraseological inheritance. I note also that their shibboleths are not mine: that the words freedom, liberty, self-expression are not emotionally connotative to me; but that the words discipline, criticism, and irony are. Why this should be so I have yet to examine; but evidently the *Zeitgeist* has changed. It is part of my duty to find out why and exactly in what direction it has changed, and also to prevent myself from slavishly following it. Possibly this adventure itself will prove the sort of problem which arouses conflict within me and may lead to an artistic resolution.

"I note that my elders were forced to discover their own country in order to effect their revolt and that therefore they often became a captive to the very provincialism they were denouncing. The outward manifestation of this situation was the production of regional novels and the Mid-Western School. Upon examining myself I find it necessary to chart my world in terms other than geographical; the study of locality fails to interest me; I perceive that Dostoevski, for instance, who lived in a larger and more varied country than my elders, made his journeys in the mind. Upon further analyzing the sensation I get of provincialism in the work of my elders, I conclude that when they outgrow localism their very absorption in the struggle tends to land them in the slough of nationalism. Their intense interest in America has to an extent insulated them from foreign contacts, except in so far as these contacts offer a further release from American life (a process which does not interest me). When I visit Paris

I discover that intelligent Frenchmen admire Sherwood Anderson as a national product, a curiosity. But I find that I can admire Proust without feeling this limitation.

"I conclude, then, that it is my duty to ally myself with the developed European tradition of novel-writing. I am doubly forced to this conclusion because I am unable to find in my elders any novel tradition which is based on their own predecessors or which is sufficiently organic to allow me to feed on it. Also, my as yet unanalyzed prejudices in favor of discipline and self-criticism lead me to welcome the educational process involved in the study of contemporary European fiction. I believe, though it would be difficult to effect a complete proof, that my elders were unfortunately imperfectly educated and that this imperfect culture, though worn proudly by such a writer as Anderson, marred and botched their work.

"As I learn more and more about my European contemporaries I receive a simple but valuable insight: that the novel is to them a craft in which the most exquisite pleasure is received by the novelist in the posing and solution of aesthetic problems. Upon referring to my elders I discover that they are not interested in such problems; or, when they express interest, it is in the sentimental terminology employed by Mr. Anderson when he talks of 'craftsmanship' and 'the handling of words.' The biographic-naturalistic form which they use I find to be the most elementary of available forms and the one which offers the least lively challenge to the intellect. It is therefore part of my duty to seek out, even purposively, complex forms and complex problems. I will, of course, employ forms finally not for their bizarrerie but with regard to their applicability to my age and time. I arrive at the conclusion, however, that Mr. Dreiser's straight-line form and Mr. Anderson's lyric-intuitive winding form seem to possess no further vitality for me. Perhaps when we have exhausted the new forms we will return to these old ones with a fresh point of view, born of long absence; and we will easily discover new potentialities in them. But there is no use in endeavoring to force those potentialities unnaturally at the present moment.

"Finally, I discover in myself a reaction away from the democratic sympathies implied in the theme and texture of the work of my elders. I realize that Mr. Mencken's anti-democratic fulminations inherit whatever vigor they possess from the fact that Mr. Mencken is only a step above the objects of them. I realize further that this accounts psychologically for his tremendous audience and also for the fact that this audience is constantly being recruited from a lower and lower level of intelligence. I conclude, therefore, that there must be a complete separation of myself from my audience; or better still, I must avoid the mistake made by Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Lewis in writing with an audience, large or small, in mind. Such an envisioning of the audience relates the product to journalism where this imaginative relation is the *sine qua non*. My mind is to be fully occupied with the solution of the aesthetic problems that arise in the course of the composition. If they are petty problems, I will at least have derived some intellectual exercise; if they are not petty and I have been honest in solving them, my work may have significance."

The advantage of the foregoing hypothetical analysis is that it places in a clearer light the work so far effected by the younger generation of American novelists. They

are very different and they would probably quarrel among themselves if they were all placed together in a locked room. Yet they all of them sympathize to some extent with at least a portion of the young writer's imaginary musings. They do not form a group or a school; some of them have not even consciously revolted against their elders—but the most complete revolts are those which are unconscious.

In my opinion, the writers who have arrived at something which is definable and solid and which is conceived within a tradition directly opposed to that of Dreiser's school are Conrad Aiken, Glenway Wescott, and, with some slight reservations, Thornton Wilder. Among those whose writing indicates an intelligent glimpsing of the aesthetic problem facing their generation but who have not entirely succeeded in solving that problem are Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Roberts, Nathan Asch, W. L. River, and Gertrude Diamant, whose work is for the most part still unpublished. That there are others one could add to this list is obvious; but the illustrations will serve. One or two writers whose development has been mysteriously wayward puzzle the critic. The name of Waldo Frank suggests itself here.

It will be observed that not a single one of the writers above mentioned is crusading for anything. Not one of their works is the product of indignation. In each of them some emotional conflict, whose subjective nature baffles our detective ability, has been working. It is quite clear, however, that this conflict is in no instance a function of the conflicts which agitated their elders. Furthermore, they have clarified this conflict by annexing it to some particular aesthetic problem. In the case of Mr. Aiken this problem is connected with a subtle modification of the stream-of-consciousness technique. In that of Mr. Wescott the problem has been to employ a loose chronicle style and yet convey one emotional unit—the sense of a family. His problem, furthermore, is connected with an attempt to create this sense of a family conditioned by an environment without having recourse to the local-color technique so freely employed by his elders. Mr. Wilder is concerned with establishing a character relationship by a more delicate means than that which he would naturally inherit from his seniors. His problem is that bound up with the notion of conveying the widest possible philosophical emotion with the greatest possible economy of means. His secondary problem is that of suggesting a sense of the *impingement* of one character upon another. It is the writer's opinion that the solution of these five problems is a greater achievement for American literature than all the works of Anderson, Lewis, and Cabell combined.

One notes also, in the productions of these young authors, a decreasing interest in the purely local and the limitedly American. One notes the absence of the lyric, confessional note, and one feels that the author is in possession of some secret source of power, some mastery over his characters, which mastery he has not injected into the book. This is equivalent to saying that the author is at all times more intelligent than the most intelligent of his characters—a situation not discoverable in Anderson, for example, where the writer is always the hero and never more than the hero.

If one probes these writers' sources one discovers that they are probably European, that without being too obviously imitative these novelists have attached themselves to a nourishing, organic, and exciting literary tradition. It is

this which removes from them the least hint of provincialism; and which gives us the sense that they are artists working in obedience to the rules of their craft and not merely in obedience to a stimulus such as the stupidity of the mob or the discovery that business men get bored with their wives upon reaching the age of thirty-five. Finally, this feeling of craftsmanship, of absorption in a particular problem and a particular exclusive atmosphere, raises them above any preoccupation with a possible audience. They are aristocrats; and the fact that several of them have won wide popular acclaim is irrelevant, except to suggest the fact that the American public, too, is losing its naivete, has learned its lessons, is dissatisfied with the elementary sensation of revolt against its environment. The novels of this scant half-dozen, though they make but a poor show upon a long library shelf, are the most heartening phenomena visible in our literature today. No one of these young writers, it is probable, is a great man in the sense that Melville was great. We need not therefore look to them for a "Moby Dick" or a "Magic Mountain"; but we can expect from them fiction which is the result of ordered thought, the rejection of impermanent or irrelevant material, and an aristocratic habit of mind. Young as they are, they are our only adult novelists.

The Bear

By ROBERT FROST

The bear puts both arms round the tree above her
And draws it down as if it were a lover
And its choke-cherries lips to kiss goodby,
Then lets it snap back upright in the sky.
Her next step rocks a boulder on the wall.
(She's making her cross-country in the fall.)
Her great weight creaks the barbed wire in its staples
As she flings over and off down through the maples,
Leaving on one wire tooth a lock of hair.
Such is the uncaged progress of the bear.
The world has room to make a bear feel free.
The universe seems cramped to you and me.
Man acts more like the poor bear in a cage
That all day fights a nervous inward rage,
His mood rejecting all his mind suggests.
He paces back and forth and never rests
The toe-nail click and shuffle of his feet,
The telescope at one end of his beat,
And at the other end the microscope,
Two instruments of nearly equal hope,
And in conjunction giving quite a spread.
Or if he rests from scientific tread,
'Tis only to sit back and sway his head
Through ninety-odd degrees of arc it seems,
Between two metaphysical extremes.
He sits back on his fundamental butt
With lifted snout and eyes (if any) shut
(He almost looks religious but he's not),
And back and forth he sways from cheek to cheek,
At one extreme agreeing with one Greek,
At the other agreeing with another Greek,
Which may be thought but only so to speak.
A baggy figure equally pathetic
When sedentary and when peripatetic.

Why I Do Not Read Modern Fiction

By JOHN COTTON DANA

A DEFINITION is needed, and this appeals to me: "Modern fiction is the kind I do not care to read." I was reared, of course, on Scott and Thackeray, with a still earlier contact with Captain Mayne Reid and Cooper and Ballantine. For many years after this period of novel apprenticeship I read all kinds, from translations from the Russian to gentle tales of the Cranford type, and in latter days have fairly wallowed in the books of adventure which have poured out of the press and which are evidently read by thousands—though no longer praised by our reviewers!

I have been selecting books for public libraries for several decades. More than twenty years ago an examination of many lists of best novels made by many persons, and of many lists of the novels found in our larger libraries, and of novels mentioned in books on literature, led me to conclude that of all fiction written in the English language there then were about six hundred volumes of the first rank. (Perhaps forty or fifty translations should be added to these.) To put it in another way, I believed then, and still do, that if a hundred of the best obtainable judges of fiction were each asked to compile a list of a thousand of the best novels, about six hundred titles would be found to be common to more than half the hundred lists.

English-speaking peoples have been writing novels for more than two centuries, and during nearly seventy-five years they have produced thousands each year. If the conclusion reached by the study just mentioned is fairly accurate, then of novels of the first rank we now have to our credit, adding a hundred for the last twenty years, about seven hundred. But if the critics of any given period of, say, the last fifty years spoke honestly and with full knowledge of values when they described the novels that moved them to praise, we must have produced more than six hundred novels of first rank in the last half century alone. I am convinced that our novelists have not done that.

I have not read all of the six or seven hundred best novels of all time. My reading for nearly forty years has been largely for book selection and not for book reading. The notes on books, descriptive and critical, that have come under my eye in these book-buying years probably numbered tens of thousands. As I read these, year after year, I found I was acquiring a deep distrust of criticisms—of novels especially. At first I was inclined to join the critics in hailing as masterpieces a goodly portion of each year's output. I read novels freely and, as I enjoyed them myself, it is probable that, like the critics, I thought them far better than they truly were. But years and decades went by, and masterpieces fell into neglect and often under condemnation. This want of harmony between the laudations of the critic and the decisions of Father Time became more and more obvious; until finally I acquired the deplorable habit of looking with suspicion and often with downright disapproval on novels that the critics—and usually an obedient public also—most highly praised.

Such was my general state of mind about decorated and medaled fiction when the modern American novels came

on the scene a few years ago. I tasted them and, perhaps in part, as I have hinted, because of the high laudations they received, I found they gave me no pleasure. In particular I found them not at all in harmony with what I had seen of life. They grovel to attract attention. The skilful beggar hangs on his chest the legend "I am blind," though his eyes are still good. Our modernist hangs on the portals of his stories of American life the legend "Warranted to be slimy and slummy," and brings his audience to a tale which is merely banal and boring.

Also I have come to be critical of the liking of things and manners that are loudly in fashion. Of late years, in the art of fiction as in the arts of sculpture and painting, not to speak of architecture, textiles, jewelry, and other arts and crafts, a change has come over both technique and topic. I am not at all sure that by this change in fashion we have arrived at anything which is strictly new, though each slight change in style and subject matter is hailed as very new indeed and, too often, as a long step forward. If the enthusiastic supporters of "modern" novels would take a good look at fiction from the days of Homer or of the Hebrew poets down through the centuries, they might, some of them, discover that style and subject matter in fiction have, not once but often, gone through the identical gamut of change that they are going through now—yet have always remained about the same; and that to admire greatly each phase as it reappears is merely to be in the fashion. They might find in Petronius anticipation of the modern slumminess. They might find models for modern form and point of view in such a work as "Tristram Shandy." Fielding was a novelty in his day, and refused to pay much attention to polite reservations in speech. The Victorians were generally rather prudish, we sometimes claimed. But even in those days Zola brought us in both manner and substance a change quite as violent, I would think, as is the change that has come over novel writing in recent years.

I could further point these remarks on the rule of fashion with observations on ladies' clothing, or on the awful outcome of a certain up-to-dateness in architecture; but I choose, as not quite so familiar, the present status of engraving on wood. If the recent *Studio* volume on "Woodcuts of Today" is even fairly suggestive of how artists are behaving, then they are almost as subject to the popular mood of the moment as is the young lady with the vanity box. Blackness is the word; with due attention to distortion, or at least a touch of the bizarre. From Russia to our own United States this modernity of the woodcut has been hailed as new and very good. From which also, as the products of this fashion are surely destined to a pleasing oblivion, I gain further courage to hold to my faith that the modern American novel is the outcome of fashion and imitation, and we shall get over it, as we get over other things, in due season.

These are the not very plausible reasons for my unwillingness to read modern novelists—which is accompanied, I am glad to say, with an abiding pleasure in the tales of Captain Dingle. I frankly admit that the years have touched my interests, and that novels which are lovely to the modern youth are to me not infrequently mere crackling of old thorns. Novels of adventure I still devour by the score. A patient public is rarely told how many good ones are produced each year, and read by low-brows and ancients like myself.

First Glance

"MY People the Sioux" (Houghton Mifflin: \$4), by Luther Standing Bear, Hereditary Chief of the Oglala Tribe of the Sioux Nation, is another one of those infinitely touching documents which it is the lot of this age to see published. It is a document, that is to say, bearing upon the death of Indian culture in North America; and as such it is one of the most interesting books I have read in a long while. Standing Bear (the Luther came later, in Pennsylvania) was born long enough ago (1868) to have known what it was to be an Indian. His boyhood in the Black Hills was not so very different from the boyhood spent by every one of his ancestors since there were Sioux beyond the Mississippi. For all practical purposes he had his beginning in the Stone Age, as now for all practical purposes he is a perfect citizen of the Age of Steel. He remembers possessing a culture still unwithered by the presence of white men on the plains, and he gives an account of that culture—its games, its rituals, its relationships, its handicrafts, its serious pursuits of food and war—which has not often been excelled by other Indian authors, I fancy, in clarity and completeness. The picture is of a people quite adequately supplied with the ideas proper to their world. They understood their soil, their sky; they understood the buffalo that moved across the one and the birds that moved across the other; and they understood themselves. But they needed a wide world for their thought, and the picture is also of the horizon drawing in upon them until they no longer had room to know themselves. When the white men came slaughtering buffaloes by the million, these other men lost not only the creature they lived by but the subtlest, the most graceful, the most restrained of their arts. A buffalo hunt as Standing Bear describes it was definitely a work of art.

Then Standing Bear went while still a boy to Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, was given the name of Luther, and wisely—but all too sadly—worked to become like any other citizen of the United States, learning English, cutting his hair, and going in the summers to be a clerk in Wanamaker's store at Philadelphia. Though eventually he was to return beyond the Mississippi, marry an Indian wife, and take an oath as hereditary chief to labor always for the good of his tribe, and though he has fulfilled that oath within the limits imposed at present upon a chief, he was from the time of his going to Pennsylvania marked as an Indian who was no longer an Indian in anything except color and name. His father, the original Standing Bear, whom he had worshiped throughout his boyhood and whose story here is quite as interesting as the son's, announced to him on the occasion of a visit to Carlisle: "My son, since I have seen all those cities . . . I begin to realize that our lands and our game are all gone. . . . There is nothing but the Long Knives [white people] everywhere I went, and they keep coming like flies. So we will have to learn their ways in order that we may be able to live with them." The father came, incidentally, in "a gray suit, nice shoes, and a derby hat; but he wore his hair long. He looked very nice in white men's clothes." There we have it, all summed up in that derby hat on the head of a man who had once owned the sky and who had once captured a wild horse

through the use of skill that his little son could not understand. We have it also in the dedication of the book:

In loving memory of
My father
Chief Standing Bear the First
A warrior of distinction
A great leader and counselor among his people
In later life an earnest Christian
Who walked the trails of peace and harmony
Constantly striving for
The betterment of his race.

MARK VAN DOREN

Things, Thought, Conversation

Possibility. By Scott Buchanan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

Dialectic. By Mortimer Adler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

IT is customary, I believe, for a reviewer to speak of a first book by a new author as promising. The promise contained in Mr. Buchanan's book is based on solid achievement. It is more than an earnest and pledge of something to come; it is itself a significant intellectual achievement. It provides one of those simplifications of a complicated and far-reaching problem that when once it is made causes one to wonder why it has not been done before, especially as the history of thought is now seen to contain so many and so near approaches to it.

The simplification proceeds from envisaging many (I am tempted to say all) philosophical problems as concerned at their root with the question of the relation of actuality and possibility: an insight that gains added significance when joined with the perception that the predicaments and entanglements of living have their source in the same remarkable intersection of direct and imaginative experience.

"One lives," as the author says, "in one world and believes in another, suffering this and at the same time expecting or desiring that." We are caught in what is actual, but in every such entrapment there is the sense of something beyond, something more and something different—of possibilities. The too usual procedure is to try to live in each world separately and by turns. The philosophic temper consists in an endeavor to see them together in a single perspective. To attain to this vision is to have in one's possession "an organon of intellectual imagination."

The book is a contribution to the formation of such a method, by means of a consideration of the operation of the idea of possibility in three fields: artistic creation, science, and metaphysics. The reach of the simplification effected by Mr. Buchanan is manifested in his seeing the fact that the relation of the actual and the possible is involved equally in art, science, and metaphysics. The upshot is that unreal barriers which commonly divide these three fields, to our intellectual confusion, are broken down. A single method or logic that is operative in all of them is revealed.

As to the first of the three fields, the basic idea of Mr. Buchanan is introduced by means of a distinction between aesthetic form and imaginative form. The former is concerned with content, with the materials of the work of art, which may be the same in an epic or a drama or a novel. Imaginative form consists of certain structures which are universal; the actual subject matter in relation to these forms is, to use his mathematical simile, like the relation which values introduced into a formula bear to a system of variables. This structure of connected and consistent possibilities gives true intellectual form to a work of art; it is similar in kind to the function of hypothesis and theory in science. A novel that is a work of art "spreads a vast canvas of possibility on which

actual affairs may be projected and seen in perspective." There are logical compatibilities in the relations of the possibilities presented which have to be observed and displayed as truly as in a scientific project. The subordination of actual details to the intrinsic logic of these possibilities measures the degree of intellectual form achieved. The immense scope of the realm of possibilities decrees that there may be an immense variety of artistic creations—provided each is true to the pattern of relations among possibilities imposed by its own type.

It is in virtue of the coherent, or logical, relations involved in any structure of possibilities that elements of imagination become symbols of the actual so as to be capable of truth and falsity. When we pass from enjoyment of the canvas of possibilities, with the actual figures and scenes it contains, to the status of possibility as applied to the actual and as tested by the application, we move from art to science. "When imaginative or aesthetic possibility takes on responsibility, it becomes scientific." Any scientific construction, like any work of art, projects a set of actual existences upon a canvas of possibilities; the latter, since they are possibilities, are connected with imagination rather than with observation. "Facts" in isolation from the system of ordered possibilities are a heap of scraps rather than a science. The difference between art and science lies not in the presence or absence of this imaginative form, but in its testing by application, in which it is discovered whether the possibilities are capable of symbolizing the actualities in question, and in the special care taken with the interrelations of the elements of the structure of possibility. These must present, first, a set of constants that represent the conditions to be met; second, a field of variations or a class of particulars; and third, a rule of order or set of relations defining the co-variations in this field. In so far we have a formal or mathematical science. This is changed into physical or existential science when the structure of possibilities is employed to describe some actual individual. It is true or "real" in so far as it then symbolizes some actual state of affairs. The fallacy which so often enters into the interpretation of science consists in taking this intellectual or theoretical form to exist, or to be a part of actuality, in the same sense as are the things which it is used to symbolize. Such a view converts symbols into things symbolized, a structure of possibilities into a physical fact. The worth of theoretic apparatus depends not upon its being itself existent but upon its *applicability* to actualities.

Discussion passes into the metaphysical realm when the problem of the relation of possibility to actuality is envisaged in its general form. Possibility sometimes means power, potency, this being displayed in the region of the concrete and actual; and sometimes it means intellectual or logical possibility, with the coherences and consistencies therein involved. Confusion of the two senses has played havoc with metaphysics; for it often takes advantage of the ambiguity to identify actual potentiality in existence with a system of ideal possibility. Idealistic metaphysics is a typical case of this confusion. Realistic systems are often involved in the same confusion, but in the opposite sense. They treat logical possibilities as part of the system of physical or psychical actuality. Mr. Buchanan has here provided us with a keen weapon of philosophic criticism, so keen that one almost wonders at the restraint with which he employs it.

This notice hardly covers more than the first half of the book. But it may give the reader some inkling of why Mr. Buchanan is to be congratulated on having done a first-class piece of much needed intellectual work. My mind recurs to the idea of simplification and clarification. Doubtless debate will long go on regarding the relation of real and ideal, thought and things, essence and existence, in connection with morals, science, the theory of knowledge, and metaphysics. But reduction of the issues to the one central issue of the relation of the actual and the possible is a liberating achievement. Even those who do not accept Mr. Buchanan's proposals and conclusions should find his method a solvent of many am-

biguities and an eliminator of many confusing irrelevancies. There is meat in the book for immediate consumption; it offers seeds with which to sow many a flourishing intellectual garden.

Mr. Adler's book is also published in the valuable and growing International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. The jackets of the two books suggest they should be read in conjunction, and each has a number of cross-references to the other. Mr. Adler's book, in spite of its many interesting suggestions, does not seem to me to move quite on the plane of the other. It is concerned with an important practical problem, the conduct of fruitful dispute, of intellectual conversation about some question in controversy or at least in doubt. It is an attempt to analyze the logic of this universally recurring situation so as to state the conditions under which controversial discussion may contribute to enlightenment. To my mind the chief defects of the analysis spring from the attempt to mark off too fixedly the field of dispute and its logic from that of empirical inquiry on the one hand and the logic of mathematics on the other. His statement that "empirical or scientific thinking has received thorough formulation" is a surprising one. I should have said that the logic bearing on such thinking is thoroughly infected with uncertainty and controversy; there is not even any agreed-upon theory as to the nature and basis of induction. His statement is made incidentally, to be sure, but it exhibits the ground on which alone Mr. Adler can differentiate ■ rigidly as he has done the field of controversy from that of empirical inquiry. It underlies his basic thesis that appeal to fact is irrelevant to dialectic, or the logic of controversy. There is a sense in which this is formally true; but surely one fruit of dialectic, and its most precious one, is not mere clarification of ideas but the kind of clarification which makes evident what sort of facts are to be looked for and how and where to search for them in order to settle the matter under dispute. If criticism were made from the side of empirical logic it would take the form of saying that doubt and rival possible interpretations are as much ■ part of scientific inquiry ■ they are of social debate.

In consequence, the reviewer has found the most significant part of Mr. Adler's book in what he refers to as "very much the least important" of its three parts, namely, the empirical description of argumentative dispute. Here we have an account of language and the complications involved in its use, and a statement of the obstructions in human nature to effective and fruitful discussion, together with suggestions ■ to how these difficulties may be reduced and natural barriers surmounted. This section is full of shrewd observations and helpful insights; the book ■ well worth writing for its sake alone. The more formal portion, and that which Mr. Adler seems most to prize, suffers, to my mind, from too much borrowing from mathematical logic, in spite of the distinction theoretically set up between it and the logic of dispute. Were it not for the sharp barrier instituted between dialectic and the method of empirical inquiry, the polemic element would not be so emphasized. It would, in fact, when the personal and emotional element of strife and desire for victory is eliminated, reduce itself to that consciousness of possible alternatives which is present in all thinking. In ■ interesting chapter Mr. Adler presents the idea that the genuine subject matter of philosophy is the realm of possibilities and that therefore its method is dialectic. He says in this connection many significant and true things about philosophy and philosophies, but here also he seems to me to turn an isolation of the realm of ideas which is a necessary preliminary to a consideration of its relation to the actual world into an unnecessarily fixed separation. Unless the latter question is somewhere faced, philosophies are but logically organized fantasies, and one is superior to another only with respect to its internal coherence.

Both books are evidence of growing vitality and independence on the part of the younger American philosophers. They will stand critical comparison with the best European contributions to the library in which they appear. The editor

of the series merits grateful recognition for the independence he shows in the selection of material and writers and for his willingness to give new writers a chance to find an audience.

JOHN DEWEY

The King of Erewhon

The Collected Works of Samuel Butler. Edited by Henry Festing Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. Shrewsbury Edition. Twenty volumes. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$160.

IT is almost twenty-six years since Henry Festing Jones buried the ashes of Samuel Butler under the shrubbery beside the Woking crematorium. In the years that have followed Butler has come to be recognized as a figure of some consequence in Victorian literature, and to the memory of his friend Mr. Jones has raised two imposing monuments. The first was the bulky, serene, tender-hearted, and in some places almost Shandean "Memoir," which revealed at full length ■ personality the most elusive and puzzling that has appeared in the English-speaking world since Walt Whitman. The second, in preparing which he has had the expert collaboration of Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, is a definitive edition of Butler's writings, edited with exemplary care and skill and published with a sumptuousness that alone would do much to insure its permanence. The Shrewsbury edition is, indeed, so handsome and so well edited that one feels impelled to ask, What has Butler done to deserve this tribute? After all, is his place in English literature any but a minor one?

The fact that we still ask these questions testifies both to the bewildering character of the man himself and to the misapprehensions of his critics. Few men have been so at war with themselves ■ was Butler. He seems to have been a triple personality. Under one carapace lived an earnest, but somewhat ill-equipped theologian, ■ cruelly inhibited artist, and an obstreperously clever satirist. The three contradicted each other incessantly, sometimes tried to undo each other's work, and could seldom be persuaded to team together. The outcome, in terms of published books, ■ a row of botches and ■ second, shorter row of works of genius. It is little wonder, then, that critics have had a hard tussle with him. With uncanny discretion Mr. Jones refrained in the "Memoir" from discussing Butler's intellectual history. Those who have undertaken the task have apparently been worried by its difficulty and have tried to lighten their work by studying one aspect of the man's mind in artificial isolation from the others. In so doing they have disregarded one of the axioms of criticism and have fallen inevitably into error. Even at this date, consequently, it is possible to read Butler's collected works with ■ sense of personal discovery. The Butler disclosed in his own writings, taken in their entirety, is a man still undescribed by critics and literary historians.

In spite of his reputation as an iconoclast and innovator, he was at heart a conservative who developed his peculiar doctrines in trying to live at ease amidst the intellectual and religious turmoil of his generation. As I have indicated, he was something of a theologian, his principal effort being to formulate ■ creed that would protect him on the one side against supernaturalism and enthusiasm—in the old theological sense—and on the other against bleak, inert materialism. Unfortunately he did not know enough to set about the business properly; he blundered along unassisted and never suspected in what quarter he might have obtained help. To dispose of the supernaturalists he resorted to a jejune historical criticism mixed with irony and satire—a product much resembling what Bob Ingersoll was peddling successfully in America—and then embraced the Darwinian theory as his best ally in the campaign. It is much to his credit that he soon discovered what Darwin had let him in for, but in attempting to extricate himself he fell foul of plain, unbudge-

able biological fact, was drawn into senseless, damaging personal disputes, grew more and more muddled about his own theory of purposive evolution, and finally took refuge in pantheism. In the course of his adventures he several times grazed the edges of great ideas, and much of his reputation as a thinker rests on thoughts that he left undeveloped, whose value he realized only dimly. As a critic of manners and institutions he was far more successful. Here his native shrewdness and observation served him admirably and were aided by the intellectual detachment which had come to him through hard experience. His work in this department remains as fresh and pungent, and as wise, as when it was written.

Whatever else Butler may have been or tried to be—theologian, scientist, painter, musician, Shakespearean scholar, archaeologist—he was a great master of English prose. About that fact there should no longer be any uncertainty. Important many of his ideas and observations may be, but dredged from his books into a doctor's dissertation they lose their brilliance. His style is the very perfection of English, combining sinewy vernacular strength with classic point and urbanity. No style could be more English. Its humor, its irony, its moments of restrained eloquence, its tincture of archaism—for good English does not forget Shakespeare and the Bible—even its carelessness of the larger structural units are native. No other writer of his generation so embodies the essential English virtues and failings. That, perhaps, is why foreigners find him so full of charm, and why Englishmen have been a little slow in recognizing his extraordinary merits. Crank and amateur that he was, one would no longer like to think of Victorian literature without him. To that literature he contributed "Erewhon," "Alps and Sanctuaries," "The Way of All Flesh," and the "Notebooks"—four unique and precious volumes—and on everything that he wrote, even on his rash forays into Shakespearean and Homeric scholarship, he set the stamp of a strong, likable, rugged, original personality.

GEORGE GENZMER

Wilson as Educator

Woodrow Wilson. Life and Letters. Youth, 1856-1890. Princeton, 1890-1910. By Ray Stannard Baker. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$10.

ONE hesitates to affirm, on the basis of this first installment, that Mr. Baker has in hand a really great biography, but there is no doubt whatever that he has launched an exceptionally interesting and important one. His failure to reach the highest plane, if failure it shall turn out to be, will be due mainly to two limitations, both of which, the one indirectly and the other directly, have been self-imposed. The first is the fact that he was for a number of years, and those the years of Wilson's greatest prominence, in close and even confidential relations with Wilson, and, eventually, the chosen biographer and political and personal interpreter. The second is his deliberate decision to keep his book within the narrower limits of biography by "using only enough of a setting of historical fact to explain the course of the man." It is to his credit that he appears to have avoided, as well as anyone in his position could, the pitfall of hero-worship and the atmosphere of thick-and-thin devotion which Wilson's admirers delight to breathe. It is also true that the general historical setting is less important for the period covered by the present volumes than for the eventful years which follow. If, however, Mr. Baker completes his elaborate work on the lines on which it has been begun, we shall have a biography which, although filled to repletion with the sifted details of Wilson's acts and thoughts, will nevertheless fall short of giving us the unbiased personal appraisal and just historical placement which the career of Wilson, for a few momentous years one of the most commanding personalities the world has ever known, preeminently demands.

The primary interest of these first two volumes, ending as they do with Wilson's retirement from Princeton University to become Governor of New Jersey, is, of course, personal rather than public. It was not Wilson's remarkable career at Princeton, with its record of inspiring teaching and its great fight over the reorganization of the institution, that made him a national political figure but, rather, his writings and speeches on public questions, put out in profusion with Princeton as a vantage ground, and giving, in appearance at least, a practical and hopeful direction to a national sensitiveness which Roosevelt's mixture of sweeping attacks and counsels of perfection stirred to ferment. What was achieved in this direction, as Mr. Baker skilfully shows, was about as near to a fulfilment of a deliberate purpose as the fortuities of human experience ever permit. From his youth Wilson meant to do great things in the field of statesmanship, and for the attainment of that greatness he planned his studies and, in the main, systematically ordered his life.

Looking back over the years which ended with the withdrawal from Princeton one perceives, not, indeed, more surely than before Mr. Baker wrote but more clearly and with assured corroboration, the nature of Wilson's intellectual and moral equipment and the way in which it was accumulated. He was self-confident, albeit the record does not show conceit. He had a powerful will and dominating temper, but also, curiously, a rare capacity for winning and holding friends. A Calvinist in religion, he accepted without disturbing doubt the general tenets of a theological system which enmeshed God in the obligations of a logical process, and committed truth to the guardianship of a predestined elect. His chief intellectual interest was in the theory of politics, the principles, so-called, which underlie the structure and operations of the state, and in certain practical applications of theory in a democratic society. To these were added a vivid literary style, not by any means free from blemishes and increasingly over-wrought, but grateful to the ears of a generation which was pausing between the decadent periods of a moribund Victorianism and the uneasy emphasis of a literary jazz; a rare facility in phrase-making, an impressive power of public speech, altogether remarkable ability in exposition and defense, and the gift of stirring in average men a virile confidence in their desire to do right.

Never before, surely, had an American political leader possessed so varied an equipment or one so easily adapted to work either good or bad. What was lacking in the Wilson kit was, principally, a recognition of the power of certain low traits of individuals and societies. Mr. Baker's pages seem to make it clear that Wilson's reading, wide as it was in these earlier years, did not much concern itself with history, especially the modern history of Europe, save a kind of elementary background of his ethical and political speculations. Exceptionally confident, it would seem, of the soundness and integrity of his own opinions and motives, he had apparently come to believe that people in general could be induced to maintain the same high level of political thinking to which he had risen, and that an end which he himself deemed good might be commended invincibly to others by sheer force of persuasion and moral appeal. It was a great conviction, worthy of his altogether extraordinary hope, but there was another world of vulgar politics and unscrupulous self-seeking in which he must in due time test its strength.

For the rest, Mr. Baker offers us an attractive picture of Wilson as student, teacher, university president, and man. Wilson worked methodically, tirelessly, and more than once beyond the limits of his physical strength, struggled with professorial poverty, soaked his mind in good literature, carried himself with a distinction that did not alienate, married happily, and made his home a place of charm. His zest for sport was keen, he knew how to relax without losing dignity, and the head of the table was more often than not the place where he sat. In the academic world of America, still parochial but expanding, he made himself a unique figure, and while Mr. Baker's account of the Princeton imbroglia leaves it still un-

certain on which side, considering Princeton's past, the greater merit lay, the reforms which Wilson championed with zeal if not with diplomacy have brought him something of the honor of a prophet elsewhere. There are no dull pages in these well-written volumes, and even the reader who cares for Wilson least will find it hard to leave the volumes unfinished once they have been begun.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Jew and Gentile in America

The Island Within. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

ONLY the most hardened of hack reviewers would consider Ludwig Lewisohn's novel simply as a piece of fiction to be gauged as such by the standard measurements of plot and prose, character and crisis. For, however much the story of "The Island Within" merits consideration—and it is a stirring tale, playing on the emotions like a Wagnerian overture—the ideas inherent in it and extrinsic to it demand greater consideration and more earnest attention.

Let me not be misunderstood. Primarily this is fiction. *Pièce à thèse* though it may be called, it is no treatise. The reader who buys a novel for the fable will not be cheated by this book; she can be promised a full measure of the thrill of conflict and the excitement of lust, the gnawing of misery and the relief of compassion which go into the making of both great and popular fiction. But, above and beyond the story, there is what Mr. Lewisohn chooses to call "a constant sense of the streaming generations . . . of the true character of man's magnificent and tragic adventure between earth and sky." In other words, here are problems more important than the question whether Arthur will divorce Elizabeth, whether Hazel will win back her gallivanting husband, whether Joe will blow his brains out like Victor or succumb to a more horrible fate.

Mr. Lewisohn is driven to discuss the more basic and more significant relationships of which these personal incidents are but concrete expressions not merely because he has taken the entire enigma of Jewish-Gentile adjustment in America as his theme but also because temperamentally he must go to the root of the matter, whether his medium be a poem, a critique, or a novel. One may well explain this temperament in the words of Gissing's confession: "I can get savage over social iniquities, but, even then, my rage at once takes the direction of planning revenge in artistic work." Mr. Lewisohn justifies this urge in a characteristic manner. "If a story does not teach by example," he declares, "it is no story; it has no truth. For let men see truth and they will hasten to apply it to themselves."

"The Island Within" has this truth. Moreover, it is filled with a great many arresting truths, for its author is a wise man and keenly aware of the pertinent facts of life. But, on the other hand, it contains a shocking number of statements and situations which simply are not true. Again and again Mr. Lewisohn begs the question, confuses issues, and handicaps characters. As the above quotation clearly shows, Mr. Lewisohn is an idealist—some would call him a sentimentalist with a distaste for Pollyanna—and, inspired by his idealism, he too often forces the moral stencil of *should be* over the practical reality of *is*. He does not seem to realize that his chauvinism is not less jingoistic than that of any junker merely because it is defensive rather than belligerent. Despite his years of teaching in New York schools he is capable of writing: "having, like all Jews, antennae of the mind"; despite a critical intelligence of the highest order, he is as ready to sanctify things and ideals as a Russian priest. He splits hairs like any Chassidic philosopher: "that will to mere existence, mere continuity, forever to be distinguished from a will to power or dominance, is a sacred thing."

Finally, though this reviewer is in complete accord with Mr. Lewisohn's premise that at present a self-respecting Jew cannot be assimilated in America, he must confess that the proof in this novel is not altogether convincing. Arthur Levy breaks with Elizabeth Knight and seeks solace in a Jewish mission not through any conflict of Jewish and American life-modes but because Arthur is basically a nineteenth-century bourgeois who seeks a Victorian domesticity and who would confine his wife's activities to kitchen, church, and children, whereas Elizabeth is a member of the "younger generation," hectically liberated, slightly undersexed, and completely irreligious.

This situation, not particularly Jewish, is none the less vital; just as important and more Jewish is the problem of Hazel, the dilemma of Joe Goldman, the pitiful masquerade of the amateur Gentiles. In his extraordinarily powerful indictment of the Jewish literary crowd in New York City, Mr. Lewisohn reaches his highest point of social perception and eloquent expression. The sensitive will, undoubtedly, accuse him of sensationalism and lack of pride; as a matter of fact, his disclosures are restrained in manner and motivated by the pride of complete confession. Here as well as in his treatment of the apostasy of the German Levys the author is on surest ground, and he undoubtedly achieves the ideal he has set for his story—to teach by example.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Collapse of a Crusade

Fateful Years: 1910-1916. By Sergei Dimitrievitch Sazonov. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$4.

Russland und der Weltkonflikt. Von Friedrich Stieve und Max Montgelas. Berlin: Verlag für Kulturpolitik.

Au Service de la France. Neuf Années de Souvenirs. Vol. IV, *L'Union Sacrée, 1914.* Par Raymond Poincaré. Paris. Librairie Plon.

Neutrale Komitees und Gelehrte über die Kriegsschuld. Herausgegeben von der Neutralen Kommission Norwegens. Oslo: Nationaltrykkeriet.

NO writer on behalf of the Entente has offered as convincing an argument for the extreme revisionist position upon responsibility for the World War as Sazonov unwittingly brings forward in his official defense of his policy. He bases his chief indictment of Germany upon the fact that on July 29-30, 1914, the Kaiser did not accept the Czar's proposal to refer the Austro-Serbian dispute to the Hague; but the Russian documents show that on the 27th the Czar had made the same proposal to Sazonov, while there was yet plenty of time, and Sazonov contemptuously ignored the whole proposition. Even more amazing, Sazonov condemns the Kaiser for not following an unprecedented diplomatic action in regard to the Hague, while he himself confesses that he paid no attention to German or Austrian diplomatic proposals after he learned of the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia on July 28, but moved ahead resolutely with his war preparations so as to lose no time whatever. A similar account was given to the reviewer in person by Baron Schilling in Paris last summer. Sazonov thus offers full confirmation of Dobrořolski's assertion that Russian diplomacy during the crisis was but the barrage for the Russian military preparations designed to provoke a European war. It is an adequate commentary upon the nature of Sazonov's work to learn that he has not used the genuine documents on the crisis of 1914 as published by Stieve, Marchand, and Romberg, but, incredible though it may seem, cites the abridged and falsified "Orange Book" of the war period. One is not surprised to find Sazonov stating that he was led to secure general mobilization in the mid-afternoon of July 30 because of a telegram—a false report of German mobilization—which we now know was sent from Berlin at 12:20 on the following morning!

Sazonov's inaccuracies and misrepresentations laid him open to nothing less than massacre by experts, and the funereal ritual has been executed with promptness, dignity, and absolute finality by Dr. Stieve and Count Montgelas in a work as long as Sazonov's original treatise. Stieve deals with the period from 1910 to 1914, while Montgelas treats of the crisis of 1914. These two German masters of their respective subjects proceed with the utmost calmness and precision, taking up Sazonov's contentions point by point and refuting them through the citation of the relevant and unchallengeable documents. Probably no other statesman in history has been so ruthlessly held out before the public gaze in such crushing and humiliating fashion. Russia, with her intense need for the Straits and her previous exhaustion of every diplomatic method of obtaining them, possessed a very good case for war, but her documents on the period from 1913 to 1914 make it impossible for her statesmen to pretend that she worked for peace in the seven months prior to August, 1914. Instead of stating the Russian position honestly and logically and maintaining the justification of a war from the standpoint of vital Russian interests, Sazonov tries to present Russia in the guise of the protector of small nations and the apostle of pacifism. As a result, Stieve and Montgelas have been able, without the slightest heat, to brand him for all time as a liar where he is not an ignoramus.

Poincaré is less naive and reckless than Sazonov, even though the net result of his apology is no more impregnable or convincing. By the uninformed, not aware of what he overlooks, his book will be regarded as a rather conclusive defense of French innocence, and even the expert must follow the text closely to detect his contradictions and logical inconsistencies. It is as good a case as a French statesman could make for French policy in 1914. In general, Poincaré follows the same procedure that he did in his earlier lectures on the origins of the war and his famous article in *Foreign Affairs*, namely, that of attacking his enemies rather than answering the charges against himself. He still seeks to defend France by denouncing Germany and Austria. There is also the inevitable lengthy soliloquy on the subject of *la France innocente*. Poincaré denies that he stated, when he landed at Dunkirk on the morning of July 29, that it would be a shame to avert war, as France would never again find herself in as good a position for the inevitable conflict; but the reviewer obtained reconfirmation of the story this summer from a most reputable eyewitness who was present and whose record for veracity is certainly superior to that of the man who connived at the almost unbelievable falsifications in the French "Yellow Book" and then used these false documents as authentic in his book on the origins of the war, abandoning them only when their falsity was publicly exposed by Georges Demartial.

Demartial has with great glee indicated in *Plain Talk* that in the present book Poincaré has been compelled to abandon the false texts of several of the most important documents in the "Yellow Book" which he used in his "Lectures." But he nowhere mentions the fact that these are not the same documents he originally cited, that the documents used in the "Lectures" were false, and that he knew they were false when he cited them in 1920. Only the expert would know these facts and there are not many experts likely to read his book. But even more striking and illuminating is the fact revealed by Count Montgelas, namely, that where an authentic document in the "Yellow Book" has proved embarrassing Poincaré has not even hesitated to falsify that. The most damaging example is on page 386 of his "Union Sacrée," dealing with the most crucial point with respect to French responsibility. He here states that he had Viviani, at 7 a.m. on July 30, send a telegram to St. Petersburg urging the Russians to refrain from any steps leading to partial or complete mobilization of their army. If this were true, then the indictment against France would have to be greatly softened in spite of Poincaré's record from January, 1912, to

his return from Russia on July 29, 1914. But the "Yellow Book" states that the actual telegram sent by Viviani advised the Russians not to take any steps openly which would give the Germans a pretext for either a partial or a complete counter-mobilization of their forces. Messimy advised the Russians to speed up their mobilization in secret. We know from comparison with several related documents that the "Yellow Book" is correct in this case. As if the "Yellow Book" were not sufficiently forged and distorted already, when an oversight in the falsifying work of Berthelot (who prepared it) now proves a stumbling-block to Poincaré's apologia the great Lorrainer does not hesitate to provide a new version suitable to his needs! Some of Poincaré's historical supporters, among them Renouvin, have been taken aback at Montgelas's prompt exposure of this amazing new forgery and have attempted to excuse Poincaré on the ground that the version he set forth in the "Union Sacrée" is a misprint. But the passage is the most crucial one in the whole book, and it is quite incredible that Poincaré and the eminent publicists and historians who aided him could have overlooked a mistake which completely revolutionizes the whole relation of France to the outbreak of the war. The forged telegram cited by Poincaré also agrees with the immediate context where it is cited in the book. What would Bernadotte Schmitt say if he were to find something of this sort in the writings of Berchtold or Jagow?

The Neutral Commission on responsibility for the World War, as directed by Dr. Herman Harris Aall of Norway, has now submitted a conclusive report in 435 pages completely repudiating the Versailles verdict of the exclusive responsibility of the Central Powers for the coming of the World War in 1914. These are, indeed, hard days for the straw-clutchers!

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Mrs. Jefferson Davis

Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis. By Eron Rowland. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

THERE is no one living, probably, so well qualified to be the biographer of Varina Davis, wife of the President of the Confederacy, as Mrs. Eron Rowland, wife of the State historian of Mississippi, and herself, for some years, an assistant in the State's Department of Archives and History. She has set herself to the task of writing a full-length and definitive biography of a woman of extraordinary charm and intelligence, and the first volume, which brings us to Mr. Davis's Presidency, is before us. It bears the evidence of a meticulously careful preparation, and reads like a romance of a dead day. The proud daughter of the Whig aristocracy (which was a bit shocked at her union with a Democrat) emerges from these pages a vivid personality. There is no attempt at psychoanalysis. Indeed one gathers that there was nothing in the character of Mrs. Davis calling for the probe. She was what she was quite frankly. While writing with manifest sympathy, the biographer conceals nothing of minor defects—such as an overconsciousness of patrician qualities in the earlier years and a tendency to laugh too readily over the crudities of the less favored in social graces. These are overshadowed, however, by the woman's ineffable charm.

Seldom have we found such a satisfying revelation of the social life and standards of the ante-bellum aristocracy of the Old South. Others have often described the homes and customs; here we have the mental processes of these patricians. Others have introduced us into the drawing-rooms; here we are permitted to rummage among the books of the libraries and to listen to the conversations. This is one of the delights of the story told—this and the gossip chapters on the social life in Washington as viewed by a Congressman's wife living in a boarding-house, and later a Senator's wife and a lady of the Cabinet in the socially golden days of the Pierce Administration.

The life of Mrs. Davis was so intimately interwoven with that of her husband that we are given innumerable revealing sidelights on the character of Jefferson Davis. A chivalric figure he is throughout, from the moment that he rode proudly into Varina Howell's life at the house party in the forties; and he is shown throughout ■ a gallant gentleman of personal charm and intellectual brilliance. The time has come when the North can read such ■ book with sympathy and appreciation.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Mrs. Wylie's Prose

Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MRS. WYLIE'S most recent piece of literary embroidery is concerned with the tragic fortunes of one Mr. Hazard, an early-nineteenth-century romantic poet whose sensitive spirit beats its gauzy wings in vain against the rock-like brutalities of middle-class England. Mrs. Wylie assures us that she is not offering ■ fictional portrait of Shelley. True, it is not an exact portrait; but there are so many reminiscences of Shelley's career, so many hints and suggestions, that of Mr. Hazard we may say that he is at any rate a cable photograph of the Orphan Angel. Those who share Mrs. Wylie's passion for the Angel will weep over this slight tale as she herself did while composing it. Those who are not so easily moved by the delicacies of romanticism and who react with nothing but irritation to Mr. Hazard's vague and weary spiritual and physical attenuations will find the book emotionally unsatisfactory. Her more sentimental readers will luxuriate gently in this book which is redolent of the Shelleyan sadness, the Shelleyan volatility, and the Shelleyan level of arrested development, commonly called Absorption in Beauty. Whether one is moved or not really depends upon one's education—a fact significantly indicative of the depth of the book.

There are many, however, who will reject with impatience Mrs. Wylie's boring hero and her simplified minor characters (such as that naive incarnation of vulgar villainy, Mr. Hodge) and remain enthusiastic over Mrs. Wylie's prose. The present writer frankly admits his allegiance to the puzzled minority which ■■ in Mrs. Wylie's style an instrument brilliantly applicable to lyrical poetry but essentially unsuited to the narrative requirements of the novel. In a way, it stands in direct contrast with Mr. Wilder's prose where all the jutting anfractuositities of beautiful decoration have been remorselessly filed away. But it is these which furnish the very basis of Mrs. Wylie's prose, an unconcerned organized mosaic of brilliant details, each one interesting and arresting—and for that very reason murderously destructive of the desired total effect of beauty. No matter how smooth its rhythm, how perfectly articulated the relationship of its clauses, each sentence bears the marks of struggle for effect.

Mr. Hazard walked home by moonlight; the dust seemed impalpable ■ air beneath his tread. He had forgotten all that austere and patient schooling with which he had sought to inform his mind during the last difficult years, or else his temerity was mocking its lessons in a mood of reckless elation. He had drunk several cups of green tea, but its pale infusion was not sufficient cause for the powerful impulse of joy which bore him onward along an airy path of moonlight. His everyday tastes would have bid him listen for a nightingale under the flying arches of the wood, but tonight he did not bother about nightingales. The singing of the blood in his ears was set to a light vivacious measure, and he would have been sorry to have its sacred levity darkened by the voice of a bewailing nightingale.

To some this may appear lovely, to others simply confusing. The latter will consider it decadent prose of the worst

type, jewelry prose, ■ collection of elegant trifles masquerading as ■ unit paragraph. How roundabout it is, how carefully slight irrelevancies are intruded that some unforeseen tiny brilliance may enjoy its little moment of triumph! What vain art was exercised to compass the neat surprise of that "pale infusion"! How cleverly the last two sentences bring in ■ irrelevant nightingale to please the reader with ■ sweet poetic association! This is magnificent artifice—carried for me to the point of exquisite ennui.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Old Fences and New Surveys

America and French Culture: 1750-1848. By Howard Mumford Jones. University of North Carolina Press. \$5.

IT is plain to ■ blind man that something is happening to the old fences that so long set off the prim garden of American literature from the vulgar outlying fields of thought. The new surveys which the younger generation is running everywhere across the familiar landscape seem to make no account of traditional landmarks or of the validity of vested reputations. Meadow and field and garden are thrown into common domains utterly regardless of long-established boundaries. Mr. Jones is a member of the small group that is trying to humanize the study of American literature in our schools, and it is clear that he is displeased with the earlier surveys. He thinks none too well of the textbook historians of American literature, and he will not accept their tight little classifications that rule out pretty much everything he is interested in. Before an adequate history of our literature can be written, he suggests, a new survey of the entire American scene must be run, and our encompassing social history be brought to bear on literary history. We must know more about American culture before we can write intelligently about American literature.

As ■ contribution to this necessary work he offers ■ study of one phase of our cultural backgrounds—the influence of France during a century of our existence. Encyclopedic in range, the study covers a wide diversity of fields, from the lesser fields of cookery and dress and polite amusements to literary modes, philosophies, schools of painting, architecture, and music, and social and political theories. All is grist that comes to his mill, and much of it is excellent. In attacking so broad and elusive a theme Mr. Jones was confronted with difficulties. He must get familiarly at home upon the total American scene in order to evaluate the several forces at work; and he must search out in a thousand obscure places the scattered evidence of Gallic influence. As ■ historian he is ■ liberal who bases his philosophy of history on economics. For guides he turns to such left-wing students as Simons and Beard, as well as to Turner and Schlesinger and Becker and Alvord and the entire school of economic and social historians. Instructed by them he discovers America to have been three different and often antagonistic worlds, which he distinguishes ■■ the cosmopolitan, the bourgeois, and the frontier; and his problem differentiates itself into the question of the appeal of French culture to these several Americans. By the term cosmopolitan he distinguishes upper-class society, whether landed gentry, provincial merchants, or an incipient plutocracy—a leisure class given to what Veblen calls "conspicuous waste," and receptive to Old World influences. By bourgeois he distinguishes the emerging middle class, serious, prudential, puritan, anxious for prosperity both in this world and the next, suspicious of French graces especially if they were exemplified by Roman Catholics; and by frontier he distinguishes the callow equalitarian and individualistic spirit that regarded all Europe as effete.

In pursuit of his materials Mr. Jones has gone to magazines, newspapers, accounts of travelers, and ■ thousand fugitive sources, with the result that he has assembled an impressive mass of evidence that he marshals with skill. His footnotes are almost as rich as his text, and in them one finds a fund of addi-

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In eighty years of an amazing career, Annie Besant has championed such diverse causes as socialism and birth-control, atheism and theosophy. She is an outstanding figure among contemporary women. Geoffrey West, her biographer, says of her: "As a phenomenon of sheer energy, of unfailing courage, of noble sincerity, she will live always in the memory of all who have known her."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST offers to the modern mind an amazingly original literary esthetic. Joseph Gordon Macleod, its author, is a young British critic whose first published book has called forth enthusiastic praise both in England and in America. \$2.50

tional information often amusing and picturesque. It has long been vaguely known, of course, that French thought penetrated widely in America during post-Revolutionary days with the help of such men as Paine and Barlow and Freneau and Brockden Brown, not to mention Jefferson, and that the movement was furthered by English liberals like Godwin, Priestley, and Mary Wollstonecraft. But Mr. Jones has gone far afield in his search and has gathered new evidence that proves how much more widely French influence penetrated America than has been commonly believed. The result is an important study of *Kulturgeschichte* that puts all students of the American past in his debt. Among the current works dealing with our cultural backgrounds this searching study will hold a distinguished place.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

The Glory That Was Maya

The Story of the American Indian. By Paul Radin. Boni and Liveright. \$5.

FATE pursues our popular accounts of the American Indian. The lay imagination has never really been caught by the diversity of language and material objects and customs that makes the different areas of aboriginal America unlike glass beads, and every writer must decide for himself on what string the beads shall be strung to make a proper pattern. It is here that there must operate some magic of the moon, so inevitable is the compulsion which seems to attend the choice; the theme each book hits upon is the theme of the Indians' derivation from some romantic people, the degeneration of their culture from some more glorious past. The first literature that was written on the Redskins derived them from the lost tribes of Israel; in the last book the deus ex machina is the Toltec.

The picture which Mr. Radin draws of the prehistory of North America is pleasantly schematic. At its commencement the civilizations in Central America and Peru are in full flower, but the civilization of Central America, the Maya, was forced out of its homeland, maintained itself near by for a time as the Toltec, "took boats," and landed at the mouth of the Mississippi as the Moundbuilders. The entire culture of North America, with the exception of certain portions of the Far North, is thenceforth a disappearance and a forgetting, a "degeneration and a loss of old identities," through which it is nevertheless still possible to trace faint gleams of the old illumination.

Even as a literary device this motif is difficult to handle, for with all the author's care the beads simply will not make a convincing pattern. The book breaks in the middle. And it should be clearly recognized that except as a literary device the motif has no justification. Scientifically it has no standing; there is probably no American ethnologist who would admit Mr. Radin's scheme, and Mr. Radin himself would be the last person willing to argue the point scientifically, weighing the evidence for such a mass movement of peoples on the basis of known chronology and the comparative data of physical anthropology.

It is not altogether clear why the human imagination finds it so much more romantic and satisfactory to see in simple phenomena the scattered gleams of old glory rather than the diverse elements on which in some more favored time and place a complex culture was builded. The romantic appeal of Mr. Radin's scheme is the same as that of Elliot Smith's, which traces the broken gleams of Egypt over the old and new worlds and the islands of the sea. Intensive studies of ethnological phenomena have always discredited such schemes, and if we are seriously interested in the growth and interrelations of human cultures it is clear that they can no longer be our guiding clues. It is as if we insisted on reading the cultures of all the Semitic peoples as disintegrations of the splendor of the Hebrews in the

reign of Solomon. Fortunately we know historically that the civilizations of the old Jews and the simpler Arabs were several parallel though differing embodiments of a parent tradition; that the one flowered in the Hebrew ritual, the other in the Mohammedan. Intimate historical knowledge has kept us hard at work understanding the peculiar intricacies and achievements of several complexly related cultures.

We can never have the same intimate historical knowledge of the background of the American Indian, but the upshot of present studies is clearly a more complex version of the picture forced on us by such histories as the Semitic. In North and South America we find an abundance of different individualized groups out of the elements of whose simpler cultures the great achievements of the Mayas and Incas were born. And when the art and wealth and ritual of these centers of higher culture spread out to simpler tribes, these elements reached them not as echoes out of their own mystically retained racial memory but as separate traits or material objects seen and admired—or, it might be, feared—among actual flesh and blood peoples, their neighbors. From this point of view the chief interest of the cultural process lies in the fashion in which group after group caught up these traits into its own pattern, into its own personality, as it were, and wove them into the unique and authentic pattern of its own culture—matter enough for a book on the American Indians.

It is significant that it is just where Mr. Radin is not preoccupied with his scheme of tracing out faint gleams of old splendor that he is at his best. In the first chapter he has not yet posed his thesis and he gives a vivid picture of life in a Winnebago village; and in his chapter on the Northwest Coast Indians, where it is not possible to make a claim for any least roots in Toltec achievement, he has turned again to the life of the people. He is rid of his preoccupation and free to lift the curtain a little on the proceedings of a bizarre and intriguing people. Even here we are not shown the daily life, its ease or its struggles; but we do get some idea of what road a man takes to raise himself in his tribe, what virtues he cultivates, what aids he lays hold on, some idea of those cultural evaluations that make all primitive regions as definitely individualized as eccentric old village characters.

Mr. Radin has always until this past year confined himself in his writings to specific technical problems. He has written this book in the spirit of a romantic holiday, and some of the guesses he hazards are provocative and worth gathering evidence for and against. But it is unfortunate that a book written for those who are not ethnologists should be so oblivious of careful work and conclusions. The public should not have to check up this picture. And I cannot help suspecting that a host of lay readers would have read more eagerly a book that told of the Indians as of a people with loves and hates and symbols and ambitions and not instead as dehumanized pawns upon an historical chessboard.

RUTH BENEDICT

Disraeli

Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

WAS there any gold amidst the glittering tinsel in Disraeli's intellectual make-up? His dual role as novelist and statesman has increased the difficulties of finding his true place in history. Does Disraeli seem to lack solid accomplishments in the field of statesmanship, then one turns with admiration to the political philosopher in "Coningsby" and "Sybil." Does he lack the imagination of the novelist in the art of character construction, then one turns to the only statesman in the "Little England" of Gladstone who had the imagination to envisage the British Commonwealth of Nations. A genius Disraeli surely was, but only too often his policies were impro-



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vised tactics and his philosophy ■ studied blend of cynicism and romanticism. No one seems so profound as the cynic with a gift for literary expression.

To write a life of Disraeli is ■ standing temptation to clever biographers; the subject is fascinating and abundant information is conveniently located in the encyclopedic work of Buckle and Monypenny. M. André Maurois has produced a very entertaining and readable book, but one which adds neither to our knowledge nor to our understanding of Disraeli, as M. Maurois merely narrates in his own fashion what is already well known; and his comments and interpretations are uniformly conventional. Many are the disguises of the commonplace, but none more baffling than when it appears in blithe and witty French.

The great vogue of Disraeli was due chiefly to the fact that he was the comic spirit of British politics. His caustic wit, satirizing the stupidity of the Tories no less than the hypocrisy of the Whigs, first disconcerted the English public and then delighted it. He was the one antidote to the dull Peels, dry Cobdens, and sententious Gladstones who had accustomed their fellow-countrymen to regard party strife in the light of moral issues.

Disraeli came upon the political scene early in the nineteenth century when, under the banner of reform, a capitalist oligarchy was displacing ■ landed aristocracy in the control of public life. He realized that neither took cognizance of the working class that was stirring in the vasty deep of English society and was bound, sooner or later, to rise to the surface. He conceived the idea that the aristocracy could reestablish its power by allying itself with the workingmen and by awakening the dormant imperial sentiments of the nation, a strange mixture of social reform and imperialism. But the romance of aristocracy was dead; therefore Disraeli set about to create an upper-class mythology of ■ race of gentlemen drawing their inspiration from the green fields of England, a class whose power came not from privilege but from leadership. Even his latest biographer swallows this myth. In the manor-house was to be found "some sturdy ruddy-cheeked gentleman," writes M. Maurois, along with "a clear-eyed son, handsome daughters, mysterious and virginal. There lay the springs whence London drew its strength; thence came the men who upheld the empire for its Queen."

Whenever M. Maurois discusses the historical background of his hero he writes as if he were in an unfamiliar medium. He is in error when he states that during the Disraeli Ministry "law after law" was passed in favor of the working classes. Only ■ few relatively unimportant social-reform laws were enacted. Disraeli gave his chief attention to foreign affairs, and social reform had to wait until the advent of the new liberalism of Lloyd George. But when the author writes of Disraeli's personality he writes as one literary artist writes about another. The pages glow and sparkle. Especially interesting is his interpretation of Disraeli's relations with women. "Women," writes M. Maurois, "inspired him with a sentiment which was not sensual love, but rather a tenderness both humble and superior, a gentle and hidden fraternity of spirit." At every turn in his career Disraeli found ■ woman waiting to aid him. In his early youth it was his sister Sarah; then it was his wife; then Queen Victoria; and finally, in his old age, Lady Bradford. He won the regard of women not by flirting with them nor by complimenting them on their physical charms but by treating them as intellectual equals, or pretending to do so.

All his life long Disraeli suffered from his being ■ Jew. Although English born and bred, and a Christian by faith, he knew only too well that the curves of his silhouette were not those of his fellow-countrymen. His constant posing, first as a dandy, then as a sphinx, his bumptiousness, his straining for recognition even more than for power, all indicated his inward sense of inferiority. He shrewdly capitalized his complex, however, by becoming the "Hebrew conjuror" of Carlyle. He

proudly acclaimed himself a Jew, and proceeded to create ■ legend of the romantic role of the Jews in history. In his novels Jews are generally described ■■ mysterious heroes engaged in secret enterprises of great moment who appear at critical times gushing oracular wisdom. Disraeli's "Jewish jack-asseries," ■ M. Maurois characterizes these writings, did succeed in impressing conservative Englishmen, for he came to be regarded by them ■■ the savior of England from the Philistine Liberals at home and from the barbarous Russians abroad.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

The Bourgeois Tragedy

The Land of the Children. By Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky. Translated from the Russian by N. N. Selivanova. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

THIS novel is the story of the first few hectic years of the Russian Revolution told from the wavering point of view of ■ typical Russian middle-class intellectual. In his narrative the author is vague and rambling—quite unlike the monarchist and communist writers, who, though usually one-sided, are at least always clear-cut and direct. In spite of its diffuseness, however, the novel is significant, for, together with its predecessor, "The Land of the Fathers" (1905), it unfolds on the epic background of mass-movements and individual tragedies a more or less authentic record of the twenty-year spiritual Odyssey of the writer himself as well as of that section of Russian society to which the writer belongs, the middle-class intelligentsia.

I have used the word "Odyssey"; perhaps "Calvary" would describe more aptly the anguish of the Russian middle class, which, by its very position, economic and social, was doomed to vacillation. For in prerevolutionary Russia modern industrialism had not yet made much headway, and the bourgeoisie, therefore, was too amorphous to have ■ consistent class ideology, and too weak to carry out any policy without adapting itself, according to circumstances, either to the upper or to the lower classes. Craving expansion, it was bound to pit its forces against the feudal aristocracy and the Romanov dynasty. In this struggle its strength lay in the discontented multitudes of workers and peasants. Hence the populist movement; hence the yearning for the revivifying breath of the "toiling masses"; hence the interminable talk about the "millennial debt we owe to our suffering, meek-eyed Mother Russia." Men like Orenburgsky, unconsciously expressing the economic and political longings of their class, composed paeans of faith in the "people's" goodness, its creative abilities, its sympathy; extolled the "touching beauty" of the people's soul, the "sacred essence" of its intuitions. In the name of this imaginary "people" they scattered their bones on the frozen fields of Siberia, languished in prisons and gloomy fortresses, perished on scaffolds and barricades. But when the crucial moment came, when the monarchy was overthrown, the middle class, including even erstwhile revolutionists, hastily clambered into the vacated saddle. It sensed power, and lost its head. Instead of joining in the "people's" aspirations toward peace, land, and freedom, it now allied itself with the rich landlords, became fired with imperialistic ambitions, began to echo the wishes of its European mentors, and in every way tried to frustrate any attempt of the masses to assert their revolutionary will. In its eyes the "People-God" had gradually changed into the "people-monster." And the people? Morose and suspicious, it pondered its own deep thought and nursed its own deep malice. At last, when the victory-flushed, self-adulating little Kerenskys had revealed the bourgeois essence of their grandiloquence, the frenzied "people-monster" pounced upon them, tossed them, gored them, and hurled them, scared, resentful, and angry, into the unspeakable inferno of exile and bewilderment.

It is from the standpoint of such ■ homeless, bewildered

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middle-class intellectual that "The Land of the Children" is written. His old dreams shattered, his pride wounded, his love spurned, his sacrifices unappreciated, the aged author finds himself in a spiritual No Man's Land. He is hated by the monarchist-fathers and despised by the communist-children. The uncertainty of his position is unbearable; he is determined to find an escape somewhere. The past is a nightmare; the present, a Satanic delusion; he rushes headlong into a mystical future, he embraces a vague religious nationalism. Russia, he declares in his final testament, is in the throes of a mystical upheaval, it has temporarily fallen victim to the reign of Antichrist. The soul of Russia, however, is undimmed. The time is coming when Christ shall conquer Antichrist and light shall triumph over darkness. The turmoil, the chaos, the hatred of these years shall fade into a vague memory. A new harmony shall descend upon the land. The Whites and the Reds, all poor, misguided children of Mother Russia, shall join in a brotherly embrace and hail the advance of the New Jerusalem. And all around an admiring world shall sing Hosanna.

Thus, having jilted his crude, plebeian, horny-handed Aldonsa, our wandering Knight of the Middle Order now chants his mystical love and heaves his romantic sighs at the altar of a remote, divinely beautiful Dulcinea! JOSHUA KUNITZ

A Scientist Turns to Art

Primitive Art. By Franz Boas. Oslo: Instituttet for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning. Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR BOAS has written an enlightening and characteristically uncontroversial book. Keeping himself exactly to the level of his subject, the distinguished anthropologist corroborates and illustrates from primitive art of many places and all times the principles which conscious artists know. They will surely agree with him as to the nature of the impulses which he finds operating in varying mold.

Necessarily he has given his attention to the mechanics of art, for he holds that form, a form made by man, is the first postulate of a work of art, and that before such form may be achieved repeatedly or at will there must be skilled technique. From skilled technique, out of the sheer exuberance of power over material, the craftsman plays, and develops design. Professor Boas can say with Von Bülow: "In the beginning there was rhythm," except that he does not leave it in the past tense nor does he stop at the beginning.

With this emotional-mechanical element there may come, apart from it or simultaneously with it, an intellectual phase, an idea, and that idea, in turn, may or may not be originally the desire to represent something—that is, to make a picture of it, a form-image. This can be plastically symbolic, in the sense that it is a formal image, or it can be mentally symbolic, or it can have an esoteric significance, given by the artist or later by interpreters.

Incidentally, Professor Boas settles certain troubled waters. Primitive man, at least contemporary primitive man, is neither the cloudy communicant with mystic spheres, nor the miserable, grubby unprogressed. In Africa, Alaska, New Mexico, the South Seas, "everywhere . . . the mental processes of man are the same . . . regardless of race and culture, and regardless of the apparent absurdity of beliefs and customs."

The behavior of everybody, no matter to what culture he may belong, is determined by the traditional material he handles. . . . Our much-admired scientific training has never proved a safeguard against the seductiveness of emotional appeals, just as little as it has prevented the acceptance as gospel truth of the grossest absurdities, if presented with sufficient energy, self-assertion, and authority. . . . Each culture can be understood only as an historical growth determined by the social and geographical environment in which each people is placed and by the way in

which it develops the cultural material that comes into its possession from the outside or through its own creativeness.

This traditional material, therefore, in behavior as well as in art (plastic, graphic, dramatic), is a style. The object is "to attempt to determine the dynamic conditions under which art styles grow up." The analogy holds because art is universal.

So much for general considerations. The great part of the book is given over to measuring the wheels and watching them go round, in a rhythm that ticks out these ideas and others more intimately derived from the nature and movement of the wheels. This examination reveals, for instance, how an artist of the Northwest coast of the United States conceives a killer-whale, given the tribal tradition, the point of view as to what makes an image of a killer-whale, the kind of material he uses, and the changes of the image to different forms, such as a spoon or a totem-post; and how a Peruvian weaver can create with skilful technique a complex rhythm of color and forms; and how complexities of rhythm come into native chants. One may perceive how one design is borrowed from its birth-technique and adopted by another—such as wood-carving inspired by weaving, and weaving by painting, and painting by other painting. Different styles may exist in one culture contemporaneously, and sometimes a difference may exist between men's and women's art. There are indivisible relationships between music and poetry. One can sense general principles, as yet not entirely formulated, from watching even the smallest wheels interlock.

For delight in pictures, or in pretty poetic phrasings, embroidery, and speculations, this is not the book. It is an honest, hard piece of work, with the kind of material in it to satisfy a craftsman. There is no food for nostalgia, no fizz for the dilettante. Because it is shaped to its subject, and its subject is the sincere conscientious product of untheorized artists, it is healthy bread to chew. ANITA BRENNER

An Open Letter

Henry Hudson. By Llewelyn Powys. The Golden Hind Series. Edited by Milton Waldman. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

THOSE of us who have followed your work with ever-increasing satisfaction, Mr. Powys, are a little puzzled and disappointed by this, your latest book. We may have thought your 'prentice work, "Thirteen Worthies," a bit thin; but your "Black Laughter" and "Ebony and Ivory" gave us the incommunicable thrill that is invariably aroused by the perusal of something primordially fresh and strange. For in those two books you stripped bare, so to speak, the soul of that soulless continent, Africa—a land that we had previously known only as the habitat of snooping missionaries, hideously beringed savages who speak in grunts and clicks, acres of diamonds in King Solomon's Mines, or impossibly romantic Gagools and Nylepthas as seen through the ferret eyes of hunter Allan Quatermain. The multitudes of pictures you gave us—pictures of animals and men fighting, writhing, loving, begetting, and dying under a stark and brazenly indifferent tropic sky—seemed to us far more exciting than the furthest stretches of wild romance. And then, in "Skin for Skin," you put your own soul under the scalpel, and in a style touched with frigid fire you gave us, in the narrative of your fight against tuberculosis, an intimately autobiographical record of individual suffering that expressed a universality of woe.

And now in this book you have written, you explain, an "impartial" biography—you, who hitherto have pleased us just because you were forever partial, forever personal, and interesting chiefly on account of your bitter and biased likes and dislikes! You have not—and we can at least thank High Heaven for that—succumbed to the puerilities of the "new" school of biography; but you have apparently written a book to order, to form one of a series. You have even made an undoubted



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"contribution to scholarship" by digging up a dusty manuscript that has never before seen, and does not now particularly deserve to see, the light of day. Some of us have also yielded to the siren importunities of publishers. But the point is this: we believe that you are too rare a soul to become a literary jobman, even though we sincerely hope you'll make money on this particular performance; for with your usual frankness you have already related how little money your previous efforts have netted you. We have no intention of airing any banalities about the folly of sacrificing art for a bank account, since we quite appreciate the value of a checking account that isn't in perpetual danger of being overdrawn; but we wonder if the unswerving pursuit of your early literary loves might not in the long run benefit you more in a strictly financial sense than the worship of the muse before whom you have poured this unsatisfying libation. We have, to be sure, stumbled on a few passages that have the genuine ring. "I have scrambled through the underbrush of the Catskill Mountains, by ferny hollow and murmuring stream; and as my feet pressed down the leaf-mold, over-muffled with creeping arbutus, I have been aware of them and their long past, brushing against my consciousness like an echo, like the wind in the pine needles." A bit consciously literary, perhaps, like much of your work; but at least it expresses *you*. And then—you wallow in a dull mess of fact, and state where Henry Hudson probably, possibly, or perhaps was at such and such a time in such and such a place!

And so, Mr. Powys, we beg you to cease trying to be aloof and to become again just as nastily and lovingly personal as you were in "The Verdict of Bridle-goose." Give us no more scholarly concoctions that hundreds of others can brew as well as you can, but devote your pen once more to the depiction of the stabbing agony of a human being under the grip of implacable disease, to the quiet beauty of the Devonshire landscape, or to that remorseless continent where the eternal symphony of "Kill, Kill!" and "Blood, Blood, Blood!" rumbles and screams through the desert air.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books in Brief

The Man Who Knew Coolidge. Being the Soul of Lowell Schmaltz, Constructive and Nordic Citizen. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

One hardly sees how Mr. Lewis can go further than this book takes him along the line that has now become so familiar. There have been rumors that he intends to forget Mr. Babbitt and settle down to something both more solid and less safe. If that is so, Lowell Schmaltz may be the last of his maddeningly simple-minded heroes, the last of his tin-pan philosophers, the last of his fools in this particular category—for it is likely that Mr. Lewis will always be a satirist and hence on the lookout for fools. Schmaltz is handled better, certainly, than he would have been handled by any other American writer; the Pullman-car patter is perfect, and the mind of this business man, whose monologue is the sole material of the book, is turned inside out so completely as to be truly appalling in its emptiness. But that is the point; it is empty. Mr. Lewis's perfection grows wearisome when it has so little to exhibit itself upon. Why not let Babbitt bury itself beneath its own perpetual eloquence so that our greatest mimic in fiction may go on to other game?

W. E. Gladstone. By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

A remarkable rehabilitation of Gladstone's political character has been one result of the publication of Queen Victoria's later letters and the exhibition of Disraeli's outrageous conduct during the last seven years of his life. No Mauroisian flippancy can make the aged Disraeli anything but a consummate cynic; but, on the other hand, no new biographer can find any unsus-

pected depths or even turns in Gladstone. Mr. Burdett has done a competent job, although it would not be difficult to argue that, falling into an all-too-common trick of the hour, he has repeated and emphasized far more than he should have done the supposed point of a casual remark of the young Gladstone to the effect that he was without the inner light. Mr. Burdett has been regarded as a member of the Squirearchy—that is, the group of younger writers revolving about the *London Mercury*. They are understood to have set for themselves a standard of correct and lucid writing. This being so, it is an odd circumstance that Mr. Burdett's monograph should contain a large number of sentences, not at all abstruse, which are virtually unintelligible at first reading.

The Knowledge of English. By George Philip Krapp. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75.

Professor Krapp, who is well known for his studies in American English, undertakes in his latest book "to indicate a manner of reducing to some kind of intelligible order the tangle of opinion and of unconscious habit which is present in the minds of English-speaking persons in the practical command of their native idiom." His book is not so much a complete treatise as a collection of thirty essays, always sober and sensible and sometimes remarkably illuminating, on various aspects of the English language. For the most part his point of view is that of the educated man with a sensitive linguistic conscience rather than that of the professional philologist.

Henry Clay Frick, the Man. By George Harvey. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Another of those beautifully printed biographies about another commonplace American millionaire, written by another commonplace biographer in the usual commonplace style. If the public really wants books like this, perhaps there is no reason why publishers shouldn't produce them—and then again, perhaps there is no reason why they should.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Lewis Melville. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$6.

Here is a Victorian biography naked and unashamed, if such adjectives may properly be applied to anything Victorian. In the heyday of a school of biographers whose anemic sophistication is merely another form of sentimentality, Mr. Melville frankly and deliberately piles pathos on pathos in an endless succession of sugary sentences. His critical remarks are of little value, but his book is, as scholars are wont to say, thoroughly documented and freighted with an abundance of footnotes. The illustrations are really excellent.

The Toys of Peace. By Saki (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. \$1.75.

Beasts and Super-Beasts. By Saki (H. H. Munro). The Viking Press. \$1.75.

The third and fourth volumes in the Saki series are now available in uniform edition with "The Unbearable Bassington" and the "Chronicles of Clovis." Like the "Chronicles," they are composed of all-too-short stories and sketches of malicious and delightful nature. Stimulating as they are, however, they distill at times the atmosphere of a three-ring circus. Mr. Munro has no sooner created several charming ladies and gentlemen than he suddenly divests them of all human qualities, so that they take on the appearance of trained seals tossing epigrams to and fro. Easily read, these tales give the impression of having been easily written. At any rate, they are not to be overlooked by the lover of the light satiric.

Machine-Gun Diplomacy. By J. A. H. Hopkins and Melinda Alexander. Lewis Copeland Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Hopkins and Miss Alexander have pasted together a convenient scrap-book on American imperialism—Hubert Herring's story of Mexico, Dr. Gruening's history of Haiti,

Toribio Tijerino's account of the bankers in Nicaragua, Dr. Inman's survey of the American empire in Latin America, Moorfield Storey's picture of imperialism in the Philippines, and have thrown these facts against the background of President Coolidge's Janus-faced speeches and the steady pressure of Wall Street expansion. They preach, ■ a remedy, the doctrine of self-determination expressed in the Nye resolution now before Congress.

Lily-Iron. By Mary Biggs. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

A remarkable first novel, written with power and sensitive-ness. It is primarily a study of character, of the struggle between gentleness and evil in Jensen Romm, and is written with extreme leanness.

American Foreign Policies. By James W. Garner. New York University Press.

A learned and mellow critique of insular attitudes in foreign affairs. Twenty years ago the author collaborated with Henry Cabot Lodge in writing a four-volume history of the United States; today he represents Wilsonism at its best.

The Father of Little Women. By Honoré Willis Morrow. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.00.

Mrs. Morrow makes an ardent and rather sentimental attempt to prove that Bronson Alcott, far from being an impractical visionary, was ■ "genius," an "intellectual giant," whose pedagogical ideas, derided by his own generation, would "stay the moral debacle that threatens our children's children" if they were employed today. Yet her numerous quotations from unpublished sources serve merely to affirm the opinion of Alcott's contemporaries—he might be a very beautiful and inspiring ship, but he had no rudder. Her book, however, will give genuine pleasure to those who are interested in the minutiae of the Transcendental Era, as well as those who relish extraordinarily detailed and vivid documents of human behavior.

Tarka the Otter. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

A very moving biography of an English otter who when he died took his old enemy, Deadlock the hound, down with him to the bottom of the river.

Money and Monetary Policy in Early Times. By A. R. Burns. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

Mr. Burns brings together what is known of the history of money from the earliest times to the fall of Rome. It is ■ fascinating story, pieced together from scanty and scattered data, and it is a welcome substitute for the works of imagination that have too largely held sway in this field. It will doubtless be ■ standard authority until our knowledge of pre-history is greatly increased. Sixteen plates and a map add to its value.

Moving Pictures Character and Drama

ALLOWING for the determined enthusiasm of the publicity agents, one feels that Hollywood is quite sincerely convinced of the outstanding artistic merit of "The Last Command" and "The Crowd"—two of the recent crop of "specials." This is of course as it should be in Hollywood. For my part, I fail to see much if anything in these two pictures that can be properly described as standing out. On the other hand, I see a great deal that stands decidedly below the level of achievement revealed by both Emil Jannings and King Vidor in their earlier work.



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One feels particularly sorry for Jannings. This very serious, inquiring, and gifted actor is succumbing to the slick efficiency of the rubber stamp and the perverse incompetence which seem to pervade the Hollywood studios. In "The Last Laugh" and "Variety"—thanks largely to the exceptional quality of the direction—Jannings's acting was the focusing center of a dynamic pattern. It sustained the ebb and flow of the emotional forces involved; it provided the high and low lights for the moments of tense, overcharged drama and for the moments of relaxation and comic relief. Characterization, more prominent in "The Last Laugh" than in "Variety," was mostly used for such a purpose, and therefore formed part and parcel of the dynamic pattern. In "The Way of All Flesh," however, characterization came much more to the fore, and thus inevitably threw the whole dramatic scheme out of balance. This was particularly emphasized by the excellence of Jannings's acting in the descriptive introduction of the story in contrast to the conventional treatment of the subsequent "dramatic" development.

"The Last Command" is a step still further away from an emotional pattern unfolded in visual images. Though selected obviously for the sake of its final scene—the pathetic "last command" of an old Russian general acting as a Hollywood extra—the story does nothing to rouse the spectator to the appreciation of this climax beyond picturing crudely, and at times rather stupidly, the events on the fighting front which brought about the overthrow of the generals. On the other hand, the portrait picture of the general, though it occupies half the film, comes nowhere near the subtlety and richness of Jannings's characterization in "The Way of All Flesh." The total effect is that the picture lacks distinction; it runs smoothly from scene to scene with the sleekness of an article made according to a well-known formula.

In "The Crowd" King Vidor, the director, had an opportunity for treating an interesting subject in an interesting way. He made a feeble attempt to avail himself of this opportunity, but abandoned it very soon. I am not surprised at his failure, since he seems to owe it to the same quality that insured his success in "The Big Parade." It will be recalled that the latter picture achieved its great distinction not through any original conception of cinematic drama but through its masterly treatment of very conventional material. It was daring in realistic detail while remaining romantic and sentimental in the general mood. In a word, "The Big Parade" was brilliant in its superficiality—which latter quality did not seem so objectionable because the scale of the picture demanded a big brush.

In "The Crowd" King Vidor was faced with a vastly different problem. The story of a young office clerk, one of the millions who make the wheels go round in such big cities as New York—called for a finer brush and a more delicate treatment than were necessary in "The Big Parade." Here was a psychological drama against a sociological background. For a daring interpretation in visual images dynamically organized there could have been no better opportunity. After a few faltering steps King Vidor decided the task was not for him. He rejected both psychology and sociology, and turned to "character" as his principal weapon. He chose his types with the same sureness of touch as in "The Big Parade"—types torn out of real, everyday life—and he applied to them the same treatment—farfetched exaggeration and false emotion. As for the background, he showed some very striking views of skyscrapers, and one particularly striking picture of a large office; but he never attempted to relate these to the life-story of his hero, or to weave them into the emotional pattern of the picture. One technical innovation deserves notice—the use of the double exposure with a reduced image instead of the ordinary flash-back; the thoughts of a character are shown as images inside his head. But even in this there is subordination of cinematic effect to the requirements of crudely conceived realism.

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GOOD FOR HENRY FORD! He has taken the occasion of his visit to Great Britain to reannounce his belief in free trade and free competition. Said he: "I don't believe in anything else but free trade all around. I don't know what a tariff means, except that it means giving one crowd an advantage over another. Free trade is competition. . . ." Precisely. Yet curiously enough the very men who inveigh most loudly against the government's going into business are the ones who are most eager to put the government into business with all the protected industries, to make it the partner who guarantees and regulates profits. Mr. Ford, to his credit be it said, has known the folly of tariffs from the very beginning of his career as an automobile maker, and in 1910 sent the present Senator Couzens, then the treasurer of his company, to Washington, at the time of the making of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, to insist that there should be no tariff on foreign cars. The Ford business was then truly an infant industry, but Mr. Couzens declared that tariffs meant waste, inefficiency, and nepotism in every business that was covered by them, since it gave a margin under which the business could be carelessly or lavishly operated and still make money. He and Mr. Ford were, he then stated, of the belief that they had better go out of business if they could not meet and overcome any foreign competition.

THROWN OUT OF COURT as an organization that had come to ask justice "with filthy hands," the Ku Klux Klan has never been so utterly discredited as now at the close of its suit to enjoin five "expelled" members from using the Klan name in Pennsylvania. Judge W. H. S. Thompson, in denying the petition, said

That the plaintiff organization, through its actual operations and teachings, has stirred up racial and religious prejudices, fomented disorder, and encouraged riots and unlawful assemblies which have resulted in flagrant breaches of the peace, defiance of law, bloodshed, and loss of life, and that such unlawful assemblies and riots have, in many instances, been brought about for the avowed purpose on the part of the officers in control of increasing the membership of the organization.

Which, on the basis of testimony offered by witnesses at the trial of floggings, hangings, tar-and-featherings, burnings at the stake, and incitement to the celebrated riot in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, at which men were beaten and injured and at least one shot to death—all inspired or conducted by the Klan—seems a just and temperate statement of the case. The judge moreover did not hesitate to place on the shoulders of Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, and once Exalted Cyclops of the Klan, the direct responsibility for the Carnegie riot. If it had been within his power he might well have gone on and urged that Evans be indicted for murder and fraud. But others can do what a judge may not. It is time that the Klan was called what it is, a band of hoodlums, a gang of cutthroats and tools of cutthroats. Decent men have long thought these things about the Klan. To hear them spoken aloud in a court of law is heartening.

COMPLETELY WHITEWASHED by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Rear Admiral Brumby, recommended for censure and removal from command for his conduct of the rescue operations of the submarine S-4, can now step forward brightly and perform the proper naval equivalent for thumbing his nose at the Naval Court of Inquiry that reprimanded him. Secretary Wilbur says of his inferior officer:

There is nothing in his conduct in connection with the rescue . . . which is considered blameworthy or other than commendable, and under all the circumstances any errors or oversight or failures in his testimony are insufficient to overcome his splendid record . . . of more than thirty-one years of service in the navy.

And the Rear Admiral himself, in one of his best "explanations," explains:

A period of nearly four weeks elapsed before I testified at the Court of Inquiry. During this period my time and attention were fully occupied with the work at hand. Under the existing conditions, I feel that it is natural that, due to press of circumstances, some details may have escaped my memory. When the court asked questions that I could not answer with absolute certainty, I said that I did not know, rather than give answers more or less vague, although at the time of the operation I was fully conversant with the work going on and could have answered technical questions regarding it.

In other words, when Admiral Brumby repeated *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam* "I don't know," or "I really couldn't say," or "I left that to the young men in charge," in answer to questions about the conduct of salvage operations while forty men died in blackness under the sea, he really didn't mean it. He knew all the time; his memory was a little vague, to be sure, but he *really could have answered the questions*, if only—if only the moon had been right, or something. If Admiral Brumby could have replied with intelligence and knowledge, it is unfortunate, both for himself and the navy, that he did not do so. As it is, Secretary Wilbur's whitewash does not stick.

THE OKLAHOMA AND IOWA PRIMARIES were so unexpectedly favorable to Governor Smith that his supporters are now warranted in believing that he is practically certain of the Democratic nomination. Mr. McAdoo's effort to raise up an opposition candidate in the person of Senator Walsh is plainly belated. The Senator has admirable qualities and would in many respects make an excellent Chief Executive. But it is Governor Smith who seems to have caught the popular fancy, while Senator Walsh, despite his great abilities, has been known to the public at large only through his probing of the oil scandals. We cannot yet believe that the Democratic convention will be a mere love-feast. The Wets and Drys are bound to clash. If the religious issue is not forced to the front through the acts of such men as Senator Heflin it will be more than surprising. Meanwhile, those hesitant politicians who always wait to see which way the cat is going to jump are drifting over to Governor Smith. He, it is reported, will soon formally announce his candidacy and give his views on national issues. The sooner the better. The country is entitled to have his views on the issues; they have been withheld too long.

CHEERS FROM SOME AL SMITH supporters greet the announcement that the commissioners of Forsythe County, North Carolina, have refused the use of the county courthouse to Senator Heflin of Alabama while Governor Smith is the guest of the Tar Heel State. We like Al Smith and we despise the cheap bigotry of Heflin; but if Al Smith were in his finest vein we think that he would publicly regret the action of the county commissioners. It is no courtesy to the things he stands for to refuse free speech to his opponents. When the Klan and the Klansmen doff their nightshirts and hoods and come out into the open, let them speak wherever they can find an audience to listen; Heflins suppressed are more dangerous than Heflins deflated by their own excessive oratory. We feel similarly about the anti-German propaganda film, "Dawn." It revives the Edith Cavell story with the deliberate purpose of stirring up war-time hates; but we believe that the German-American societies by their well-meant endeavor to suppress it have given it an effective advertising which, without them, it could never have won.

IN SO FAR AS MR. HOOVER has moved toward the ending of segregation in his Department, he is entitled to commendation. For what he has done he has been violently attacked by Senator Stephens of Mississippi, who made at least one misstatement in his letter—that segregation had always existed in the departments at Washington. This is an untruth; there never was any segregation until Woodrow

Wilson came into office and the Southern members of his Cabinet began the segregation. For a time then it was checked; but there have been recent signs of a recurrence of this discrimination. It ought to be fought wherever it shows itself. The idea that the Government of the United States should take the position that there are two kinds of American citizens, so differentiated that they cannot work within the same room, is utterly preposterous. Insistence upon this would be a more deliberate and a more serious blow at American democracy than anything which has been suggested by the Communists in this country. Senator Stephens says that Mr. Hoover acted merely for political reasons. We do not undertake to read Mr. Hoover's mind, but we do know that his action followed upon a vigorous campaign to end segregation which had been carried on by the Washington branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People of which branch Mr. Neval H. Thomas is the head.

THE KELLOGG-BRIAND DEBATE on paths to peace has been transferred to a larger stage. England, Germany, Italy, and Japan have been invited to join the discussion. M. Briand, it will be recalled, suggested, a year ago, that France and the United States renounce war as between them. Mr. Kellogg replied, eight months later, suggesting that the renunciation be made multilateral. This, conflicting with France's system of alliances, led France to suggest, first, outlawry of aggressive wars only, then an inquiry whether the other nations were ready for outlawry. Accordingly, Mr. Kellogg has offered to the other four Great Powers, for comment, a treaty agreeing to seek "settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them" by pacific means only. France is, apparently, repeating her insistence that the treaty must be universal, that the renunciation should apply only to aggressive war, and that in case one Power contravene the treaty the other Powers shall automatically be relieved of their obligation. Thus the Geneva-Locarno and the Kellogg-Briand long-distance debates are amalgamated, and set upon an intercontinental stage. This solemn international discussion is wholesome. It puts nations on their mettle to prove their will to peace. Essentially, of course, the old question is at issue: Security or disarmament, which comes first? The French still believe in enforced peace, and, with their history, that is natural. But the United States, we believe, is right in laying the emphasis on the will to peace rather than upon the punishment of the sinner. Mr. Kellogg's new doctrine, however, sounds strange from the lips of that belligerent pacifier of Nicaragua. Does he think that in Central America the Marine Corps is a "pacific means of settlement"?

IN HAVANA the students take politics seriously. Twenty-one of them were expelled last autumn for protesting too vigorously against President Machado's efforts to extend his term of office; and the university was closed for the period of the Pan-American Conference, thus keeping the state of mind of the ebullient students from the attention of the delegates from other lands. Now twenty-one more students have been expelled, and the university grounds are occupied by soldiers. In March forty-three students signed a protest against Machado's dictatorship; when, on April 9, the University Council met to discipline them, other student

sympathizers broke down the door of the council-room and invaded the council with their protests. Armed men were called in to disperse the indignant students; but the next day 800 of them gathered on the monumental stairway leading to the university and refused to enter the classrooms until their comrades were released. As a result another batch of twenty-one have been expelled, and more have been arrested, charged with sedition. Meanwhile President Machado has announced that he will seek reelection for a six-year term of office. Since he does not permit the Opposition to hold a meeting or publish a newspaper, his victory in an election would be almost certain; but he might recall that twice in Cuba's history rebellions have been precipitated by the attempt of presidents to repeat their terms in office, and that one of the leaders of the last such rebellion was General Gerardo Machado y Morales, the present President of Cuba.

NOTES ON WOMEN: In San Juan province, Argentina, women voted for the first time on April 8. The statisticians report that whereas only 74 per cent of the men went to the polls, 84 per cent of the women voted. (In the advanced United States about 50 per cent of the eligible voters vote in a Presidential year.) On the other hand, in Rosario, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, also in Argentina, some months ago, 28 women took the trouble to register; and in the senatorial election in the province of Rio Grande do Norte, Brazil, on April 8, precisely 11 women voted in the capital city of Natal. From which mixed reports the philosophers of feminism and anti-feminism may derive equal comfort. Meanwhile we hail the appointment of Doris Stevens as chairman of the Pan-American Woman's Commission. Where the women, as in San Juan, are awake, Doris Stevens will help organize them for other triumphs; where, as in Rosario and Natal, they are asleep, she will rouse them; and where, as at Havana, men are calmly assuming government and politics to be the exclusive prerogative of the male, Doris Stevens will lead a parade of women into their somber sessions and inform them that this is the Twentieth Century.

AN OLD STORY is not news, no matter how important. Thus the election of Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist, for a fourth four-year term as Mayor of Milwaukee on April 3 was either ignored by the metropolitan press or crowded into a few obscure lines at the bottom of some other political story. Yet in many ways the fact that a large and prosperous industrial city, having had twelve years of a Socialist administrator, decides to keep him for another four years is more significant than his first election. Unfortunately, although Mayor Hoan was reelected by 64,874 votes against 46,657 for his coalition rival, he failed to carry with him the other three Socialist candidates for general city offices and the Socialist minority among the aldermen was cut down. In New York City the national Socialist convention has nominated Norman Thomas for President and James K. Maurer for Vice-President. Mr. Thomas, contributing editor of *The Nation* and director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is a man of the highest character and ability, superbly equipped for the role of Socialist Presidential candidate in the coming campaign, and Mr. Maurer, long president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, is one of the heroes of the American labor movement. If American politics selected its leaders on the basis of character, these men's campaign would fill the papers.

Russian Gold

SOVIET gold has become the central figure in a mystery story of international intrigue and adventure more romantic than Henty's best. On April 5, under cover of darkness and secrecy and armed guards, \$5,200,000 in gold bars was put on board the liner Dresden bound from New York to Germany via Cherbourg. On April 13 the same gold was transferred in mid-Channel eight miles off Falmouth, England, on a night just as dark and under circumstances just as mysterious, to a tramp steamer chartered by the Soviet Government. The arrival of that gold in the United States and its romantic exit were both moves in a game that involves the trade and political relations of France, Russia, and the United States. The gold came to the United States to lend solidity and prestige to Soviet trade with American firms. Two of the greatest banks in the country, the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company, received the gold as agents of the Russian State Bank. The gold was refused by the United States Government for assay and became, commercially, as worthless as its weight in mud—and more expensive to care for. The Bank of France brought suit against the two American banks to obtain possession of the gold, which, it claimed, was the property of France deposited in Russia before the Revolution. The suit is now on; and the gold, meanwhile, has slipped out of New York and past Cherbourg, foiling any intention the French may have had to attach it.

But probably France had no such intention. On March 28 *The Nation* printed an article suggesting that since the Bank of France had little legal chance of recovering the gold, its suit against the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company was perhaps actuated by political motives; that the Russian gold was merely a handy weapon in a long-drawn struggle for trade advantages against the United States. Its recent course has borne out this view. When they filed suit on March 6, the French sent letters to both American banks stating that photographs and documents were on the way from France, proving that the gold was French property. To this day the French have not produced their promised evidence; and the gold has gone back into Russian hands. The American banks claim that, no matter to whom the gold may belong, it does not belong to them and therefore cannot be recovered from them. From the first, they have stated that they acted only as agents for the Soviet Government. On the other hand, since the Soviet Government has not been recognized, neither it nor any of its institutions can sue or be sued in the American courts. This situation presents an amusing legal problem, and it may suggest to our State Department that, in spite of Mr. Kellogg's recent remarks, recognition of the Soviet Government might, after all, result in solid commercial advantages.

Out of the bag comes another large black cat. The Assay Office refused this Russian gold because its title was "in doubt," but the *New York Times* on April 15 described how the billion-dollar pre-war Russian gold reserve has been drained into Western Europe since the Revolution, and thence has made its way into the United States, so that the *Federal Reserve Bulletin* of June, 1922, stated that most of it was actually in our own federal reserve vaults. Is it possible that a substantial part of Mr. Coolidge's prosperity is built on Soviet gold?

Illinois Shows the Way

THE results of the Illinois primary constitute the most heartening event in American political life in years.

Not that we are under the slightest illusion as to the worth of some of the men who defeated Mayor Thompson and Governor Small. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that it took murders and wholesale bombings and an open alliance between law-enforcing officials and criminals to arouse the people of Chicago and the rural portions of the State to do that which a decent respect for their citizenship and their country would have dictated years ago. None the less, taking the job on its face, it was well done. The most that had been hoped for was a defeat of the cohorts of the Mayor, but veteran political observers of a detached point of view were not willing to prophesy that it would take place. Now we have the verdict—decisive, overwhelming, satisfactory not only for itself but because it is another indication of the coming awakening of the American people from their political and moral indifference.

It is surely a triumph by itself to eliminate Mayor Thompson as a political power in Illinois, just at the moment when he was planning to play a marplot's role at the Republican National Convention, but it is even finer to have removed State's Attorney Crowe, Senator-designate Frank L. Smith, and Governor Len Small at the same time. The biggest fish are safely in the net. Governor Small had himself been stamped by the Supreme Court of Illinois as guilty of a misuse of public funds when he was State treasurer. The ending of his career would alone have made this election worth while. So, too, the retirement to private life of Frank L. Smith would have been a cause for rejoicing. Rejected by the Senate because of the huge expenditures made by his supporters, notably the public-service corporations, in his primary election, Mr. Smith was immediately appointed Senator by Governor Small—with a great show of outrage that the lawless Senate should deprive the sovereign State of Illinois of its right to send whomsoever it saw fit to Washington; that it should compel it to be with only half its representation in the upper chamber in Washington. Mr. Smith was equally defiant and had openly boasted that he would be back next winter knocking at the doors of the Senate with a mandate which the Senate could not reject. But the people of Illinois decided to take a hand, and by a majority of more than 200,000 they designated a little-known rural prosecutor, Otis F. Glenn, as the Republican nominee for the Senate.

As for State's Attorney Crowe, he had been denounced by the president of the Chicago Crime Commission as unfit to be in charge of the crime-enforcement machinery of Cook County. The best citizenship of Chicago has for years been convinced that Mr. Crowe was utterly unworthy of his task, to put it in the politest way. Many have not hesitated to go much further. It is a satisfaction to know that Judge John A. Swanson has defeated him for renomination, and that there is an excellent prospect that he, or the Democratic nominee, Judge Lindsay, will decide to investigate the relations of crime and criminals to the Thompson Administration when one of them takes office. Mr. Thompson had announced that he would resign if Mr. Crowe should not be renominated. That was merely one of his many bluffs. He

is not of the kind to resign as long as there is any prospect for future political activity. Doubtless he will recall the fact that he was defeated once and returned to office the second time. Now things are different; we cannot bring ourselves to believe that there is any further chance for him in the politics of Chicago—he could not carry even his own ward. His preposterous campaign to rewrite the text-books of history and to dominate the school system in Chicago gave him international notoriety which every American ought to be glad to have ended. It may now even occur to the President of the United States that it is no longer advisable or necessary to invite "Big Bill" Thompson to meals at the White House, as Mr. Coolidge lately did, at the very time when the decent citizens of Chicago were uniting to rid the city of Thompson's pestiferous influence.

Still another gratifying outcome of the polling was the renomination of Congressman-at-large Henry R. Rathbone. We had greatly feared that this useful Representative might be defeated by the candidacy of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick. Instead, the other Congressman-at-large, Richard Yates, who served five terms in Congress without profit either to the State or to the country, has been retired to private life. Mrs. McCormick's nomination makes probable the election to the next Congress of an able and public-spirited woman whose original candidacy we hailed with great satisfaction last fall. We must confess, however, to disappointment in her candidacy. Unlike Mr. Rathbone, Mrs. McCormick neither openly nor covertly, so far as any one knows, lifted her hand to oppose Mayor Thompson. On the contrary, Mayor Thompson declared publicly that he had had several conferences with Mrs. McCormick and found her in full accord with his principles. Mrs. McCormick never denied this statement. More than that, there is evidence that she has been in active alliance with State's Attorney Crowe. Instead of refusing to be affiliated with either side from the beginning of her candidacy, Mrs. McCormick leaned to the Crowe-Thompson side until the Lowden-Deneen-Emmerson-Glenn forces loomed up as possible winners. Then she decided to be neutral. Public life will not gain by the entry of women of Mrs. McCormick's ability and standing if they pussyfoot and trim in that manner.

As for the newly chosen candidates, we cannot forget that Louis L. Emmerson, now the official Republican candidate for Governor, was the manager of ex-Governor Lowden's campaign for the Presidency in 1920. It was during this campaign that the sum of \$32,303 was expended. Two delegates received \$2,500 apiece for which they rendered no services. It was the revelation of this fact which caused the collapse of Mr. Lowden's candidacy. No one believes that Mr. Lowden himself was cognizant of what was done, but whether the responsibility rested with Mr. Emmerson himself or his Missouri manager is not clear. We can only say that we trust that the voters of Illinois will weigh carefully the question whether the Democratic candidate is not a better prospect than Mr. Emmerson. We hope, too, that they will continue the good work by retiring Senator Deneen when he comes up for reelection, generally cleaning house from top to bottom. They have shown what can be done when they are aroused. They should stay at a white heat.

Vikings of the Air

WHEN Eric the Red, father of that Leif Ericson who first among white men discovered America, set sail from Iceland in the year 986 with twenty-five open ships, his veins must have throbbed with much the same blood as, a thousand years later, pulsed in the bodies of Alcock and Brown, of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and Levine, of Coli and Nungesser, Costès and Lebrix, and of Ehrenfried von Huenefeld, James Fitzmaurice, and Hermann Koehl.

Only fourteen of Eric's twenty-five ships ever reached Greenland; and fifteen men and three women have died within a year in the attempt to bridge the Atlantic by fragile airplanes. The world has forgotten the men who grumbled "suicide" when Eric shouted to his men to pull on their oars; and it will soon forget the grumblers of today. More men and women will lose their lives, and hundreds of others will vainly clamor for the chance to risk theirs, before transatlantic flying becomes as safe as steamship travel is today. But the job will be done; and when it is done, we shall honor dead heroes but shall no more begrudge them than we begrudge the martyrs who perished when sails and oars were discovering new coasts across the seas. Who would not rather have died with Bruce Goldsborough than live to be a garage mechanic at a crossroads?

Possibly a few score men saw Eric start; still fewer, probably, ever heard of his safe colonization of Greenland. The story of his son Leif's discovery of the North American continent was so little known that it was forgotten for centuries. But in 1928 the streets of Berlin and Dublin and New York were black with anxious crowds waiting for news of the fliers; and the bulletins of their success were rushed to print in the newspapers of ten thousand cities, scattered over all the five continents of the globe. They bridged with airplanes an ocean that had already been bridged with ships, cables, radiotelegraphy, and wireless telephones. The upper air, and the Antarctic icecap, and the bottom of the sea are still worthy of explorers, but the planet on which we dwell has shrunk to petty, familiar proportions since Leif Ericson sailed an uncharted sea for lands undreamed of.

Eric the Red's men hunted Eskimos; and perhaps the Eskimos were responsible for the disappearance of the Norse civilization which flourished for five centuries after Eric's day in Greenland—no man knows. The world he lived in had not yet learned even to talk of the outlawry of war. Von Huenefeld, Fitzmaurice, and Koehl dropped onto Greenly Island sure that whoever lived there would share with them whatever food and warmth might be at hand. They could not have landed on unfriendly soil. And their flight will bind Germany, Ireland, Canada, and the United States closer together.

But we are still partial in our vision of flying. England recalls that Alcock and Brown were first to fly across the Atlantic; the United States can hardly see beyond the mighty shadow of Lindbergh; Germany and Ireland today think only of this first East-to-West passage; and France is too busy celebrating the return of Costès and Lebrix to spare much attention for the German-Irish fliers. Each of the national heroes is worthy of all praise; but each nation is still a little blind in celebrating its own. Costès and Lebrix, for instance, have never had in this country the

prestige they deserve. These men had already flown their plane to Siberia and back, to Persia and back, to Africa and back, from Paris, before they set out to circle the globe. They have flown, as punctually on schedule time as Lindbergh himself, from Paris to Algiers; across the Sahara Desert to St. Louis on the west coast of Africa; across the South Atlantic to Brazil; they have toured all South and Central America; have winged their way, little heeded, about the United States; then they packed their plane on an ocean liner and, reassembling it in Japan, sped in six days from Japan across China, Indochina, Malaysia, India, Persia, Arabia, Greece, and Italy, home to Paris—a world tour more remarkable even than that of our own Brock and Schlee. But because they were Frenchmen, we have not given them in this country half the applause we gave Ruth Elder and George Haldeman for tumbling safely into the sea beside a Dutch tanker off the Azores. Provincialism is not dead.

Frenchman, Englishman, German, Irishman, son of the vikings, Jew, Italian, plain Yankee—race after race has proved its skill and valor in the air. The Japanese may yet be first to fly straight across the Pacific, and a Negro may, in this day and generation, follow. There is, of course, a certain madness in the game. The newspaper ballyhoo, assuredly, was not matched in the vikings' day; but the gambling competition for fame and money, after all, is not so totally different from the hope of profitable real estate which sent Eric to Greenland or the lust for gold which spurred Columbus and his Spanish followers across the dangerous sea. Instinctively, we hail these men who live dangerously. The world is a bit sick of safety; and sick, we hope, of danger found only in threatening danger to others. It loves the stories of the old vikings and of the men who first set sail in unknown seas; it loves these vikings of the air. And it is right.

Money While You Wait

WOLVES as well as sheep flourish in fat pastures—the sheep on the pasturage and the wolves on the sheep. An era in which money is so easy that hundreds of thousands of persons confidently discount their future by undertaking to buy automobiles, radios, and miscellaneous luxuries on the instalment plan is one in which swindlers, "loan sharks," and other creatures with voracious appetites and murky morals multiply at an alarming rate. New York City has lately been taking stock of its "loan sharks" and observing somewhat both their habits and their habitat. As might be expected, it is proposing to reform their habits rather than their habitat, with the prospect of attaining the usual transitory results. There have been a number of indictments, there may be even some convictions, but in general "loan sharks" will not worry much—or long—while pickings are so good.

The business of lending money at extortionate rates and recovering it by blood-bringing methods is one of the oldest in the world, but modern conditions have developed new methods. From the facts developed in the inquiry conducted by the United States Attorney in New York City it appears that two money-lending concerns often work in concert in order to avoid conflict with anti-usury laws. One company charges a huge fee for "investigation"

and arrangements and then passes the victim on to another for a loan that can be justified legally. The loot is divided according to a prearranged schedule. The total charges amount to interest at from 20 to 100 per cent.

Automobile owners are a much-esteemed food of "loan sharks," and the cars offer an excellent opportunity for novel and ruthless exploitation. A woman borrowed \$200 on an automobile, promising to pay back \$250 in six months. She defaulted on the first payment, her car was seized, and it cost her \$313.50 to recover it: the \$250 agreed upon, \$20 for storage, \$6 for towing, \$30 as a "repossess" fee, and \$7.50 auctioneer's fee—although there was no auction. In the meanwhile the tools had been stolen and the car damaged. One bit of technique is a fake auction. When payments are defaulted the car pledged security is seized and a dummy bids it in at a fictitious auction at about one-third of the money due. The victim is then sued for the difference between the sale price and the money due, while the exploiters further fatten their account by reselling the car and pocketing the proceeds.

But the most novel procedure seems to be in connection with what is called "repossessing" cars. One man told of having repossessed 600 cars in three years. He received \$25 for each car, but signed a receipt for \$35.

"That extra ten, I suppose, was charged against the victim?" asked the United States Attorney.

"That's my belief," replied the witness.

The man worked with a pretty young woman as a decoy. Many of the borrowers were taxicab drivers. When they defaulted in payments the job of the young woman was to engage the taxi and have it driven to a prearranged point. Then she would lure the driver out of and away from the cab. Thereupon the man in waiting stepped inside and drove away, but stopped at the nearest telephone and notified the police that the car had been repossessed. This put him right with the authorities and headed off an investigation which would have followed otherwise and might have led to unpleasant disclosures for the money lenders. When the victim notified the police that his automobile had been stolen he would get the reply: "Oh, no, your car hasn't been stolen; it has been repossessed."

One taxicab driver appeared at the inquiry who began by borrowing \$100 and ended by losing his car and his home. Another told how he had begun by borrowing \$100. His bill eventually ran up to \$552, although he never received more than \$220.

It may strike the reader that many of the practices revealed are not only unscrupulous but also illegal. Undoubtedly this is so. The holding of a fictitious auction of a car, for instance, with a subsequent actual sale at a much higher figure, is obviously fraudulent and would subject those responsible to criminal prosecution if the facts should be discovered. But they rarely are. The man who deals with "money sharks" is not usually keen in smelling a rat or in hunting it down if he does. Generally he wants to conceal his borrowings from his friends and especially from his employer. The last thing he wants is any publicity. For the most part the methods of the money lenders, however reprehensible, are probably within the law. In any event it is unlikely that the nature of the sheep is going to be changed by punishing the wolves. To punish the sheep might be more effective, but perhaps the wolves do that as well as anybody.

Literature and Fresh Air

THE headmaster of Westminster School, London, was recently so bold as to make a generalization about the relative merits of country and city life. It is a real issue in these days when we have begun to be a bit aghast at the Babylons that have erected themselves across the face of the Western world. There are those like H. G. Wells who accept the city as our only destiny and urge us frankly to develop the country as its play- and feeding-ground; but then there are those who cry out that our salvation will consist in transcending, if not in unbuilding, the modern metropolis. The headmaster of Westminster School hewed somewhat between the lines with this advice to his students: "In order to live your life well, play in the country but work in the town. It is in the great vitality of the great town's life that the individual is stimulated and compelled to think." The editor of the *Countryman*, a pleasant little rural journal bound in green covers, saw a challenge here and invited a number of distinguished English authors to express their opinions in the matter.

Arnold Bennett, leading off, dismissed the question in nine words: "It makes no difference to me where I work." Hilaire Belloc said the same thing—characteristically enough—with twenty-two words and one exclamation point. But most of the contributors made choices, or at least compromises; and the keynote of all the more interesting replies was struck by Clemence Dane, who agreed with the headmaster that cities are stimulating but disagreed with him over the quality of the stimulus. "That is to say," she said, "one is taking mental cocktails all day long; but the end of a month of mental cocktails is complete physical exhaustion. . . . I am sure that in the end the *quality* of the work [done in the country] improves." Aldous Huxley went even farther in Miss Dane's direction. "What the headmaster of Westminster calls 'the great vitality of the great town' seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the great vitality of a dead frog's leg when an electric current is passed through it." And since one of these Englishmen was bound to take a slap at us over here, Mr. Aldous Huxley decided to do it by adding: "The most highly galvanized corpse-cities are, of course, to be found in America." John Galsworthy said briefly that his best work had been done in the country; so did Havelock Ellis, Sir Oliver Lodge, Ramsay MacDonald, John Masefield, May Sinclair, and T. F. Powys—the latter insisting that he neither worked nor played in London. A. A. Milne and Henry W. Nevinson admitted that they would work in the country if they could, but said that they could not because the country is too beautiful and distracting. Virginia Woolf suspected that "the country is best for reading and London best for writing"; while Sidney Webb said that London is necessary for stimulus and the country desirable for study. George Moore simply requested the headmaster to remember "that people taken up from the country to be educated in the towns never return to the country."

It would be amusing, and perhaps enlightening, to see what an equivalent group of American writers would say. It would be still more valuable to know whether any person really understands himself in this connection. How many authors have not done their best work in town at the very moment when they were wishing they were somewhere else?

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE Supreme Court is one of the proudest bulwarks of our liberty, and anybody who dares to criticize it is probably a criminal anarchist and a bomb-thrower. I suppose every good citizen will subscribe to that statement without quibble. But unfortunately there now seems to be under way a process known as "boring from within." The court is under frequent and specific criticism from a gentleman who cannot even be blacklisted by the D. A. R., so manifest is his devotion and service to this country. He is not a member of the younger generation or the Greenwich Village crowd, and I have never heard it said that he was tainted with the gold of Russia. If the Supreme Court is an institution so shrewdly conceived in theory and so magnificently administered in practice, why do we so frequently see the phrase "Justice Holmes dissenting?"

Indeed the man has allies who serve with him to bring our greatest court into disrepute. Upon numerous occasions the tally reads: "Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting." Upon many occasions the opinion of the minority is written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Indeed a tabulation of this man's protests against the decisions of his colleagues would form an excellent summary of the fight for human rights during the last two decades. The political situation of the United States at the moment is wholly awry. In our legislative halls there is a most confused and inexact division between liberal and conservative points of view. It has become trite by now to point out that there is no coherence in either of the major parties and that certain Democrats should by every rule of logic become Republicans and vice versa. The present party system merely tends to obscure and hinder the natural and inevitable clash between liberal and conservative. The uniforms have been all mixed up and few know which is friend and which is foe.

But upon our bench, dedicated to calm and non-partisan survey of national legislation, the fundamental political line is nicely and ever so firmly drawn between the go-aheads and standpats. It may seem the part of enlightened democracy to tolerate in high office men whose views are so much more radical than those of the country at large, but this system cannot be said to endanger prosperity, big business, and Calvin Coolidge, for there is a safe majority of Tories. Little is left to the liberals except eloquent dissent.

Possibly it may be said that I exaggerate the situation. It is true that now and then there is a slightly new alignment on some issue or other, but in all the fundamental cases you will discover Holmes and Brandeis and Stone together and outvoted. The suggestion that Supreme Court judges be elected or that their decisions be subject to recall by popular vote has always been regarded as the sin against the Constitution. No other blasphemy is quite so black. To be sure neither Holmes nor either of his fellow-dissenters has ever said anything to give direct comfort to those who would reform the court by such measures, but his criticisms upon occasion do bite very deeply into the accumulated strands of precedent and tradition which are the Supreme Court. The man who dares you to say one word against the sacred institution ought to be made to specify. Does he stand by the court as it was conceived in the Constitution or by the body which has come into being with the gradual

accumulation of powers never granted but all usurped?

I am not myself speaking purely for the old court, for it is largely through the seizure of authority that the Supreme Court has done its bit to sweep away the noxious theory of States' rights. I suppose the justices have done as much as ever Union soldiers did to batter down the sovereignty of the particular units as opposed to the federal whole. By a curious quirk Justice Holmes who himself bore arms in the conflict is now among the States'-rights wing of the court upon certain occasions. There is just reported a case in which he took such a view. As described in the *New York Times* a Kentucky railway company gave an exclusive contract to a taxicab concern to operate a stand within the grounds of one of its stations. Kentucky courts ruled that it was illegal for the company to grant such a right, whereupon the taxicab concern dissolved in Kentucky, incorporated in Tennessee, and got its stand by decision of the Supreme Court.

This may be excellent law but it makes very little sense to the lay mind. Indeed in all the conflicts between Holmes and his associates his views seem much more reasonable. In part this may be traced to the fact that he is a superb writer on a bench largely made up of men who have no talent for expression, no matter what their legal capacity may be. I suppose the bench and bar is almost the worst training school in the country for authorship. There are not ten judges in the whole United States who can express themselves in clear and understandable English. Indeed only two names come immediately to mind—those of Holmes in Washington and Cardozo of the New York bench.

In regard to the taxicab opinion delivered for the majority by Justice Butler, Holmes said that it rested "upon a subtle fallacy" and that out of this there had sprung "an unconstitutional usurpation of power by the courts of the United States which no lapse of time or respectable array of opinion should hesitate to make us correct." That is undeniably strong language. The Key and Minute Men of America would do well to keep an eye on Justice Holmes. The full decision does not lie before me, and I assume that the dissenter probably did not go on to explain in just what way the courts of the United States can be curbed from exercising unconstitutional powers. If it is conceivable that the highest court of all may promulgate heresy, just how is this to be corrected? We are back in the old chicken-and-egg controversy. Does the Constitution make the court or the court the Constitution?

However, I rather feel that at times Holmes goes a step beyond either of these authorities. Almost alone he has fought the fight to insist that man was not made for law. Back of precedents and provisions there stands a superior power. These men in a little room are not gods because they wear black robes. They cannot exercise an authority by which the repeatedly declared will of a majority may be frustrated. Election of judges or recall of decisions may not serve well in practice, but it is not unpatriotic or even strikingly radical to maintain that some way must in time be found to make the Supreme Court responsive and responsible to the popular will.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Pineapple Politics

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

At the battlefront, Chicago, April 16

MEET Big Bill. Blatant, muddle-headed, obnoxious, incoherent. A big noise in a big hulk. Some say he is the Spirit of Chicago. That charge held good until Tuesday, April 10. On that memorable day something came up and hit him. Now he has that touch of melancholy so essential to the art of a clown.

Meet Abie Arends. In the mauve decade he was the masculine madame of a house of prostitution. More recently he has moved up a notch and has been engaged by Bill to teach the populace the plaintive song-poem of Packingtown:

Scanning hist'ry's pages,
We find names we love so well,
Heroes of all ages—
Of their deeds we love to tell.
Who is the one,
Chicago's greatest son?
It's Big Bill, the Builder—

And so on, for fourteen verses.

Meet Al Capone, called "Scarface." Ruler of the realm of racketeering. Overlord of the underworld. The man to whom 3,000,000 people pay tribute—\$75,000,000 annually. The man in charge of the procurers and the killers who manage the elections.

Meet Harry Gusick. He and his woman were once convicted of pandering, of selling a bewildered country girl into the pit that has no bottom. Len Small's pardon saved them from the stigma of doing a stretch in prison. Now Harry is one of the main cogs in the machine of Al Capone.

Four of the principals in our offering for this evening: a melodrama of intrigue and adventure, of suspense and conflict, of thrills and super-thrills, of passion and plunder—and pineapples.

The plot has its beginnings in the making of a machine that is to become the most formidable, the most menacing, in all Chicago's history. The plot ends in the smashing of that machine on the rocks of its own placing. Threaded through the recital runs an amazing tale of the rise of open terrorism, of almost unbelievable corruption, of demagoguery and thuggery, of a government of clowns and a super-government of crooks.

For the setting we have a city which some of us believe is destined to be the greatest in the world, but which today, we all admit, is still the callow youth of the plains. A city dominated by a stockyards aristocracy. A city suffering from growing pains. A city with a bad-boy complex, smoking its first cigar. Give it time; it will come out all right.

ACT I: THE RISE OF TERRORISM

The lifting curtain finds "Scarface Al" Capone in the center of the stage. He has held the spotlight ever since the mayoralty election of a year ago, when Bill Thompson was returned to power. The votes had scarcely been counted before Al set out to join the city's gambling, prostitution, brewing, moonshining, and bootlegging into one vast ring of vice. He succeeded—in such spectacular fashion as to

arouse the envy of many a captain of more legitimate industry.

He alone supplies beer to downtown Chicago. He alone exacts tribute on nearly every barrel of beer tapped between Madison Street and the Indiana State line. And thousands of stills percolating in Little Italy and throughout the West and South Sides render him tribute in cash or "alky." Commercialized vice, too, recognizes his thralldom. He has an interest in every section of city and county. The gambling trust bears the same imprint. Al controls at least fifteen of the larger establishments, and from members of the Thompson administration he has bought up the city-wide gaming privilege at a flat rate. Besides setting up his own little Monte Carlos—some of them palaces and some of them just "joints"—he takes 25 per cent of the gross profit in every place that aspires to run without fear of the police.

At times his dictatorship is disputed. Especially on the North Side, where the pickings are rich. Polack Joe Saltis, Frank McErlane, and others from time to time have set up independent duchies. Some of them are still among the living. Others have been "taken for a ride," have fallen afoul of a machine-gun bullet, or have stepped in the path of a "pineapple"—Chicago parlance for bomb.

In building up his organization Capone has gathered around him as choice a group of racketeers, gunmen, hoodlums, and what-not as ever saw the inside of a rogues' gallery. He never ventures out without a bodyguard of ten or more of these creatures, well-dressed, tight-lipped, shifty-eyed. But the duties of these minute men consist of far more than guarding their precious package. When rivals dare enter the Capone kingdom, or distillers dare question the Capone levy or the price of sugar, or barkeepers seek a source of supply other than the Capone brewery, the Capone army takes care of them. Law and order of the Capone variety must be and is maintained. An obdurate moonshiner may see the light with the crash of a gun butt on his head. A saloonkeeper may decide, while spitting out a half-dozen teeth, that Capone's beer is what his customers cry for. Or almost any morning a county-highway policeman or a small-town constable may find a bullet-torn body in a roadside ditch. Whereupon another casualty is marked up in the gang-war column, or there is an addition to the list of sixty-eight bombings in six months' time.

Thus Chicago lives by gang law. Thus the world's sausage metropolis, which used to limit its slaughtering to the stockyards, takes on new airs. But "Scarface Al," accused as he has been of participating in a score of such murders, is no wanton killer. He knows that money often is as powerful as death or the threat of death.

When the thunder of political oratory sounds, Al is summoned into council for the good of the party. Campaigns cost money; there are halls to be hired, bands must be paid for braying, speakers must have their honoraria, printers must have their cash, and there are "incidental expenses." And, when properly shown the need for money, the impulsive, warm-blooded Sicilian "Scarface" is not one to let the country go to the dogs. He contributes gener-

ously to the coffers of both factions and both parties. His usual practice in this regard is to align himself with the party or faction picked to win, letting a trusted lieutenant do what is necessary for the other side. No matter who loses the Capone interests win.

On election day Al is no laggard sitting at home and waiting for a precinct captain or a civic organization to interest him in the voting. All day long he is at his headquarters, dispatching his hoodlums hither and thither where the fight is hottest, where an unfavorable ballot-box is to be hoisted, or where a judge or a clerk of election is to be inspired with the fear of King Capone.

Thus, from the evolution of bullets to ballots we now have the devolution of ballots to bullets. And "Scarface" and his satellites are persons of exceeding importance to the politicians and their parties. When those politicians have control of the pardons, the police, and the prosecution, the alliance becomes mutually magnificent. Both sides are no longer afraid of the law; they adjust the law to suit their needs. Only one thing keeps Al from being supreme: he has to split the millions in profits with his compatriots, the politicians.

ACT II: THE MACHINE "GOES FOR A RIDE"

Meanwhile another election is approaching. Big Bill, still riding on the crest with his cheap circus, his America-First, Draft-Coolidge, Out-With-King-George nonsense, needs the cooperation of county and State in order that the gang may maintain its hold on pardons, police, and prosecution and that Bill may reach out for the Presidency. He joins Bob Crowe, the shifty, wiry State's attorney, and Len Small, the Governor who says he did not steal two-thirds of a million dollars from the State but put it back anyway.

With the help of Samuel Insull—who, by a freak of fate, finds that his attorney, Samuel Ettelson, is also the attorney for the city—the three set out to keep Crowe and Small in office, send Frank Smith back to the Senate, turn city and State over to Insull's public-utility corporations, and continue the high purpose of combining privileged corporate wealth and privileged vice and crime in a concerted raping of public rights, public morals, and public security.

Opposed to this combination is one headed by Senator Deneen, including in its ranks Frank Lowden and Ed Litsinger, of whom more later. The strength of this group is scattered, its force demoralized by years of tough sledding and impotent leadership. It may have public opinion on its side, but such opinion is worthless unless it votes. The Crowe-Thompson outfit has the organization and the jobs; and that is what counts in direct primaries.

Big Bill wraps the old flag about his barrel-like form and proclaims that it (the flag) shall never touch the dust. All the old hokum is polished up and hurled into the fray. Everything is going beautifully, and Bill is clamoring for all the pie in sight, and about to get it, when there is a slight slip. The bombs begin bursting in air with a trifle too much regularity, even for Chicago.

The homes of Senator Deneen and Judge Swanson, Crowe's opponent for State's attorney, are pineappled. Swanson escapes by seconds. Crowe rushes into print with the announcement that the Deneen-Swanson forces planted the bombs to arouse public sympathy. The callous, cynical note of such a pronouncement is not lost on the public. Before this the public has been indignant, exasperated. Now its smoldering wrath bursts forth in fire.

As if that were not enough, Bill makes another stupid move. He refers slightly to the dead mother of Ed Litsinger, a man whom he defeated for the mayoralty nomination a year ago and who now is running for the board of review on the Deneen slate. Ed's sister leaps up from her seat in the loop theater audience and shouts: "Mayor Thompson, you're a liar!" Ed, heretofore regarded as comparatively harmless, takes up the gage of battle. He doffs his coat and plunges into Big Bill in a barroom fight of invective and vituperation. He meets the Mayor on the Mayor's own ground. He calls him "this man, with the carcass of a rhinoceros and the brain of a baboon."

Big Bill, dumfounded, confounded, frightened for once in his life, caves in. His audiences, which once laughed at his gags, now laugh at his gagging.

ACT III: UPSETTING THE PINEAPPLE-CART

And that brings us to the climax.

When election-day rolls around, the gangsters are still laughing at the public. They have the machine and they know it. They send their gunmen out into the tougher regions, get ready for the usual terrorism, and dispatch bombing threats by the score. But the hoodlums discover, too late, that the public will take a joke just so long.

In this instance the press has thoroughly exposed the alliance of the utility corporations, the criminal elements, and the Crowe-Thompson outfit. The Hearst papers, even while emitting their customary clarion calls for the rights of the people, have gone to bat for the gangsters and the despoilers, but other papers, led by the *Tribune* and the *News*, have told the truth. The public is fully advised and determined. It refused to be terrorized. It squares off to do battle with the men who have made money their god.

Thousands of citizens, recruited from the ranks of the civic organizations, act as voluntary watchers at the polls. The corruptionists try everything, but the majority rolled up against them is too overwhelming to be counted out or stolen. Big Bill's machine goes slithering into the ditch.

Big Bill's day-dream of grandeur is over. If he has not yet awakened, if he does not yet realize the extent of his broken-down pomposity, he will. New York had its Hylan, Boston had its "Honey-Boy Fitz," Chicago has its Big Bill. He still has three years to go as Mayor, but after that—unless the public goes to sleep again—he will fade from the scene and be among our souvenirs. Lowden, not Thompson, emerges from the battle as the factor to be reckoned with in Illinois's choice for the Presidency. Back of him looms the heretofore futile Deneen, dark-horse candidate for the Republican nomination for either the head of the ticket or second place.

The result is gratifying to all men who have kept their faith in the American democracy in the face of recent history. It furnishes ample evidence of the soundness of mind and heart of the men and women of Chicago. It is an encouraging sign of the power of democracy—even in a vast and heterogeneous community—to purge itself of its sins.

Some have hailed the revolt as a clear-cut victory for civic righteousness. Reluctantly, I disagree. I should qualify this by saying the voters arose en masse because they were disgusted with the kind of rule they had been getting and there was nowhere for them to go but to the opposition. A new gang will doubtless spring up. But whatever organization comes out of the shambles of the old one, it can hardly be as bad as its predecessor.

Presidential Possibilities

IX

Frank O. Lowden

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FRANK O. LOWDEN should be as easily pinned to a page and classified as one pins, mounts, and cata-

logs a familiar butterfly. He is rich, both by marriage and by his own efforts; he is allied to some of the greatest capitalistic enterprises in the country; he is a gentleman farmer on a huge scale; he is essentially a distinguished figure among the wealthy and privileged who control the destinies of the United States. Yet he cannot be dismissed as the rich man in politics taking the conservative or reactionary point of view on all issues, or be described as merely another man of the group to which Senator DuPont belongs, those powerful plutocratic defenders of the existing social and economic status. That is because once in a while Mr. Lowden amazes his supporters and critics alike by cutting loose and doing the unexpected. He shocked his rich friends and business associates by favoring the income tax when it was anathema to do so. Worse, he demanded enforced publicity for big business—he is himself a leading figure in the National Biscuit Company and the American Radiator Company. As Governor of Illinois, though a representative of the unsavory Lorimer faction in the Republican Party of that State, he made a record which delighted, if it surprised, the liberals and the Progressives and won their support.

Mr. Lowden has again invited the wrath of his business associates by espousing the McNary-Haugen bill so bitterly denounced by the bankers, most economists, and Mr. Coolidge himself. It has been easy to say that he did this in order to win the farmer vote, but that is not fair. No man knows the farming situation better than he. He is himself a farmer's son, and he worked on the family farm until he was nearly of age. Today he is the owner of a 5,000-acre farm scientifically managed at Oregon, Illinois, and he owns and operates extensive cotton plantations in Arkansas and Texas. Few individuals have a greater personal stake in a wise solution of the agricultural problem. It is, therefore, hard to believe that he would deliberately favor what he considered an impractical or unnecessary or dangerous proposal in the hope of winning the Presidential nomination through the friendship of an economic group which has never yet dictated the nomination of a Republican candidate. If he were subordinating everything to political ambition he would be courting not the farmers, but their "enemies," the bankers and manufacturers.

Is this independence of action the real reason for the failure of the Republicans to pick Mr. Lowden for the Presidency? He would seem to have exactly the record that Republican politicians like their candidates to possess, and every quality to stamp him as a darling of the Republican gods. He has character and ability, besides wealth. Like many another aspirant for the White House he largely edu-

The ninth in a series of studies of the candidates

cated himself, taught school to earn the money to go to college (the University of Iowa), was graduated at the head of his

class, and then graduated with similar rank from a minor law college. At the bar his career was rapidly successful, and during it, for six years, he taught federal jurisprudence in the law school of Northwestern University. He very soon became counsel for great corporations.

But this did not satisfy his thirst for constructive enterprise. He sought other worlds to conquer; hence his return to farming, his affiliations with the management of some large companies, and his plunge into politics. Here he flew high at once, for, without a previous candidacy or any other office-holding, he tried, in 1904, for the governorship, only to be beaten by Charles S. Deneen. His career in politics temporarily seemed nipped in the bud. But two years later he decided to try for a lesser office and spent two terms in the House of Representatives—a Congressman colorless enough to make him available for any other office without fear of his having alienated anybody because of courage or independence. Next he turned, in 1916, to the governorship once more; this time he was victorious. Despite his occasional straying from the fold, he still has many warm friends in the sacred precincts of Wall Street and State Street. He is personally clean and incorruptible. He has a fine presence, is earnest, impressive, and dignified in public. Clarence Darrow, who greatly admires him, but belongs to an entirely different political school, has just written of him in *Scribner's*:

As a campaigner Mr. Lowden has few equals. He is a scholar and has spent much of his life in court. Likewise, he has had a long experience on the stump. He is an easy and fluent speaker, has a fine personality, and is a good mixer. He has every quality needful for getting votes. In political considerations his strength as a candidate should not be overlooked.

Finally, he comes from a large and important State. Why is he not, in view of all this, precisely the man for the Republicans to pick for the Presidency, especially when there is a serious farmer revolt under way; when he has the devotion of six or eight Middle-Western farming States?

In reply, the politicians give several reasons. Mr. Lowden is too old—he is in his sixty-eighth year—and he got into trouble in the prenomination campaign of 1920. Also he will not have the delegation of his State solidly behind him. These are excellent excuses, but one wonders if they tell the whole story. It is quite possible that he is not pliable enough; the politicians may also recall that he declined to become Secretary of the Navy in 1921, and that he refused the Vice-Presidency when Mr. Coolidge offered it to him in 1924. He then promptly answered the Presi-

dent in these words: "I can be of more service to the country through the activities in which I am now engaged than I could be as Vice-President"—doubtless meaning thereby his farming and his farm leadership. It is true that there has been no case where a man in his sixty-ninth year has been sworn in as President. But Mr. Lowden takes excellent care of himself now—there were traces of dissipation when he was in Congress twenty years ago—and he is in fine physical condition. The accepted age limit for candidates ought to be raised now that Dr. Osler is no longer here to warn, and the tenure of life has been so markedly increased for everybody. In England they have never felt that a man of sixty-eight was too old to become Prime Minister; Gladstone was eighty-three when last he took office. But at this writing there appears astonishingly little prospect that Mr. Lowden will be nominated. The oil scandals have undoubtedly had their effect in making the Republican bosses extremely wary of giving the Democrats any opportunity to talk about bribery and corruption in 1920.

As for that bribery, let the case be stated here. Governor Lowden made the grave mistake of intrusting his campaign to Louis Lincoln Emmerson (now himself a candidate for Governor of Illinois). Mr. Emmerson was not only open to criticism in the use of the \$413,000 he raised, but he was a failure as a strategist. It finally came out that Governor Lowden's Missouri managers had paid \$2,500 apiece to two Missouri delegates to the National Convention for which money no services were asked or given. In all \$32,303 was spent in that State to influence delegates. When this came out the Lowden campaign collapsed. Of course, \$413,000 seems today a trifling sum compared to the million and a quarter raised for Leonard Wood in 1920, and the great sums spent in the Senatorial campaigns of Messrs. Frank L. Smith of Illinois, and Vare and Pepper of Pennsylvania. As soon as Mr. Lowden heard of the bribery he issued an excellent statement in which he declared that his "injunctions to Mr. Emmerson were to use no money except for legitimate purposes of the campaign and to make no expenditure that could not be made public." It was a doubly unfortunate happening for the Republican Party, for it opened the way to the nomination of Warren G. Harding by the oil corruptionists and the party bosses with the resulting disgraceful betrayal of the country.

Here it is a pleasure to record that Chicago liberals are one in their belief that Mr. Lowden told the truth and that he had no idea what use was being made of his money. To quote Clarence Darrow again, "the country is now fully convinced, as was Illinois at the time, that whether Lowden would make a good President or not, his life and public record had placed him far above the suspicion of corruption." He believes that if Mr. Lowden is nominated in 1928 "no political enemy will dare to raise the issue that probably caused his defeat in 1920."

What could the country look for if Mr. Lowden should be selected? Let us turn back to his record as Governor for an indication. His political affiliations prior to his election were with William Lorimer and his shady cohorts, the same Lorimer who was and is the friend of Charles G. Dawes, in turn one of Frank Lowden's dearest friends and intimates. But when Mr. Lowden took office in 1917 there was no feeling against him on the score of his association with Lorimer and his political machine. It soon appeared that the Governor was his own master; that he had no in-

tention of building up a political machine; that he had grown greatly in stature and power and purpose since those disappointing years in Congress. It also became clear that, whether the politicians liked it or not, he proposed to reorganize the government, cut off a lot of useless offices and sinecures, and reduce taxation. He actually achieved a remarkable reorganization of the entire State government; in place of no fewer than 128 boards and commissions, many of them overlapping in their functions, there were created nine major business departments for the State. Taxes came down \$7,000,000 a year, and there was introduced a budget system—one of the earliest in the country—which put the State's finances on a business-like basis, and could make waste impossible if it were properly used. His appointments to office were political, but they were beyond criticism as to the character of the appointees and their efficiency. He stuck to his job and his desk with fidelity, and ended his service without a scandal of any kind. When it was over the Progressives agreed that he had made a deep and lasting impression upon his State.

There was, however, one grave blot upon Governor Lowden's regime. Taking office in 1917 he was hardly in the saddle before the United States entered the World War, and he became an easy victim of the war hysteria. At once he appointed a State Council of Defense and in considerable measure turned over the Government to big-business men like Samuel Insull, who became chairman of the Council, and politicians of the type of Roger Sullivan. Other and far better appointments to the Council he made—like those of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen and Victor Olander; but the Insull group dominated. It is hard to see why these councils of defense were ever needed. In the main they all behaved alike, illegally receiving or usurping some or all the powers of the Executive. They usually instituted a reign of terrorism, a dragooning of all who did not approve of the war, together with wholesale suppressions of personal liberty and of the historic American right to dissent. They compelled men to contribute to war funds under threat of ruin; they made arrests right and left. Particularly obnoxious was Governor Lowden's attitude toward the People's Council, a group of pacifists which sought to meet in Chicago. Indeed, it was out of this intolerance on the part of Governor Lowden that there arose the trouble between him and Mayor William Hale Thompson, which has crystallized into a bitter and lasting feud.

It is, of course, open to question whether Mayor Thompson ever takes a position without an eye to the main chance. In that case, whether for political or other reasons, he was right, and was upholding historic American traditions. His political power of today is in considerable measure due to the gratitude of foreign-born groups who remember that in the war days he stood between them and intolerance and outrage when everybody else seemed hostile; that he respected minority opinion and was willing that it should make itself heard. If Mr. Lowden appears before the 1928 Republican convention with only part of his own State's delegation supporting him he will owe it to Mayor Thompson and to the errors he, Mr. Lowden, committed under the influence of the war hysteria. When the story of the ill-treatment of the foreign-born minorities during the war is written—even those which were not descendants of Germans or Austrians—one of the darkest chapters will deal with Illinois under Lowden.

Mr. Lowden can keep his own counsel and he has done

so to a considerable degree as to his attitude on foreign affairs. He, too, seems to feel that silence on some vital issues is the surest way to success. He is on record, however, as opposing vigorously America's entry into the League of Nations. What is more important is the statement that he is an old-fashioned anti-imperialist, for it would be of enormous importance if one of the Republican candidates should come out flatly against our wicked and bloody policies in the Caribbean. Beyond this nothing is known of his views on foreign affairs, whether he is today a big-navy man, whether he favors insisting upon the payment of the foreign debts owed to the United States, or whether he would aid in their further reduction. On these and several other questions, notably the tariff, a man with so excellent a record as Mr. Lowden's ought to make himself unequivocally clear. As a farmer he must be opposed to tariff discrimination. Would he favor a general revision downward? So far he has been a high-tariff man. The public is entitled to further information as to his attitude on pressing social and economic questions. It is not in his favor that he has long been prominent in the Pullman Company and yet has done nothing to make it cease exploiting its colored porters whose wages are in large part paid by the tips of the public. If Mr. Lowden has never been as outspoken against union labor as his friend, General Dawes, he does not stand out preeminently among its supporters.

There are other marked differences between Dawes and Lowden. In the latter the aggressive bitterness, the vindictiveness toward his political opponents, is fortunately absent, as well as that iron determination to impose his will on others. The Fascist qualities of Dawes, Mr. Lowden seems to be without. One can think of situations in which

Dawes, the adorer of Napoleon, might well become dictatorial. Mr. Lowden would always be a somewhat old-fashioned American public man, conservative but not reactionary, faithful and reliable. Were he to be chosen President, he would not set the country on fire; he would probably not initiate new policies despite his constructive trend, but he would be an excellent administrator. He would make no impassioned plea for any far-reaching reform. Business would go on as usual and the hold of the great corporations upon the Government would be little relaxed. Mr. Darrow, who speaks with the background of many years of personal friendship, prophesies that if Frank Lowden wins "the newspapers will not criticize him. The public will not abuse him; he will not create a stir." And he gives the comforting assurance that "he will not seek foreign conquest. He will not embroil his country in war. He will try his best to help the United States to live at peace at home and abroad"—an encouraging prospect when one thinks of our escapades in Haiti and Nicaragua, to say nothing of China. Best of all Mr. Lowden has a heart, that organ which is lacking in so many politicians. In other words, Mr. Lowden would give us an old-type, honest, careful, and dignified administration in keeping with the best traditions of the White House. There would be no Jess Smiths or Albert Falls or Harry Daughertys about him; on the contrary we should see the rugged honesty and determination of Grover Cleveland. Free from any temptation to try for a second term because of his age, Mr. Lowden would surely strive to make a record for himself in the Presidency. If the country must have a conservative Republican in the White House during the four years to come, Frank Lowden appears the best of the preconvention candidates of this type.

Socialized Medicine

By MORRIS FISHBEIN

THE modern science of medicine began with the discovery of bacteria by Pasteur about fifty years ago. Long before that time, however, Hippocrates had taught the art of observation and had called attention to the importance of the individual relationship of the physician to his patient. The most ancient of physicians recognized the fact that some persons could inspire the patient with a desire to recover and could apparently aid that peculiar power lying within the body known as the *vis medicatrix naturae*, the power within living tissue that urges it to repair.

As time has passed, facts and methods have accumulated. The old-time physician who graduated from a two years' course of lectures, the same lectures being repeated during the six months of each, practiced a sort of "hit-or-miss" method of healing. He took the history of the patient, looked at the tongue, thumped the chest, and listened to such murmurs as were easily apparent. On the basis of the general knowledge of the course of disease, he made a diagnosis. The practice of modern medicine is a far more complicated matter. It involves not only all of the things that have been mentioned, but also the use of much intricate apparatus, laboratory service, the X-ray; indeed, a study of all the secretions and excretions of the human body.

As a result, the cost of medical care has increased greatly and is giving concern to sociologists and economists. For some time the statement has been made that only two groups of persons can afford to be ill, the wealthy and the very poor. The former are able to pay for what they get and the latter get a rather good type of service without charge.

The group that gives the greatest concern to students of the situation is the middle class. This group has been the victim of exploitation since the earliest times. It exists in one-room kitchenettes in the cities and must perforce go to the hospital in times of sickness. In the country and in the villages it is far removed from the available hospitals and pays mileage charges in addition to medical fees for medical attention. Because of its transient character it has fallen out of touch with the old-time family physician. This group, therefore, usually provides the primary source of revenue for medical quacks of every sort. The member of the middle class is likely to attempt to save the cost of a visit to a physician by purchasing a patent medicine widely advertised in the press or by asking the corner druggist to prescribe. Middle-class workers are likely to join fraternal orders which maintain incompetent lodge doctors. Sometimes they work in large industrial plants or factories, where a certain sum is taken from their wages each week to pay

for treatment in the factory hospital or for a visit from the factory doctor in time of sickness. As a result numerous leaders in the public-health field have urged the establishment of compulsory health insurance or other health schemes to provide funds for the care of the middle class.

Some economists have insisted on a State system of medicine which will provide health care in much the same manner as the State cares for education. Gerald Morgan, for instance, has insisted that there must be a radical change which will emancipate health in some way from the fetters of the existing acquisitive economic system and provide free periodic physical examination regardless of known ailments and some financial provision for the families of those needing help in time of illness.

Professor C. E. A. Winslow, when president of the American Public Health Association, said that the purely individualistic practice of medicine, as it has existed in the past, must be increasingly supplemented by a form or forms of organized medicine which will offer to the individual modern scientific medical care including laboratory and specialized consultation service on an economic basis which will facilitate its application to the prevention of incipient disease—probably on some basis which involves payment of the physician through a common fund for the supervision of the health of an individual rather than for the treatment of a specific ailment.

The health-insurance scheme developed through the sickness societies of Germany has been the subject of debate ever since its establishment. The panel system in Great Britain continues to be the subject of discussion by both the medical profession and the public. That system grew out of what is known as contract practice, a system whereby families paid a regular fee each week or month to the physician for all of their care. The same system has been employed by trade unions and by lodges. Unfortunately contract practice resulted in scamped work, because the physician was invariably underpaid. Persons well able to pay took advantage of the opportunity to get service at minimum rates. In times of extraordinary illness the patient had to pay extra for special service or resort to charity. The medical profession was demoralized through political maneuvering for the most remunerative contracts. In 1911, under Mr. Lloyd George, the National Insurance Act, which gave rise to the panel system, was passed. Since that time it has been modified repeatedly. Any doctor can get on the list of those working under the act and there are in England, Scotland, and Wales some 35,000 so registered. Of these fewer than 15,000 are actually doing national insurance work. About 1,000 physicians, constituting an active minority, refuse to have anything to do with the whole scheme. The number of persons insured under the act is approximately 15,000,000, so that the average number of insured persons in the care of one doctor is about 1,000.

When accepting appointment under the insurance scheme the doctor agrees to give such service "as can properly be undertaken by general practitioners of ordinary competence and skill." Thus those registered are not provided with the best that medical science can provide. The persons treated are those who do not earn above a certain minimum sum per week. The patient presumably has a free choice of physician, although this is governed by accessibility and the willingness of the doctor to take more patients on his panel. Some doctors have 400 on their panels, others 3,000. There are material benefits for prospective

mothers, and there are minimum fees for doctors: the latter have never been considered adequate; in many cases the physician must supply the drugs prescribed as a part of the fee.

The American medical profession has looked with increasing concern at attempts to establish similar State systems in this country. For instance, the Committee on Public Policy of Ohio State Medical Association, at its last annual meeting, presented a resolution which was adopted by that State organization, objecting to every possible encroachment of the State on private medical practice. They objected to the extension of free clinics, to the growth of health-insurance ideas, to the widespread propaganda for nationalization of property and socialization of personal service, to the increase in health charity for those able to pay, to personal health service without charge in educational institutions, and to every other tendency of governmental agencies and departments, to interfere with the relationship between patients and their individual physicians.

The mechanization of medicine is an evil recognized by every physician as a menace to sound medical practice. Come what may, the intimate personal relationship of physician and patient is essential to complete relief of the patient's ills. Even the periodical physical examination is unsatisfactory when applied on an impersonal basis. True, it may detect the scientific evidence of incipient physical disease, but it does not get at the personality of the patient in the manner that formerly resulted from the relationship between the general practitioner and his patient. Even the best social-service technique may fail to find the human being that the old-time physician used to know in each of his patients. A single point in the life history of the ailing individual may explain the major part of his symptoms and his distress. Not infrequently that point is carefully concealed from everyone except the personal physician in whom the patient has the same confidence that members of some churches have in their priests.

The evils of socialized practice, indeed of any impersonal method of medical practice, are generally recognized. They involve inadequate compensation for physicians: the average salaries of doctors in State or commercial organizations rendering such service are between \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year, notwithstanding the fact that an adequate medical education may cost the doctor approximately \$20,000 to \$25,000. The standards of medical practice are lowered because the tendency of the contract doctor is to see as many patients as possible. Patients are moved along without adequate attention. In some parts of the country doctors engaged in contract practice attempt to see eighty or ninety patients each day. The physician falls into the deadly routine of contract work, initiative is lost, and advancement is dependent on the individual's ability to pull wires.

Only too often industrial medicine has become an instrument for fighting compensation claims. The salaried medical services of department stores and of factories are so impersonal that many employees prefer, even though assessed for the provision of medical care, to seek out a personal physician in time of stress. Why should not a democracy attempt to insure the worker a salary or wage adequate to provide for medical treatment and ask the medical profession to organize itself for the provision of such treatment, rather than pauperize the middle class by degrading the medical profession?

More and more the advances in modern medicine re-

veal the essential differences between individuals that make routine methods of diagnosis and treatment impossible. More and more physicians are beginning to recognize the influence of the mind in disease and in the treatment of disease, a factor invariably lost in mechanized practice. State medicine might provide a standardized diagnosis and treatment for a standardized citizen; but it means the death

of individualism, of humanitarianism, and of scientific practice. Until we become a nation of robots with interlocking, replaceable, and standardized parts, there will be little need for completely standardized doctors.

[In next week's issue Dr. I. M. Rubinow, executive director of the Jewish Welfare Society of Philadelphia, will contribute an answer to Dr. Fishbein.]

Saving the Miners' Union

By MELVIN P. LEVY

ON the first day of April, in a battered Pittsburgh hall situated next door to an ancient synagogue and approached through squalid blocks of a typical American colored section, more than 1,100 men gathered; they were the delegates to the Save the Union Conference of the United Mine Workers of America, and they had come together to consider those internal problems, political and economic, which account for the gradual disintegration of their union since 1921, the ineffectiveness of the strike which they are at present carrying on in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, and the breakdown of wage-scales and decent working conditions which is rapidly making the skilled and dangerous occupation of coal-mining also one of the poorest paid and most miserable.

When the conference was called it was as the radical wing of a still great, though failing, trade union. By the time the business of the meeting had unwound and the rank-and-file backing of the convention become clear, it was plain that these delegates were the spokesmen of a majority of the coal miners, organized and unorganized, in North America—a majority forced into progressivism by necessity rather than theory; recognizing, as a colored delegate later said, that "there are only two classes in America, the workers and the bosses, no niggers, no wops, and no kikes," and recognizing too that advantages gained by one group of workers at the expense of another are of necessity transitory and uncertain.

"You have been willing to push us down," the same colored miner said, "and you have done it, too. But you have held yourselves down at the same time. It is like two little boys fighting and one pushes the other into the mud. But he can't do it without getting down himself and he can't keep the other boy down without lying in mud. His arms are against the other boy and the other boy's arms are around his neck, too."

This speech, wildly greeted, was to become the sense of the conference. Every attempt was made to wipe out the disaffection between white and colored workers, organized and unorganized, young and old. This was done both in the procedure of the conference itself and in its plans for future activities—activities which will include, if the program of the conference is carried out, the capture of the United Mine Workers union from its present incompetent and greedy leadership under President John L. Lewis, a return to national rather than local agreements between the union and the operators, the eventual nationalization of the coal mines, and the formation of a labor party based on nearly 400,000 coal miners in the United States and their families.

It is natural enough that this statement of proletarian

principle should have come from the coal miners. The nature of the industry has been such as to form an hereditary coal-mining class, and to discourage the "get-ahead" and "rise from class to class" principles which have been typical of other American laboring groups. There has always been a good deal of child labor—or at least young labor—in the industry. Boys, as they grow up in the camp, become useful as assistants to their digger fathers or find work above ground. And the isolation of the collieries, as well as the fact that merchandising in the coal-fields has habitually been carried on through company stores, has worked against a desertion of the mining industry by young men and women for "business" in the form of small shop-keeping, salesmanship, or clerking. Moreover, the vast plant and huge wealth represented by a colliery have made it impractical for the superior young miner to "go into business for himself" in the field in which he has received training. His obvious course has been to stay and work for an improvement in the industry in which his life is bound up.

This condition has reflected itself in the history of union activities among coal miners. Since the formation of their union, thirty years ago, they have followed a policy of national strikes and national settlements. John L. Lewis broke this precedent at the end of the 1922 strike. That strike was of national scope. Not only the then 300,000 members of the U. M. W. A. were affected; they were joined by 100,000 unorganized miners from Illinois and the coke-fields of Pennsylvania. At the end of the strike the Lewis leadership unceremoniously sacrificed the unorganized workers in order to obtain advantages for the anthracite miners; the former were excluded from any strike settlement and were sent back to work under conditions far less advantageous than those they had deserted in a body to answer the strike call. Since that time these men have stood in the way of any national strike movement. Yet they sent one of the largest delegations to the Save the Union Conference, expressed a willingness to strike under any leadership other than that of Lewis, and have actually answered a general-strike call issued to the Pennsylvania coke-fields by the conference, to the number of more than ten thousand.

From the time of the 1922 strike the story of the United Mine Workers has been one of steady disintegration. The Colorado strike of 1925 was fought under the auspices of the I. W. W., the Lewis machine having refused to make any militant effort in that State. At that time President Lewis, enraged at the "outlaw" strike, actually shipped union miners into the strike area to act as strike-

breakers under protection of the operators and the coal-and-iron police.

At the present time, under the district-agreement policy inaugurated by Lewis, single companies have mines in which strikes have been settled and other mines which are still on strike; so that union miners are in effect working to furnish their employers with the means to wage the bitterest warfare against their own union.

It was to oust the present leadership, as a prelude to more extended union activity, that the Save the Union Committee, under the leadership of such men as John Brophy, "Tony" Minerich, John W. Watt, Pat Toohey, and Powers Hapgood, was formed and the Pittsburgh convention called. The questions of wage cuts, unemployment, discrimination against Negroes and young workers, and the organization of the unorganized were considered. Resolutions in favor of nationalization of the mines and the formation of a labor party were adopted. A permanent national committee was formed to evolve tactics. But above all a spontaneous note ran through the conference: "Lewis Must Go."

This last will not be easy—and the insurgents know it. A union can become a valuable piece of property, too good to be let loose without a struggle. In the last six months John L. Lewis himself has drawn \$11,093 salary and expenses. This while more than 100,000 strikers were living in hovels or flimsy barracks and receiving from their union strike relief the sum of one dollar weekly for adults and twenty-five cents for children—when they got it. It was asserted at the Pittsburgh conference that the Lewis official family had drawn more in salaries during the past year than the total amount spent by the A. F. of L. for mine relief.

Moreover, the machine threatened with suspension of relief and even eviction from the union barracks any locals which should send delegates to the Pittsburgh conference. During the very progress of the conference news came that relief had been stopped in many camps and eviction notices served. Since that time a pledge has been circulated through the strike camps by the Lewis organization. The strikers are asked to repudiate the Save the Union Conference on pain of a veritable excommunication from their union and any benefits they may receive from it.

In Avella, Pennsylvania, and other camps, attempts on the part of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Relief Committee—the relief organization of the insurgents—to distribute necessities have been met with physical opposition on the part of the Lewis group. Yet rank-and-file conferences are now being held in the counties of Greene, Fayette, and Westmoreland, and locals throughout the mine country have taken steps to join in the district union conferences to capture the leadership of the U. M. W. A.

These district conferences are the core of the Save the Union Committee's program. The hope is that a large enough backing will be gathered to declare all offices in the United Mine Workers vacant, and to proceed to the election of new officials. The present leadership has countered with wholesale suspensions of rebellious miners—and the suspensions have been largely disregarded.

But it is plain that the miners' trouble is not all political. They are fighting an economic condition as well as graft and the enmity of their employers. During the war new coal-fields were developed to meet a demand that ended with peace. Moreover, coal substitutes have stopped the

growth of consumption at the greatest pre-war figure. Operators declare that there are 200,000 extra men in the industry and advise them to get out. The men answer that there is no place for them to go. No industry is capable of supporting 200,000 additional families. And the men also believe that a large part of the present unemployment in the coal-fields arises from increased machine efficiency rather than slackened demand. They call for a share in this benefit, a redistribution of the work over a six-hour day and five-day week.

In the Driftway

LANDLADIES have always been a source of delight to the Drifter. There is one in the crooked confines of Greenwich Village, for instance, who was or should have been an actress in the old days of melodrama. Her favorite boarders are actors and her house abounds with them. The Drifter himself has never lived there but a friend of his would not think of living anywhere else. According to him, life in that house is a series of dramatic incidents—with the landlady invariably in the star role. The latest of these occurred only recently. He came downstairs to breakfast as usual. Through the open door of the dining-room he saw his landlady, who will be called Mrs. Smith, sitting at the table. As he entered the room she buried her face in her arms and began to sob violently. He knew his part. "What's the matter, Mrs. Smith? What's the matter?" he cried with feeling. "Look," she sobbed, waving one arm toward the alcove, "look!" He looked into the alcove where the bird-cage hung. The floor was strewn with feathers. Feathers waved from the window curtains. Feathers clung to the cushions in the window seat. "It was a rat," sobbed Mrs. Smith. "My dear little bird." She sobbed heartily for a while; then: "First it was Mr. Smith that died, and now my canary. Oh, oh!"

* * * * *

EVENTUALLY she was able to bring out some breakfast for him. He ate hurriedly and started upstairs. On the first landing he met another boarder. He told him of the catastrophe and then sneaked down behind him to watch this telling. Again Mrs. Smith was sitting at the table waiting for her audience. He came in. Her head went down upon her arms and she sobbed heartbrokenly. "Why, Mrs. Smith, what's the matter?" "Look!" she cried, waving an arm toward the alcove. "A rat did it!" He looked and was sympathetic. Suddenly Mrs. Smith raised her head and said in a sad, calm voice, "Now I understand it all." She sobbed again. "The rat eats the canary, the cat eats the rat, the dog kills the cat—" the sobs grew more violent at each stage, "and that"—down dropped the head once more—"that's evolution!"

* * * * *

IT is doubtful if one should ever give advice, and certainly one should never take it. The Drifter was considering lately a considerable financial transaction—for him any transaction involving a few hundred dollars is considerable. So he thought it would be wise to seek advice, especially from experts and hard-boiled friends. They all discouraged him, and in consequence he got cold feet and is destined to go on drifting instead of rising into the rarefied air where

people pay super-taxes on their incomes. The Drifter still believes that his analysis was right and that he saw possibilities in the situation not revealed to the experts and hard-boiled friends. But what is one to do who has asked for advice—and gets it? Had he followed his nose from the start, he might have reproached himself, in case of failure, for acting hastily and ignorantly. But to go in and fail after advice to stay out would set one down as an obstinate blockhead entitled to no sympathy.

* * *

THE Drifter can understand the position of his advisers too. He would feel and act just as they do in their position. All of us become conservatives when our friends appeal to us for advice in their financial transactions. The Drifter has occasionally asked some notorious plunger in the stock market for a tip, only to be recommended to buy some seasoned issue of railway bonds paying $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is inevitably so. One will take chances with his own money that he will not dream of advising others to assume. All the caution that we never exercise in our own affairs rolls solemnly from our mouths when we are consulted by another. Well, maybe it is all as it should be. Few of us can hang on to our own money, but it saves our pride to think we have kept somebody else out of the poorhouse.

* * *

THE Drifter's loving-cup for the best anti-climax this month is awarded to the Honorable Jimmy Walker, Mayor of New York City, who at the unveiling of the Stone Mountain statue predicted that the monument would stand "long after the Pyramids have crumbled and you and I are forgotten."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Animals All

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several replies to my letter about experiments on pregnant dogs having been printed in *The Nation*, I am hoping a few general considerations on the subject of our relations with animal life on this planet will not come altogether amiss. The years that bring the would-be philosophic mind have made me increasingly endeavor to see what the ultimate stand might be on this subject for a person whose natural reactions are what mine are.

I have always been struck by the devoted way in which we continue to cling to the implications of theological doctrines long since discarded. We do not think (as a theological doctrine, that is) that Adam received from the hand of the Almighty the divine overlordship of the earth, with an outfit of animal slaves. Yet the animals have had almost no practical intimation from us that we have discarded the doctrine. I live in hopes of a general imaginative realization (which our education might consciously turn toward giving the young), that man is part of a very varied universe, which far from being his oyster will respond with inconceivable delights of heart and life to those moods of his spirit in which he becomes willing to serve its ends which transcend his grasp.

Our many forms of exploitation of animal life would one by one become softened under the glow of a prevailing sense of kinship and what I might call *homeship* in the universe. Man's long roughness and mercilessness toward his environment, his passionate appropriation of earth, animal life, and his fellow-

men, as tools for the aggrandizement of his own life, would yield as frost yields to the sun and as rocks yield to the air. He would not trap, slaughter, envenom, enslave his fellow-manifestations of a life he more and more calmly and confidently reposed upon and harmonized his hopes and endeavors with; as his consciousness expanded, and he began dimly to conceive the great Dance of Life, the fierce self-assertion of his race would begin to feel the deep desire of a spirit of amenity.

(It is difficult, as the Russian mathematician said, to speak about inclusive thoughts; language itself is composed of warning concepts.)

Manchester, Vermont, April 3

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

The Strength of Fundamentalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been surprised again and again at the estimates made regarding the strength of the fundamentalists. A. C. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register*, estimates the fundamentalists as "90 per cent of the Protestant congregations," which I regard as too high, even for the Protestants in the South, where fundamentalism flourishes like a green bay tree. And now comes Charles Stelzle of New York, claiming that probably "90 per cent of the population of this country is fundamentalist." Surely he would not claim as fundamentalists any of the 70,252,061 people in the United States who are not members of any church; but they are 60 per cent of the total population. The Catholics with 16,156,914, the Baptists with 8,397,914, and the Lutherans with 2,546,127 members, are pretty solidly fundamentalist; but there is a considerable liberal element among the 8,931,190 Methodists, the 2,561,986 Presbyterians, and the 1,759,390 Disciples of Christ, while a large proportion of the 1,164,911 Episcopalians and the 907,583 Congregationalists, and practically all of the 59,650 Universalists and the 58,024 Unitarians are modernists. Besides, allowance should be made for padded church rolls. Herbert Asbury, in the *Forum*, says that although he abandoned the church fifteen years ago his name is still carried on the roll of a Methodist congregation in Missouri. My own name is still on the roll of my old Lutheran church in South Carolina, although nearly four years ago I asked that it be removed, a request that the church council unanimously declined to grant. There are doubtless hundreds of thousands of such cases.

It seems safe to say that Mr. Stelzle would be more nearly correct if he would put at 35 per cent, instead of 90 per cent, the fundamentalist population of the United States.

Clearwater, Florida, March 31

JULIUS D. DREHER

To Read in Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anyone who has been in jail for even a day knows how loneliness gnaws at the mind. Some prisoners go mad, others take dope, others become bitter for life after this isolation. Labor prisoners have always been sustained by the fact that they are readers. Many a labor leader who never had time to go to school or college has acquired the foundation of a liberal education in prison. Reading is a comfort in prison, a distraction, a means of sanity, a contact with life. I visited Tom Mooney several years ago in San Quentin, and one of my chief impressions of the talk we had was his wide acquaintance and fervid interest in all the modern books and intellectual currents. He had acquired this interest only in prison.

Good books are scarce in prison. And there are many difficulties in sending them in, for the prison rules state that only through established publishers can books be sent to prisoners. Knowing how hungry labor prisoners are for books, the International Labor Defense has set up a fund for this purpose. It has secured check lists from the labor prisoners of America as

to the books they wanted. Tom Mooney sent a long list which includes modern poetry, fiction, and political research. Leo Ellis, an I. W. W. in San Quentin, asked for "Elmer Gantry" and "The Rise of American Civilization," which is a favorite among the prisoners. About forty prisoners, including members of the I. W. W., Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, and A. F. of L. men, are at present in jail for organization activities, and all of them want books. I have taken it on myself to appeal to readers of *The Nation* to send generous donations toward this book fund to the International Labor Defense, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York, April 2

MICHAEL GOLD

Summer in Mexico?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I draw the attention of your readers to the Seminar on Relations with Mexico, the third session of which will be held in Mexico City, July 5 to 26, 1928? Its purpose is to enable a group of American citizens to meet the leaders in the life of Mexico, and to learn something of the purposes, ideals, and accomplishments of the Mexican people. The first two groups met President Calles, the members of his Cabinet, educational and business leaders, artists, musicians, etc. They had a first-hand opportunity for learning the Mexican point of view on oil, agrarian reforms, the church education, international relations. They also met critics of the present Mexican regime, including outstanding church officials and journalists. The program will leave ample time for sightseeing, rest, recreation.

I shall be glad to hear at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, from readers of *The Nation* interested in joining the seminar.

Boston, Mass., April 10

HUBERT C. HERRING

Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chinese students, as they lay the foundation for a new China, have been making history. But at a high cost. Within the past three years the young men and women who have given up their lives number several hundred at least.

A friend in Peking writes of the numerous executions in his city. "Last Sunday the low beat of drums and blare of trumpets notified us of the passing of a military procession. . . . Two young men were riding with hands bound behind their backs in a rough open cart . . . on all sides were mounted guards. One of the men was J. S. Kao, formerly a student at Columbia. . . . Both men were paying the penalty of death for supposed political activities. Last Thursday a similar procession passed. The young man was exhorting to the last both bystanders and guards to arise and throw off the yoke imposed upon them."

These young Chinese who die are often called "bolsheviks," both by the reactionary Chinese warlord and by the die-hard foreigner of the treaty ports. As a matter of fact they are frequently the finest product of Chinese society and they die because of their idealism and courage. The *China Bulletin* (Peking) tells in its last issue about J. S. Kao who studied first at the famous Nankai University in Tientsin, and in 1919 came to this country, studying at Cornell and Columbia. He worked part of his way by waiting on table. In 1922 he visited England where he made a careful study of the educational system of twenty-six cities. Then while doing similar investigation in Germany he was called to join the faculty of Peking National University. Back in China he devoted himself whole-heartedly to building up the nation's educational system. In his spare time, without pay, he founded and became principal of a model school which functioned on the Dalton educational principles. He developed the Cho Hua Educational Society's library, one of the best in China. In the autumn of 1926 he became head of

the Department of Education in Peking National University. He married but he reported for work the day after the ceremony. When his two children were born "he used to say that they only extended the range of his educational activities." A few months ago Kao gathered together a group of prominent educators to plan a model kindergarten. Before completing this scheme he was arrested on some vague charge of being a Nationalist propagandist, and after three months in a military prison was paraded and executed. "One cannot but feel," the Peking paper states, "that it is everlastingly to his credit that instead of resorting to compromise or bribery, as so many in his position have, he remained true to his convictions, even though he paid for them with his life."

Are not some of the younger Chinese displaying a spirit which an increasing number of Americans must copy if our nation's moral and spiritual deterioration is to be checked?

New York, April 11

HARRY KINGMAN

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERIC BABCOCK is on the editorial staff of the *Chicago Tribune*.

MORRIS FISHBEIN is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and author of "New Medical Follies."

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ERNEST GRUENING, editor of the *Portland Evening News*, is about to publish "Mexico and Its Heritage."

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MAURITZ HALLGREN is on the Washington staff of the International News Service.

NEXT WEEK

The War Problem

by

J. Ramsay MacDonald

and

The Nation's Student-Worker
Prize Essay

THE NATION'S HOUR WMCA—NEW YORK—(370 m.)

Tuesday evening, April 24

8 o'clock

Oswald Garrison Villard

on

Prohibition in the Campaign

Books and Plays

Icelandic Peasant Poems¹

By PÁLL ÓLAFSSON

Translated by Gladys Oaks

1

In the long, dark winter night
I arise and light my candle;
Not to do any work,
Not to see what is outside,
Not to write a poem—
But only to look at my wife.

2

To hear hell talked of
Makes Páll shudder;
I am frightened for my little soul.

3

(*The Poet Sees Hay in His Wife's Shoes*)
I wish I were a blade of hay
Drying in your shoe. . . .
I know you would tread so lightly on my faults.

4

The River Ranga
Was terrible to me
As the mouth of death
Narrowed with hunger.

So I drove my horse into the river.

But the stream pushed the ice-floes at me
And the little bridge creaked breaking over my head
(The reality was tameless as my fear)
And I had to rein him back to shore.
What is sadder than such defeat?

First Glance

READERS of American newspapers during this generation are no doubt well acquainted with the names of Gyp the Blood, Kid Dropper, Monk Eastman, and Lefty Louie. But how many have heard of Hellcat Maggie, Gallus Mag, Slobbery Jim, Patsy the Barber, Cow-legged Sam, Boiled Oysters Malloy, Mush Riley, Marm Mandelbaum, Hoggy Walsh, Googy Corcoran, Baboon Connolly, Red Rocks Farrell, Goo Goo Knox, One Lung Curran, Sadie the Goat, Battle Annie, and Yakey Yake Brady? These were Gotham's heroes and heroines in the old Victorian days when Five Points, Chinatown, and Hell's Kitchen were true fields of valor; when the old Brewery and Gotham Court still contained within tenement walls their hundreds of dopesters, thugs, prostitutes, professional murderers, and comparatively innocent children who for

¹ Páll Olafsson was born and lived most of his life in an Icelandic turf cottage, with grass and daisies blowing on the roof. He farmed potatoes, turnips, and rhubarb, slaughtered his sheep, played chess, wrote poems, and made love to his wife. He died in 1905. His work is very popular in Iceland, but these were believed to be his first poems to be translated into English.

weeks never saw the light of a street; and when the more courageous citizens banded themselves under such corporate names as the Roach Guards, Plug Uglies, Shirt Tails, Dead Rabbits, True Blue Americans, Daybreak Boys, Swamp Angels, Slaughter Housers, Gas Housers, Potashes, Gophers, Hudson Dusters, Pearl Buttons, Fashion Plates, Lollie Meyers, and Red Onions.

Of such things does Herbert Asbury tell in "The Gangs of New York" (Knopf: \$4), a gory volume wherein the fights grow at times as monotonous as those in Homer and the epithets "ferocious," "vicious," and "huge" recur with an almost comical regularity—but a volume nevertheless which will be a revelation to anyone except a police inspector. It will be a revelation of history hardly now destined, I imagine, ever to repeat itself; it will be a revelation of the depths which human nature can achieve; and it will remind us too how high we can go in the realms of nomenclature. A marvelous panorama is here unrolled by a journalist who, to be sure, is none too critical in his selection of evidence and who is out above all things for the telling detail, but who possesses just the right kind of skill in these matters and knows how to tell his reporter's story. The draft riots, the tong wars, and the whole history of Monk Eastman are given separate treatment in loaded chapters; but in truth there is no item among these many thousands which does not fit perfectly into Mr. Asbury's rough scheme. One regrets that the scheme is too rough to allow Mr. Asbury room for examining the theory, which he seems to accept without question on the authority of the *New York Times*, that the draft riots were only in small part a protest against the Civil War.

Some readers will take comfort from the publisher's note at the end of an elegant volume: "This book has been set in a type derived from the designs of William Caslon (1692-1766), who, it is generally conceded, brought the old-style letter to its highest perfection." What better guarantee that Mr. Asbury rides on the current wave of anti-quarianism, and that we therefore need no longer fear for our throats?

MARK VAN DOREN

Analysis and Mush

Imperialism and Civilization. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

"IN no other period of the world's history," Mr. Woolf believes, "has there been such a vast revolution [the] conquest of Asia and Africa by Europe in less than 100 years." On the other hand, he thinks that since 1900 a movement of reaction has set in which may be equally unprecedented. Roman and Asiatic conquerors, he says, were tolerant compared to the moderns; they sometimes exterminated populations, but they left subject civilizations intact—indeed, were often absorbed by them. The economic conqueror of modern days is more tender of the lives of potential buyers, but he is ruthless in his determination to break down the sales resistance of ancient, undemanding civilizations. Mr. Woolf refuses to regard the clash of civilizations displayed in this imperialist and anti-imperialist struggle as a clash of races, religions, or nationalities. Japan, he points out, behaves precisely like any white imperialist Power. And the "race pride" which objects to Asiatic immigration into white countries is, he believes, essentially a protest against the competition of cheap labor.

I know no clearer analysis of the nature of nineteenth-century imperialism and its difference from previous movements of conquest than is contained in this little book. It expands and deepens his slimmer "Economic Imperialism" of eight years ago. Though he has never been in America, he adds an acute discussion of the race problem in the United States, in which he finds significant points for comparison with "White Australia," with the effort of a minority of white men to rule South Africa, and with that of an infinitesimal company of white men to rule black Kenya. He totally neglects, however, the problem of Latin America, where imperialism, still essentially a clash of civilizations, has reached new stages of refinement and efficiency. And in his final chapter on The League of Nations and a Synthesis of Civilizations he seems to me to descend into sheer mush. It is true that Article XXII of the Covenant publicly recognizes that the welfare of the "backward" peoples is a sacred trust of the stronger Powers. But so did the Treaty of Berlin forty years before, yet it merely cloaked exploitation almost as bloody as Genghis Khan's famous decimations. "As every one knows, the Allied Powers which signed the treaty immediately broke the pledges," says Mr. Woolf. Of course. To expect anything else, to paint a sweet vista of a League of Nations, led by France and Great Britain, resolutely fighting imperialism, is arrant romanticizing.

Imperialism teaches its victims both the slogans and the technical methods of the West, and when it has taught them enough they rise and throw off the shackles. If the imperialists are intelligent enough, they yield in time; if not, both sides suffer. The mandate system of the League may help a little, by providing a channel of publicity for abuses of colonial exploitation; but if it does so it will be chiefly because there are within the imperial Powers groups of the population who recognize that the imperial expansion is making their home battle more difficult. It is tragic but true that the Powers learned decency to Turkey only after she threw them out; and they behave best to China when China behaves worst to them. Imperialism is checked only when it is made unprofitable.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Another Goethe

Goethe. By J. G. Robertson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

CERTAINLY if a new biography of Goethe was to be written, after the many we already have, the only justification could be a desire to define the attitude of our own time to him. And Mr. Robertson does so with a vengeance. He reads the impatience, dissatisfaction, disillusionment of our own era into Goethe's mind, substituting our reactions for those of more placid times and thus giving the well-known story of his life a meaning which a succeeding generation is bound to reject.

If I am correct, the keynote of Mr. Robertson's book is regret that Goethe did not make more and better use of his marvelous gifts—that the astounding phenomenon of *der junge Goethe* stopped short and that so much of his infinitely valuable life was taken up by administrative, social, scientific avocations. In this, to be sure, he is at one with some of the more recent German biographers, who would attribute the smallness of the poetic output of Goethe's middle life precisely to the Weimar career which three generations of biographers were wont to consider Goethe's crowning good fortune! It might be asked, though, whether this errs not too much on the other side. After all, might-have-beens are notoriously difficult to evaluate. What, if you please, was the unsuccessful young lawyer to turn his hands to, in the Germany of those times with its wretchedly petty conditions, if this chance had not come, offering him independence and those opportunities for self-expression through manifold administrative activities which he no doubt had longed for?

It is true, we would infinitely prefer another immortal work of the caliber of "Hermann und Dorothea" or "Faust I" to all of the "Farbenlehre," the voluminous art-historic essays, and the "anticipations" of modern discoveries (not to speak of the numberless inanities which were the by-products of Goethe's social and political activities); but then we forget that without this multifarious life could not have been gained the poise, the ripe wisdom—in a word, the personality which modern Germany still prizes as Goethe's most precious bequest to his nation.

The same dissatisfaction with what might have been is shown in repeated animadversions on Goethe's "invincible dilatoriness" and its effect on many of his longer works, which, with few exceptions, are marred by second thoughts and inconsistencies to a degree that makes them happy hunting grounds for philologists. Yes, if only Mr. Robertson had been there to nudge him, forsooth then Goethe would have written all his major works *d'une haleine!* Mr. Robertson, unfortunately, leaves out of account the fact that Goethe was predominantly the lyric poet, very little the purposive dramatist, and not exceptionally gifted as a narrator. And, if you please, the lyric poet cannot always "command" his muse, much as our energetic and efficient age may dislike such concessions to "inspiration," "the mood," and would think it more businesslike for the poet to keep office hours, like the dentist. In days, nay, months, of flagging inspiration Goethe wisely busied himself with translating from others or with the semi-creative writing of biographies and the like. For all we know, by forcing the muse, patch-works like "Tasso" and "Wilhelm Meister" might have become stiff, frigid allegories like "Pandora," for which Mr. Robertson professes such admiration.

Why not rather be satisfied with what the gods gave us, and especially that wonderful profusion of lyrics, in originality, truth, musical quality still by all odds the best Germany has produced? This side of Goethe's production does not receive here a proportionally correct emphasis.

Much the best chapter is a revaluation of the celebrated friendship with Schiller, whose influence, we are now beginning to see, was not so altogether beneficial for the older poet as is generally assumed. But also in other respects the book will be stimulating reading, for those who approach Goethe for the first time, and still more for those who through years of acquaintance with him have achieved their own Goethe.

L. M. HOLLANDER

The City Negro

Negro Problems in Cities. By T. J. Woofter, Jr. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE Negro like the Jew is fast becoming a city dweller. He is laying down the plow and hieing him to the factory. At present four million Negroes, more than one-third of the Negroes in America, live in cities. Two millions of these have moved cityward since 1900, and a million and a half in the last ten years. These are to a great degree found in cities of 100,000 or more and are rapidly concentrating in the metropolitan centers of the East and the Middle West.

There are six cities in America now with more than 100,000 Negroes. Out of this movement come new problems of cultural adjustment as to mode of living, housing, organization, civic regulations, contacts, education, and recreation. New mental patterns are formed and new habits made. All this is accurately and concisely discussed in the present study of sixteen cities made under the direction of T. J. Woofter with the assistance of three helpers, two of whom are Negroes. The book is profusely illustrated by tables, maps, and graphs. The cities studied were Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Chicago, Gary, Dayton, Louisville, Lexington, Knoxville, New Orleans, Memphis, Charleston, Winston-Salem, Lynchburg, and

Richmond. These furnish a good cross-section of the North and South and the conclusions arrived at are most hopeful. The Negro is adjusting himself to his new environment and rapidly buying homes. He steadily spreads out to better districts and the friction developed from this finally ends. It is debatable whether his presence brings other than a psychic depreciation of property. While his natural increase in cities is lower than in the country, the trend points to this ■ being ■ temporary consequence of adjustment.

The principal cause of his susceptibility to certain diseases may be environmental and not biological. His migration to the North is helping his condition in the South. Segregation means discrimination and will not work. Negro high-school pupils in mixed schools increase very rapidly; in Indianapolis they increase in numbers faster than whites. The schools in the South suffer from small appropriations, overcrowding, poor curricula, and poor equipment. There is an interesting study of retardation in Northern schools and of intelligence-testing.

There are surprisingly few inaccuracies. One of these is the citation of decisions in New York courts in cases prior to 1918, the date of the present New York Civil Rights Bill, as if they still obtain. Most civil-rights cases with merit now brought in the New York courts are won. The book suffers, in addition, from the absence of ■ study of the industrial problems of the city Negro—problems which underlie most of the others named.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL

Across Mexico

Brimstone and Chili. By Carleton Beals. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$5.

TO jaded and cynical souls who believe that real adventure is passing from the earth, this tale of true experiences in Mexico will come as ■ vivid revelation that neither man nor nature is yet tamed and conquered in vast and not too distant realms of our globe. The story of the wanderings of two brothers—one of whom gave out before the end of the journey—from San Francisco to Mexico City, as narrated by the barely surviving voyager, is as thrilling ■ anything Jules Verne ever imagined and has the greater poignancy of truth: it happened!

The reason for the adventure was just plain Wanderlust. The pretext was ■ yellowed map of ■ supposed cache of gold in the Yaqui River region of Sonora. The gold-seekers soon had no money, and earned their subsistence by their labor or their wits. Before starting southward across the desert the boys were warned that they were "committin' suicide, plain unadulterated suicide." That they did not commit it, but survived to tell the tale between cloth covers, proved repeatedly to be extraordinary good fortune achieved by the well-known hair's breadth. They almost died of starvation; nearly perished from thirst in the desert; nigh succumbed to exhaustion more than once; were laid low by fever and disease and barely pulled through; were swept like chaff in ■ deluge following ■ cloud-burst and three-quarters drowned; narrowly escaped being shot. The writer, pushing on alone, nearly froze to death amid the high peaks of the Sierra Madre of Durango. He survived the unforgettable horror of lying scarcely concealed in prickly cactus while ■ few yards away he saw two companions tortured to death by Yaqui Indians.

"Brimstone and Chili" is the most exciting story of real adventure I have ever read—and I haven't forgotten David Livingstone, George Kennan, Henry Savage Landor, and Scott's account of his last expedition.

But the book is more than ■ superior travel book and adventure yarn. It is an enormously important Mexican document. It is ■ series of close-ups of little-known regions with their inhabitants, pictures which could only have been secured in the daring and reckless way that this journey was undertaken. Without any pretense to be other than narration and

description, the glimpses of Mexican folk-life will give the book lasting importance in ■ category close to the contributions of Lumholtz and Starr. It forms thus ■ valuable complement to Mr. Beals's brilliant "Mexico: An Interpretation," which clarifies more than any other book written in English the meaning of the Mexican Revolution. That earlier book is historical, economic, and social. "Brimstone and Chili" supplements it with scenery and ■ living cast of characters.

As ■ piece of descriptive writing the book is superb. One feels the searing heat of the desert; one fairly parches before the death-dealing blaze of the Sonora sun. There is a sense of the desolation and vastness and mystery of night on the arid plains. And beyond the Sierra Madre this unforgettable panorama of the other Mexico—that is not burning sand and bleached bones:

Vast peaks and extinct volcanic cones poked into the clear azure morning sky. Little towns glistened like topazes in the green-gold bands of wide valleys and foothills. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, tall bell towers of churches and cathedrals pierced the turquoise sky. Cupolas glistened like fire in the morning sun. The altitude, the clarity of the atmosphere, the epic vastness of the scenery, the quaintness of the towns, the stark, architectural grandeur of solitary churches perched on the shoulders of bravado hills, the gleam of little lakes, the startling glimpses of trains of burros carrying charcoal or timber from the heights—everything had a mythical, lyrical quality—a vast canvas in an enormous frame of volcanic ruggedness.

"Brimstone and Chili" is a treasure-trove of human experience. Its action stirs the blood. Its information is stimulating to those who would hear about some quaint, remote, and little-known fellow-dwellers on this continent. Its descriptions meet the challenge of incredible natural beauty seeking an adequate record in the written word. It is a deeply satisfying book.

ERNEST GRUENING

Shakespeare and Company

The Organization and Personnel of the Shakespearean Company. By T. W. Baldwin. Princeton University Press. \$6.

WITH the appearance of this book Professor Baldwin, known for some years to students of Elizabethan drama as a diligent and vigorous prosecutor of research among the dusty records of Shakespeare's age, makes his bow before a larger public than is supplied by the readers of scholarly periodicals. And it may be safely asserted that there has been no first book for years past so worthy of serious consideration and so useful in its effort to make the reader of Shakespeare "face the facts," to borrow the heading of one of Professor Baldwin's chapters. To face the facts with Professor Baldwin does not mean to squander time over speculations as to Shakespeare's alleged amours. On the contrary, we have here ■ scholarly study based on known facts of the organization, personnel, and working methods of the company which was Shakespeare's life-long instrument, the orchestra, so to speak, on which he played his dramatic compositions.

The gist of the author's findings is that Shakespeare's company was a close corporation formed on the model of a medieval guild, that each member had his own peculiar and special "line" or style of acting—one the king, another the clown, one the young lover, another the swaggering soldier. As one member retired from the company another was brought in not only to fill his place but to play his parts. Thus when Kemp, the clown of Shakespeare's early plays, left the company, Arnim was chosen to succeed him. Both were comic actors, but the difference between Peter, Bottom, and Dogberry on the one hand and Touchstone, Feste, and the Fool in "Lear" on the other corresponds to the difference between the boisterous humor of Kemp and the subtler wit of Arnim.

Working backward from the actor-lists in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, lists supplied in all probability, the author shows, by a former member of the company, and taking into account the known members of the company at any one time, it has been possible for Professor Baldwin to establish with approximate certainty the "lines" of the various members and so to attempt to cast Shakespeare's plays as originally performed. This part of the work needs fuller study and more detailed examination than the brief limits of this review permit. I cannot accept the early dating of several of Shakespeare's plays, particularly of "Hamlet," which is assigned in its early form to the summer of 1593. It seems incredible that if a play by Shakespeare even approximating the present form of his masterpiece had been in existence before 1598, Meres should have omitted it from his famous list in that year. Nor can I agree that the various references to the physical characteristics of certain characters in the plays correspond in every case to the actors who played these parts. It is hard to believe that Burbage at eighteen was a dwarf Talbot and yet two years later by the author's dating was "fat and scant of breath" Hamlet. The very interesting tables in which the author assigns the roles of the members of the company need further consideration, especially in regard to subordinate characters whose "line" is not always so clear the author seems to believe.

The book is full of matter and not always easy reading. The appendix on Finance in the Shakespearean Company would demand an expert accountant to grasp its details. The records of the births, marriages, dwelling-places, and burials of the "Shakespearean clan" are bewildering in their multiplicity. But the book is, after all, a serious study, and such will be indispensable to any thorough student of Shakespeare. The Princeton University Press is to be congratulated on the handsome format and the accuracy of its work.

T. M. PARROTT

Instalment Selling

The Economics of Instalment Selling. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. \$8.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN and his coworkers have made a welcome and valuable contribution of facts and analysis to the controversy concerning instalment selling. Limited surveys of the situation have been made by Ayres and Plummer and others, but both friends and opponents of the extension of instalment selling have had few facts upon which to base their conclusions. The results of the new study are published in two volumes, the first of which is devoted to an introductory historical and statistical summary, and to the more important discussions of the nature, character, and effects of the system. The second volume contains a group of detailed studies representing a portion of the material upon which the conclusions of the first volume are based. The material which is most important from the viewpoint of the student of economic conditions is that obtained through the cooperation of the General Motors Company, and the conclusions, therefore, relate in large part to a sizable section of the motor-car business, which, of course, has furnished the chief example of instalment selling.

The significant conclusions of the study relate to the volume of instalment credit, the extent of credit losses, and the social effects of the instalment plan upon consumers.

The volume of outstanding instalment credits is apparently less in fact than popular beliefs or earlier and less complete studies represent it. The Seligman estimate of the amount of unpaid instalment indebtedness outstanding in 1925 is \$2,201,000,000. While this figure is highly significant, we would be assisted in judging the direction of development by estimates for earlier years from which we might determine a trend. An increase in outstandings without corresponding increases in

total instalment sales would indicate, of course, either an increased length in the credit term, increased delinquency in payments, or a decrease in the amount of down payment required on the purchase of consumption articles. An increase due to any one of the three causes would be an unfavorable sign.

It will appear to many also that credit losses from instalment selling are surprisingly small; but in interpreting data to losses it is necessary to bear in mind that the General Motors Acceptance Corporation finances instalment paper only when dealers accept contingent liability. In the special study by Professor Fillipetti, upon which Professor Seligman bases his conclusions, the statement is made that automobile dealers are considered by bankers to be good credit risks average business men are. Careful selection of dealers by General Motors constituents would, of course, reduce the percentage of losses. The special study by Mr. Roby, of instalment collections in the Pennsylvania area directly affected by the coal strike, furnishes evidence that the danger of a debacle in a period of depression from over-extension of instalment selling is over-estimated. In far as General Motors experience is typical, the conclusions are important.

In some other lines there is evidence that the losses are not so slight. For instance, in the recent report on the electric equipment industry (Senate document No. 46, 70th Congress, First Session, page 133) the dealer-financing companies for electrical appliances which are controlled by the General Electric Company show a percentage of loss in 1926 many times as great as that of General Motors Acceptance Corporation; namely, approximately 1.7 per cent, as compared to .035 of 1 per cent.

The charge that instalment selling induces extravagant purchase introduces a long series of philosophical questions having to do with social benefit and social injury. Neither unwise buying nor extravagance started with the instalment system. The two have always been coupled with a sudden increase in earning power or in national income. The stories of worthy but impecunious individuals confronted by weekly instalment obligations larger than their total incomes have done valiant service in obscuring general tendencies. If these stories were not quite as numerous prior to the extension of the instalment plan, it is probably because we had to become accustomed to expecting certain people without judgment to live beyond their means; under the instalment system they checked up more frequently and more active collection methods were pursued.

All who examine this study will hope that Professor Seligman and his associates, or other groups of scientific workers, may have further help from important industries in making additional studies to corroborate or modify the conclusions which have been arrived at in this excellent piece of investigation.

HARRY R. TOSDAL

Fiction Shorts

Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Biblical tales revamped in Negro dialect—and really funny, as funny as Milt Gross, though less strident. They might have been even funnier if Mr. Bradford had not attempted to make every one of his anecdotes illustrate over-obtrusively some particular characteristic of the Negro—his irresponsibility, his antagonism to the white man's morality, his religious anthropomorphism, etc. The creators of real folk-lore are not quite so conscious of their own mental and moral set.

Shipwreck in Europe. By Josef Bard. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Mr. Bard's over-ideological account of the intellectual adventures of a super-Babbitt in contact with the civilization of

the Continent reminds one irresistibly of Henry James's "The Ambassador." In that work the American who came upon his errand of rescue fell under the enchantment of an integrated European culture. In Mr. Bard's tale the American comes to Europe to find his soul, undergoes psychoanalytic treatment, discovers a culture no longer sure of itself, no longer integrated, and flies back home, confused and despairing. An interesting thesis, though stiffly and coldly developed; one can but regret that the thesis should have absorbed the entire book.

The General's Ring. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Selma Lagerlöf's fairy-tale ring, stolen from the dead General Löwensköld, causes the acquisitive ghost to rise in quest of his property and brings tragedy to the innocent and guilty alike. After creating a somber background for her ghost, the author, overtaken by whimsy, dismisses him at the close with an abrupt and unconvincing casualness. The resulting inconsistency of mood weakens this otherwise neatly turned fable.

Crusade. By Donn Byrne. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

It is difficult but necessary to plod through the far from fanciful first pages of Mr. Byrne's latest fictional apology for Erin in order to be swept out suddenly, as per schedule, toward an amusing cinema finish, with the Irish knight accepting the Moslem faith that he may win the lady of his heart and the clean, wholesome pair making a Fairbanks swim to safety and happiness.

The Curse of the Tarniffs. By Count Edouard von Keyserling. The Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

A refreshing modernity of method redeems this otherwise obvious novelette dealing with emotional clashes among the Prussian aristocracy of the early twentieth century. An appended short tale, *Father and Son*, possesses a power lacking in the title story.

C. P. F.

Books in Brief

Certain Rich Men. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

An age that delights to read sketches about obvious characters who are depicted with obvious humor and ease should of course have its desire gratified; and Mr. Minnigerode is obviously ready to gratify it at regular intervals. A versatile prestidigitator in the realm of stylistic tricks, he now pulls a snappy paragraph or a pat summary out of his sleeve, now shuffles his well-worn deck of adjectives, dots and dashes, and incomplete sentences into new and intriguing combinations, and, suavely wielding his magic wand of rhetoric, keeps his audiences amused and mystified until each act is concluded. He merits, indeed, the complete damnation that lurks in the shop-worn phrase of reviewers—he is eminently "both instructive and entertaining."

Biography: the Literature of Personality. By James C. Johnston. Foreword by Gamaliel Bradford. The Century Company. \$2.50.

For many years Mr. Johnston read endless biographies and pondered over the art of life-writing; the results of his researches and reflections are now exposed in this book. Others have written of the history of biography, but Mr. Johnston is the first writer to blend objective history with a detailed critical interpretation—that is to say, his book is a genuine pioneer. Like most pioneers it has certain faults: it is a bit too dogmatic and authoritative; it uses the dissecting knife too frequently, and the knife's edge is not always keen; its style is often verbose and heavy-footed. Nevertheless, it does collate data and formulate critical principles that have hitherto remained fragmentary and undefined, and it is therefore a work of real worth.

SUN YAT-SEN'S

famous "Principle of Livelihood" is based on Maurice William's "Social Interpretation of History."

Dr. Sun says:

"William's . . . *Social Interpretation of History* . . . tallies exactly with the third principle of our party"—the Kuomintang.

Prof. John Dewey says:

(in a letter to the author)

"At a memorial meeting to Dr. Sun Yat-Sen last winter a year ago where I spoke I called attention to his use of your book."

To know the underlying causes of conflict in China and Russia you must read

THE SOCIAL INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

By Maurice William

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Mr. Johnston's untimely death, which occurred before the results of a life-long labor had appeared in print, is most deplorable.

Hindu Mysticism. Six lectures. By S. N. Dasgupta. The Open Court Publishing Company. \$2.

In this excellent little book Professor Dasgupta outlines with clearness and critical balance the main course of Hindu religious development from the Rig Veda down to modern times, including the intervening notions of the Brahmanas, the Yoga system, and Buddhism, the chief omission being Jainism. It may come as a surprise to some that he can stretch the term mysticism to cover the elaborate ritualism—magic to the nth degree—of the late Vedic period, but that is only a matter of definition, which our author logically defends. The part of the book that is most opportune is the last third, which discusses medieval and modern devotional mysticism—not that much has not already been written on this phase of Hinduism, but that this is probably the shortest yet most lucid and least technical account in English.

Seventeenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Norman Ault. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Ault's excellent anthology helps to bring order out of the chaos of seventeenth-century English poetry, much of which is still fugitive. Many new sources have been examined, and Mr. Ault has in every case taken his text from the earliest known source of a poem. This yields a chronology based strictly upon dates of appearance. The introduction is interesting among other reasons for its information concerning the popularity of certain of the pieces in their own century.

Rufus Choate: the Wizard of the Law. By Claude M. Fuess. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

Scores of toy-balloon Americans whose lives might furnish material for good individual essays are being deliberately inflated to dirigible size nowadays. Here is one of them. There was no need for this book; and Mr. Fuess, a straightforward and earnest plodder, has therefore been compelled to pad and puff.

Problems of Social Well-Being. By James H. S. Bossard. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

This is not a good book for propagandists with social panaceas, but it is an excellent reference for an instructor to use with students to orient them in a maze of disputatious opinions. This book is to be welcomed as a standard of scientific work in a field where "wishful writing" has long held the pole position.

A Two-Gun Cyclone. By B. E. (Cyclone) Denton. Dallas, Texas: B. E. Denton. \$1.50.

"Cyclone" Denton tells how he roped one mustang out of a bunch and then, while his horse was holding it by the saddlehorn, "creased" (shot through the upper part of the neck) another mustang. The yarn is extraordinary even for a mustanger. But "Cyclone" was riding Topsy. He rode long trails and "swung a wide loop," and Topsy is a real part of his autobiographic account of horseback years in the unfenced West.

Imhotep, the Vizier and Physician of King Zoser and Afterward the Egyptian God of Medicine. By Jamieson B. Hurry. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

Very little is known about Imhotep, the first physician ever to make his mark in this world, and so Dr. Hurry is forced to adorn his narrative with many asides and excursions. The result is a book full of repetitions, and hard to read. But it shows, at all events, a willing spirit, and the illustrations, whether pertinent or not, are excellent.

Drama

STEFAN ZWEIG'S "Volpone," alternating now at the Guild Theater with "Marco Millions," turns out to be a very much modified version of Ben Jonson's savage comedy. The savagery is still there, in an action which makes perhaps all that can be made out of the theme of greed for gold; but the language, of which there was undoubtedly too much for our nervous modern ears, is quite gone; and the characters, while they retain their old outlines, move quickly through an altered plot—altered particularly at the close, where the German author achieves an irony undreamed of by moral Ben. It is a cruel comedy, but highly amusing; and the Guild performance is, as usual, superb. Dudley Digges as Volpone and Alfred Lunt as Mosca are the best among several excellent actors, Mr. Lunt demonstrating here his extraordinary gifts in pantomime.

M. V. D.

"March Hares" (Little Theater) creates a few moments of hilarious absurdity in the course of two or three hours of mild nonsense. This is the second—and apparently a successful—effort to revive a nice little play which is, however, so frail and slight that a stodgy Broadway audience might easily sniff it out of existence.

F. K.

"The Greenwich Village Follies" (Winter Garden) offers what every other expensively produced revue offers—stunning sets, an agile chorus, and off-color humor.

M. G.

"The Outsider" (Ambassador Theater) is a revival of a play originally produced four years ago. This controversy between the Royal College of Surgeons and a "quack" doctor is distinguished by the excellent acting of Isobel Elsom as the crippled girl and of Lionel Atwill as the doctor who cures her.

R. L.

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International Relations Section

Oil in Venezuela

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

AS the twenty-year dictatorship of General Juan Vicente Gomez, President of Venezuela, totters, the American and British oil interests are taking warning, but nevertheless they are still sinking new millions of capital into this new petrol Eldorado. They hope that some miracle will arise to save Gomez, or at least the type of government he represents. Under his benevolent protection they have brought Venezuela within the space of nine years into second place among petroleum-producing countries, and they confidently expect to perform even greater wonders if only Gomez will remain and so prevent the hostile legislation along Mexican and Colombian lines which would surely follow the collapse of the dictatorship. But Gomez is old; he is losing his political grasp.

Foreign oil interests have been peculiarly fortunate with respect to legislation in Venezuela; and their good fortune has been largely due to the kindly manner in which President Gomez, another Porfirio Diaz, has looked out for their welfare. Nowhere else in South America, unless it be Bolivia, do they meet with such hospitable treatment. While Gomez continues to encourage the development and exploitation of Venezuelan resources by foreign capital, the Colombian Government, following Mexico's lead, insists that all concession titles be reexamined as to their validity, Chile adopts a law forbidding the grant of concessions to foreigners pending an investigation by the government of the extent of Chilean resources, and Argentina considers a bill to nationalize the entire petroleum industry. Only in Bolivia are foreign oil-seekers bowed in with smiles, but Bolivia has not as yet produced oil in commercial quantities.

Before 1919 Venezuelan petroleum production was inconsequential. At the start of the active exploitation period, the year following the close of the World War, the annual output was 425,000 barrels; one field alone, the Seminole, was daily producing more than 300,000 barrels in the United States. Since 1919 Venezuelan production has virtually doubled each year; between 250,000 and 300,000 barrels are now hauled away each day from the prolific Maracaibo basin. In 1921 the production was 1,433,000 barrels; in 1922, 2,201,000 barrels; in 1923, 4,201,000 barrels; in 1924, 9,042,000 barrels; in 1925, 19,687,000 barrels; in 1926, 37,226,000 barrels, and in 1927, 64,400,000 barrels. Production for 1928 is estimated at 115,000,000 barrels, and this figure could be doubled were more adequate transport facilities available. Additional lake steamers are needed to lighten the oil across the bar which chokes the mouth of Lake Maracaibo, as are also additional ocean-going tankers to haul the stuff from the port of Maracaibo to refineries in the Dutch West Indies and in the United States. Plans for laying down pipe-lines from the field to a port yet unbuilt on the Paraguana peninsula have been discussed, but have got nowhere, principally because of the fear of the debacle into which Venezuela may be plunged when Gomez retires or is ousted. Present programs of the three largest producing companies for expanded facilities in the way of lake tankers and storage tanks are expected to bring the

daily production to a point well above 300,000 barrels. As it is, Venezuelan production today is exceeded only by the United States, whose 1927 output was 903,800,000 barrels; it has passed even Mexico and Russia.

British interests are predominant in the Maracaibo area, but they are being hard pressed by American companies. Of the present daily production of 250,000 barrels, approximately 100,000 barrels are being taken by the Royal Dutch-Shell Group (British) and 30,000 by miscellaneous companies under its control. South American Gulf (Mellon-owned) is taking 55,000 barrels, while Lago Petroleum (Standard Oil of Indiana) is taking 65,000 barrels. In the last few months other American companies have announced plans for exploiting Venezuelan holdings, which should increase American control and production to a point which the British may never hope to overtake. California Petroleum and Union Oil of California have contracted with Pantepec Oil to spend \$3,500,000 each in the next six years for exploration and development work in north central and eastern Venezuela. A more significant move was that of Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Creole Syndicate in pooling their Venezuelan interests, the former agreeing to provide \$8,000,000 working capital for Creole Petroleum, a newly created corporation, which is to operate the pooled holdings. The transaction was described as "one of the most ambitious development projects ever undertaken in Venezuela." Elsewhere it was looked upon as the signal for another battle in the silent but portentous oil war between British and American interests.

The dictator, Gomez, alone stands between the foreign exploiters and a "Mexicanization" of Venezuela. Small wonder, then, that although the British and Americans are bitter rivals for the petroleum deposits, they are united in desiring to keep Gomez in power. By discreet use of their influence they may succeed, but they are nevertheless prepared for the retirement of the President-dictator, which may come in April of 1929.

Juan Vicente Gomez, then Vice-President, stepped quietly into the Presidential office on December 19, 1908. Cipriano Castro, the old dictator, was at the time in Berlin, whither he had gone for a surgical operation. Castro remained permanently in exile; Gomez has since ruled Venezuela with hard, even cruel, efficiency. Under his administration native public opinion has been ruthlessly suppressed; free speech, free assembly, and free press, although guaranteed by the constitution, have to all practical purposes been tossed into the dictator's ash-can. At the same time highways and public works have been built, the foreign debt virtually wiped out, and banditry, scourge of most Latin-American nations, driven across the borders. Venezuela, on the surface at any rate, is prosperous. Highway construction has brought employment at high wages to the lower classes; labor in the oil-fields has been equally remunerative.

But the greatest benefits have gone to the foreign oil people. Like Porfirio Diaz, who ruled Mexico from 1876 to 1910, Gomez has left nothing undone to make foreign capital at home in Venezuela. Inasmuch as petroleum has been the principal magnet for outside capital and ingenuity, he has assumed complete personal control of the oil industry. Four times, in 1910, 1914, 1922, and 1925, the national constitution has been rewritten at his behest in order that

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he might the better accomplish this purpose. Under the 1925 constitution the Congress was stripped of its power to pass upon concessions granted to foreign oil and mining companies, this power being reserved to the President.

How rich Gomez has become in the last few years no man can say; it would be difficult to point out the exact line of demarcation between the government finances and the dictator's personal fortune in a situation wherein Gomez the government, and Gomez the private individual are one and the same person. Moreover, he has filled many strongboxes with the returns from judicious personal investments in the foreign oil companies to which he himself has granted concessions. To these he may snugly retire.

But Gomez hesitates to retire. Doubtless he would like to do so; he is advanced in years and lately has been ill; opposition to his dictatorship has been growing. Yet should he withdraw his hand the good work of the last two decades might be undone overnight. The oil companies share his fear. Looking about him, Gomez undoubtedly sees among his opponents not only those Venezuelans who are logically opposed to him but others who envy him his immense wealth, and still others, once friendly to the dictator, who see his power waning and therefore are preparing to unseat him if they can or to seize the government by force if he voluntarily retires. The riots and strikes in February and April of this year unmistakably indicate an increasing willingness on the part of the Venezuelan population to join in demonstrations against the activities, if not the rule, of Gomez. Only the dictator's strong hold on the army prevented the Caracas disorders from spreading through the country.

As April 19, 1929, the date when his present term expires, draws near, there is being discussed in Caracas and other South American capitals the question of who shall succeed Gomez; it is usually taken for granted that he will not succeed himself. One group of his followers wants him to provide for a popular election of a new President; another group is urging the establishment of an hereditary dictatorship, apparently with an eye to a possible monarchy, with one of the President's two sons as his successor. The sons, Generals Juan C. and Jose Vicente Gomez, are now first and second Vice-Presidents, respectively. A third group, which may or may not be backed by foreign oil capital, is proposing that the department of Zulia, in which the Maracaibo basin is situated, secede from Venezuela in the event the Gomez dictatorship is terminated. This faction will continue the Gomez policies with regard to oil.

The future of Venezuela depends to a large extent upon the events of the next ten or twelve months. What removal of Gomez and his family will mean no one in touch with the situation dares forecast. But the oil men, fearing hostile legislation of the Mexican or Colombian sort, are ready for almost any eventuality. They have restricted their permanent investments as far as possible, putting in only enough machinery to bring the oil out of the ground and to the ships. Some storage tanks have been built, but only because not enough ocean tankers are available to haul the petroleum away as fast as the wells can produce it. In a few cases the companies have been required by law to build hospitals for their employees. Refineries have not been built; the Royal Dutch-Shell interests take their oil to Curaçao to be refined, while the American companies haul their crude to the United States. When the blow falls, the foreign oil speculators will be ready to pull out.



THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA—SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on the earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers and business men has seen revolutionary Russia at work. Still fewer Russians have visited this country, and the American who goes into Russia today is something more than a tourist.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, were enabled to visit Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. They were received by the Society of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and the Sovtorgflot. The same organizations are again welcoming a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

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WHILE THE GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC FLIERS were still marooned in the Gulf of St. Lawrence word came that Captain George H. Wilkins, with his pilot, Carl Ben Eielson, had made a non-stop flight of 2,200 miles from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen, which lies east of Greenland midway between Norway and the North Pole. They made the flight in twenty hours, and were forced down in a violent storm on Dead Man's Island, just north of the main coast of Spitzbergen. They remained in the cabin of their airplane for five days, when the weather cleared and it was possible to reach Green Harbor, on the main island, where there is a settlement and a wireless station. The Wilkins-Eielson flight was the more worth while since it was dictated by individual initiative and not by the herd ballyhoo that has lured many persons to their death on the transatlantic route. Wilkins and Eielson did not try to cross the Pole, keeping fifteen degrees to the south of it and skirting the northern coasts of Grant Land and Greenland. They had fine weather the first part of the way, and report that they saw only ice-covered sea in the region north of Alaska in which other explorers have believed land lay. The frail airplane is doing what has baffled ship and sledge and promises in a few years to strip the polar regions of their privacy if not of their harshness.

"**M**Y IDEA WOULD BE not to try logic, or reason, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent." Thus Rob Roy MacGregor, handy man in Samuel Insull's

propaganda organization, the "Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information." His chief, B. J. Mullaney, had written him asking what he had that would be "pertinent and useful" in a campaign for a United States Senatorship against a man who favored government ownership. Rob Roy replied, with a long draft of a speech asserting that "Not all the parlor pinks are in Greenwich Village; not all the deep-dyed Reds are wearing long hair and are building bombs. . . . Government ownership means the furthering of the cause of the Bolshevik," and concluding with the confidential advice about abandoning reason and logic. These sidelights on public-utility propaganda were discovered in the files of the Insull organization by W. B. Wooden, investigator for the Federal Trade Commission. The documents were written in March, 1928; in April neither Mr. MacGregor nor Mr. Mullaney could seem to recall how he happened to write them. Another letter found in their files, however, may help to explain; written on the stationery of the Nebraska Power Company, it called for "some work" in Nebraska on "account of Senator Norris and Senator Howell." Doubtless the bright young man was right; the only way the utility interests can defeat government ownership and men like Norris and Howell is "not to try logic, or reason, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent."

"**M**ORE PEOPLE CUT THEIR OWN LAWNS and put in their own wood," says the Portland, Oregon, Y. M. C. A. "In spite of efforts from all quarters to convey the impression that business is prosperous, our records show that it is dull. . . . During the past month we have had an unusually large number of older men with families coming in to ask aid in securing employment." Flint, Michigan, another Y. M. C. A. report states, "has established patrols at the outskirts of the city and refuses to allow an applicant for work to enter the city unless he is properly financed." "It has been a trying time," Los Angeles says. "We have seen many men on the verge of breaking; some have disappeared." Chicago reports: "The demand for men was below normal throughout 1927, but the first months of 1928 show still further drop. The Illinois Department of Labor reports manufacturing employment at the lowest level since the war." Cleveland: "Hard to make placement without openings." Philadelphia: "The number of unemployed has increased since the first of the year." Pittsburgh: "We learn each day of other companies who are curtailing their force of employees." Coolidge prosperity?

IT DOES NOT REQUIRE the sanction of any court to suppress freedom of speech or assembly. Again and again it is done in this country through the arbitrary fiat of a chief of police or other executive, whose action is later overruled by the courts but survives long enough to accomplish all it was intended to do. Powers and Mary Donovan Hapgood have been freed of the charge of rioting in Pittston, Pennsylvania, without the case even going to a jury. Public meetings having been arbitrarily forbidden in the city, Mr. Hapgood and his wife appeared on the streets

BUR INGAME
PUBLO
LIB.

wearing arm-bands which said "We mourn free speech." They were clapped into jail, denied bail for three days, and finally released only upon putting up \$2,500 each and an additional \$2,500 bond to keep the peace. Yet at the trial the police called by the prosecution admitted that there had been no riot, no crowd, and no resistance to arrest, and the judge directed an acquittal without giving the case to the jury. Meanwhile life among the striking soft-coal miners drags on wearily. The executive board of the United Mine Workers, dominated by John L. Lewis, has expelled the members of the committee which organized the recent "save-the-union" convention, denouncing them as "communists." The Lewis machine should shake hands with those Daughters of the American Revolution who at their convention in Washington ran the steam-roller uncompromisingly over the women who, in the spirit of the mothers of the Revolution, sought to protest against the organization's "black list."

GOVERNOR DONAHEY'S NATIONAL GUARDSMEN have fed hungry children in the mining districts of Ohio and earned praise for their humanity and understanding. But unfortunately they have not limited their activities to opening relief stations. On April 21 a band of 75 women—most of them miners' wives—arrived in trucks at the Belmont County jail to protest against the arrest of five men held as leaders of the "save-the-union marches" which had been held during several days previous. The jail was surrounded by a line of National Guardsmen armed with rifles. The women hesitated at the entrance, uncertain how to meet this bristling array, until Lieutenant Colonel Caldwell, "National Guard observer," invited them to come in. When they were inside the jail the door was locked. As we go to press they are still behind bars and are about to be arraigned on a charge of rioting. The offense of the women is of little interest compared with the tricky cowardice of the officer who seemed to offer friendly assistance and then betrayed the people who trusted him. As the *New York World* suggests, he should be decorated with the "distinguished-service badge of the Order of the Double Cross."

WITH 27,000 TEXTILE WORKERS on strike in opposition to a 10 per cent reduction in wages, and with 56 New Bedford mills shut down as a result, the sad story of New England's depressed cotton industry comes to light once more. Earlier in the year similar wage cuts were declared in Lowell, Manchester, Taunton, and Fall River. Lowering of wages, of course, always tends to spread the effect of a depression. In New Bedford stores that find their overhead too great for the small sales are already closing; officials in various city departments have been given vacations without pay; dental clinics in public schools have been suspended; and the Park Board has announced that summer playgrounds will not be operated. However, while the outlook is dismal for the workers in New Bedford, we find a little ray of sunshine in the financial columns of the *New York Times* of April 18. The net profits of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company for 1927, we are cheered to learn, were \$508,775—the largest in seven years. The workers in the Amoskeag mills, it will be remembered, were presented with a 10 per cent wage cut last Christmas Eve.

DR. EDGAR E. EVANS, formerly lieutenant in the Navy Medical Corps, has resigned from the service because of what he discovered while on duty in Nicaragua.

He says that in four months' service in the Central American republic he "never met or even heard of an American citizen or a citizen of any other foreign country whose life had been endangered or whose property had suffered at the hands of either faction in the Nicaraguan civil strife, prior to the intervention of the United States Marines." He did, however, discover that we had "other designs" than mere protection, and hinted at the banking background of the work of the marines. Since the marines began their bombing, of course, everybody has suffered. Now Sandino has captured the La Luz and Los Angeles gold-mine and made its personnel prisoners. This is the fine irony of history. The La Luz mine has played a large role in Nicaraguan-American history. Eighteen years ago a certain Adolfo Diaz was earning \$20 a week as a clerk for the mine. A year later, under protection of United States marines, he became President of Nicaragua, and it turned out that some \$800,000 had been lent to the revolutionary government in his penniless name! And today our marines are again supporting in the Presidency that same Don Adolfo Diaz, erstwhile \$20-a-week clerk in the Fletcher brothers' gold mine. Sandino has struck at the very wellspring of Yankee intervention.

GOOD ROADS ARE THE WORST ENEMIES of famine, and good roads are the weapon employed by the International Famine Relief Committee in China, with which the American Red Cross is cooperating, in fighting the Shantung famine. Millions are starving; but the areas of utter drought are local and circumscribed. Famine presses least in regions where roads provide avenues of escape for the hungry and of ingress for relief supplies. It is where the cost of carrying rice and wheat on a coolie's back eats up the food he carries that famine levies its harshest toll. Relief is being given to men who work on the roads and the dikes, and the map of the famine shows that the road-work done in previous famine years has borne its fruit this year. Some day in the not-too-distant future one may hope that good roads will link all China and make it impossible for one village to starve, while others, a hundred miles away, conduct business as usual. That communication systems pay, even in the midst of civil war, is shown by the balance-sheet of the Peking-Mukden Railroad, which last year did the biggest business in its history. China's population is so dense that almost any pair of rails laid down finds paying business from the day the first train whistles. These things will, a few years hence, loom larger than the topsy-turvy shifts of China's civil wars. Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang, allied Nationalist commanders, are again advancing upon Peking, and it seems likely that this time they will take the old North Capital from its present holder, Chang Tso-lin, the war-lord of Manchuria. But the acts and ambitions of the Nationalists today do not seem to be very different from those of the Northerners.

NO CHINESE MILITARIST would be so indiscreet as to break off diplomatic communications with his enemy—they are too well aware that they may be allies next month. In their dealings with foreigners North and South today largely agree. Despite the constant battles, they have just come to an amicable agreement regarding division of the postal business of the republic. They have also maintained a united front in negotiations which have led to the appointment of Chinese as Deputy Customs Commissioners, a post

hitherto reserved for foreigners. And much the same process has been going on in the foreign settlements in Tientsin, in Northern territory, and in Shanghai, where the Nanking Government controls. The Municipal Council of the International Settlement of Shanghai, hitherto composed of nine aliens, will hereafter have three Chinese members, and six more Chinese advisers will sit with them, with somewhat less power. The parks, now closed to Chinese, are to be opened to all. Tientsin goes further still; there the Chinese have obtained full equality of representation. But the time is probably not far distant when the foreigners will not have even equal representation, but will be reduced to the status which they hold today in the erstwhile foreign settlements of Japan—tolerated, but closely watched, guests.

NORVIN LINDHEIM AND WALTER KAUFMANN were charged in 1918 with making a false report to the Alien Property Custodian, in connection with purchase of the New York *Evening Mail*. In 1920 they were convicted, sentenced to a year and a day in jail, and disbarred from practicing law. An hysterical war jury had heard that their law firm had, before the war, represented the German Government. It did not heed the lawyer's defense that their report was based on information given by a client. It gave a war verdict. Harlan F. Stone, when Attorney General, became convinced that the men were innocent, and at his instance President Coolidge pardoned them after they had served thirty days in jail. Application was then made for restoration to the bar. After the Court of Appeals, through Judge Cardozo, had overruled its first holding the Appellate Division of New York State reexamined the record and decided that since the verdict was based on inference the men were innocent before the court. They were ordered restored to practice. But the strain of the seven-year fight had been too much for Norvin R. Lindheim. He died six weeks before the vindication. S. Walter Kaufmann will return to the bar. Although blind since college days, he had made an enviable record in the law, and he repeated his success in the life-insurance business. We have heard a good deal this last year about jury verdicts and war hysteria. It is fortunate that New York State is not technically constrained as is Massachusetts. It is even more fortunate that some judges with a passion for justice, like Benjamin Cardozo, are on the bench. These lawyers have been vindicated, but—especially after death—that is not justice.

TWO IMPORTANT DECISIONS were handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States on April 9. First, the court upheld the so-called "flexible provision" of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. It was contended that this section of the law was invalid because it delegated to the President legislative powers vested only in Congress. In other words, it was asserted that Congress could not give to the Tariff Commission the right to fix tariff rates. The court held that it could, and the Tariff Commission has therefore come to stay until Congress abolishes it as a futile organization. This we hope it will before long. It was furthermore urged against the tariff act that it was unconstitutional because it was avowedly drawn for the purpose of protecting certain industries, whereas Congress has the power to levy taxes and collect duties solely for the purpose of raising revenue. The court repeated its position in the child-labor tax case that Congress could levy a tax even if there was a subsidiary motive in doing so, such as the

effort to destroy child labor, or to protect industry from specific foreign competition. By a five-to-four decision the court then upheld the conviction of Thomas J. Casey, a Seattle lawyer, for violation of the Anti-Narcotics Act. This was a plain case of shameless use of the *agent provocateur*. The Government set a trap and provoked the crime in order to convict the man. The minority of the Supreme Court denounced the Government's agent for this criminal conspiracy to convict a man, and to induce the crime. "No officer," said Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinion, "has power to authorize the violation of an act of Congress, and no conduct of an officer can excuse the violations. . . . The Government may set decoys to entrap criminals, but may not provoke or create a crime and then punish the criminal, its creature." The other dissenters were Messrs. McReynolds, Butler, and Sanford.

WE PRINT THIS WEEK the prize-winning essay in a contest for college students who spent their last summer's vacation as wage-earners. In *Autos and Jobs* Andrew J. Steiger tells the story of Detroit—known as the home of Henry Ford, high wages, and prosperity—from the point of view of a worker who at the same time happened to be an observant young student of industrial conditions. Too many men and too few jobs, the standardization and speeding-up of work, no union—these are the factors, Mr. Steiger believes, which help to make the automobile industry inhuman and unmindful of the lives of those who keep its wheels in motion. A letter has come to our desk which has a special interest in the light of his observations. It was addressed to a Detroit firm by the Citizens' Committee of Detroit, and signed L. J. Flint, Executive Vice-President. It reads:

We are asking the business men of Detroit to subscribe to the sustaining fund of the Citizens' Committee of Detroit.

Please do not confuse the Citizens' Committee with the Citizens' League. Fifty-eight associations of business men comprise the Citizens' Committee. Our business is to maintain the American Plan of Employment in Detroit. In other words—to keep Detroit free from union-labor control.

The American Federation of Labor is trying to unionize our factories and trades. If they are successful, it means untold hardships for our workmen and the expenditure of millions of dollars by our employers.

No specific sum is asked of you. Just send as a yearly subscription whatever amount you think it is worth to you and your business to maintain Detroit's present position. Amounts range from \$50 to \$5,000.

ANANDAMURTI, with two assistants, converted 4,000 Indians from Christianity to Hinduism in Goa, Portugal's little colony on the west coast of India; and, to check the wave of conversions, the authorities expelled the Hindu pundit, with a threat of life imprisonment if he ever enters Portuguese territory again. Expulsion of Christian missionaries from Buddhist or Confucianist territory is matter for indignation and for preachments on religious freedom; but will there be protest in Christian lands at this curious manner of defending the message of Jesus? After all, Buddhist and Brahmin have as good a right to preach to converted Christians as Christians to convert Hindus; and possibly it will do this "Christian" world good to learn that all the conversions are not in one direction. The story of Jesus still holds its fascination, but in some parts of the East the actions of the Christians seem to speak louder than their words.

The Multimillionaire Goes Free

THE acquittal of Harry F. Sinclair on the charge of entering into a criminal conspiracy with Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior, to defraud the government in the matter of the naval oil leases is a grave blow to the administration of justice throughout the United States. From the Pacific to the Atlantic men and women, after witnessing the acquittal of Sinclair and Doheny, are declaring that it is settled that there are two kinds of justice—one for the rich, one for the poor. They are right, and their knowledge of this fact will do more harm to American institutions than all the soap-box orators who may be preaching a radical change in our form of government in the streets of our cities. Destroy faith in the equality of all men before the courts, and you go far toward toppling the government.

What makes this Sinclair acquittal so flagrant is that the man's guilt had already been determined by the highest court in the land—the Supreme Court itself. That tribunal set aside the lease secretly and covertly made with Sinclair by Fall as Secretary of the Interior and pronounced the whole proceeding tainted with fraud and corruption. There is no question about this; everybody knows it. Every sane man knows that the gift of \$303,000 in bonds to Fall was a bribe, and that the pretense that it was payment for a one-third interest in a ranch assessed at \$125,000 was merely an afterthought. Everybody knows that Mr. Everhart, Fall's son-in-law, once refused to testify as to this bond transaction on the ground that he would thereby incriminate himself. Not until a special act was passed by Congress enabling him to do so safely did he come forward and certify to the facts. Doheny and Sinclair, we repeat, have been branded as faithless and recreant, as swindlers of the government, by our highest tribunal. Yet neither is to go behind the bars where he belongs, and Mr. Fall bids fair likewise to escape.

As for the poor man? Well, before us lies the record of a case in the county court of Long Island City, in January last. One George Crawford, a Negro—an old offender, it is true—was sentenced to prison for from *five to ten years* for the theft, *four years previously*, of a *penny notebook* from a spectator at a boxing contest. No great lawyers to defend him! And here is the case of the eighteen-year-old boy David Gordon, who, for writing an "obscene" poem on America in a Communist journal, has been sentenced to spend up to three years in a reformatory, with the judges publicly wishing that they could increase his punishment! We suppose that the judges who have sentenced these youths would dislike to have it said of them that they are destroying respect for law and order and for our American institutions. But that is what they, and our lawless and murderous police, in America are doing. Let no man say that the cases of Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny are exceptions. Take that of the bootlegger George Remus, who deliberately murdered his wife in the streets of Cincinnati. Rich, able to hire the best criminal lawyers, Remus was acquitted on the ground of insanity and, after a couple of months' incarceration, has now been duly pronounced sane by an obliging board of medical men. When that trial began, newspapermen in Cincinnati stated openly that Remus was too rich, and knew too much about the lawless-

ness of rich and powerful persons in that city, to be convicted. They were right.

Where does the responsibility for this lie? In the case of Sinclair, it does not, we believe, rest with the jury. We know that the jurymen are being denounced as stupid dolts who could not see the obvious facts in an obvious case. This is grossly unfair. It is always extraordinarily difficult to prove a conspiracy charge because so much evidence is ruled out. In this case the jury was not allowed to know that Fall lied about the bond transaction with Sinclair and wrote to the Senate Public Lands Committee that he had never received a cent from Sinclair or Doheny "on account of any oil lease or upon any other account whatsoever." The jury was not allowed to know that Harry Sinclair is under a jail sentence for refusing to testify before a Senate committee about his transaction with Fall. It was not even allowed to hear one word about the Supreme Court decisions as to the guilt of Sinclair or Doheny! It was not permitted to learn that Fall lied about the Doheny transaction and made several attempts to get friends to pretend that they had lent him the \$100,000 cash which Doheny sent to him in a black bag. It was only once allowed to hear a brief reference to the fact that Sinclair was guilty of tampering with the jury which preceded them. Its members were allowed to know nothing about the Continental Trading Company and all its ramifications, and, of course, the government could not call attention to the fact that the honorable Mr. Sinclair would not take the stand in his own behalf to testify to his honesty and highmindedness. Is it surprising that one of the jurors said afterward: "Why didn't they tell us all that stuff? How in hell did they expect us to know what it was all about when they didn't give us all the facts?" He added that he had learned more about the case by reading the afternoon paper than he had found out in the two weeks of the trial. Plainly, the guilt lies with those responsible for the court procedure. It rests with the whole bar of the United States which witnesses one such miscarriage of justice after another, which has heard the Chief Justice of the United States himself declare that the administration of justice in America is in itself nothing less than criminal, and yet does nothing.

Our bar associations are as indifferent as the rest. They meet, and discuss, and resolve, and the next year they meet, and discuss, and resolve again; and nothing happens. That an enormous amount of court corruption comes about through favoritism, even when no money passes, everyone knows, best of all the lawyers. Why was the son of a recent candidate for the Presidency allowed to go scot-free after he had operated his automobile in New York when intoxicated, knocking down one man, and seeking to escape the police, although they fired at least a dozen shots at him in their efforts to stop him? Had his name been Brown instead of Cox he would either be in jail or out on heavy bail this minute. No, the guilt for the miscarriage of justice in the Sinclair case lies not with the jury; it lies with the profession of the law and the judges themselves. How much longer will it be before they realize that they are undermining American government by their refusal to end these intolerable evils?

The Wigwam Looks at the White House

Tam-ma-nee, Tam-ma-nee,
Big chief sits in his tepee,
Cheering braves to vic-to-ree.
Tam-ma-nee, Tam-ma-nee,
Swamp 'em, swamp 'em,
Get the wampum,
Tam-m-manee!

IF Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York, becomes the nominee of the Democratic Party for the Presidency—as now seems almost certain to happen—he will be the first son of Tammany Hall ever put forward for that office. Samuel J. Tilden, who was the Democratic nominee in 1876, was a member of Tammany Hall in his early days, but he broke with it, and it was his fight against the Tweed Ring that made him Governor of New York and later the choice of his party for the Presidency.

Al Smith has not broken with Tammany Hall. To be sure he has never been its tool, and since the death of Murphy, at least, he has dictated to it rather than allowed it to dictate to him. It is his personal integrity, independence, and ability that have gained him his tremendous popularity in his own State and made it possible to put him forward for the highest national office. Yet Governor Smith rose into political prominence through the favor of Tammany Hall. As Speaker of the Assembly he helped Murphy in deposing Governor Sulzer and was himself made chief executive of the State in 1918 through the say-so of the big chief. If Murphy had not died in the spring of 1924, his wish to make Smith the Democratic Presidential nominee might have been realized that year in Madison Square Garden. On April 16, last, Smith was reelected as a sachem of the Tammany Society and his name will be presented to the convention in Houston with the support and blessing of the Wigwam. Al Smith's affiliation with Tammany Hall has been discussed less than his religion or his stand on liquor, but it may have equal significance in a Presidential campaign.

For Tammany Hall is an epitome of political evolution in our great cities; it is pretty nearly an epitome of politics in the United States in distinction from politics in Great Britain or the more stable countries of Europe; it reveals most of the difficulties of a democratic experiment poured out of a melting-pot of race and religion into the molds of a marvelously growing, fabulously prosperous industrialism. Oddly enough, Tammany did not originally sense its role in this mighty drama of a pioneer civilization. In its early years it was blatantly 100-per-cent American. The constitution of the Tammany Society adopted in 1789 provided that "No person shall be eligible to the office of sachem unless a native of this country," and in 1817 a band of Irish invaded the Wigwam and smashed the furniture because of the refusal to nominate for Congress Thomas Addis Emmett. Eventually the increasing immigration of the Irish suggested the value of their votes, and Tammany became—what it has pretty consistently remained—an advocate of suffrage without property qualifications, a believer in freedom in religion and personal habits, a supporter of unrestricted immigration, and a friend of the alien in order to become his political and industrial exploiter.

Hence the rise of Tammany Hall and its prototypes in other cities.

The fascinating and significant story of the Wigwam is reviewed in a new book* written, logically enough, as a series of chapters on the big chiefs. With intentional or accidental exactness the book is entitled simply "Tammany Hall"—not "A History of Tammany Hall," as Gustavus Myers called his earlier and excellent volume. For Mr. Werner's book is not history in the sense in which it was conceived by Gibbon and Green. Mr. Werner hardly comments or explains at all; he makes no effort to integrate Tammany Hall with American evolution. The book is documentary, largely made up of extracts from newspapers and official reports. There is not much hint even of what testimony is most or least credible, but for one with good mental digestion the volume is a bountiful and satisfying repast. If Mr. Werner makes a mistake it is in painting Tammany too exclusively in black and in failing to connect it with our national development. He perpetuates the myth that the Tiger is a unique beast isolated in an ill-smelling cage known as New York City instead of only one among many such mammals in both Democratic and Republican parties.

The first of the big chiefs was Fernando Wood, who openly sold the offices under him and boasted in the campaign of 1854: "The people will elect me Mayor though I should commit a murder in my family between this and election." Tweed, who "wore a diamond like a planet in his shirt-front," inaugurated the downright looting of the city, taking such extraordinary tribute that, according to his own subsequent admission, he was able and willing to pay \$600,000 to put through a charter to further facilitate his operations. Croker was hemmed in by more restraints and had the discretion to keep out of jail, but under him the corruption of the police and the commercialization of vice probably reached their maximum. It was Croker who uttered one of the gems of Tammany philosophy:

"Then you are working for your own pocket, are you not?" asked Frank Moss as examining attorney in the Mazet inquiry.

"All the time; the same as you," snapped Croker.

Of Murphy Mr. Werner says it was his "great and lasting contribution to the philosophy of Tammany Hall that he taught the organization that more money can be made by a legal contract than by petty blackmail."

But it was in "Big Tim" Sullivan, we surmise, that Tammany Hall has found its apotheosis, though he was never the head of it. The "Big Feller" made a fortune out of saloons and resorts, but he did not drink or smoke, and a frank, engaging personality, combining most of the virtues and vices of the Tammany idea, made him the idol of the Bowery in its old rip-roaring days.

He may have done wrong but he thought he done right,
And he always was good to the poor.

Not only of "Big Tim" but of many of the other leaders has temperance been a habit, yet one which they never have tried to impose upon others. Murphy was a teetotaler,

* "Tammany Hall." By M. R. Werner. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.

though he got his start in life by running a saloon in the "Gas House" district. On the night of the election of Mayor Van Wyck in 1897, when others were riotously celebrating a "wide-open" town, a little group of leaders left the Wigwam for a nearby cafe. A curious crowd followed to watch the uncorking of champagne. Croker took Vichy and soda; John Carroll, seltzer lemonade; "Big Tim" Sullivan, Apollinaris; Murphy, Vichy; George W. Plunkitt, ditto.

There was a lot of slush written after the death of Tweed. *The Nation* of April 18, 1878, put it more intelligently:

There is no city in the civilized world that does not contain plenty of men capable of doing all that Tweed did and more, if they get a chance. . . . If we never hear of them the reason will be, not that he was a man of matchless powers of mischief but that the community they live in will not give them a chance of imitating him. . . . He was produced by certain political conditions which grew into existence almost without the knowledge of the American public, and to which their eyes were only fairly opened by his rise and fall. American political theories and traditions had made absolutely no provision and provided no place for the community which raised him. . . . And let us remember that he fell without loss of reputation among the bulk of his supporters. The bulk of the poorer voters of the city today revere his memory, and look on him as the victim of rich men's malice; as, in short, a friend of the needy who applied the public funds, with a little waste as possible under the circumstances, to the purposes to which they ought to be applied—and that is to the making of work for the working man.

Those words of fifty years ago hold true today. The Tammany Tiger has not changed its stripes—much. The principle of protective coloration has modified the animal's skin somewhat to conform to the changed jungle in which it lives. Of New York City and Tweed it might be written:

She was a harlot, and he was a thief,
But they loved each other beyond belief.

That would be a little less true today. All over America—except perhaps in Chicago—we are outgrowing the pioneer tradition to some degree. There is less looting and shooting but plenty of what that eminent Tammanyite, George Washington Plunkitt, used to call "honest graft." New York City has just had partially opened to it an expansive vista of waste and graft in the laying of sewers in Queens. The Borough President has had to resign—and Tammany is fighting to oust his associates as well—but it is not certain that anybody can or will be successfully prosecuted. In 1912 a woman testified before the Curran committee that she kept a "respectable disorderly house." Since Tweed's day New York City has at least become that.

All this is something with which Al Smith of Tammany Hall will have to reckon if he becomes a Presidential candidate. There is a dislike of the Wigwam in many places in America as keen as the distrust of Roman Catholics and Wets. Fused with the fear of Tammany Hall, and in some ways indistinguishable from it, is the antagonism of the rural community or the small town for the large city, and the clash between the new Americanism and the old. From the standpoint of Bourbon Americanism the seating of Al Smith, once a New York City newsboy and today a sachem of the Tammany Society, would be as revolutionary as was the overturning of a dynasty of gentility for the person of Andrew Jackson.

The Etruscan Mystery

THE secret of the Etruscan language has been solved again, if we may believe Professor Trombetti of the University of Bologna, who recently told an international congress of linguists at the Hague that his researches into the subject had been rewarded with success. If the matter is indeed cleared up, then one of scholarship's most cherished problems is no longer a problem, and savants in all countries west of Persia at least will combine to honor Professor Trombetti. But we suspect that the savants will look with challenge upon the volume which Professor Trombetti is soon to publish setting forth his discoveries, and we may be sure that they will disagree with many of the points in his reasoning. For not only have linguists been for 200 years in radical disagreement over the origins of the Etruscan language, but they have seemed to enjoy the controversy; and the newspaper reports of Professor Trombetti's address do not convince one that his claims are either very new or very complete. And certainly he will be opposed in his belief that the Etruscans spoke and wrote an Indo-European language.

The trouble is, of course, that they wrote so little, or at any rate left so little for us to read. Though they were active in North-central Italy for about a thousand years before Rome became a great republic and empire, though they seem to have dominated even Rome itself in the seventh century B.C., and though they were a vigorous people who grew rich and practiced many of the minor arts, they do not appear to have been in the slightest degree literary. They left no theaters or books—only inscriptions, and these are mostly of the mortuary sort. They had a great interest in death, an interest which they may or may not have brought with them from Lydia, whence they are now generally supposed to have derived, and whence they do seem to have imported a number of customs strange and terrible in the eyes of their Italian neighbors. They thought much about tombs, and left many such gloomy remainders covered with fragments of their language.

But what of this language, thousands of bits of which have been published for scholars to read, and two sizable passages in which have long exercised the wits of experts? One of the passages, containing approximately 200 words of continuous text, was found on a terra-cotta stele at Capua. The other, consisting of more than a thousand words, was discovered on the linen wrappings of a mummy dug up in Egypt. Professor Trombetti is said to have been studying this linen manuscript for twenty years. If the result turns out to be a real understanding of the language, then its origin may very well have been uncovered, and those scholars who have insisted that Etruscan was no offshoot of the Indo-European branch will be confounded. Doubtless the majority of them are prepared to dispute the theory, as in the past they have disputed various ingenious theories that Etruscan was related to Latin, Scandinavian, Basque, and Semitic.

The interesting fact is that even if we learn how to read Etruscan we shall not have much to read. We already have the knowledge of a warlike people who left many graves and gems and vases behind them; but what that people thought or felt we shall probably never know. As Horace would have said, they had no poets and so they died.

Autos and Jobs

By ANDREW J. STEIGER of the University of Chicago

I

I CAME to Detroit in a big motor-bus. Sitting beside me on a massively upholstered, shock-absorbing seat was Jack Hagerty from Massachusetts. Jack said that he had made three trips to Chicago in the past six weeks. He worked in the automobile shops and had made these trips between jobs. He had quit his last job because the pace was too stiff—ten hours daily and seven days a week. Only a married man who was tied down with a home and family would stay on under such conditions. As he was unattached, he could assert his freedom by quitting and taking another place for less money but with better conditions. I was thus introduced to a wage-earner of ■ type I was to see more of in the employment lines at the auto shops—the young, unmarried, transient worker who hopes to better himself by moving from job to job, but who actually finds his position growing daily worse.

My first week in Detroit I spent looking for work and so I had time to become acquainted with the varieties of men who were similarly engaged. There are normally some 15,000 men unemployed, due to sickness, injury, or change of jobs; Henry Ford had laid off about 20,000; ■ number of refugees had come up to Detroit from the flood areas of the Mississippi Valley. It was said that last winter (1926-1927) at least one company had advertised all over the country for workers to come to Detroit. This resulted in flooding the city with thousands of jobless men. The Sunday previous to my arrival in Detroit this same company had advertised in the local newspapers for men. Eight hundred men came out, some of them desperately in need of work; they stood around all day; finally about twenty were hired. These tactics are excellent means of finding out how many men are out of work in the city. They also warrant the belief that an effort has been made to maintain a surplus of labor by means of advertisements which bring men into the city.

I made it ■ point to ask the personnel men at the factories where I applied for work this question: "How many men do you interview a day?" I learned that between 1,000 and 3,600 men were being passed through the employment offices daily. Of this number sometimes ten, sometimes fifty, and occasionally 200 might be taken on.

II

The employment offices have been built to facilitate the handling of large numbers of men. At one factory, notorious for its cheap-labor policy, the office opens flush upon the street and no artificial lanes are constructed to help the formation of an orderly line of waiting men. Instead, the

men in search of work collect about the door in ■ dense mass, through which a policeman must force a lane so that foremen may come out and select some friend or acquaintance and obtain for him an interview ahead of the rest. Most of the other offices have been built with ■ space between parallel lines of pipe through which a single file of men move slowly toward the personnel men. It is physically impossible for workers to be hired according to their fitness

for the jobs; employment officers cannot learn enough about each man in the course of the few words that are exchanged. The applicant usually advances, meekly asking, "Are you hiring body men today?" or "Have you any work for a press hand?" If he is lucky enough to ask for the right thing, or if the officer takes ■ liking to the color of his eyes or his general appearance, he may be questioned further; otherwise he will be dismissed with a

negative shake and ■ cool stare. This haphazard method of selecting workers on isolated and unrelated points can never result in the right job for the right man. But in an industry like automobile manufacturing, where the process is subdivided and mechanized to the last degree, each operation can be learned in ■ few minutes even by a child, and it matters relatively little which men are chosen or what work is assigned to them.

However, men are not selected for jobs merely on the basis of appearance, nor is the first man who gets to the plant sure of ■ job. I discovered promptly that ■ workman must either ask for ■ particular job for which men were being hired, or he must win some special consideration from the employing officer. Although I was among the first three hundred applicants interviewed on my first day and succeeded in worming my way, the second day, to the head of the line, I was turned away from the employment office with a curt nod. Twenty-five hundred other men were turned away on that first day. The galling part of this experience was that the personnel man stood with ■ device in his hand for counting heads—like a sheep-herder in the stock-yards. He even encouraged some of us to come back by such phrases as "May need men of your ability tomorrow." To be told definitely, ■ I was, to return at seven o'clock the next morning, and then to be unrecognized and sent away, is an experience which beats down the jobless man's self-respect. He begins to realize by how thin ■ thread he holds any job.

After ■ week's fruitless search, I found work, not by walking through an employment lane ignorantly, but by getting some specific information about the employment situation on ■ particular day. A young straw boss, to whom I was introduced by ■ mutual friend, told me that in a

This essay was awarded first prize in The Nation's contest for American college students who spent the summer of 1927 in industry or agriculture. The second prize was awarded to Spear Knebel of the Union Theological Seminary for his article Disinfecting the World, an account of his experiences in ■ chemical plant. The third prize went to William Maslow of Cornell, who worked ■ a waiter in New York hotels. The fourth prize was won by Lewis L. Schellbach of the Columbia School of Journalism, who played in orchestras in dance-halls, night-clubs, and restaurants.

certain line about fifteen men would be hired as press hands. With this knowledge to help me, I was promptly taken on.

III

The acute unemployment in Detroit is made worse by the unorganized state of the worker. Without a job he is also without effective knowledge of how to get one. He has no means of obtaining employment except by individual application at some factory. He has no idea what jobs are available or how much his work is worth. His fellows are all pitted against him, scrambling for the same jobs.

The employers, who find cooperation sufficiently valuable to induce them to join the Employers' Association, are zealous in their efforts to prevent the workers from organizing a union. The high wages paid in Detroit's factories have made the city widely known in other industrial centers as a satisfactory city for wage-earners. Members of the Chamber of Commerce boast that Detroit workers are contented and do not need labor unions. Good working conditions, absence of strikes, and freedom to speed up production without the checks imposed by labor unions—these are the factors which the secretary of the Employers' Association believes have brought about the tremendous development of the automobile industry in Detroit, where a score of factories produce 10,000 cars daily and employ 225,000 men.

But what is the sequel to this deafening clamor about high wages? The lay-off! Unemployment is the acid which corrodes the fine metal of good pay for day- and piece-work. As the applicant for work accepts the wages offered, so does he acquiesce when he is told what hours or how many days he can work. I was hired at four o'clock in the afternoon. I had been up since five in the morning looking for work. The employment officer, when he engaged me, asked if I were able to go to work right away and, without waiting for an answer, said "You'd better be able." There were fifty men outside the door who could have had the job, so I merely nodded and resigned myself to the unpleasant prospect of working from 4:30 in the afternoon until 3 in the morning. I was given no idea how long my job would last. The man who worked beside me at a press had been employed so intermittently that during the past year he had saved only \$89. The four-day week at the Ford plant was not so much a triumph of scientific management, enabling workers to have more leisure, as a necessity to avoid laying off thousands of men whose production on a five-day week basis would have overstocked the market.

Lack of permanence in employment is accompanied by lack of stability in residence. It would be interesting to know what percentage of automobile workers are home-builders. A majority of the men whom I met were single, unattached workers living in cheap boarding- and rooming-houses. Uncertainty of employment has created this class of men who are called the "suitcase brigade"; it has helped produce habits of crime and vice among those men who are forced to loaf around waiting for jobs; and it has made it practically impossible for a worker ever to own his home. Those who have tried to build homes during seasons of regular work were described during a period of depression by the secretary of the Employers' Association as "persons who suffer because they have secured too much property to enable them to move freely in search for other work." The struggles of workmen who have a house and family are tragic. Often they take in boarders when their houses are

already overcrowded. I lived with a worker whose three small bedrooms in a five-room house were used by six grown people. Others are forced to give up their homes for which they have almost paid, and move into cheaper, rented quarters. These facts must be faced by those who advocate the "American Plan" and enforce it by their drastic control of the productive process.

IV

The story of the growth of the automobile industry is a modern Arabian Nights' tale. Thirty-one years ago Henry Ford tested his first model on the road; thirty years ago Elwood Hayes drove the first automobile through the streets of Chicago; today twenty-three million cars, almost one to every family in the United States, shove their way through our overcrowded city streets or hurry along the network of fine automobile roads that binds the cities together by a cordon of solid concrete from one end of the country to the other. Hundreds of thousands of men have left their farms, their trades, the mines to work as mechanics, tire-makers, salesmen in the automobile industry. The manufacturers could stop producing cars for a while and let people use their old models. But factories have been built, expensive machinery is housed, millions are invested, and men are employed, and the way out seems to be to increase the demand. This is done by designing a new model and selling it to people who can afford to buy a new car each year. While the new model is being designed and the dies made, production slows down and men are laid off. Then they are hired again while the car is being manufactured. The Ford plant was shut down and the Ford workers were loafing all summer because of the change of model. The daily production of 1,500 new-model Essex cars produced at the Hudson plant was increased to 1,800 by the addition of some two hundred men: I was hired with this group. About two months later these same men were laid off because production was cut down to normal again.

The workers are just a mechanical unit in a productive process over which they exercise no control. The worker is valuable as long as he performs a given set of muscular motions upon a regular schedule—so many number of seconds per piece. The time-study man hands each new worker a card for his machine—from 100 to 500 pieces per hour—but I have seen men who had made more than the required 340 pieces per hour have their schedule increased to 400 pieces per hour without any increase in wages. I have seen other men put out on the streets because they could not make the pace in so rigid a regime.

Here are a few suggestions to humanize the productive process based on my experience in Detroit:

1. Stabilize production by reducing the number of new models. Stable production would relieve the need for surplus labor, and eliminate the odious employment-lines with their degenerating influence upon the self-respect of the men. It would give the regular workman a steady job, and provide a higher class of citizenry for the city. It would eliminate the insane speeding-up of the productive process to meet special orders.

2. Unemployment insurance. It could be paid and administered jointly by the workmen and by the employers.

3. Workers' organization. This would seem likely only under conditions of steadier employment, but it may come in spite of or because of the conditions under which the workers now suffer.

War and America

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, April 5

WE are running the grave danger that by talking so much about war we may forget to negotiate about it, and by pinning our faith too loyally to this project and to that we may narrow the chances of anything being done. I read much of what is being written on the subject both in the United States and here, and the result which has grown upon me during recent weeks is that unless someone comes in with a practical sense of the situation combined with devotion for the cause, all our efforts may end in squabbles and a deadlock. Mr. Kellogg's correspondence with M. Briand and M. Briand's replies fortunately compel us all to face the real issues once more. One sad lesson which everyone has learned who has come to close quarters with peace problems is that peace projects will never go far so long as they are made only by onlookers. The organization of peace, if ever it is to come—and the meetings just ended at Geneva almost justify an eternal pessimism—must in the end issue from those who take counsel together, understand each other, and attack with constructive minds the details of the obstacles both objective and psychological.

One characteristic is shared by most of the proposals that of themselves will not carry us beyond the stage of pious profession. They are content with bringing us up against the moral or logical absurdity of our present position, by statements that are trite in their simplicity. For instance, what can be said against the proposition that if no nation would fight there would be no war? And how inevitable therefore seems the conclusion that the surest and most direct way to peace is to get nations to bind themselves not to fight! The logic is flawless, but the weakness lies in the foundation—lies in that "if." Behind that "if" are masked all the troubles of Europe. Unfortunately for those who would like to live a quiet and an uncomplicated life, neither individual nor national conduct is determined by what one finds in textbooks on logic. What is called "the human element" is something built up of impulses and motives other than those of absolute morality or reason. Conduct is something like cathedrals that require buttresses, and the practical problem of peace is the problem of buttresses. Let us keep obvious common sense in the pigeon-holes of our minds for a moment and consider why reason will produce so little under present circumstances.

Peace is an affair of nations, and every nation—as the United States and Great Britain found at the Naval Conference last year at Geneva—has interests and problems of its own, and fears, prejudices, and suspicions of its own. My readers may remember some sentences written by Sainte-Beuve in criticism of Guizot's facile dogmas about civilization which set everything that had happened into a containing framework, but which explained nothing that was happening or about to happen. In England, he says,

before everything else, one has respect for law. In France, it is to other instincts that one must appeal, it is other feelings that one must lay hold of. . . . The Gallic people are rapid, tumultuous, inflammable.

The European nations today, as the possible signatories to an effective instrument for the outlawry of war, show more varieties of need and of temperament than Sainte-Beuve thought that France in his time showed to England. "Vague and sterile" he called proposals which took no account of these varieties. We have small nations bounded by clauses of the peace treaty and by nothing else; we have oppressed minorities biding their time; we have nations overshadowed by powerful neighbors and uncomfortable under the shadow; we have fears and suspicions; we have "differences of genius and of character"; we have a scale of values attached to the pledged word, not an absolute morality; we have governments of widely differing mentality, from dictatorships moved swiftly by the will of a man to representative democracies obeying a slow-moving public opinion; we have the remnants, much more substantial than ghosts as yet, of our old European diplomacies of the Metternich, the Bismarck, and the Talleyrand type, and our militarist traditions and instincts; not to every nation alike is war a brutal horror without any prospect of gain. Above all, we have the Old and New Worlds in such diverse positions that the first duty of men of good-will and peace in both of them is to understand each other's problems. Truly, to come to that unassorted mingling of passion, genius, and interest with plans which begin and end with the elementary logic and common sense of pacifism is indeed "vague and sterile."

Is, then, the outlook for peace hopeless? By no means. It is indeed most hopeful and will remain so for this generation if handled with practical knowledge and skill. The organization of peace must depend upon the assent of the nations, and to get that the nations themselves must find that the agreement, whatever it is, meets their needs and allays their suspicions, especially the suspicion that if they do the right thing in sincerity they may be victimized by those who either do not do it at all or do it with reservations in their hearts. This means that the first stage in an agreement must consist in all nations putting their difficulties on the table in order that from them constructive plans may arise. That is the method which was begun at Geneva in 1924 when, for the first time, a government took the initiative in declaring that war ought to be ended by common edict, and also when it was found that, ■ a means to that end, it was necessary to define an aggressive state and to give collective security so that disarmament could follow and the habit of arbitration be begun. Some water has run under the bridges since then, and it may be that, were we to return to the task, we might find possibilities that were not apparent in 1924. Mr. Kellogg's recent note to France, raising the same point in the same way as was, first of all, done at Geneva in 1924, will in due course reveal whether such possibilities now exist. Be that as it may, the method of first ascertaining the state of mind of nations is the only one that will make peace efforts fruitful. It is the method of patiently building up an agreement, in contradistinction to that of launching proposals like life-boats and asking nations to scramble on board.

The world, however, cries for a lead, and this is the part that enlightened nations can play. If two or three were to settle the matter with, and for, themselves, and outlaw war as a means of resolving their mutual disputes, that would be lighting a lamp whose beams would shine far. Of itself it would not bring disarmament or remove all risk of war. I hope that the American note will be accepted widely, but the questions that faced us in 1924 must still be answered. If Europe would accept the American note in principle and put its signature to a declaration outlawing war, a conference could discuss consequences like sanctions and ways of dealing with matters that now cause war, or other means could be found to state the supplementary agreements which we in Europe consider vital to a secured peace among ourselves. America cannot leave the question in the air.

If a nation found itself in difficulties or in jeopardy because it had followed the lead of the United States, the United States may decline to say whether it would then look on as a friend or neutral, but how can it also refrain from saying whether under such circumstances it would or would not actually hamper the defense of the aggrieved and innocent nation? Within the Kellogg note and through the League of Nations Europe can pursue its plans of security and the like, but I submit with respect and sincerity to my American friends, if it should happen, after everything humanly possible had been done for peace, that the devil still broke out of his prison, America could not take up the position that it has no responsibility for European affairs. The world is becoming more and more an organic unity, the life and problems of which are less and less capable of being divided into legalist and nationalist watertight compartments. I put in the plea of the *life* of the world. It is said that America would be foolish were she to mix herself up with us. That is true. It is also true that she cannot live, if it were, in a remote star.

Locarno showed that the simplest of peace agreements has to provide for contingencies. But the acceptance of Mr. Kellogg's proposals even without buttresses would do

two essential things. It would give the nations which do so a moral authority which none of them has at the moment or, on its present policies, will ever attain; and it would change their own attitude to the whole problem. Now, we are content to throw off projects without consultation and to write essays showing how impossible and risky the projects of others are. The "wisdom" of the British memoranda upon arbitration, mutual security, and such like has been of this negative character. Let us give up shaking puzzled heads when we find that every move is attended with risks. That is so, and let us accept the inevitable. The biggest risk of all is to come to no agreement. Peace by agreement imposes obligations upon every state whose signature is attached to it. What we must be careful about is that the risks we take are of such a nature as to disappear when the agreement of which they are the adjuncts gets into working order.

Whoever are to lead the nations to peace must be prepared to take the yoke on their shoulders. Let there be no doubt about that. Their consolation and courage will be found in the assurance given to others in another connection: "My yoke is easy and my burdens are light." They consist in giving others confidence; they disappear when that confidence is won. The instinct to cling to the form of power which makes war is deep-seated and is in nervous touch with a multitude of fears. It has always been betrayed by the use of that power—and yet it trusts to it. It can be successfully attacked only by a patient study of the facts by men of realist minds and balanced sagacity. Would that I saw the United States and Great Britain in united companionship putting the task of peacemaking before us—you from your more detached position, we from the very center of the complex network of Europe—as the greatest service that any community can now render to the world. Mr. Kellogg's note has, at a most opportune moment, reopened the whole matter right at the root. It challenges both the agendas and the minds of Geneva, and I hope its blare will not die away in fruitless diplomacy or be drowned in wrangles over details.

In Defense of Socialized Medicine

By I. M. RUBINOW

OVER a million persons devote their entire time to the cure and prevention of disease and to the preservation of health of the American people, and yet complaints are numerous as to inefficient and insufficient medical aid. There are many small communities without any medical aid at all and their number is increasing. There is a continuous development of medical quackery and cults. The patent-medicine trade continues to flourish. Self-medication is popular. Every health survey discloses a great proportion of existing illness uncared for. And it is the frank admission of the medical profession itself that most of the practice is not scientific.

What is the trouble? First, the average state of knowledge of the practitioner of medicine is tragically behind the present stage of medical science. There are some 150,000 independent practitioners in the art of medicine whose contact with modern medical science may be any-

where from one to fifty years old. Yet once authorized to practice medicine, the physician preserves this authority over our health, life, and happiness, even as a deed remains a permanent letter patent over a certain piece of property. For the license to practice medicine is a property right and is logically to be considered such as long as the basis of our organization of medicine is the system of private practice, the income-bearing possibilities of a medical diploma and a medical license. This medical diploma and license confers upon every physician—every one of the 150,000—the right to cure all the ills the human body is subject to. He may practice all branches of medicine from obstetrics to brain surgery, from ophthalmology to proctology. Now, it is a safe assertion that not a single one of the 150,000 is competent to perform all the services which legally he may undertake. Yet the organized state has not seen its way even to limit the healer's license somewhat more closely to

the performance of what he is really competent to perform.

For their protection, 110,000,000 patients are themselves expected to pass judgment as to the comparative merits of their physicians and surgeons. Now, it is hard enough to be an expert on the million and one material objects and services which everyone of us has to purchase in the course of our daily existence. But how are you to judge as to the knowledge, skill, and wisdom of a physician? By the results? I challenge any statistician to work out a satisfactory basis. So we judge by rumor, appearance, personality, display, disguised advertisement, and bluff. In short, in the selection of the physician, the chance of obtaining competent medical aid is largely a gamble, a speculation, with the patient's health and life at stake. And no one better recognizes it, no one more forcefully admits it than the physicians themselves. But not openly, for that would be against professional ethics. Officially, the fiction persists that one reputable physician is as good as another, for they all have the right to sign death certificates.

Secondly, the practice of the art of healing today requires not only an amount of knowledge which, because of its very vastness, must be divided among many but also a vast installation of machinery and apparatus; in short, a capital investment as well as skill. Hospitals and dispensaries, clinics and sanatoria, convalescent homes, laboratories and X-ray departments, institutes of hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy, etc., assistants, bacteriologists, pathologists, radiologists, chemists, nurses, etc., these are the mechanical elements and human elements of the necessary medical organization for practicing the art of healing. Contrast all that with the average facilities of the private physician, not only with those of the general practitioner but even of the modern specialist.

The practice of medicine has grown beyond the powers of an individual physician. It is being organized and, to a very large extent, institutionalized. Already some 7,500 hospitals provide 800,000 beds, representing an investment of approximately \$5,000,000,000. There are some 6,000 dispensaries and clinics. Perhaps an increasing proportion of the American people receive all their medical help in these hospitals and clinics and dispensaries. But the curious anomaly is that economically private practice remains the form of organization.

There remains a third serious indictment of the system of private practice and the principle of private barter and bargaining, the cost of medical aid and care. The slogan "The very rich and the very poor are the only ones who receive the best kind of medical help" has become almost a bromide, so frequently is it quoted when the problem of medical organization is discussed. Like all slogans, it contains a half truth. It is, undoubtedly, true of the very rich. And only of some poor, those who are fortunate enough to be admitted into a first-class medical institution. For the vast majority of our people, a serious illness is a financial as well as an emotional catastrophe; the cost of cure is ruinous if not prohibitive. It is unnecessary to quote figures. No figures would be typical. But every American can quote illustrations from his own experience or that of his friends. What does a pneumonia cost? What an appendicitis? What the arrival of a new member of the family? What is the average price for any of the thousand different diseases, acute and chronic? There is no standard of cost. It varies not only with the locality but with the economic status of the patient and his family, with the

particular notion, no matter how inaccurate, as to this status which the physician or hospital may form, with the commercial talent of the physician, with the particular valuation which the latter places upon his services, etc. What else but chaos may one expect in the price of a commodity, about the quality of which the purchaser has no way of forming judgment, but which he is more or less under compulsion of pain and fear of suffering and death to purchase in a hurry at a particular time? There is perhaps no other example in which the case for price-fixing is so strong, yet no step has been taken in that direction. Compare the excitement which almost precipitates a revolution among 6,000,000 people because of a threat of increasing the carfare from a nickel to seven cents. Governments may fall and, for all we know, barricades may be built in the streets of New York City unless this problem is satisfactorily settled. And what are its implications—a difference of four cents a day or \$10 per annum per worker. But whether an appendicitis operation is worth \$50 or \$500 or \$5,000 seems to be nobody's concern.

Now, it is not at all necessary to look for panaceas or even "dangerous" social experiments for a way out of this tragic situation, where the health and life of individuals and even of entire communities have become a matter of barter and sale. The way out lies in the direction in which the practice of medicine is inevitably tending.

The forces which must be called into action are threefold: (1) Institutionalization; (2) Organization; (3) Socialization.

And of these three words, the third is the one which works a bugaboo. Do what you will, there is a dangerous connotation in it. It is almost like a conditioned reflex, which makes a patriotic American shrink or jump, according to temperament, when this word is thrust at him. It might be an interesting field of investigation for Pavlov, Watson, or any modern psychologist, as to what particular part of this dangerous word is responsible for the effect. One is tempted to revive the hoary anecdote of the Russian censor who prohibited Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," claiming that the book dealt with dynamite and socialism.

There has been a good deal of objection to institutionalization of medicine, but this objection has been largely overcome. Opposition to free hospitals and clinics, and even to low-paid clinics as dangerous competitors, crops out among physicians now and then. But, on the whole, the medical profession has learned to tie up medical institutions to the prevailing system of private practice.

Of course, institutionalization presupposes a great deal of organization, but organization is necessary and is growing even outside of institutional practice. Private practice is not so individual as it was some time ago. The dependence of a general practitioner upon the specialist for expert help, the dependence of the specialist on the general practitioner for patients, the dependence of both the general practitioner and the specialist upon laboratories for diagnostic help, the dependence of all the above upon the private patient (with money!) for a source of income, indicates the high degree of necessary organization. "Group practice" is one of the many experiments in this field of organization. In absence of such, the organization is a crude one and for the suffering patient, an expensive one. He is driven from pillar to post, from one specialist to another, paying an exorbitant rate for the laborious gathering of the necessary information as to his condition, which in a well-equipped

institution can be had at an infinitely smaller expenditure of time, effort, and money.

But what of "socialization"? Just what does the dangerous label imply? What is its content?

Whatever the word, what is necessary is an organized cooperative method of providing efficient, scientific medical advice and aid, at a lower social cost, and certainly at little or no cost at all to the patient at the time he is ill.

Does that sound radical or revolutionary, dangerous or socialistic? Are there not enough precedents in the supply of other social needs? Are there not enough precedents in the field of public health and even medical aid as well?

The field of public education is a very good illustration in point. There is no prohibition of private and individual education by private agreement and for a fee, there is no restriction of "private practice" in education, at least not in any democratic civilized country. But as it is considered socially of very great importance that every child be given a minimum of education, a public system of free education has become a self-evident necessity. Every child may take advantage of the system of free education furnished at public cost. The vast majority of them do, as a matter of course. Side by side with this, private educational institutions and even private individual teaching continue to exist and even to flourish. But a system of public, socialized education is a modern necessity.

Why do not the same considerations hold good for medical aid? Public socialized medicine need not be monopolistic and exclusive. It is not exclusive even in communistic Russia, popular misinformation notwithstanding. Private practice as such is not prohibited even to the physicians who are employed by the state. Nor is the principle of free medical aid at public expense unknown in this country. Hospitals and dispensaries furnish it. Municipalities and States and governments furnish it to a large degree.

Why, then, do we not speak of socialization of medicine as an accomplished fact rather than an ideal or a menace in this country? Partly because we are afraid of both the concept and the term. But more properly, because all the free medical work done here is permeated with an atmosphere of charity, because underlying it are the concepts of special consideration for the poor, the indigent, the economically dependent. There are, therefore, numerous restrictions, legal and moral, as to the rights of the individual to avail himself of these free services. These are all concepts which have disappeared entirely from the field of public education.

The difference is interesting. It may offer a fruitful field for investigation, in search of psychologic explanations. The encroachment of organized society on the field of private medical practice is resented not only by the group immediately concerned—the 150,000 physicians—but to some extent by public opinion, that uninformed and unreasoning public opinion which accepts the medical profession's point of view of medicine as a trade or a business, and a profitable one at that, rather than a public necessity and, therefore, a public service. Instinctively, it draws this artificial line of distinction between education and medicine, because education has been and has remained a poor man's job, while medical practice has paid, in some cases, very handsomely—so handsomely as to establish that profession side by side with law as one of the possible roads to substantial fortunes.

Usually the arguments voiced against the further socialization of medical practice are noble and altruistic.

There are the menace of socialism and the defense of the great American principle of liberty. And there is the threatened deterioration of medical science if physicians become wage slaves. And, of course, there is the danger to the principle of free choice for physicians. And the necessity of preserving the intimate personal relationship between physician and patient, and so on and so forth. And, of course, one does not need to be a very profound student of Freud and modern psychology to recognize all these arguments as the most transparent kind of rationalization.

What is there so peculiar in the education, training, make-up, and work of the physician which makes it impossible for him to work for a salary as most of us in other professions do? Salaries have not prevented university professors from doing research in laboratories and judges from rendering just decisions. Already our greatest medical research and teaching institutions realize that a salary—and, of course a generous one with exclusion of private practice—is the only condition under which devotion to research and to honest hospital work can be assured.

And, of course, the weakest but the most interesting arguments against socialized medicine are those based upon the sanctity and intimacy of the doctor-patient relationship. To begin with, there is absolutely no reason why public or socialized medicine should destroy intimacy of that relationship or even the freedom of choice of that physician. There is nothing in the principle of free medical practice to justify that fear. Under such a system, as under the present system, there will be popular and unpopular doctors. Then, as now, this popularity or lack of it will often result from fortuitous circumstances, entirely independent of professional competence. But what the opponents of socialized medicine close their eyes to is that the old, sentimental, doctor-patient relationship is rapidly disappearing—in larger communities it has practically disappeared already, not through the influence of the free dispensary but through the commercialization of private practice.

The old family physician was a noble, picturesque, delightful figure, but no vain regrets will keep him alive or revive him. Considerations, both professional and economic, drive an increasing proportion of young physicians into specialties and thus widen the sphere of the individual doctor's activities, at the same time destroying the old family-doctor relationship. The constantly rising scale of medical fees, the constant complaints of the masses against the cost of medical aid, the high proportion of unpaid bills, the necessity of seeking the help of collection agencies, the propaganda for application of business-like methods, all this may be inevitable but is hardly calculated to preserve the role of the family physician as guide, philosopher, and friend, as well as doctor.

And, after all, humanity is not so stupid as to be unable to see the tremendous advantage of a system under which the physician who examines and treats us has no interest in our pocket-book, in our ability and willingness to pay, no interest in recommending repeated calls or surgical procedure because of the promise of a fee, no other interest, in fact, than the professional interest in our symptoms, in their underlying conditions, and in the possibilities of overcoming them.

[This article takes a position in regard to socialized medicine in opposition to that expressed in last week's issue by Dr. Morris L. Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.]

It Seems to Heywood Broun

POSSIBLY it was a mistake for us in New York State to pluck so violently at Judge Thayer of Massachusetts. Before we noted in our own eye Justices Voorhees, Kelly, and Healy. These are the men in Special Sessions who passed sentence on David Gordon, the eighteen-year-old boy who has been sent to the reformatory for writing what was called an obscene poem. Some legal and ethical phases of the question will not be considered here at this moment. What chiefly interests me is the mood and manners of those who sat in judgment. If this had been a just thing which they did, still these men would be open to censure. I do not think it is ever the province of a judge to heap verbal abuse upon a prisoner, no matter how heinous his offense. And still more tawdry is the practice of a presiding magistrate who undertakes to say just what he would like to do if only some more severe penalty lay within his power.

To be specific, Justice Healy remarked, in sentencing Gordon: "It is too bad we cannot sentence you to Russia. You would get a good soul-pulling of what they are handing out to people of your kind." The language of the learned judge is just a shade obscure, but he seems to say that they do such things better in Russia, which is a curious observation to come from the lips of anyone devoted to American institutions. And later Justice Voorhees chimed in with: "If he was older I would vote to send him to the penitentiary." As my German teacher once remarked to me after I had bungled a sentence in which I tried to say that I feared him: "The grammar is bad and the sentiment is worse." Can it be that in any of our courts there sit men who take delight in imposing severe penalties upon young offenders? Let us consider the case of Gordon from the point of view of any who may think that his poem "America" was such a horrid and dangerous performance that specific punishment was a necessary corrective. Even so, it seems to me that the chief duty of the court would be to find out the causes for the young man's action. If he lapsed into obscenity this clearly came about because he was filled with a hate and loathing for the United States. It is not altogether good for us to have among us many who disapprove violently of all our practices and purposes. Yet it seems a dull-witted way to use penalties in order to turn hate into loyalty. For instance, Justice Healy said: "I think the best thing he could do is perhaps to receive a little further instruction and attention at the expense of this government, and when he comes out of where we are going to send him, perhaps he will have a little better idea of how he might act and should act as a citizen of these United States, or even as a guest here. New York City Reformatory."

I am always willing to listen to the testimony of those who have first-hand knowledge of any subject, yet I must assume the privilege of asking the upright judge whether he actually thinks that the New York City Reformatory is a fine training school in which American ideals may be inculcated into the minds of the young and impressionable. David Gordon, at the time he was sent to prison, was studying at the University of Wisconsin as the recipient of the Zona Gale Scholarship. May I again presume and ask Justice Healy whether he considers the New York City Re-

formatory a better institution of the higher education than Wisconsin?

Naturally, I am not contending that college students should have a sort of diplomatic immunity from the workings of the law as it applies to other men, but surely the wisest judge is the one who undertakes to settle each case upon its individual merits, and not by the flickering light of generalization. If David Gordon, Russian born and fifteen years among us, sincerely felt that this land was no better than a brothel it would be interesting to know by just what process he arrived at this opinion. His poem was crude and seemed to me to have small merit beyond a certain earnestness. And yet I thought that here was one who had, by some mischance, seen nothing but the more cruel and vicious side of American existence. Only a few will assert that we have created Utopia, but there is at least ground for the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, that many things in the United States are admirably administered. In such a debate three mature men might easily have prevailed against a boy. It seems to me that long before punishment was even considered there should have been a sincere attempt to urge the youngster out of his way of thinking. In his poem Gordon railed against the notion that this is a land of opportunity. Most logically Healy and Kelly and Voorhees might have pointed out that he himself, through benefit of a scholarship, was enjoying whatever advantages Wisconsin has to offer. Indeed they did attempt to debate, but so clumsy was their method that they endangered victory for the side upon which they argued.

Justice Voorhees began it by asking: "Just what does your client mean by writing that stuff?" This is hardly the way in which to bring out frank and free talk from a boy of eighteen who stands at the feet of three men in black gowns. And Justice Healy added: "This is the time to talk, now, and talk loud." Again one may suspect that the prisoner was not wholly encouraged by this treatment to bare his soul to strangers peering down from the seats of the mighty. Timidly he began, "Last fall I had read poems written by the author Carnavelli, an Italian poet who had been in the United States. Carnavelli was walking down the Bowery, down Delancey Street, downtown, couldn't get employment, and so he felt indisposed."

Here at least was a start, even though a fumbling one, but Justice Voorhees broke in with "What do you mean by writing that stuff about America? Get down to that." And at this point they all began to thunder at him. After a little, when order had been restored, David Gordon tried to go on and said: "The idea is a copy of Bernard Shaw. Bernard Shaw once said —"

But to this Justice Healy answered: "You are a plagiarist besides." If one may speak ill of the Court of Special Sessions, this was a wholly irrelevant remark and also silly. At any rate, it did not help at all in the effort to get at the secret springs in the heart of David Gordon. Justice Healy attempted his own interpretation and volunteered: "I think you do it perhaps for gain or in order to make a big man of yourself in the minds of a whole lot of other fools who don't know and don't want to take advantage of the opportunities that this country gives people."

For the present it might be wiser for Justice Healy to confine himself to law and not set up as a psychologist, for Gordon received no money for his poem and the *Daily Worker* is not yet in a position to convey widespread fame to any of its contributors. And later, Justice Healy again betrayed an ignorance of modern theories ■ to the workings of the human mind. He said: "There is no doubt as to where he would go if he was older. He is not being convicted here of the ideas he may have relative to our political situation, or the government of the United States. He is convicted here for an indecent poem that was published, and he is the writer of that poem."

When I was a young reporter, ■ comrade on the paper once approached me at noon in ■ highly excited state and

said, "If anybody tells you that I got this black eye because I was drunk last night and fell down the stairs to the composing-room, it's a dirty lie." Nobody had breathed any such accusation to me and therefore I felt that Charlie's eagerness to enter a denial before the charge had been brought was, somewhat circumstantially, an evidence of guilt. Up to the time Justice Healy declared that there was no political background in the Gordon case the subject had not even been mentioned. Indeed, one need not depend on the observations of the Freudians to learn this simple psychological fact. I could suggest Shakespeare to Justice Healy and cite "The lady doth protest too much." Even though His Honor is ■ justice and a gentleman, the rule might still be binding.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
April 21



ONCE more justice has struggled with the jury system, and lost. Harry F. Sinclair was acquitted by twelve benighted men who did not know that bribery could be proved by circumstantial evidence. They accepted a cock-and-bull story, concocted in desperation, because there was no witness who could take the stand, under

American rules of evidence, and call the story by its right name. Consequently, the author of the most colossal and brazen fraud which had been attempted against the government in modern times will not be punished for his main offense. He will be punished, if at all, merely for his lawless and desperate efforts to escape. It is true that the United States Supreme Court had branded him as a conspirator and had pronounced Albert B. Fall "a faithless public officer." He has lost the lease on Teapot Dome which he obtained by collusion and fraud. He has been sentenced to three months in jail for refusing to testify before ■ Senate committee, and to six months for tampering with a jury. It is probable that he will serve this time. But on the main charge he goes free, and the cynically minded may point out that if his lawyers had not overestimated the mentality of Washington juries he need never have served a day.

UNDER cover of secrecy, a Republican Secretary of the Interior gave Sinclair a lease which he later valued at upward of \$100,000,000. He violated the law, and he practiced favoritism. Subsequently, he received from Sinclair \$303,000 in Liberty bonds and cash. The bonds were part of ■ corruption fund, \$160,000 of which was used to

pay off Republican Party debts. Lies, subterfuge, and perjury were employed to conceal the source of the funds. At least one important witness pleaded self-incrimination to avoid testifying. The Supreme Court unanimously denounced the transaction, and restored the property to the government. An act of Congress deprived Fall's son-in-law of his plea of self-incrimination. The prosecution, largely through the efforts of Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, and Owen J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, piled up ■ mountain of evidence. It could not prevail against the impregnable denseness of ■ jury which was under the impression that direct first-hand evidence of conspiracy and bribery was necessary for a conviction. The splendid and vigorous conduct of the trial by Justice Bailey went for naught. "Disgusting and discouraging," says Senator Nye. "We might as well pass ■ law that no millionaire can be tried for a crime," adds Senator Norris.

MEANTIME, the discharged jurors, turning for the first time to the daily newspapers, learn that the lease has been pronounced fraudulent by the Supreme Court, that Everhart, Fall's son-in-law, previously pleaded self-incrimination to avoid describing what he now says was an innocent transaction, that Sinclair is under two convictions for contempt, that the story of the ranch purchase was a last-minute expedient, and that the Liberty bonds were purchased out of a secret corruption fund. And one of the jurors ruefully exclaims: "Why didn't they tell us all that stuff? How in hell did they expect us to know what it was all about when they didn't give us half the facts? I've learned more about it by reading the afternoon newspaper than I found out in the two weeks of the trial. It makes the jurors look like ■ lot of boneheads." Perhaps the legal profession can answer these simple questions.

A STRANGE diffidence has fallen upon a number of Republican chiefs who lately were clamoring for the nomination of Herbert Hoover. They have been smitten with fear—the dreadful fear that Hoover might not be able to carry the country against Governor Alfred E. Smith,

whose nomination on the Democratic ticket is now all but assured. Politicians, such as those who will do the actual nominating at Kansas City, invariably are actuated first of all by the desire to pick a winner. It does not require a seer to realize that men like Slemph of Virginia, Creager of Texas, Moses of New Hampshire, and Edge of New Jersey have been influenced to support Hoover by no lofty consideration of principle or the national welfare. Nor have they been influenced by any love for Hoover. On the contrary, most of them dislike and distrust him; he is of a different breed. They have supported him because he looked like the best bet, and because they expected, in the event of his election, to have their support rewarded. The ties of personal loyalty rest no more heavily upon them than the commands of conscience, and there is not a one among the outfit who would not throw Hoover to the wolves, just as they threw General Leonard Wood in 1920, if his candidacy began to assume serious weaknesses. This defeatist propaganda is growing steadily. Vice-President Dawes smokes his pipe and says nothing.

* * * *

MEANTIME, troubles of another character are brewing. The McNary-Haugenites have hewed a knotty plank, and assert that they will have sufficient votes to nail it into the Republican platform when the convention meets. The impressive vote which they rolled up for their bill in the Senate, in defiance of another threatened veto by President Coolidge, gives vast substance to the claim. If they compel the convention to adopt their plank, how can the impeccable Hoover accept the nomination? To run on such a platform he must either repudiate his own record or repudiate the platform. Either situation appears impossible for an honest man. The farm problem—which, politically speaking, means the problem of the McNary-Haugen bill—has become almost as embarrassing for the Republicans as the prohibition question is for the Democrats.

* * * *

BUT of the anxiety thus produced has come a fresh undercurrent of talk about drafting Coolidge, as "the only man who can save the party." But would that improve the situation? Can anyone imagine the President running for reelection on a platform which repudiated his position on the most difficult issue of his Administration? Fancy a McNary-Haugen plank tucked alongside one indorsing the President's policies—one of which has been a bitter opposition to the McNary-Haugen plan. The situation calls for some prodigious straddling, something worthy of a place in history beside the classic Wilson humbuggery of 1916: "He kept us out of war." Even the unctuous Dr. Fess will be hard put to devise it.

* * * *

THE S-4 has been raised from the watery grave to which it went last December; the bodies of its gallant crew have been entombed with appropriate ceremonies; politicians in plug hats have pronounced eulogies; the disaster has been deplored in voluble and empty eloquence—and the Administration has been successful in blocking all investigation except by a hand-picked whitewashing squad of its own choosing. The ominous Congressional inquiry has simmered down to a farcical affair, conducted by a ridiculous subcommittee composed of three of the most conspicuous nonentities in the Senate—Oddie of Nevada, Steiwer of

Oregon, and Gerry of Rhode Island—who can be relied upon to write precisely the sort of report which the heads of the Navy Department wish them to write. Meanwhile, the celebrated teller of bedtime stories, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, has officially assigned the blame to the dead men of the S-4, with an admonition to other submarine commanders to be more careful about how they come to the surface. Rejecting the findings of the Naval Board of Inquiry, composed of men who had at least been to sea, he has exonerated Admiral Brumby, the hopeless incompetent who was in charge of the tragically bungled rescue operations, and who immortalized himself on that occasion by entertaining a Kokomo garage man under the impression that he was an authority on deep-sea diving. Our blazing indignation of four months ago, stirred by the slow and horrible deaths of the entombed sailors, has cooled; promises of searching investigations are forgotten, and we are all set for the next submarine disaster. What a navy! And what an Administration, which permits these things!

In the Driftway

SPEAKING of companionate marriage, as everybody is, the Drifter ventures the opinion that it has been legally established—at least for those married by the captain of an American ship on the high seas. Amid the arguments of those who think the legalization of companionate marriage would usher in a better day and the anathemas of those who are sure it would spell moral destruction, all parties seem to have overlooked the significance of a recent decision by Judge Joseph Sabath of the Superior Court in Chicago. A couple came before Judge Sabath who had been married in mid-Atlantic a few years ago by Captain Hartley on the steamship Leviathan. They asked that their bonds be cast asunder. Judge Sabath complied with the request, granting not a divorce but an annulment on the ground that an examination of the marriage laws of the forty-eight States showed that not one of them authorized a ship's captain to perform a wedding ceremony. A similar opinion was voiced not long ago by the United States Shipping Board. The question having been put to it, the board referred the issue to its counsel and then returned the answer that the captain of an American ship might tie any other sort of hitch but not a nuptial knot. Yet everybody knows that hundreds of such marriages have been—and possibly still are—performed. Perhaps there was once legal authority for it, or maybe American skippers merely assumed the right because it was exercised by the captains of British ships and those of various other nations.

* * * *

BUT what most interests the Drifter in Judge Sabath's decision is the wording of it. His Honor said, as quoted in the newspaper dispatches, that marriages performed by the captain of an American ship were "not void but voidable." As long as such unions were satisfactory to the couple concerned they were legal, but if either party wished to end the arrangement it could be done by coming into court and asking for an annulment. What could be simpler? No charges have to be made—none of the scandal of a divorce has to be raised. In short, a companionate marriage, although Judge Sabath did not use that phrase

and so missed the publicity that otherwise would have attended his more-than-a-little-astounding judgment. Perhaps the skippers of American vessels will be wary henceforth about marrying lovelorn couples. Otherwise their work at sea may be considerably increased.

* * * * *

ALL of which reminds the Drifter of a questionnaire on marriage answered by the senior class of Adelphi College (for women) in Brooklyn. One of the questions was why 25 per cent of college women fail to marry. To this one young woman, with a disdain highly ungallant toward the group, replied laconically: "Well, look at them." But the questionnaire revealed that the girls of Adelphi think college women ought to marry and that they should have 3½—count 'em—children. Apparently the girls are not all agreed that they should make use of the opportunities traditionally given to them in leap years of doing the asking. "Emphatically no," responded one miss with decision. "If he weren't sufficiently interested—what the hell!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Page Mr. Sinclair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: E. L. Doheny was chosen as judge in the local tryout, April 20, for the National Constitutional Contest sponsored by the *Los Angeles Times*. Having pulled the Constitution apart, who has a better right to know what is in it?

Los Angeles, April 19

ISABELL MURPHY

How War Humanizes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may now be safe to publish in America a British war document which has never, to my knowledge, received due attention in this country. I quote verbatim from the *Straits Times* of Singapore. Issued just after the beginning of the war for democracy, this edict evidences the great humanizing effect of war:

An army order which has just reached Singapore permits officers to shave the upper lip if they so desire. Advantage has already been taken of the concession in several quarters.

Montrose, Cal., April 7

R. R. HORNBECK

The Church Militant

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The World Talks Peace," you say, and praise churchmen for their recent efforts in behalf of peace.

You will be interested in this item from the *New York University Daily News*:

Colonel Russell C. Langdon, commandant of the cadet corps of the New York University R. O. T. C. and professor of the Department of Military Science and Tactics, is to be the guest of honor at the 121st monthly review of the Calvary Battalion of the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church. . . . Invitations have been sent to alumni graduates of the R. O. T. C. and its present cadet officers as guests for the reception and drill to be tendered to the colonel and his staff.

Doctor Albert D. Beebe is pastor of the church and Colonel Walter Lasher is commander of its military unit.

The holding of military drills in church quarters is something new to me. And who can explain what a church military unit is?

New York, March 22

HYMAN SANDOW

Help Commonwealth!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, is a liberal institution for higher education for workers. It was organized in 1923 to provide education on a self-supporting basis. Both teachers and students earn their maintenance by four hours' daily labor. The college operates agricultural and other basic industries. Temporary financial difficulties, inseparable from the beginnings of such an institution, threaten to close its doors. It runs an annual deficit of \$2,500. One hundred sympathizers, in or out of the labor movement, can save this institution by the donation of \$25 each for this year and a pledge for an equal donation for the next two years. E. Haldeman-Julius, Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, and Floyd Dell are among those who have already made donations and pledges.

El Dorado, Arkansas, March 26

BRYAN FULKS

Eighty-six Years Young

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to tell you how much I appreciate the best, and to me the most precious, gift I ever had, *The Nation*.

I am now nearly 86 years old, have been a radical since 1856; Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips were my first ideals, and last but not least Abraham Lincoln, for whom I cast my first ballot.

I enlisted in the first regiment that left Chicago and served three years.

The reconstruction period drove me out of the Republican Party. Then I became a Democrat until the Pullman strike, when I lined up with Debs, who loved our country more than all the one hundred percenters who hounded him to his grave, and that is why I love *The Nation*.

You are fighting our country's battles almost single-handed and I want to thank you for the great pleasure I have had during 1927 in not missing a single issue.

Chicago, February 22

E. S. WHEELER

Contributors to This Issue

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, formerly Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

I. M. RUBINOW, doctor of medicine and economist, is director of the Jewish Welfare Society of Philadelphia.

HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON is a Cleveland poet.

EDA LOU WALTON is a California poet living in New York.

CARL RUSSELL FISH is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and author of "The Rise of the Common Man."

JACOB ZEITLIN is professor of English at the University of Illinois.

GLEN MULLIN frequently reviews books on art for *The Nation*.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly*.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is the author of "The Native Problem in Africa."

Books

The Inarticulate

By EDA LOU WALTON

We who have words
Intimate and unsure
Even in this unmitigated thunder
Are secure.
But the inarticulate throats,
The songs lost on the first notes,
The dumb tongues
Gone under earth,
The dearth of voices
Even to blunder
From this inescapable girth
Of pain
Binding the breast
Where no words rest,
These feel the dark rain,
The white lightnings flare
With a dumb stare,
These are the lost,
The utterly damned
To whom no man
May reach a hand.

Interior

By HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

It will never be safe
Any more in this room.
You cannot know. You did not see
Tall trees in the gloom

Of a garden. You were
Suddenly bronze,
To the ankles in leaf-mold. Shadowy moss
Where a carpet was once,

Slipped to a pool.
And would there not be
The fountain head set in its white ruff of stone?
Like leaves from a tree,

Would not little old notes
Discolored and thin,
Break off and float down from a dark-throated pipe
They had blossomed in?

It will never be safe
Here any more.
Under the laughter dead leaves are whispering
Over the floor.

Back of the silence
A faint little gay
Tune is forever seeking a god
Who went away.

A Very Gallant Knight

Frémont. By Allan Nevins. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. \$10.

It is hoped that the skittish reader will not be driven away by the statement that this comes very near to being an ideal biography. The reviewer scarcely hopes to be taken seriously when he says that it is adapted equally to the serious student and to the general reader. As to the first, it is based on the proper material, including much that has never been used before, it is footnoted and contains a bibliographical essay, its judgments are soberly made and differentiated from the author's opinions as to doubtful points. As for the tired business man, he will find, presented in a charming style and with complete frankness, a story with all the successive thrills of an Oppenheimer.

From a technical point of view one of the few blemishes is the confusion (I, 136) of Presidents Tyler and Polk. As one weaves through the many controversies of Frémont's life one gets some impression of partiality. For instance, in discussing the failure of the fifth expedition, the author places much of the blame upon Bill Williams, who "chose the wrong pass." Of course it was Frémont, who, yielding to advice, "chose" the pass; the leader cannot escape the responsibility. In most controversies the author, while tending to exonerate Frémont, and generally doing so with convincing evidence, avoids unfairness to Frémont's opponents, but in the case of the Blairs he seems to feel some of the animus of the strife. The new material used changes few conclusions, but adds color to the election of 1856. The point of view, at least as to Frémont's character, is a wholesome reaction against recent historical judgments.

This is certainly a story which gains in human interest from being truthfully and completely told. In many respects it is a tragic story. Constantly failure followed success. Three applauded explorations were followed by two that failed. Business success that seemed to bring the wealth of the Indies dwindled into real poverty, and lasting poverty. Military fame and power like that of a Persian satrap tumbled into sordid backbiting and ineffective stalemate. A superb introduction to political life went the way of the other careers. In each and all Frémont reaches a summit quickly and with little difficulty, and descends by a more gradual slope to a valley which is a desert. Yet it is very far from being a complete tragedy. Health and self-respect were never lacking. Above all were fifty years of ideal married life. Mr. Nevins properly makes this a joint life of John C. Frémont and Jessie Benton Frémont. Love at first sight and a union of passions led to an association which met all vicissitudes. The daughter of one of the most powerful men of the day remained equally a devoted and admiring wife when she saw her father launching and partly supporting her husband, when the latter became in turn one of the most distinguished of Americans and a lavish multi-millionaire, and when for twenty years she chiefly supported him. She was always his literary cooperator, and her hair turned gray on that day when his chief misfortune befell him.

Mr. Nevins's final summary of Frémont's abilities and character is well reasoned and convincing. One may quarrel a little with his subtitle, "The West's Greatest Adventurer," but he does well to change Frémont's popular designation of "Pathfinder" to "Pathmarker," for it seems that Frémont's most important contribution was his map work and the publicity he gave in his widely read reports to the attractiveness of the mountains west and the Pacific coast. While Mr. Nevins makes the California affair understandable and defensible, few will fail to agree with him that California would have come to the United States, and

as soon, without Frémont. In the last forty years of Frémont's life, that is, after he was thirty-seven, the only contribution that might be attributed to him is the saving of Missouri; and the more penetratingly that episode is studied, the more the wishes of its population seem to have been the determining factor.

For the turning of a glowing and brilliant youth into controversy and external futility, personal jealousies and chicanery must be held partly responsible—jealousy of the West Pointer, jealousy turning to enmity for the Blairs, the frauds of his business associates. The seed of the tragedy, however, would seem to lie deeper, in the charm and facility of Frémont's youth, which won him friends more powerful than wise and showered upon him opportunities, if not too great for his abilities, at least before these abilities were ripened. It was his misfortune, and hardly his fault, that all the discipline of life came too late. It is probable, however, that his abilities were not such that, licked into shape, they would have carried him to such peaks as his fascination won for him. His permanent achievements might well have been greater, but he would have missed a stirring and moral tale and the picture of a very gallant knight here presented in all its reality and its buoyant charm.

CARL RUSSELL FISH

Tolstoi's Conflict

Tolstoy. The Inner Drama. By Hugo I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE terrific moral struggle expressed in the life and writings of Tolstoi has never been analyzed with such full significance as in this book of Mr. Fausset's. That painful, fruitless seeking after happiness which culminated in a denial of the intellect, of science, of art, of all civilized life, and which was dramatized to the world by the lonely death at Astapovo, was more than the tragedy of an individual. It was symptomatic of diseases in the social body of our time which preyed upon certain temperaments with consuming fury. In probing to the heart of Tolstoi's spiritual sickness Mr. Fausset is therefore diagnosing the ailments that affect the organism of modern society in general.

There are both sympathy and detachment in his approach. On the one hand he is animated by the most liberal ideals of social amelioration; he believes, as did Tolstoi, in the urgent necessity of abolishing the vast disparities in the external conditions of men. On the other hand he recognizes, as Tolstoi did not, the role of the critical intelligence in raising men to a higher moral level. He rightly rejects Spengler's assertion that Tolstoi repudiated the whole Western world idea "from the depth of his humanity" and proves with ample show of reason that it was rather "from the depth of a materialism which he could not humanize." Mr. Fausset's own position makes it clear that humanitarianism and humanism are two different things, but it affords highly satisfying proof that, certain distinguished American critics notwithstanding, the two may be harmoniously fused.

The point of Mr. Fausset's criticism of Tolstoi will be more easily grasped in the light of the distinction that he sets up in his prologue between the three stages of consciousness in the growth of individuals and of peoples. The first is on the primitive or instinctive level, "in which the self is still undifferentiated"; the second is self-conscious, "in which the critical intelligence has separated itself from instinct" and in which there arises a sense of division between the instinctive and rational faculties of the individual; the third is the "ideally human, in which intelligence is again reconciled with instinct as in the first stage but without a sacrifice of the individual consciousness achieved at the cost of dislocation in the second." The dilemma of Tolstoi is seen to result from the fact that he never passed beyond the second stage in this series, never attained to the

reconciliation between the natural and the rational which is essential to complete human fruition. All the circumstances of Tolstoi's life and of his development—a writer fit with beautiful precision into this theory. There is not the least sense of strain or distortion such as was felt by the reviewer in connection with some of Mr. Fausset's previous psychological studies.

Tolstoi, according to this interpretation, was a man of keen and intense physical appetites, endowed with a sensitive moral conscience which revolted against those appetites without being able to subdue them. Belonging to a society in which the cultivated elements were the most self-indulgent and corrupt, he became convinced that civilization was synonymous with selfishness and depravity. "He hated civilization because it had merely taught him how to gratify his senses," he hated science because it had undermined his instinctive faith without supplying him with a higher one." He looked for salvation among the peasants, but could find no genuine peace because there was something fundamentally unreal in the effort to identify his lot with theirs. Even had it been possible for him to become as one of them in his earthly habits, he could not throw off that consciousness of self which placed him on a level of life above that of the primitive peasant. Wearing a mujik's clothes and doing hard manual labor could not kill the activity of his mind, and so the greater part of his life was spent in a torment of unrest. Marriage, the cares of family life, and the activity of intense artistic creation served only temporarily to distract his mind from the insistent goadings of conscience. After a time he gave up his art, and in the end, with a supreme gesture, in which self-assertion characteristically mingled with renunciation, he gave up his home well.

The impressive thing about this career is its consuming sincerity. Its value to humanity is not in offering a great exemplar for imitation but in throwing a powerful light on the maladjustments of the world. His role was "to plow the soil from which a new humanity might spring rather than realize that humanity in himself." Viewed in this way, his life is seen to transcend his art, though at bottom his life and his art are inseparable, the same greatness and the same limitations making themselves manifest in both spheres.

JACOB ZEITLIN

A Genius in Malice

Aubrey Beardsley. The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age. By Haldane Macfall. Simon and Schuster. \$6.

IN the early nineties the *Yellow Book* was an exotic gilliflower thrust suddenly into the button-hole of John Bull. It was an offense in his nostrils chiefly because of the unfamiliar and vaguely disturbing aroma imparted to it by the artistic distillations of Aubrey Beardsley. Beardsley scented and saffronized its artificial petals; without him it would have been as stale and innocuous as pressed daisy in a Methodist hymnbook. In fact, the severance of Beardsley's connection with the *Yellow Book* marked the decline of its unique life. And Beardsley himself, outlawed from its pages, was soon forgotten by the public, so that his later supreme achievement—an artist brought him recognition from only a limited following. After his premature death at the age of twenty-six no immortalizing legends, scandalous, heroic, or pathetic, clustered about him. He failed to warm the popular imagination as did Dawson and Wilde, whose self-martyred urns the Pities have drenched with tears.

The reason for this is not obscure. It lies in the nature of Beardsley's personality and in the temper of his mind. He was a dandy who cultivated affectation and a superior flippancy; he saw life through books and despised the multitude, its morals, its manners, its aspirations. His art is compounded of intellect, wit, a cold, cynical passion for the macabre and the perverse. Despite his marvelously fastidious mastery of pure

line in beautiful decorative improvisations, his appeal meanders outside the broad stream of familiar and cherished human emotions into a land where puppets masquerade as lechers with hanging paunches and knobby heads, where harlequins pirouette and slim, elegant marquises whisper to elaborately coiffed courtesans, where mingle a motley assemblage of repulsive dwarfs, satyrs, libidinous musicians, and hermaphrodites. If this world of Beardsley's were merely peopled by grotesques the wayfarer would be undisturbed, but he encounters creatures who have writhed in the ecstasies of evil's most secret asceticisms—creatures who have achieved depravities of the soul spiritually more intense than saintly communion with the Divine Beatitude; and their mirth is touched with the infinite ennui of exhausted experience. Wilde also delighted in the sinister and the bizarre, but he redeemed himself with the public by a profoundly human appeal in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"; the decadent Wilde of "The Sphinx" and "The Harlot's House" dissolved opprobrium in the purgatorial tears of "De Profundis." Aubrey Beardsley made no human gestures. Instead, with Death at his elbow, he dangled his feet in the grave and improvised phallic commentaries on the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes and composed his unprintable erotic romance, "Venus and Tannhäuser." Shortly before he died his friend John Gray bundled him into the arms of the Roman Catholic Church and heard his death-bed request to destroy all his obscene drawings. It is clear that the elements of heroism and pathos which contribute to popular canonization are absent.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's recent book on Beardsley is not likely to become the rallying-point of a new sentimental interest in the man or his art. It is the most ambitious book so far published on Beardsley, for aside from a few essays, notably one by Arthur Symons, and a monograph written by Robert Ross nothing has been attempted. Biographically Mr. Macfall's book is rather disappointing; but as a study of the swift unfolding of Beardsley's artistic powers, a careful inquiry into his derivations and the shaping of his art through his borrowings, the book is excellent. It is sympathetic yet clear sighted and honest.

One is first introduced to Beardsley as a puerile draftsman nourished on the mild saccharinities of Kate Greenaway, utterly mediocre, apparently with no artistic promise at all. Feebly he began to imitate Burne-Jones. Then with a suddenness almost miraculous he turned out the series of beautiful designs for the Dent "Morte D'Arthur," published in rivalry of the Kelmscott Press. Soon this medieval phase so alien to his essential nature passed and he abandoned himself to the Japanese, reveling in peacock motives and horned Japanese masks. The atmosphere of the "Salome" designs, which best represent this period, is pervaded by an incense at once exotic and satanic. Then the eighteenth century lured him with its perfection of artifice, its voluminous petticoats and lace and buckled shoes, its false gallantries. Here his art found its true spiritual home. Out of the erotic world of the Greek Vase paintings satyrs stray in to peer at the ladies of fashion masquerading as shepherdesses; and in gardens dimly suggestive of Watteau and Fragonard white Pierrot wanders with his guitar. One really sees in Mr. Macfall's book the flowering of an exquisite artist. It leads one persuasively to a rapturous contemplation of Beardsley's final great period, and demolishes all lingering doubts that any reader may have as to the relative merits of the superb "Rape of the Lock" designs and the early, inferior Japanesques.

On the subject of the artist's obscenities Mr. Macfall takes frank issue with all the fine-spun apologists who assert that Beardsley was fundamentally a satirist lashing the follies of his generation with an ultimate moral objective in mind. The evidence of the drawings themselves lends little support to such an interpretation. The "Lysistrata" designs are beautifully ordered and instinct with classic grace; they are wrought in a spirit blithely impish and cynical. But there is no satirical

recoil from the exultant savageries of lust. The flowing line betrays too keen a zest in creating erotic moods to impart a convincing impression of satirical purpose. Beardsley's closest approach to genuine satire is to be found in the use he made of the pallid, attenuated female type which symbolized for the English pre-Raphaelite painters the ideal embodiment of mystical rapture. In this mortified pre-Raphaelite woman Beardsley's cold intuition detected inverted sensuality. He led her over the threshold of the nineties into "The Mysterious Rose Garden," where she lost all memory of the lily of Rossetti. Here in the garden she receives with rapt countenance the Annunciation of Evil, and catching a glimpse of The Great God Pan straightway becomes a nymphomaniac. Smiling her ambiguous, sin-consecrated smile she rules her conduct henceforth in accord with the neo-hedonistic precepts of the decadents and in time grows fat and sad with satiety. This surely is an astonishing satire of the ascetic ideal.

Arthur Symons refers to Beardsley as "the satirist of an age without convictions." Certainly he was the most perfect and beautiful expression of a particular art mood that grew out of fin de siècle ennui and disenchantment. It is a sterile mood, no doubt, yet one that survives in various guises from decade to decade urging the artist to graceful, malicious, recondite sentiments—to precious craftsmanship. In the rarefied atmosphere of this tradition Beardsley the exotic, Beardsley the Night-blooming Cereus will bloom again and yet again.

GLEN MULLIN

T. F. Powys

Mr. Weston's Good Wine. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

The cup I wish to drink is the cup of the earth's blood. I wish to drink deep of the silence, the deep mists, the growing corn, and the movements of birds. The very life that I feel around me should drug me, and each motion and movement and tongue of fire that I feel ought to pass like rich wine into my being. The very stones of the road should yield up to me their thoughts. And no doubt that was what Christ meant, when He spoke about the stones becoming men. To force upon our wonderful bodies the drunkenness of prepared wine is to sour the imagination and to prevent us from ever getting the delicious joy of real drunkenness.

I believe that the more dead anything is the more it lasts; and the more ignoble a thing is the longer it lasts. The most base thing in me longs the most to live forever.

There is something more God-like about the lightning that kills in a moment than about all the feelings that live forever.

THE quotations are from one of the strangest and most moving books of religious confessions ever written: "The Soliloquy of a Hermit," by Theodore Francis Powys, published here in the year 1916. In themselves they furnish a complete explanation of the extraordinary temperament which has produced a series of mystic rural fables. Of these "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" is the most recent—and incomparably the finest. The hero of the tale comes to Mr. Powys's type village, where lechery and feeble-mindedness rule, bearing with him in the tonneau of his Ford truck the bottles of magic liquor which are to bring to the inhabitants the terrible gifts of eternity and annihilation. The entire story is but a symbolic representation of the Dionysian-Christian metaphysic imbedded in the three paragraphs above quoted.

In no other of Mr. Powys's fictions has the unique quality of his mysticism been expressed with such clarity and poetry. In the earlier volumes his intention had appeared to be a relentless depiction of the muddy, brutalized soul of the English peasant; and it did not require six books to make clear his ability

to carry out that intention. Indeed, "Innocent Birds" and "Mockery Gap" contained so much repetition, so much reworking of Mr. Powys's peculiar naturalistic formula, that he seemed to have obscured and buried forever the original vein which distinguished "The Left Leg" and "Mark Only." Now "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" comes to confirm the impression that Mr. Powys possesses one of the most unusual temperaments to be found among modern English writers. His swinish peasants, his lascivious procuresses, his lecherous squire's sons are present again; but they are not so emphatic as they were in the other volumes. It is to the figures of the tortured Reverend Grobe, the simple Franciscan pietist Luke Bird, the erotic-religious Tamar, and the quiet, ironical Christ, Mr. Weston, that he turns. It is upon them that he expends his most beautiful and measured pages, written in a prose which varies from a sardonic bleakness to the great rhythmic dignities of the seventeenth-century divines.

In his complete lack of relation to the literary movements of his time Mr. Powys is unquestionably the most extraordinary of living English writers. At times nothing less than the accent of greatness seems to inform his pages; and at others he appears, in his schematic peasant characterizations, merely naive, with only a strange bitterness to lift his writing out of mediocrity. In this tale most of the roughness, the repetitions, the overemphases have departed. Yet, "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" will be read no more widely than Mr. Powys's other books. He appears very much like the type of writer whom future generations will discover with a reverent enthusiasm. His mystic farces, his involuted morality plays, his absorption in a richer wine than most of us can drink, in a swift lightning which he alone can embrace—in this day and age these seem irrelevant, unfamiliar, the work of a crank. Only time can give or deny his volumes a place among the major productions of contemporary English literature; but even at this date it is plain to see that there is no one at all like him writing today.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

On Dictatorships

Soviet Versus Civilization. By Augur. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

Bolshevism, Fascism, and Democracy. By Francesco Nitti. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

THESE authors see communism as a menace to Western civilization. "The question is," writes Augur, "What measures must be taken to protect civilized society against the attack of alien Moscow?" And the conflict may not be as distant as many in America imagine. In Moscow it is conceived as the inevitable struggle between communism and capitalism, and preparations for it a few months ago were by no means inextensive. The entire population was being provided with gas-masks as a protection against air attacks, the Red Army was being immediately increased, the Red Navy enlarged, and the Red Air Fleet strengthened in both numbers and equipment. It was not that Soviet Russia desired a war, but that Great Britain seemed to be hastening one.

Augur's book is designed to stir hostility against the Soviet Union. It is without question a discharge of war-propaganda. As a diplomatic writer, intimate with the machinations of the Foreign Office, Augur is in an excellent position to observe the direction of foreign policy and the trend of diplomatic relations. That the appearance of his book in England preceded the rupture of Anglo-Russian relations is a fact of no little importance. He is unhesitatingly candid in stating that the growth of the League of Nations and the spirit of the Locarno pact are both expressions of the desire of Western Europe to arm itself against the "menace" of Bolshevism. "It is the rigidity of the present British Government," he writes, "which builds up the wall of a united Europe against them [the Soviet Union]."

In other sections of the book the author is anxious to disclose the destructive policy of the Bolsheviks in the Far East and in England itself. They must be combated upon the Far Eastern front and at home. It is an interesting contradiction, indeed, that Augur should see in the propaganda policy of the Bolsheviks in the Far East something emphatically barbarous and in the gunboat policy of Great Britain something essentially humane. In England itself Augur urges that the British Communist Party "be declared illegal," and suggests that the Labor Party effect the gesture. In the light of what recently occurred in the labor movement in Great Britain, the author seems either to have had an uncanny facility at suggestion and prophecy or to have been intimate with plans and policies long before they occurred.

The spirit of Nitti's book is in marked contrast to that of Augur. Augur attacks Soviet Russia because "the moral principles which are the base of the civilization of the white race are denied and ridiculed by the Bolsheviks," and because "hate" is the key to the understanding of Soviet policy" and then proceeds to fill his own book with a hatred that is far more venomous than the hatred he attacks. Nitti, on the other hand, has informed his analyses with something of the plaintive regrets of an elegy. He is a Mazzini who has lived beyond his time. Despite the catastrophic changes effected by the World War, and the disillusionment that has come upon the world in the last decade, he still clings to the old forms and the old ideals. He is still a liberal. He still believes that "the liberal regime, in its various aspects, is alone the permanent and ultimate form of all civilized societies . . . ; it, too, is the only conservative form, in the noblest sense of the word, for it gives an outlet to all new energies and guarantees the free development of all activities." In both Fascism and Bolshevism he detects the elements of destruction. Out of them nothing constructive can arise. Yet even the optimism with which he ends his reflections—"freedom and democracy are not of the past; they are of the future"—is not without an undercurrent of doubt and insecurity. It is not a sturdy, confident, inspiring optimism.

In Nitti's book one notes the same attitude toward Bolshevism that is to be discovered in the work of Rene Fülöp-Miller. Both men abhor the idea of dictatorship. What neither can see, however, is that while dictatorship is never pleasant, its forms are not confined to Italy and Soviet Russia. They want to oppose dictatorship and yet they cling to a form of society whose vested interests tend to the dictatorial the moment they are threatened with even an insinuation of a crisis. Nor can they see that a dictatorship in favor of the many may be more humane and justifiable than a dictatorship in favor of the few.

V. F. CALVERTON

Official History Moves On

The Immediate Origins of the War, 28th June-4th August, 1914.

By Pierre Renouvin. Translated by T. C. Hume, with a Preface by Charles Seymour. Yale University Press. \$4.

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, Mr. Hume, and the Yale University Press have placed us in their debt by giving us in English dress the notable book of Pierre Renouvin of the French War Museum on the immediate causes of the World War. This is the definitive official French version of this highly controversial subject, and it is very useful to have the work made accessible to American readers. It is fortunate that the translation was delayed until the second French edition had appeared, even though Professor Renouvin has been amazingly reluctant to correct the errors of fact and judgment which were pointed out by his critics in the first edition.

While Renouvin lacks the unerring impartiality and absolutely consistent logic of Georges Demartial, his book is the most competent detailed summary of the crisis of 1914 which

has thus far appeared in France. Yet the author is not, as Professor Seymour would lead us to believe, the French Sidney Bradshaw Fay, but is rather the Bernadotte Schmitt of France. Indeed, a great French scholar has recently denominated Schmitt the American Renouvin. Renouvin is not, as Professor Seymour maintains, free from national spirit, completely objective, or judicious and logical in drawing his conclusions, but he is amazingly impartial and sweet-tempered for an official French chronicler, especially one who was distressingly wounded and mutilated in battle on behalf of his country. He has a long way to go to match Fabre-Luce or Demartial in candor and objectivity, but it is almost miraculous that he has advanced as far as he has.

In almost every case Renouvin interprets the important documents in the manner most unfavorable to the German and Austrian case, in some instances clinging resolutely to archaic views long since abandoned by up-to-date students of the problem—for example, his defense of the Versailles interpretation of the Szögyény telegram. On the crucial question of whether Germany decided for war on the evening of July 30 before hearing of the Russian mobilization he follows the view of Heinrich Kanner as against that of Professor Fay, a procedure not unlike choosing Captain Cook against Admiral Peary for one's guide on polar explorations. Likewise, he is at all points favorable to France as he could be without making use of the forged and distorted "Yellow Book." He even clings to the conventional theory of the ten-kilometer withdrawal in spite of the complete exposure of the hoax in the British documents. He fails to reveal with proper emphasis Viviani's notorious falsification of the mobilization dates and of the German attitude toward Austria. Russia and England are also treated with great delicacy. He ignores Pachich's letter of July 31, and has not seen Sazonov's memoirs in which the latter admits that he paid no attention to Austro-German diplomatic proposals after July 29. This enables Renouvin to hold that Russian diplomacy in 1914 was sincere and not a mere effort to gain time, as both Dobrorolski and now Sazonov have admitted to have been the case. Finally, the conclusions are rarely compatible with the facts set forth in the body of the book. With all respect to Professor Renouvin, it must be said that this concluding portion of the work wavers between disingenuousness and Jesuitry.

Yet the book is very valuable and should be read to make it clear how little of the war-time propaganda against the Central Powers and of the indictment of Germany and Austria by Lansing, Scott, and others at Versailles can be salvaged by a clever and informed person whose efforts as conservator-in-chief are limited only by the bounds of formal honesty. Professors Hazen, Edward Turner, Anderson, and Stearns Davis are bound to find it a bitter pill to swallow, when they reflect that this is the very best that an honest Frenchman can do to save the case to which they gave their sweat and blood from 1914 to 1919.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Books in Brief

Stars and Atoms. By A. S. Eddington. Yale University Press.

This is one of the most delightful and important monographs on astronomy ever to appear in the literature of science. The rapid strides of physics and chemistry into the realm of the stars have fairly bewildered students of the older astronomy. The author has rendered a remarkable service in giving the general reader, without mathematical details, the essential problems of modern astrophysics. With a sufficiently extensive description of the atom and its ionization, the author portrays the essential make-up of the sun and stars and makes clear the problem of the maintenance of their heat. When one reads the all too often dogmatic statements concerning recent advances in astronomy, one feels refreshed in finding so great an au-

Anti-Dilettante . . .



Few people know that Debussy the composer, graceful exponent of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was also Debussy the critic, a man with very provocative views on music and musicians. Monsieur Croche, the dilettante-hater, is an imaginary character through whose mouth Debussy expressed his jovial wisdom—on every subject from Beethoven to barrel-organs. All music-lovers and dilettante-haters will find his acquaintance worth making.

MONSIEUR CROCHE

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thority ■ Dr. Eddington sounding notes of caution while making sharp distinctions between the demonstrable and the speculative. In his final chapter on Stellar Evolution, Dr. Eddington makes a strong argument for the annihilation of matter through the radiation of mass, but does not overlook such technical details and perplexities ■ the simultaneous existence of giant and dwarf stars in coeval clusters and the problem of devising laws for the release of sub-atomic energy consistent with the demands of astronomical observations and at the same time reconcilable with any satisfactory picture of the annihilation of matter which the student of sub-atomic activity can postulate.

Contemporary Thought of Great Britain. By Alban G. Widgery. (Library of Contemporary Thought.) Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is an off-shore breeze joining the international trade winds of doctrine in mid-ocean. It is claimed by its author, who is Stanton Lecturer in the philosophy of religion in the University of Cambridge, that it is an indicator of atmospheric conditions in the spiritual weather on the British Isles. All of the intelligentsia of higher orders of magnitude are listed and labeled with their recognized stereotyped opinions on man and the universe. These opinions and their influences make good material for after-dinner conversation. Like our other small popularizing volumes, this one leads one to the pious hope that its readers will be tempted to try the straighter and narrower path to the originals.

The Savour of Life. By Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Another set of comments on things which interest Mr. Bennett. If there is anything which becomes utterly wearisome after the fiftieth page of a three-hundred-page book it is unadulterated common sense—Mr. Bennett's main stock in trade. One begins to long for a little fancy theory, ■ few startling and possibly indefensibly fantastic ideas; Mr. Bennett's loose man-in-the-street prose is so sane that it eventually drives one mad. Is it really necessary that he should publish his two books ■ year?

Mr. Justice Holmes and the Constitution. By Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Dunster House Papers, No. 4.

Mr. Frankfurter's name is ■ gallant one in the recent history of liberal causes. In this pamphlet he presents the man who has for ■ quarter century prevented the Constitution of the United States from being exclusively the instrument of entrenched property rights. The tone is that of an exalted admiration, and he would be sluggish blooded indeed who were to begrudge Mr. Frankfurter his enthusiasm or fail to share it. It may be that Justice Holmes will be better remembered for his brilliancy and his generous humanity than for his specific contributions to law. He has, for example, never formally abjured the unsocial doctrine of property in the Rideout case (decided by him in 1888) or the mischievous theory of contract announced in his splendid book on the Common Law. Yet there are no better examples in our judicial history of ■ finely cultivated mind exercising great power with ■ full sense of social responsibility. In the words of that Roman law he so unaccountably dislikes, "Ita ius reddit ut auctoritatem dignitatis ingenio suo augeat."

Old Masters and Modern Art; France and England. By Sir Charles Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$7.50.

Sir Charles's third volume in his series "Old Masters and Modern Art" is distinguished by honesty and sensitivity. While one, naturally, does not agree exactly with his judgments, it is evident that he is not prejudiced by an aesthetic or by national and institutional pride. More positively his appreciation of temporarily demoded artists such as Hogarth, Gainsborough, Delacroix, Manet, and Van Gogh is especially enjoyable, while those in the run, excepting perhaps Renoir, are not undervalued.

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International Relations Section

Mr. Firestone's Liberia

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

LIBERIA, founded in 1819 by American philanthropists as a home for freed slaves, consists of a strip of coast inhabited by about 10,000 descendants of the American Negroes, 40,000 "civilized" natives, and, in the interior, a million and a half naked aborigines ruled by Liberian native commissioners. There are 10,000 qualified voters in the republic; yet last May President King was reelected by a majority of 225,000! If it were not for the \$300,000 which American missionary societies pour into Liberia annually, the people would have great difficulty in paying their board bill.

In 1872, 1906, and 1912 Liberia contracted loans with foreign bankers to avert bankruptcy. In the first two of these loans, British financiers frankly swindled the republic; and in the 1912 loan, negotiated under the auspices of the American Government, foreign traders and bondholders made a profit of 100 per cent or more from Liberian paper, acquired at a heavy discount, which the Liberian Government was obliged to redeem nearly at par. Liberia was also obliged to place the collection of her customs in the hands of an American general receiver, who acted also as financial adviser to the Government, and of French, German, and British receivers, and to put her frontier force in the hands of American military officers.

The World War cut away half of Liberia's customs duties, her chief source of revenue. In 1915 the revolt of the Kru tribe might have led to the intervention of France and England but for the arrival of the United States warship Chester and of 500 Krag carbines and 2,500 rounds of ammunition from the United States War Department. The Chester was sent on condition that the Liberian Government would enact drastic reforms in its native and financial policy. But the revolt ended, the Liberian Government failed to live up to its part of the agreement, and the result was that the American receiver of customs resigned.

Upon renewed promises and pleas, President Wilson established a credit of \$5,000,000 in favor of Liberia in September, 1918. Except for a sum to cover the expenses of the Liberian delegation to the Paris Peace Conference, Liberia was not allowed to draw upon this sum until an agreement could be reached as to the establishment of American control over the country and the enactment of reforms. In October, 1921, the two governments finally signed an agreement at Washington for a loan of \$5,000,000 at 5 per cent, on the understanding that the finances, native policy, and military affairs of the republic should be administered by an American financial commission having twenty-two members, who would draw combined salaries of \$109,700 a year. This met with bitter opposition in Monrovia; and when it failed of ratification by the American Senate there was general rejoicing.

Some time later representatives of the Firestone rubber interests of Akron, Ohio, hove into view. Their quest was for rubber lands, and they came with the blessings of the State Department and of Herbert Hoover, who was then denouncing the Stevenson plan for restricting rubber exports

from British Malaysia. Mr. Hoover seemed unaware that even then rubber was selling at less than half its 1914 price, and he certainly would not anticipate its subsequent drop to a still lower rate. He felt it to be the patriotic duty of good Americans to start rubber-growing in the tropics. In June, 1924, the Firestone representatives presented drafts of three agreements to the Liberian Government. "Planting Agreement Number One" provided for the lease to the Firestone Plantation Company of the Mount Barclay rubber plantation, which had been developed by a British rubber concern before the World War, but which had now apparently become the property of the Liberian Government. "Agreement Number Two" provided for the lease of a million acres of rubber-bearing land to Mr. Firestone for ninety-nine years at an annual rent of six cents an acre for land under development and a rubber export tax of 1 per cent to be levied after six years. "Agreement Number Three" obliged Mr. Firestone to advance money to Liberia at 7 per cent interest to repair the harbor of Monrovia.

In January, 1925, the Liberian Legislature tentatively approved these agreements. Shortly afterward Mr. Firestone cabled his approval and asked President King to hold the legislature in session until the Firestone representative could return and secure a definitive ratification. As an additional incentive it is understood that he offered to pay overtime to the members. Apparently indignant, President King adjourned the legislature. But when Mr. Firestone's representative reached Liberia, the Cabinet was surprised to learn that a clause (known as Clause K) had been inserted in the agreements declaring that their operation would depend upon the acceptance of a loan upon the same terms as in 1921. Unfortunately, difficulties with the French over the boundary question had become acute; and fearing that the support of the United States would be no longer forthcoming if the views of the American Government were not sympathetically entertained, the Liberian Government finally agreed to accept the loan, provided it came from a source independent of Mr. Firestone. In July, 1925, the Liberian Secretary of State was instructed to proceed to the United States to take up the matter of the French boundary with the American State Department as well as to arrange for the loan. In the following September he signed in New York the three Planting Agreements with the Firestone Plantation Company and also a loan agreement with the Finance Corporation of America, a mysterious body which, so far as I have been able to ascertain after diligent inquiry, was established and financed by Mr. Firestone for the sole purpose of making this loan.

The new loan agreement, as finally amended, authorizes a forty-year loan of \$5,000,000 at 7 per cent interest. The Finance Corporation agrees, however, to purchase bonds only to the extent of \$2,500,000 and at a price of 90, thus yielding to the Liberian Government \$2,250,000 and to the Finance Corporation an eventual profit of \$250,000. The second \$2,500,000 may be issued later in the open market. The loan is a lien on the Liberian customs, which must be applied first to the cost of collecting these customs and then to the payment of the service of the loan. The remainder goes to the Liberian Government. Revenues, whether external or internal, of the Liberian Government are to be collected under the "supervision" of an American financial adviser, a supervisor of customs, and a supervisor

of internal revenue. The financial adviser, who is "designated" by the President of the United States, nominates the other American officials after having first notified their names to the American State Department.

The revenues of the Liberian Government can be expended only in accordance with a budget annually drawn up with the approval of the American financial adviser. The Liberian treasurer may not write a single check until it has been preaudited by an American auditor. The Liberian frontier force must also be put in charge of two American officers.

In return Liberia receives the proceeds of these bonds, with which she must redeem about \$1,185,200 of outstanding 1912 bonds, pay the costs of the preparation and execution of the new bonds, repay about \$35,000 owed to the American Government for Liberia's expenses at the Paris Peace Conference, and pay off her internal debt, part of which has been funded by issues of 3 and 5 per cent internal bonds. Thus only a few thousand dollars will be available for productive purposes. This agreement refunds a 5 per cent loan, upon which interest is regularly being paid and which would have expired in 1952, with a 7 per cent loan which will not expire until 1967! It also imposes upon the Liberian budget salary charges for American officials amounting to \$50,000 annually. Altogether, interest and sinking-fund charges, plus these salaries, will equal about two-fifths of the total expenditures of the Liberian Government in 1925.

While Liberia thus loses, foreign bondholders gain. Money invested in the 5 per cent bonds of 1912 is released for investment in the 7 per cent issue. The internal debt, represented by certificates of indebtedness and domestic bonds, many of which had been bought up at a low price by European traders in Monrovia, will be redeemed at par, resulting in a profit to European holders in some cases of more than 100 per cent.

Such are the terms of the three Planting Agreements and of the loan which were discussed by the Liberian Legislature in the winter of 1925-1926. Meanwhile Firestone's publicity men made the mistake of sending to Monrovia copies of the December issue of the *Firestone Non-Skid*. This trade journal contained a statement that Mr. Firestone would bring 30,000 Americans to Liberia—a number which would exceed the total number of Europeans in all of the British colonies in West Africa. This came as a jolt to the people of Monrovia, many of whom now declared that the "country had been sold out to the white man." A distrustful legislature inserted an amendment in the Planting Agreement limiting the number of Americans in Firestone's employ to 1,500.

In the early months of 1926 the Liberian Legislature approved these four agreements, but added several amendments, chiefly relating to the loan agreement. The Firestone Plantation Company thereupon suspended work in clearing rubber lands, and engineers who in theory had been working on the harbor were called home. Mr. De la Rue, the American financial adviser, returned to the United States, and the State Department recalled the Negro clergyman, Rev. Solomon Hood, who had been American Minister at Monrovia, and named in his place as charge Reed Paige Clark, the white man who had resigned as financial adviser in 1916 because of disagreements with the Liberian Government. Before leaving America Mr. Clark visited Mr. Firestone in Akron, Ohio. He was soon fol-

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lowed to Liberia by Mr. De la Rue and Mr. Harvey Firestone, Jr. Firestone finally accepted most of the legislature's amendments, but insisted that the Liberian Government should bind itself not to make a new loan of any kind, whether for refunding or for any other purpose, for a period of thirty years without his consent. President King declined, and the senior Firestone finally cabled his son to call the deal off and come home. At this juncture the American diplomatic representative intervened, telling the President that the responsibility for the failure for this project would fall upon his head alone. Mr. King then agreed that for twenty years no refunding operations should take place. Thus even if British or American banks offer Liberia a 5 per cent loan with which to refund the present 7 per cent obligation, Liberia can do nothing until 1947 without Mr. Firestone's consent. The loan agreement finally went into effect on July 1, 1927.

There was practically unanimous feeling against the new loan when its terms first became known in Monrovia in December, 1925. Every cabinet member with whom I talked expressed the opinion that it would be harmful to the country. Nevertheless, two weeks after the first expressions against the loan the Liberian Government decided to accept it in principle, and in the following year it even accepted the anti-refunding provision. The only amendments which the legislature made decreased the power and number of the American officials.

When I inquired as to the reason for this change the Liberian officials said: "The American State Department told us to accept this loan." The State Department did not, I found, definitely urge the Liberian Government to accept the loan, but it did state that in its opinion the Firestone proposals offered a unique opportunity for the financial rehabilitation of Liberia and that it hoped the government would not make any amendments which would defeat the acceptance of the plan as a whole.

Now, Liberia had been engaged in a boundary dispute with the French over the village of Zinta, and many Liberians believed that American support against France could be counted upon only if Liberia admitted American capital into the country. And as soon as Firestone and Liberia reached a mutual agreement, the French trouble did in fact come to an end. A Franco-Liberian survey proved that Zinta was not, as our State Department had insisted, on the Liberian side of the treaty-line; nevertheless the French Government handed the village of Zinta over to Liberia in return for compensation elsewhere.

While the "civilized Liberians" unanimously opposed the loan, many of them favored the development of rubber plantations because it would "bring money into the country" and give opportunities for employment which had not existed before. The Liberians in control of the government do not, however, represent the aborigines in the hinterland upon whose land these plantations will probably be established and with whose labor they must be developed. The Firestone Planting Agreement contains a provision excluding from its operation "tribal reserves of land set aside for the communal use of any tribe within the republic." But under the laws of Liberia, a chief must obtain a deed from the government before such a reserve is legally recognized, a process with which few chiefs are familiar. The Firestone managers assert that they do not take native land; but this forbearance rests not upon any legal guaranty but merely upon their good-will. The managers presumably

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do not have a profound knowledge of native custom or language. The governments of French Equatorial Africa and of the Belgian Congo have unsuccessfully attempted to safeguard native rights by establishing native conclaves in the center of European concessions, and it is doubtful whether Liberia will be able to make this policy more effective than they.

Out of enlightened self-interest the Firestone company will probably treat its labor as well in the best plantations and mines in the Belgian Congo or in South Africa. Nevertheless, all African experience shows that the treatment of individual laborers under European employment is of less importance than the methods by which these laborers are induced to accept employment. In every other part of Africa where large-scale European industry has entered, it has outrun the local labor supply, which has led employers to invoke the aid of governments and of professional recruiting agents in scouring the surrounding territory for men. The plantation system of industry has led, directly or indirectly, to compulsory labor in South Africa, the Portuguese colonies, the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and the British colony of Kenya, and this has meant the disorganization of native village life, a falling off of births, and an excessive number of deaths.

One article of the Firestone Planting Agreement frankly provides that the Liberian Government will "encourage and assist the efforts of the lessee to secure and maintain an adequate labor supply." The government has already established a labor bureau to furnish the Firestone plantations with men. According to the Negro head of this bureau, Mr. Firestone pays to the government and the chiefs for each man recruited one cent per day. While there is no enactment obliging the men to work, the order of the chief is, in fact, law and few dare disobey it. As long as the Firestone company makes it financially profitable for the chiefs to supply labor, the available men must work whether they like it or not. This is the system which prevails in regard to labor for the roads in Liberia and which has prevailed in regard to labor for the Spanish plantations in Fernando.

On at least three different occasions Mr. Firestone has stated that to develop his concession in Liberia 300,000 men would be required. This would absorb practically the entire able-bodied male population in the country between the ages of 18 and 40. Strenuous recruiting efforts in the Belgian Congo, having a total population of 10,500,000, have produced a labor supply of only 300,000, while similar efforts have furnished the European farmers of Kenya a labor supply of 169,000 in a population of 2,500,000. If Mr. Firestone employs 300,000 in Liberia he will equal the record of the Congo, which has five times Liberia's population.

The French and British governments have rigorously resisted the efforts of European capital to instal the plantation system in West Africa. Instead they have developed the native small-farm system, under which the native produces for himself upon native land and under European instruction. It is one of the ironies of history that the Government of the United States should cast the weight of its influence in favor of a system which the French and British have discarded as harmful to native interests.

Moreover, the cost of collecting the customs amounts to 4.5 per cent of the total in British Sierra Leone, and to 2.7 per cent in Nigeria. In Liberia, where the customs are collected by American officials, the cost is 24.3 per cent.

Obviously something is fundamentally defective in the American system of control. The American officials in Liberia are not officials of the United States; theoretically they are officials of the Liberian Government, but in a matter of fact the Liberian Government cannot choose or remove them. They are put in office and kept there by the State Department of the United States, but it exercises no control over them. The American State Department has less to do with them than does the National City Bank, which is the fiscal agent of the Liberian loan. The system is not only expensive but irresponsible.

In the neighboring colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone the British Government has taken over the administration of the country. But it does more than collect the customs to repay British bondholders; it has built railways and public schools, giving the people lessons in self-government. The American Government in Liberia has assumed none of these responsibilities, yet, through the good offices of Mr. Hoover and the State Department, Americans have received in Liberia concessions not matched anywhere else in Africa, and through these good offices Liberia is obliged to submit to a system of irresponsible financial control which deprives it of more than a quarter of its customs revenue for unproductive purposes.

By accepting the Firestone concession and loan, the Liberian Government has anchored American interests in the country and thus forestalled the real or imaginary aggressions of England or of France. But the American State Department, unless it departs radically from the policy which it follows in Latin America and China, will soon find itself defending American capital in and American control over Liberia against impairment whether from within or without. The State Department arranges for arbitration with the Liberian Government concerning the interpretation of the Planting Agreements and the loan, and it appoints certain officials. In making these commitments, the State Department has received no authority from Congress; and it now declines to give out the texts upon which these commitments are based. It is understood that it has even refused to give the text of these agreements to the Department of Commerce. The Firestone Plantations Company, the National City Bank, and the Finance Corporation of America have also declined to give out the text of these agreements.

It is another case of "secret diplomacy" in which the American people are becoming involved in commitments which will hardly be to their liking when known.

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FLOYD BENNETT was a splendid air pilot. He guided Byrd's plane on the flight to the North Pole and he served the navy well. Probably he is more deserving of burial at Arlington than many already there, but this honor was bestowed upon him not because of his achievements but because of a maudlin and spurious newspaper ballyhoo which insisted that at the time of his death he was engaged in an heroic relief expedition when in fact he was hired for a publicity stunt. The aviators on Greenly Island had all they needed of food, clothing, and shelter; they were in no danger whatever. The North American Newspaper Alliance, in trying to reach them, was engaged in a competitive news race, not a humanitarian venture, and it pulled Bennett out of a sick bed to add prestige to the scheme. Poor Bennett! Probably the pressure upon him, financial and otherwise, was such that he could not refuse to go, and his death en route was pathetic. But the newspaper-led sentimentality over his fate is depressing when one remembers that every few months an aviator in the air-mail service is killed in the line of duty, receives an obituary of a couple of paragraphs, and is forgotten. There are more heroes than ever march up Fifth Avenue or are buried in Arlington cemetery.

NOW THAT HARRY F. SINCLAIR has been acquitted of conspiring against the government in the lease of Teapot Dome, Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board

of directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, has come out with information which he had concealed when testifying before the Senate committee investigating the subject. On February 2, last, Mr. Stewart appeared before the Public Lands Committee of the Senate and said in regard to the profits of the Continental Trading Company: "I do not know anything about the bonds. . . . I did not personally receive any of these bonds." On April 24—after the Sinclair trial was over—Mr. Stewart was again a witness in Washington and admitted that he had received \$795,500 of Continental Trading Company money in Liberty bonds. The bonds were kept in hiding until Sinclair's acquittal, when they were turned over to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. It will be interesting to observe what John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who recently objected a little—but not quite enough—to Mr. Stewart's reelection as head of the Indiana company will do now.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD is making another effort to check the wild stock market. In January it withdrew \$225,000,000 cash from the open money market by the sale of government securities held in the reserve banks. But speculation still mounted higher. In February the reserve-bank rediscount rates were raised from 3½ to 4 per cent. The market was checked, but only for the moment; and in March and April the speculative frenzy reached utterly unprecedented peaks. Shipments of gold abroad, while primarily motivated by other causes, also were probably expected to exercise a dampening effect. Now the reserve banks in Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Richmond, and Minneapolis have raised their rediscount rates from 4 to 4½ per cent, and New York brokers are preparing for similar action in that city. Obviously the action is intended as a sort of public warning. It ought to start some of the more conservative Wall Street men upon a policy of "realizing sales." If it does not, the country may well inquire whether the much-vaunted Federal Reserve system really provides an adequate check upon excessive speculation. The figures for brokers' loans are perilously high.

NEW BEDFORD'S cotton-mill dividend-rate, "figured for the past ten years . . . is \$11.27 per share." This datum appeared in the *Textile World* for February 4, shortly before the wage reductions sent 30,000 workers on strike. "At least 15 New Bedford cotton-mill corporations have never missed paying dividends since they started paying them, covering a period of 14 to 36 years," the same trade journal informs us. In 1927 18 out of the 23 mills paid dividends, "one disbursing as high as \$32, another \$28, and a third \$12." The Pierce Manufacturing Company has maintained the rate of \$32 per share since 1923. But in the *New Bedford Times* of April 26 one learns that, according to the statistics of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, the average weekly earnings of textile workers in New Bedford in 1927 was \$19.95. This is not half of the amount required in New Bedford to maintain a "minimum health-and-decency budget"—\$2,200 a year. Naturally the striking operatives are already dependent on relief. The unions are caring for

the 8,000 union members. The other 22,000 must be aided by the city; however, John J. Gobell, member of the Welfare Board, has warned the strikers that "no help will be given to any who have automobiles, who own property, or who have money in the bank or in Christmas or vacation clubs."

POINCARE WON ■ somewhat ambiguous victory in the French elections. The multiplicity and mobility of French political parties make precise computation almost impossible, but it is evident that in the new Parliament the Premier may count upon ■ safe majority of 100 votes for his financial policies. On the other hand, he must continue to let Aristide Briand run the Foreign Office, or lose votes which are his only on domestic issues. Under the French system, a candidate must have a majority of all the votes cast in order to be elected at the first vote. Since there are often half a dozen candidates, a second vote is usually necessary. In the week between the two votes most of the candidates retire, leaving the two high men to fight it out; but before retiring they and their parties bargain, and throw their support accordingly. This year the hostility between Socialists and Communists was so bitter that they refused to retire in each other's favor, even when the continued fight meant throwing the election to a Conservative; and the result was that although these two left-wing parties cast more votes than before they elected fewer deputies. The Right gained in consequence. Leon Blum, the competent but uninspiring Socialist leader, was defeated, as was Paul Vaillant-Couturier, the artist-editor of the Communist daily. The discontent in Alsace will, for the first time, find expression in the Chamber at Paris; four outspoken Autonomists—Catholic conservatives, supported in the second vote by the Communists!—won seats.

THE JAPANESE are being sharply watched in China. They have landed a force of 5,000 men to "protect their nationals" at Tsingtao, in Shantung, and they have sent three companies of infantry inland to Tsinanfu. This looks more like an assertion of special rights in the province of Shantung than genuine protection of Japanese lives. Americans, with the marines in Nicaragua, hardly have cause to complain of Japan's course in China, but the Chinese are bound by no such scruples. The old story of anti-Japanese boycotts is repeating itself. Already there have been anti-Japanese riots in Amoy in the South and demonstrations in Shanghai and other Northern cities. Both the Northern and Southern governments have protested vigorously against the Japanese action. Feeling is running high, and unless the Japanese keep their troops exceedingly quiet, so that they cannot be accused of interfering with the campaign against Chang Tso-lin—whom they clearly aided in 1925 and again in 1927—the boycott is likely to spread. The allied Nationalist armies are reported nearing Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, which marks their most northerly advance. If they can hold Tsinanfu, Peking will not be safe for Chang Tso-lin.

BRTAIN HAS HER EGYPT to match Japan's North China and our own Nicaragua. But the British manners seem to be, if possible, worse than Japan's and ■ bad as our own; and there is no protesting party in the British Parliament. It was when the Liberal leader, David Lloyd George, was Premier that Britain performed one of the

great publicity stunts of the last decade. She "granted independence" to Egypt, and got credit for ■ fine, liberal act; but the "independence" was limited by the fact that the British reserved to their own "absolute discretion" the four most important questions of the security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt (meaning of the Suez Canal); the defense of Egypt; the protection of foreign interests in Egypt and the protection of minorities; and the Sudan. One of Ramsay MacDonald's greatest failures was in the effort to settle this Egyptian question; he found Foreign Office precedents too strong for him. So the Labor Party, like the Liberals, is compromised. And now the Conservative Government, which has already had several brushes with the Egyptians, has gone at it again. Five warships were ordered from Malta to Alexandria; there was talk of seizing the Egyptian customs. Why? Simply because the British, in their own majestic judgment, had concluded that the Public Assemblies Bill pending before the Egyptian Parliament permitted such liberty of speech and assembly ■ to threaten the protection of foreign interests, which is one of the reserved topics. The Egyptians ■ month ago gave assurance of their intention to protect foreigners; but the British, dissatisfied, insisted upon writing their civil-rights bills for them. And, of course, the Egyptian Parliament had to surrender.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WRANGEL may be taken ■ a symbol of the end of hope among the opponents of the Soviet Government of Russia. Of all the White generals, this Baltic baron held out most stoutly. After Kolchak was dead, after Denikin was in exile, he fought on, and founded in the Crimea ■ government of a sort which was recognized and partly financed by France. The peace signed by Russia and Poland made it possible for the Soviet Government to swing the Red Army south into the Crimean peninsula; and soon Wrangel's undisciplined horde was in flight. The survivors flowed into Constantinople and afterward spread over the face of the world. The civil war was ended. But Wrangel in exile continued to plan and negotiate for help and support against a Russia too strong to worry about him. And now this last White Hope is dead, while the Soviet Government lives on.

BELGIUM IS BEGINNING TO SEE the wastefulness and the folly of maintaining ■ standing army to protect itself from foreign attack. It has therefore been proposed to the Parliamentary Army Commission to reduce the army to a militia, to abolish all cavalry and the use of horses in any military connection, and to substitute motor transportation. In place of the present system, such of the able-bodied men as might be called up would be given four months of training in the district in which they live. This would mean the abolition of all barracks, except for a small professional staff, and result in a tremendous saving. Moreover, the recruits could give all their time to training since they would not have to spend a considerable portion of it in peeling potatoes and cleaning rooms and stables. The dispatches report that no such radical plan is likely to be adopted at once, but that eventually some scheme like this will surely be worked out. This is as it should be. If it was impossible for the Belgian army to hold up the Germans, it will be even more impossible for it to hold up the French, or the British, or the Germans in any future war, because of the increasing use of poison gas, monster guns,

clouds of airplanes, swarms of tanks, and all the rest of the modern paraphernalia of war. Disarmament in Belgium would inevitably mean disarmament in Holland, where there is a strong sentiment against the needless waste of defense expenditures when no defense is possible. Denmark and Norway are also about ready to fall into line.

SECRETARY KELLOGG went a long way toward meeting the French reservations to his plan to outlaw war in his address before the American Society of International Law on April 27. The French, he said, held

that the treaty must not (1) impair the right of legitimate self-defense; (2) violate the Covenant of the League of Nations; (3) violate the treaties of Locarno; (4) violate certain unspecified treaties guaranteeing neutrality; (5) bind the parties in respect of a state breaking the treaty; (6) come into effect until accepted by all or substantially all of the Powers of the world.

The right of self-defense, he said, was "implicit in every treaty," and each nation must itself judge "whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." He asserted that "the Covenant imposes no affirmative primary obligation to go to war"—an interpretation of Article X with which the French may not agree. He thought that the Locarno treaties were in full accord with the spirit of his proposed treaty—but here again he may find the French jealously recalling that the Locarno treaties are designed not merely to assure peace but also to guarantee execution of certain clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. He said he was not informed regarding the French neutrality treaties, but was sure that the French could, if they so desired, persuade the neutralized states to join the anti-war compact. He accepted fully the French contention that violation of the agreement by one Power must automatically release the other Powers from their obligations with respect to the offender; but he felt that if the six Great Powers agreed upon a form of treaty it was not necessary to wait for all the lesser nations to sign on the dotted line. Meanwhile Germany has come forward with an enthusiastic indorsement of the American program; and the British have asked for more time to study it and consult with the Dominions.

WE DECLINE TO ADMIT that the much-touted Alfred Lowenstein, "the Belgian Croesus," has outdistanced all our American rich men. True, he offered to lend his government \$50,000,000 at a nominal rate of interest when it was in difficulties in the financing of the Belgian Congo, but our multimillionaires have lent much more to their government at more than twice the rate of interest. Who is the smarter? Nor are we impressed by his arrival in New York with a personal staff of fifteen secretaries and stenographers, a private detective, a chauffeur, and his private aviator. That may be good publicity stuff, and so, too, is the report that he has two Pullman airplanes in which he dictates simultaneously to four secretaries while his nails are being manicured—or was his hair being cut? But when it comes to the real thing, we have some millionaires of our own. Take the genial gentleman from Pittsburgh who recently took sixty-four guests from America to dine with him in Paris in celebration of his silver-wedding anniversary. His guests

partook of an elaborate banquet composed of the choicest morsels of French cuisine accompanied by wine bottled

before Pittsburgh was chartered ■■■ city; then listened to a musical entertainment provided by the entire cast of one French theater, and afterward conversed over the long-distance wireless telephone with friends at home at the rate of seventy-five or more dollars for every two minutes. Mr. May provided instruments of the American type so that none of his guests would lose a second of their expensive talks through wrestling with the unfamiliar French equipment. The lowest estimate which has been heard of the cost of entertaining this party and bringing it to France is \$100,000.

Where does this leave the presumptuous millionaire from Belgium? He spent only \$30,000 on his steamship fares and a beggarly \$3,000 on radio messages while he was at sea.

ANOTHER OF THE FEW independent newspapers died when the *Seattle Union Record* suspended publication on February 18. It was the last of the war-born labor dailies and leaves only Victor Berger's *Socialist Milwaukee Leader* and the Communist *New York Daily Worker* in the field. The *Union Record* started publication as a daily April 24, 1918, during the shipyard boom. The Seattle Central Labor Council owned the controlling stock, but in 1925, the American Free Press, Inc., most of the stock of which was owned by the editors, took it over. Early in 1928 the paper went into a friendly receivership and, appeals to its readers for operating funds failing, suspended. The *Union Record* gained nation-wide publicity during the Seattle general strike; for a time its circulation was the largest in the Northwest. During the war and reconstruction period it wielded a powerful influence in western Washington. It stopped a union-smashing campaign backed by large employers, and achieved a measure of industrial peace in Seattle. To the end it remained a clean and liberal newspaper; but its history is a disappointment to those who saw in organized labor the hope of a free press. Its guiding genius, E. B. Ault, said in his last editorial that

Trade unions are organized for the purpose of fighting the boss for a little more of the product of industry, and found themselves incapable of operating a daily newspaper or any other business enterprise.

GREAT IS THE TABLOID—in its power to gain circulation. The half-yearly circulation figures of April 1 show that the *New York Daily News* has now reached the astounding figure of 1,226,561 readers on week-days, and 1,416,582 on Sundays. Mr. Macfadden's *Graphic* has risen to 297,584, all achieved in three years' time. Only Mr. Hearst's tabloid *Mirror* showed a decrease in circulation, from 449,369 to 432,440 for the six months ending April 1. This may have had something to do with Mr. Hearst's sale of it and his Boston tabloid, the *Advertiser*, to Alexander P. Moore. At the same time, Mr. Hearst put out of its misery his third tabloid, the *Baltimore American*—it had been a tabloid only three months. He thus definitely acknowledges himself beaten in this field and gives it up as a bad job. Of the old-line, standard-size New York dailies, the *Times* continues its growth, showing a gain of 17,400 readers. The *Herald Tribune* gained 3,391, while the *World* stood still, and the *Evening World* lost 12,000. Mr. Hearst's *American* also shows a decrease of 13,221, while his *Evening Journal* has just held its own. In the rest of the evening field both the *Sun* and the *Evening Post* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* have shown good gains. But it cannot be said that the progress of the old-fashioned dailies has been encouraging.

An Issueless Campaign

THAT is what we appear to be in for—a campaign in which the two leading candidates will contest for the purpose of seeing who can best conceal his views from the public. True, Senator Borah is the exception. He is outspoken in declaring that there are two great issues—corruption and prohibition. We agree with him and are at one with him in wishing that they might be put to the forefront from now until election day. But there are many other issues of moment to the American people upon which we should like to have a clear-cut contest. Thus far in this prenomination campaign there has been a deliberate conspiracy of silence. When Senator Borah wrote to Herbert Hoover and asked him what attitude he would take on the question of prohibition Mr. Hoover replied that while he would answer this question, he did not propose to answer any more questions that might be put to him unless he chose to do so and he did not choose to do so. Similarly, Governor Smith's advisers have successfully kept him from talking on national topics. It was announced a few weeks ago that when he formally threw his hat into the ring and announced his candidacy he would give out a comprehensive statement of his position. His hat is in the ring, but the statement remains to be formulated, and his advisers now insist that he shall go to the convention without saying anything clear cut, without one word to justify his claim that he is fit to be President of the United States.

Nor is the situation confined to the two leading candidates for the nominations. The editor of this journal has been contributing to it a series of studies of the candidates, which will be concluded shortly with a sketch of Mr. Dawes. Our readers will have noticed that in one after another of these it has been necessary to say that on vital public issues, and especially on foreign questions, the record-book of the candidates is blank. Yet foreign issues should be of enormous importance in this campaign. There is the question of our policy in the Caribbean, there are questions of the League of Nations, the World Court, reparations, and the all-overshadowing issue of world peace. It does not border upon the impertinent to ask Mr. Hoover, for instance, how he now stands on those issues. His friends have let it be known that he has abandoned the support of the Wilson doctrines which he championed so ardently from 1919 to 1921. Well, if that is the case, why is not the electorate entitled to know before the convention how he stands? It used to be the custom in the United States for men to present themselves for the Presidency because they stood for something. Now, apparently, the habit is to present oneself as a candidate standing for nothing, with one's mouth padlocked—in fear lest a single definite word slip out that might cost a vote. Nobody knows where Mr. Lowden stands on anything except the farm issue. Mr. Dawes hides his present-day thoughts on the plea that friendship compels him to support Mr. Lowden as long as Mr. Lowden is in the field. Mr. Curtis never was guilty of having an original idea or standing for anything that was not written for him in the party platform. Senator Norris, out of modesty, and the feeling that his candidacy is hopeless, has refrained from speech-making, but all the world knows how he stands. Senator Norris has never side-stepped an issue.

Well, we are told that all this will end just as soon as the nominations are made, and that then Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, if they are chosen, will make the welkin ring. How can we be sure of this? Mr. Hoover once advised all Republicans who wanted to put this country in the League of Nations to vote for Mr. Harding. He never again has referred to the subject. It may be possible to smoke him out as to whether he still believes in the League of Nations, but as for heckling him on the innumerable other questions on which a Presidential candidate ought to take his position, there is obviously no question of that. He cannot face an audience or make a speech except over the radio. Governor Smith will, we have no doubt, take advantage of his own gay volubility and tour the country, but the rank and file of the Democratic Party and the public generally are not to be allowed to know before the nomination whether he has any opinions on current topics of interest or not. The cowardice of it! It is not simply a device to hurt nobody's feelings, but it is intended, as the *New York World* points out, to encourage people to interpret each candidate's silence as favoring their own various views. Anybody may believe what he wants about Governor Smith's attitude on the Caribbean, the inter-Allied debts, the tariff, or the World Court; the Governor does not say where he stands.

This may be good politics, but we very much doubt it. The bulk of the American people are getting profoundly tired of pussy-footing politicians who talk a great deal and stand for nothing. If proof of this is needed we point to the scanty total vote in recent Presidential elections. Governor Smith's Catholicism may bring to the polls many thousands who of late years have stayed away from lack of interest, but certainly nothing that he has said to date on national or international issues can have moved throngs to count the days until they could cast their ballots for him. Similarly, the multitude of editors, and the hundreds of thousands of Republicans who have thus far favored Mr. Hoover in the primaries are certainly not doing so because of anything that Mr. Hoover has said since he became an active candidate for the nomination.

The *World* is inclined to think that the advisers of the several candidates may plausibly contend that in the case of Messrs. Hoover and Smith the policy of silence has paid. We cannot, we repeat, believe that in the long run this will prove to be the case. Great will be the disappointment of those who have voted for Mr. Hoover believing that he stood for one thing when they discover—and some of them are bound to find it out—that he does not stand where they thought he did. This is not government in the open. This is not taking the public into one's confidence. This is not being frank and above-board. This is a policy of cowardice tinged with the element of deceit. It is un-American and unworthy. It is seeking to obtain the nomination by methods to which the truly great men in American history refused to descend. It is a bad innovation, and the successful contenders will in consequence have to conduct their campaign under the handicap of the just charge that for political advantage they were ready to hide their opinions until the prizes were in their grasp. We consider it moral pusillanimity.

Stampeded

THE Senate of the United States was to vote on April 25 on a series of resolutions calling for the withdrawal of the marines from Nicaragua. That morning the newspapers flamed, from Atlantic to Pacific, with headlines: "American Murdered by Nicaraguan Bandits." "George B. Marshall of New York, assistant manager of the La Luz y Los Angeles gold mine, who was captured by Sandinistas, was reported today to have been murdered," said the *New York Times* in a copyright dispatch from Harold Denny, its special correspondent in Managua; and the Associated Press carried a similar story. Mr. Denny added that one of Sandino's generals had "orders to behead all Americans."

It worked. The Senate voted down the resolutions. Senator Copeland of New York said:

It must be mawkish sentimentality on our part if we seek to bring back the marines when there is such a situation in Nicaragua that a citizen of the United States engaged in a legitimate occupation should be taken out and murdered by the rebels. . . . Instead of talking now about taking the marines out by the first of February we should be indicating to the rebels there that we are going to keep the marines there until the life of every American citizen is guaranteed against such a murderous attack as this.

Senator Bruce wanted the decks cleared for action. And Senator Borah—yes, Senator Borah voted against the Norris amendment to withdraw the marines by February—said:

It is that class of things which necessitates action by the President to protect life and property in countries where those things happen.

Senator Norris bravely expressed doubts of the authenticity of the dispatches, but, after all, he could only doubt; and the false dispatches had their effect. The President's policy in Nicaragua was upheld.

The next morning, too late to undo the effect of the lies, came the true story. It was not sensational; it did not make the front pages of the newspapers. Probably most of the American people who think anything about it at all still believe that Marshall was killed. On April 27 an Associated Press dispatch from Puerto Cabezas (which, unlike Managua, marine-corps headquarters, whence the false reports emanated, is close to the gold mines) reported that a letter had been received from Marshall, stating that he had been accorded fair treatment by his captors. He was not dead at all! The *New York Times* added a note stating that "the recent reports that Mr. Marshall had been killed by the Sandinistas appear [*sic*] to be refuted by this information."

On the basis of such lies American policy in Nicaragua has been built up. When, on December 23, 1926, the marines were landed in Nicaragua, we were informed officially that there would be "no political intervention"—the action was intended merely to safeguard American lives and property. Later, when it was learned that not an American life or woodshed had been threatened, we were told that the landing was made to safeguard American canal rights. When it developed that both sides in Nicaragua were ardent apostles of an American canal, we were informed that the "leathernecks" were in Nicaragua to make peace and to teach the Nicaraguans how to conduct an honest election! For eleven days after an American admiral had clamped a

censorship upon cables and radio messages from the center of Marine Corps operations the State Department daily informed the correspondents that there was no censorship. For two months after the marines had seized a consignment of Liberal arms and munitions and dumped them into a river the State Department denied the report; then an official admitted that the marines had seized Liberal arms and "lost" them crossing a river. When Mr. Stimson last May threatened General Moncada with annihilation if he would not lay down his arms, and offered him \$10 a gun if he would, the Washington authorities at first suppressed news of both the threat and the bribe. On May 15, last, Mr. Stimson informed the American people that "the civil war in Nicaragua is now definitely ended"; in October he said that Sandino's following had been "practically dispersed"; and only last week, just before the seizure of the gold mines, we were informed that Sandino had fled across the Honduran border.

Senator after Senator who voted against the Norris amendment stated that he believed we should never have sent the marines into Nicaragua, but now we were in we must stay in. It is the old, old story all over again. Presumably, having voted wrong once, the same Senators will insist on voting wrong again. No one likes to admit that he has been fooled.

The fact is that until the marines arrived Americans in Nicaragua were safe; today every American in Nicaragua is in danger. Marshall is not dead, but twenty-one marines have lost their lives in vain. How many more boys must die before the Senate and the Executive of the United States wake up to their responsibility?

Looking Backward

AMERICA is looking backward. For the first time in her feverish flight she is pausing to survey the route over which she has come. So far she has been like a horse with blinders—seeing only the road ahead of her, following always her nose. The favorite hymn of the country has been "Onward Christian Soldiers"; the object of greatest objurgation has been Lot's Wife.

Up to this time our national life has had only two dimensions—length and breadth. We have been spreading out over new acres and new acres. In the shortest time in history a virgin continent has been settled and subdued. Now, for the first time, we feel that we can stop and view the scene. We are digging in—and down. We are spading up graveyards and rattling old bones; jostling ancient beliefs and disturbing hoary traditions. We are acquiring a third dimension in national life—depth. In literature the new tendency is taking the form of many works on biography and history; in music we are delving into our folk material—collecting the songs of Indians and Negroes, of sailors, cowboys, plowboys, and lumberjacks. We are doubtless just on the threshold of an extensive and intensive study of local history, for which possibly no other country in the world offers such fascinating opportunities.

New York City has begun what other places, too, have started or will shortly initiate—a museum of local history. The time is ripe for this, and it is to be hoped that the effort to establish a model museum in the largest city in the country will meet with wide public support. Paris

already has a beautiful museum of this type in the Carnavalet. London, Berlin, and Hamburg have their museums of local history. The new museum in New York City does not trespass on the field of any old one. The metropolis already has splendid collections of art, of nature, and of books, but it has no establishment to preserve and exhibit its own past life. The New York Historical Society has been fossilized for years and there is need of a new organization to make the past of the metropolis live for this and future generations. As set forth by the trustees,

Such a project would include a topographical section with a series of models showing the physical aspect of the city at its various stages of growth from Indian times. The history of New York architecture would be set forth by means of models, prints, and photographs, illustrating the development of municipal and other public buildings, ecclesiastical and commercial structures, private houses, apartment and tenement buildings. The story of the harbor and shipping would include ship models from Indian canoes to modern vessels and material tracing the development of harbor and river transportation, including dockage facilities and bridges. Land transportation would be illustrated by models of ancient stage-coaches, other horse-drawn vehicles, surface cars, elevated railroads, and subways. Memorabilia of the various city departments and important institutions would be collected with the object of showing their chronological growth and their contribution to civic life. A section devoted to the specific contributions of the various heterogeneous nationalities and creeds would illustrate those elements which have given New York its essential character. Ways of living at various periods would be illustrated by typical interiors with costumes and household accessories. The theater collection would include playbills, costumes, and memorabilia of the personages connected with the history of music and drama, as well as other forms of entertainment. Collections illustrating the personalities and significance of the men and women in every field who have contributed to the city's growth would complete the basic intention of the museum collections; to make visual in a comprehensive and arresting manner the story of the city's development and to awaken in the schoolboy and immigrant an understanding and pride in his citizenship.

The Museum of the City of New York is already in existence. It was incorporated five years ago, and in order to show the possibilities of such a project a loan exhibit of "Old New York" was shown in the autumn of 1926. The exhibition was a great success, arousing genuine enthusiasm in the community. The city gave the promoters of the museum the use of the old Gracie Mansion, in Carl Schurz Park on the East River, which was restored, fitted up, and reopened to the public on March 20, 1927. In spite of its inaccessibility, 92,509 persons visited the Gracie Mansion before the close of the year.

New York City has offered the museum a new site, on Fifth Avenue between 103d and 104th Streets, provided the trustees raise \$2,000,000 by June 1 of this year, half to go into the construction of a new building—for which a beautiful plan is already drawn—and the rest into an endowment. It is to be hoped that Mr. James Speyer, chairman of the finance committee, who is largely responsible for the movement and has himself given most generously to it, will receive generous and speedy cooperation in raising the needed sum, thus providing a great historical asset to New Yorkers and an inspiration to other communities to do likewise.

Yale vs. Harvard

TWELVE hundred people gathered to watch the New York *Herald Tribune's* national cross-word puzzle championship tournament; but the Harvard and Yale students who fought in the first inter-university competition in English literature bit their pencils, or their fountain-pens, in solitude and silence. It seems to us that the professors who staged this revival of learning as a substitute for, or supplement to, inter-academic athletics lacked a good stage manager. If undergraduates are ever to give nine long rahs for the champion scholar, he will have to come out of the examination-room and perform in public.

There are rumors that the young generation is more scholarship-conscious today than it was in the frivolous days before the war; but even the enthusiastic attendance at Mr. Eugene Tunney's Yale address on Shakespeare does not convince us that Utopia is at hand. Mr. Tunney's lecture proved chiefly that Yale has in William Lyon Phelps one of the greatest salesmen outside the advertising salons today. Mr. Phelps, using Gene Tunney as the copy-writers for face powders and complexion creams use the moving-picture ladies, sold Shakespeare to Yale. It was the best show given this year on the Yale campus. The scholarship tournament had no such genius to stage-manage it; its sponsors, apparently, were hampered by the old-fashioned traditions of scholarship. Harvard should have gone across the river to its School of Business Administration and called in one of its professors of advertising ballyhoo to help.

The object of the William Lowell Putnam Prize Fund for the Promotion of Scholarship, under whose auspices the competition is held, is

to give college students . . . a feeling that by attaining high rank they are winning glory for their college, a feeling which has hitherto been confined to prowess in athletic sports. . . . The undergraduate likes to work for the success of his college and particularly likes to work for it as one of a team. . . . It seems probable that the competition which has inspired young men to undertake and undergo so much for the sake of athletic victories might accomplish some result in academic fields.

With the aim to raise scholarship to the exalted level on which undergraduates set athletics one can only sympathize. But can the methods of competitive athletics, allied with face-powder salesmanship, conduce to true learning?

If it shall come to pass that Yale men wade into *Paradise Lost* for the greater glory of Yale, and Harvard men turn the pages of the *Canterbury Tales* in the hope of pinning an "H" on their smoking-jackets—or whatever the uniform of the scholarship team may come to be—then Milton and Chaucer will have ceased to mean what once they meant. Love of literature can never be competitive, and the man who studies to make the team will be no better than the man whose only goal is a good mark.

The commercialization of university athletics has produced stars, but it has not made for a more vigorous student body; and when forward-looking educators are seeking ways of escape from the evils of spectacular athletic competition it seems strange to introduce those elements into scholarship. The attempt seems to be predicated upon the conviction that popularity means success.



The Deserted Grave

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THESE ought to be a place in New York city for a liberal newspaper. No daily has ventured into the vast territory which lies between the radical press and the *New York World*. The radicals themselves are meagerly served in English-language papers. There will be no argument, I think, that the *World* comes closest to being an American *Manchester Guardian*, but it is at best on the outer rim of the target. Possibly the contention may be raised that there are not enough liberals in New York to support a daily paper. It seems to me the try is worth making. Liberals need not be born. They can be trained by care and kindness.

The word "liberal" itself has fallen into disrepute. To a radical it is a label for a man who professes friendship and then rushes away for his thirty pieces of silver as soon as the crisis comes. In the eyes of the conservatives a liberal is a dirty Red who probably bought his dinner coat with Russian gold. Neither interpretation is accurate and it should not be impossible to expose the fallacy of such reasoning. First of all, there must be a tradition and that takes time. There was the possibility of an enduring association of political liberals when Theodore Roosevelt started the Progressive Party. The leadership was not ideal and many of the followers who clustered around the Colonel were about as liberal as Frank A. Munsey. Still it was effective leadership and we have none now.

Lacking a political haven, the liberal of America might still be rallied into the support of some powerful daily paper content to run the risk of expressing minority thought. This discussion is confined to the New York field. Perhaps in some other city such a paper does exist. I do not know its name, though possibly the *Baltimore Sun* lives up to the requirements. The *World* does not because it switches front so frequently. Nobody has a right to demand that an editor shall never change his mind. New facts on any given situation may require a complete right-about face. But the *World* on numerous occasions has been able to take two, three, or even four different stands with precisely the same material in hand. So constant were the shifts during the Sacco-Vanzetti case that the paper seemed like an old car going up a hill. In regard to Nicaragua the *World* has thundered on Thursdays and whispered on Monday mornings. Again and again the paper has managed to get a perfect full-nelson on some public problem only to let its opponent slip away because its fingers were too feeble.

It does not seem to me that the paper possesses either courage or tenacity. Of the honest intentions of all its executives I have not the slightest doubt. I think the fault lies in a certain squeamishness. That there should be some reaction from the flagrant pornography of the tabloids is no more than reasonable, but this development in journalism cannot be met with prudishness. To be specific I cite a *World* editorial on the recent squabble about the proposed birth-control exhibit at the Parents' Exposition in Grand Central Palace. In the beginning Mrs. Sanger's organization was promised a place and this promise was later rescinded at the demand of the Board of Education. The advice of the *World* to the birth controllers was that they should go quietly and make no commotion. "Now, it is quite

obvious," said the *World*, "that a building swarming with children is no place for a birth-control exhibit."

It may be obvious to the *World*, but I must insist that the reasons for exclusion are not so evident to me. I should think that a building swarming with children ought to be a very logical place for a birth-control exhibit. The fact of the matter is that in the mind of the *World* there is something dirty about birth control. In a quiet way the paper may even approve of the movement, but it is not the sort of thing one likes to talk about in print. Some of the readers would be shocked, and the *World* lives in deadly terror of shocking any reader. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Sanger and her associates intended nothing more dreadful than an exhibit of charts showing population curves and such statistical material. It is the term "birth control" which frightened the newspaper. Not so long ago a Sunday editor insisted on editing a contribution to one of the newspaper columns. Somebody had written in to say that before the triumphs of Lindbergh most Americans had regarded all Scandinavians as dull-witted. "Heywood," said the responsible editor, "don't you realize that our Swedish readers would be offended?"

During the war the *World* was active in attacking hyphenated loyalty, but to the paper's credit it should be remarked that it indulged in far less red baiting than any of its rivals. Now that hostilities have ended, the *World* cannot get over a certain group consciousness. It has, in addition to "Swedish readers," "Methodist readers," "Baptist readers," "Italian readers," and, perhaps above all, "Catholic readers." When somebody gets angry and sends me a scurrilous postal card he almost always attacks the *World* on the ground that it is under Jewish influence and therefore Bolshevik. This, of course, is ridiculously wide of the mark. The *World* of today has few roots in the Jewish community. Very probably it does command a considerable circulation among the young intellectual group of the East Side, but the *Times* is very obviously the Bible of the arrived and successful Jewish citizen of New York. As a matter of fact, it is my experience that there is very little clannishness among the Jews of New York. There is less standardization than in any other group. Save for downright abuse there is no resentment.

The Irish are quite a different proposition. Admitting the danger of generalities I would contend that the Irish are the cry-babies of the Western world. Even the mildest quip will set them off into resolutions and protests. And still more precarious is the position of the New York newspaperman who ventures any criticism of the Catholic church. There is not a single New York editor who does not live in mortal terror of the power of this group. It is not a case of numbers but of organization. Of course if anybody dared nothing in the world would happen. If the church can bluff its way into a preferred position the fault lies not with the Catholics but with the editors. But New York will never know a truly liberal paper until one is founded which has no alliance with and no timidity about any group, racial, religious, or national. Perhaps the first thing needed for a liberal paper is capital, but even more important is courage.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Presidential Possibilities

X

Thomas J. Walsh

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

“**T**HEN there is the Honorable Tom Walsh. We are all familiar with the Teapot Dome affair.

The Standard Oil wanted Doheny and Sinclair removed from the field of competition for valuable government leases, and Tom was put on the job backed by the publicity of the oil and copper press. Thus Tom was made quite a hero in the minds of the boobery. But there are some who remember his Tory proclivities during the war; his fatherhood of the Espionage Law; his General Leasing Act of 1920 under which the oil interests looted the public domain; his support of the World Court and other Wall Street foreign policies; and his lead in the fight to give the valuable Flat-head power site to his straw boss—the Montana Power Company. There is an important difference between Al and Tom. Al believes in setting up a State authority to operate and develop the hydro-electric power sites of New York State. Tom believes in giving the whole thing to the Montana Power Company.”

Here we have a thumb-nail picture of Senator Walsh by a dangerously simple-minded Montana editor. Only a truly simple mind could possibly believe that the revelation of the oil scandals was nothing more than a neat little Standard Oil plan to down its rivals. As for the “oil and copper press,” if there is such, it was doubtless, like almost every important daily in the East, bitterly denouncing Senator Walsh for “emptying the prisons,” as the Republican National Committee put it, in order to besmirch such great and good men as Albert Fall, Charles Denby, Harry Daugherty, and Jess Smith. The unfortunate fix in which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Standard Oil interests find themselves by reason of the activities of Harry M. Blackmer, now a resident of France, and Colonel R. W. Stewart is further proof that this group of capitalists was hoist by its own petard if it really instigated the Senate’s oil activities.

As a matter of fact Senator Walsh and his Montana colleague, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, were attacked by all save a few journals as “cowards,” “slanderers,” “scandal-mongers,” “assassins of character.” The New York Times accused them of acting like men “who are at heart enemies of lawful and orderly government.” Every possible pressure was brought to bear upon them. If Senator Walsh was not indicted on trumped-up charges as was Senator Wheeler, that was probably due merely to luck and to the fact that he was revealing the oil rottenness while Senator Wheeler was probing into the Department of Justice. Both men stuck to their jobs and Senator Walsh is continuing to reveal new ramifications of the oil scandals, with Senator Nye as chairman of the committee, and bringing out startling facts every day. If ever men were tried and

The tenth in a series of studies of the candidates

tested by fire these two from Montana were, and they stood the test magnificently. Here are two unpurchasable public serv-

ants who cannot be terrorized by insult or attack.

Senator Walsh will, in consequence of these inquiries, go down in history as a great prosecutor, because of his ability, his fairness, his tenacity, his tirelessness, his refusal to be beaten. The spectacular and the dramatic are both lacking in his make-up. Hence the general public never heard of him until 1923; hence his failure to make as much capital out of the original oil inquiry as he might have done. Not until he stumbled upon the incident of Mr. Doheny’s paying \$100,000 in a black bag to Secretary Fall did the fireworks really begin to attract the attention of the public. Had he been less modest, had he had a real flair for publicity, Heaven only knows how sensational the matter could have been made. On that side he is totally undeveloped. He is, moreover, scrupulous in his methods as a prosecutor and, if anything, too polite. These traits doubtless account for his leaning over backward when Secretary Mellon was before him, and for his complimenting the Secretary for his refusal to accede to Will Hays’s disreputable proposal that he should sell some of Mr. Sinclair’s Liberty Bonds and donate the proceeds to the Republican National Committee as if they were his own gift. There are those who see in this a weakening in the vigor of Mr. Walsh’s rapier thrusts and who lay it to his Presidential candidacy. That may be, though proof is lacking. It is a fact, however, that instead of complimenting Secretary Mellon, Senator Walsh should have scored him for concealing Will Hays’s proposal from the committee for several years. For this there is no excuse. Unfortunately, the servile portion of the daily press at once seized upon Mr. Walsh’s kindly compliment and distorted it to mean that the Montana Senator gave to Mr. Mellon a clean bill of health for the whole transaction.

Perhaps even a brilliant prosecutor must be entitled to one error. It would, of course, be a catastrophe if he should weaken now that the Presidential bee is buzzing around his bonnet and he has actually persuaded himself that he has a real chance to be nominated—amazing how Presidential mirages lure on the best of men! In Senator Walsh’s case it is perfectly true, as he must be aware, that he has many of the qualities a President ought to possess. Whether the public has known it or not, Mr. Walsh has for fifteen years been one of the great lawyers in the Senate, called upon because of his attainments to help in drafting the prohibition and woman-suffrage amendments to the Constitution, and, by his Democratic colleagues, to formulate the case against the seating of Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan. It was he who led the successful

fight to confirm Louis D. Brandeis as a justice of the Supreme Court upon nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and it is said of his report upon Mr. Brandeis that it "remains a model of persuasiveness and finality." Mr. Walsh was likewise the author of that part of the Federal Reserve Act which compels national banks to subscribe for stock in the Federal Reserve Bank.

This Senator may be a creature of the Montana Power Company, but he happens to be the man who has just made a magnificent fight to have the whole financial status of public-utility corporations, especially electric- and water-power ones, investigated, not by the packed Federal Trade Commission but by a committee of the Senate with, perhaps, himself as chief inquisitor. The most powerful lobby Washington has ever seen, with endless money, defeated that proposal—there can be no question that the Montana Power Company acted with its brother electric-utility corporations in opposing the move. But there the Senator stood hour after hour, making a grand if losing fight. Overborne by the lobby, he went down struggling to the end—the admiration of all who beheld him.

To call Walsh a creature of the corporations is an absurd allegation, for he was a bitter opponent of the all-powerful Anaconda Copper Company before he entered the Senate, and that company defeated him for his seat when he tried for it in 1910; he had to wait until 1912 for election, since when he has served uninterruptedly. Never before had Mr. Walsh held office. He went straight from his lawyer's desk to the Senate chamber and, thanks to the system of preferential voting in Montana, he owed his election to nobody. Then he was fifty years old. Today he is sixty-six—near the deadline for candidates, but obviously at the very height of his physical and mental powers. See him in action as prosecutor and you can never forget him. I once heard him open fire upon a Progressive Senator who had just arrived that day to take the oath of office. The fledgling Senator-elect had been outspoken in his criticism of the Federal Reserve system. The dinner-table conversation ceased as Senator Walsh took him in hand. A more incisive, merciless, and searing cross-examination I never listened to. In five minutes every man in the room was thanking his stars he was not the recipient of the Montana Senator's attentions. The Senator-elect stood to his guns and, as Mr. Walsh has since admitted, did extremely well. After that baptism of fire his debut in the Senate must have seemed an easy plunge.

As prosecutor for a Senate committee Mr. Walsh is, if anything, more alarming. He has a way of regarding a witness for some moments before putting a question. During this time he stares steadily under his heavy eyebrows at his victim with a concentration of attention enough to make the unfortunate prepare for the worst. He seems to be revolving the matter over and over in his mind, pondering, pondering—and then he strikes with projectile power. Usually he is entirely calm and collected; he does not browbeat or badger. He is the gentleman at all times, never the sensationalist, but you feel as if he had the finality and inevitability of a slow-moving glacier. You do not need to be convinced that here is a man who weighs every argument before making up his mind—only to become immovable when his decision is reached. He has nothing of the muck-raker about him, and no hostility whatever to the corporations or to the existing economic order. The picture drawn of him by the metropolitan dailies as a reckless defamer was

as wide of the mark as any shot could possibly go. It would be impossible to find anywhere a more conscientious, a more judicially minded prosecutor. These were all qualities which stood out when he was chairman of the last Democratic National Convention, and they won him the regard and admiration of all the delegates to that political dog-fight. During all those exhausting days he was calm, cool, and spotless, dressed for the occasion and quite immaculate.

But Senator Walsh's judicial quality is second to his thirst for facts and his incredible ability to work relentlessly and unsparingly. Take the Teapot Dome case. It was Walsh who followed Edward B. McLean to Florida, and Fall to New Mexico, and who broke down Fall's alibi by making McLean confess that he had not lent the \$100,000 to Fall. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin sat as chairman of the committee with every line of his face and figure showing how deeply he was disturbed by Mr. Walsh's activities; if it had rested with him precious few facts would have come out. Walsh, by the mere force of his efforts, threw Lenroot into the shade. With no help from any individual or from any department of the government, he created his case day after day, always relentless, always optimistic, rarely being thrown off the scent. Those were hours to make the best detective stories seem tame. When it was all over Mr. Walsh again summed up the case in a report which, as Charles Merz has pointed out in the *Independent*, "is a model of fairness, generosity, and good temper. When the Supreme Court of the United States wrote its decisions more than three years later, every fact as Walsh stated it was formally confirmed."

Why, then, is Thomas J. Walsh not available as a Presidential candidate? He is a Dry; his character, as we know, is beyond assail; his ability is unquestioned. To this the answer is his age, his religion (he is a Catholic), and the fact that Montana is one of the least important States when it comes to a Presidential election, since it has only four electoral votes—the usual trick is to choose a man whose State is important or pivotal. The Democratic politicians naturally feel that if a Catholic is to be chosen it should be Governor Smith since he is so much better known and is a better campaigner, with a great record as an executive and administrator. The reasoning is sound, yet Senator Walsh has at bottom a better mind and a better trained one, in some respects a wider vision. The one wins respect and admiration; the other admiration and affection and the sympathy of the masses. Both have their records in foreign affairs to make, save that Walsh was a leader in the fight for the League of Nations and the World Court, while Smith has accepted them in perfunctory fashion, doubtless because it was in his party's platform. Beyond that the indications are that Senator Walsh leans toward the imperialist policy—he did and does support the Espionage Act which muzzled the country and will do so again, automatically, whenever the President declares that a state of war exists. This must be offset, however, by his report "unhesitatingly condemning" Attorney General Palmer's raids upon aliens and radicals, that lawlessness by men in high office which Senator Walsh declared to be "the lawless acts of a mob"; "a deliberate usurpation" [of authority]. The report gained in effectiveness because it was written by a Democrat in denunciation of a faithless Democratic Cabinet officer.

Senator Walsh is, naturally, without Governor Smith's record of wide and effective sympathy for social reforms.

But he has struck some telling blows for labor. His first speech in the Senate was on behalf of the bill to make jury trials essential in instances of contempt of court in injunction cases. He deserves the credit for the law forbidding the use of federal funds to prosecute labor unions under the anti-trust laws and he also was in charge of the enactment of those clauses of the Clayton Act which specifically exempted all farm and labor organizations from prosecution under the Sherman law.

It must also be remembered that he, the strict Constitutionalist, has advocated the proposed child-labor amendment to the Constitution which has so horrified the Southern States' Rights wing of his party. Striking, too, is the fact that he heartily favored woman suffrage; few men of his legal training and type of mind did. He has also been a sturdy fighter for a low tariff. While these things indicate a mind that is far from rigidly fixed, they do not stamp him a great reformer or a great liberal. Radical, as has been said, he is not. His hope is always for bettering the government by adhering to the plan of unveiling the rascals in the hope that the electorate will turn them out. It is doubtful if he knows much about the great economic currents abroad or realizes the extent to which political government has been undermined or has broken down.

Enter the Senate any day and you may see at work this dignified, quiet-mannered gentleman—one can use this term of a man who came up from the ranks of the very poor without danger of its being misunderstood. His speeches you will find replete with facts, packed with close

reasoning, but devoid of the qualities that appeal to the galleries. Even when he waxes warm there is an air of diffidence, if not shyness, about him. Yet when he strikes, his blows are stunning because of his eternal reliance upon facts. So in the debate on March 29, 1928, when Senator Robinson of Indiana endeavored to connect the Wilson Administration with the oil scandals, Senator Walsh immediately riddled his charges by the most painstaking rebuttal, citing figures, dates, documents, quotations from speeches made years ago—facts, facts, facts. Not content with that he characteristically had three great maps of the naval oil reserves hung upon the rear wall of the Senate Chamber and, so the dispatches reported, "with a pointer, like a school-teacher, illustrated his points as he went minutely into the history of the reserves to refute Robinson." Incidentally, Senator Walsh declared in his address that in Mr. Robinson's place a gentleman would apologize for his reckless words, and in demanding this, he said, he did not appeal to Senatorial courtesy. It is a dangerous pastime to fall foul of this high-minded master of every subject he undertakes to know about!

Puritan in his make-up and his unsmiling personal austerity, Senator Walsh has made his name a synonym for private and public honesty and for ceaseless hostility to privilege and to the control of the government by the masters of big business. Some day a Catholic will—and must—find his way into the White House. The country may consider itself fortunate if that man should prove to be of the type of Thomas J. Walsh.

The Sinclair Jury Explains

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

HARRY SINCLAIR owes his acquittal in the Teapot Dome conspiracy case to two things—a jury which was incapable of comprehending the evidence, and a legal system which withheld from the jurors the facts which would have made it comprehensible. To one who attended the trial and interviewed several of the jurors after the verdict, no other conclusion is possible. Facts which were absolutely damning when seen in their proper setting left no impression on them, because the setting was missing—banished by narrow rules of evidence—and because these jurors were not the sort of men who could infer the setting from the nature of the facts.

The clandestine passage of \$198,000 in Liberty bonds in a private car in the railroad yards "looked queer," they admitted. To hand over \$10,000 in cash on one occasion and \$25,000 on another, without even taking a receipt, was "a strange way to do business," especially between a multimillionaire and a Secretary of the Interior. But unless a witness would take the stand and pronounce it a bribe in so many words, these jurors were unwilling so to characterize it. The defense claimed it was in purchase of a ranch, and in the absence of another explicit and express explanation from the witness stand, they felt they must accept it.

The jurors did not know that the witness who offered that explanation had previously avoided giving any by pleading self-incrimination, until deprived of that refuge by a special act of Congress. They did not know that Albert

B. Fall had previously denied that he ever received "one cent from Harry F. Sinclair on any account whatever." They did not know that the defense, in another trial, had denied that Sinclair ever had possession of those bonds, or knew anything about them. They did not know that the bonds themselves were the profits of an illegitimate transaction, carried out by stealth and preserved in secrecy until subterfuge and perjury could no longer conceal it. They did not know that the Supreme Court of the United States, on less positive evidence, had condemned Fall as "a faithless public officer," and had canceled the Teapot Dome lease as having been entered into "fraudulently, and by means of collusion and conspiracy." They heard the defense plead that the naval reserve was leased to save it from drainage, and they heard veiled hints of a "military emergency," but they were never permitted to learn that the Supreme Court had declared drainage was no excuse, and that no emergency ever existed. None of these facts and circumstances, under the rules through which American courts attempt to administer justice, was proper evidence for the jury to consider.

So the twelve mechanics, clerks, and small merchants deliberated in their attic room for somewhat less than two hours, and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the most brazen malefactor of great wealth in modern times walked from the courtroom free.

It had been a momentous two weeks in the life of Harry Brooks, 25-year-old steamfitter. For two weeks he had sat

in judgment upon the guilt or innocence of one of the wealthiest men in America. The evidence painstakingly gathered in four years of tireless investigation by Senate committees, special prosecutors and the Government Secret Service, had solemnly been submitted for his verdict. Naturally, he was still somewhat set up when the writer called at his boarding house a few hours later.

"I figured the Government didn't make out no case," said Harry Brooks, who is small, wiry, and assertive. "Where did they prove any conspiracy? You can't show me where they proved any. Of course, anybody could see the lease wasn't made out in the open. I saw that from the start. Sinclair had the inside track, all right, but that don't prove no conspiracy. You've got to show where those men got together and made a corrupt agreement before you can prove a conspiracy, and the Government never did show that. Then they never did show no bribe. Where did they show any bribe? I admit that ranch deal sounded mighty fishy, but none of the witnesses ever come right out and said it was a bribe."

It was suggested to him that men who enter into conspiracies seldom draw up formal contracts setting out their corrupt purposes, that bribes are seldom denominated as such by the men who give and accept them, and, consequently, that direct evidence on those points is not usually presented in court, unless one of the guilty parties chooses to confess.

"Well that's the Government's bad luck," replied juror Brooks. "All the jury can go by is what the witnesses say."

He had never heard of the Supreme Court decision, the Continental Trading Co., the Fall-Doheny case, the Sinclair contempt cases, the "little black bag," Everhart's self-incrimination plea, Fall's denials, or the jury-shadowing episode. Nor did he seem interested in hearing of them from his interviewer.

"I don't read the newspapers hardly at all," he said with a trace of pride. "Maybe the comic page once in a while, or the baseball news, or a big accident, but that's all. I don't have the time. I work every day, and at night I'm out having a good time. I never heard of any of those cases. I guess if they had anything to do with this trial they would have told us about them."

There was far less assurance in the manner and words of Juror Howard Bradley, 22-year-old automobile accessory salesman, when the writer found him at home. Piled high around the cuffs of his bell-bottomed trousers were the pages of the afternoon paper, and Bradley smiled sheepishly as he mentioned the many interesting facts in connection with the Teapot Dome lease which he was now learning for the first time. He was awaiting, rather ruefully, the return of his father, from whom he expected "a good razzing."

"Say, can you explain to me why they didn't tell us all that stuff about Everhart and Doheny and the Burns detectives and the bonds?" he demanded, with a gesture toward the newspaper. "Why, I never knew any of that stuff before. We never heard a word of it during the trial. It makes the whole thing look rotten. I see where Sinclair is already under two jail sentences, and that two other oil men have been hiding in Europe for four years to keep from testifying. And I see where Sinclair and Fall denied ever having anything to do with those bonds until the Government got the goods on them. The public will think we are

a lot of sapheads, turning Sinclair loose like that. The whole thing looks entirely different when you read it in the newspaper. It seems that they covered it all up as long as they could, and when the Government got the evidence about the bonds they came out with this story about Sinclair buying the ranch. But they didn't tell us that. Of course that ranch deal sounded sort of funny, but you can't send a man to prison on that. Then I see the Supreme Court had already said there was a conspiracy. Say, the Supreme Court must have had more evidence than they presented to us, didn't it?"

He was told that the Supreme Court had had less.

"Well, I guess it just went over my head," he said. "But why didn't the judge explain it to us? I had been told to pay strict attention to what the judge would say, and I expected him to give us a pretty clear idea of how to vote. I paid particular attention to him, but gee!—he made it harder than ever. He would go along all right on one side for a while, but then he would switch over to the other, and balance it up. I was balled up worse when he got through than I was before. The judge must have known what the Supreme Court said. Why didn't he tell us? And why didn't he tell us all this other stuff, so we would have known what it was all about?"

The foregoing is sufficient to tell how the jury reacted. Other interviews were simply repetitions, with variations.

It has been suggested from some quarters—all of them devoid of first-hand knowledge—that the case was badly handled from the Government's side, and that the prosecutors were outwitted and outmaneuvered by the oil magnate's clever lawyers. Such a suggestion is a monstrous injustice to the great ability and unquestioned earnestness of Owen J. Roberts, who directed the prosecution. In knowledge of the law and in courtroom tactics he was, singlehanded, more than a match for the whole brilliant Sinclair staff. Perhaps in mere rhetoric he may be ranked a shade lower than the inspired Martin Littleton, but every juror with whom I talked afterward said he was more impressed by Roberts's straightforward manner of presenting the facts than by Littleton's oratory. Indeed, that distinguished defender might be somewhat abashed to know that his peroration gave a severe headache to one juror, who described it as "hollering right in my ear."

It is universally conceded that the conduct of the trial by Justice Bailey was above reproach. His instructions to the jury were characterized by one prominent local attorney, not engaged in this case, as "the severest charge in the direction of a conviction that was ever delivered in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia." Under the rules by which justice is administered, Justice Bailey did his full duty toward the Government.

The blame for this great public tragedy lies where I placed it at the beginning of this article. It goes deeper than any question of judges or prosecutors. Unless some means is devised for getting more intelligence into the jury box when the difficult nature of the evidence demands more than average intelligence, and unless the rules of evidence are relaxed sufficiently to admit facts and circumstances which are essential to a full understanding of cases, there will be other such tragedies. It is natural that those who benefit from them should oppose change. Unfortunately, the number includes some of our leading lawyers.

Collective Bargaining—New Style

By A. J. MUSTE

ACCORDING to Service Talks, issued by Mitten Management, Inc., William D. Mahon, president of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, on behalf of his organization, and T. E. Mitten, on behalf of Mitten Management, signed on March 25, 1928, a collective-bargaining agreement. It is rumored that the agreement was made with a view to the time when Mitten Management shall take over the running of the New York subway system, and that then under its provisions the Amalgamated Association will organize the men with the approval both of Mitten Management and the political powers that be in New York City. This makes the agreement of very great immediate interest, at least to New Yorkers, but its real significance lies in what it may indicate as to future developments in trade-union policy in this country as a whole.

Briefly, the agreement is restricted for the present to properties that "are to be acquired or operated by Mitten Management in the future." The union specifically agrees not to disturb the company union and "cooperation plan" in effect on the Mitten lines in Philadelphia and Buffalo. The union is to be recognized, and a 50-50 cooperative agreement with Mitten Management entered into, on lines acquired or operated by the Management in the future, whenever two-thirds of the employees on any such line (or department of it) so vote by secret ballot. Under this 50-50 arrangement, the profits that are left from the operation of a line, after interest, wages, and other charges are paid, are divided 50 per cent to the employees and 50 per cent to Mitten Management. The 50 per cent the men get goes into a fund which is used to buy stock in the road they work on, in the "control" of which they thus have a share.

"Contract shall run during delivery of cooperative effectiveness, which is understood to mean that degree of assistance in securing the results on the property in question as secured by Mitten Management and the properties operated by them at this date" (under the company-union plan in Philadelphia and Buffalo). The contract may be terminated by a two-thirds vote of the men in secret ballot, but otherwise all disputes are to be settled by arbitration, the arbitrator to be the Public Service Commission in any case where the two parties concerned cannot agree to a third arbitrator.

The question has frequently been asked lately whether there is any way in which trade unions and employee-representation plans can work together in complementary fashion. Under this agreement, we may see an experiment in this field which will be of intense interest to all students of industrial relations.

Without questioning Mr. Mitten's sincerity and good intentions, we may surmise that he has made a shrewd bargain. He has a guaranty that the union will not disturb his company union in Philadelphia or Buffalo, at least until such time as the union can produce as good a record of cooperative efficiency as the company union. He would seem to be pretty well protected also against any militant attack by the union, and indeed, under the two-thirds secret vote

provision, against any serious difficulty on properties he may acquire. If, as rumored, he is planning to acquire properties in southern New Jersey, where the union is strong, he is guaranteed in advance against any unpleasant episodes there. In his business, the "good-will" of the public, which enables it to see the necessity of increased fares on occasion, is an important asset. If Mr. Mitten has by this agreement won the good-will of thousands of trade unionists in Philadelphia, Buffalo, and parts unknown, may it not stand him in excellent stead?

Mr. Mitten announces in the same number of Service Talks from which we have already quoted that "the labor bank, as we conceive it, will do for banking what Woolworth did for retail merchandising and what Ford did for the automobile industry." He makes it clear in this connection that the labor bank, as he conceives it, is a bank which represents a combination of brains (Mitten Management) with brawn (workers who make deposits, get loans, etc.) such as the Producers' and Consumers' and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks in Philadelphia, which Mitten took over from the unions recently. If Mitten is to become the "Ford" or the "Woolworth" of a new system of banking, which depends on the good-will of small depositors, his agreement with the Amalgamated Association ought to be of some monetary value to him.

It would be foolish to attempt to pass a definitive judgment as to what this agreement signifies for the American labor movement, but one may observe tentatively that the possibilities are bewildering. What does it mean for an international union, with rather fine fighting traditions, to agree not to try to organize for an indefinite period large sections of an industry under its jurisdiction? What does it mean for the American labor movement that a union should agree to be judged in the future by whether it measures up to standards already achieved by company unions? Except for injunctions and other kinds of judicial usurpation, the big grievance about which the official labor movement in America feels militant is the company union. If this grievance is removed, what excuse for militancy or perhaps for existence is left to it? The trade union, it has been presumed, grows up out of the needs, efforts, and sacrifices of the workers. What does it signify if agreements are to be made between union officials and employers for workers who are not yet in the service of the latter; who may know absolutely nothing about the union; who, even if they "accept" such an agreement "voluntarily," accept something that others have made for them, not something they created themselves? Is this the dawn of peace in industry or of disintegration in the labor movement?

A union which exists where capitalism is the dominant system of ownership; which is organized from the top rather than from the bottom; which has for its primary function to see that the workers gear in with the mechanism of production so as to insure efficiency; which tacitly accepts the view that thus its members will automatically benefit, and that, therefore, the function of protecting them and securing advantages for them need not be the

point of departure in union policy, as it has been hitherto; which virtually relinquishes the right, or at least the power, to strike—this surely isn't the trade unionism of Brother Samuel Gompers any more than it is that of Comrade William Z. Foster. Is it not a close parallel to the Fascist trade unionism established by Mussolini in Italy? And if so, does it herald the dawn of an industrial and political dictatorship in America?

In the Driftway

WHEN one has discovered something which he thinks is nice but unusual it is pleasant to learn that it is less unusual than he had imagined. In the issue of April 18 the Drifter wrote a few paragraphs about an evening of music which he had enjoyed—and miscalled a violin recital—by a little group of amateurs which was at that time having its 1209th meeting. Two brothers, William Burnet and George Arthur Tuthill, the backbone of the group, have met weekly to scrape their fiddles for thirty years. The Drifter expressed both pleasure and surprise at his discovery, but, judging from letters received, his surprise was not wholly warranted. For instance, Eugene Moses writes:

It is with great interest that I have just been reading your account of the 1209th meeting of a group of amateur chamber musicians.

Thirty years is a long time, and two friends of mine and I who have sustained the second violin, viola, and 'cello parts in a similar organization for over twenty years bow to the long and honorable record of your friends. We have never kept any count of the number of our meetings, but twenty years is a long time too, and much of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and the moderns has flowed over the bridges of our instruments during that time.

The example of your friends is an inspiration to us, and we sincerely hope that they and we will keep at it as long as fingers and bow arms will respond. It might interest you to know that during my musical experience I had the great pleasure of knowing and playing with a wonderful old gentleman who lived to be ninety-four, and who had had weekly chamber-music evenings in his home for over fifty years. Failing eyesight forced him to give up active participation at ninety-two, but up to that time he had played either violin, viola, or 'cello for more than half a century. So, let us hope that there is a long and happy future for us all.

If you ever happen to be "drifting" through Fifty-seventh Street on a Tuesday evening, we should be delighted to have you come up to the penthouse of the office building at No. 119 West and compare the results of our brief experience with the work of our respected veteran colleagues, to whom, also, this invitation is cordially extended.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is glad to have this information; at least it bears out his assertion that it is the things one least expects to find in New York that one is constantly encountering. And hard on the letter from Mr. Moses comes one from Jeannette Bry:

Judging from your article in *The Nation* of April 18, you are most sadly in lack of knowledge as to the chamber music that is being played among amateur musicians in New York.

My husband, his brother, and I constitute three of a group of four that has played weekly, except in summer, for sixteen years. Before I joined the quartet both my hus-

band and his brother had been playing for ten years—practically since their childhood. I can easily count twenty such groups among my acquaintances in New York. In fact, strangely enough, on the two sides of this street [West Seventy-ninth], on the block between Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues, I know of five such groups! . . .

It was shocking to me to read of your amazement that such a thing could exist in "New York—not in a foreign quarter, either, but on the upper West Side." Incidentally, the four of us are all "native Americans" too.

I might add that what you listened to was an evening of chamber music—not, as you termed it, a violin recital.

* * * * *

THIS is good news too—so pleasing to the Drifter that he accepts humbly the correction contained in the final sentence of the last letter. The fact that even in this radio-phonograph age good music is still played purely for the enjoyment of it by numerous groups in New York, meeting regularly for the purpose, is far more important than that the city supports on a lavish scale the Metropolitan Opera. For the opera is the fashion, and although many of its supporters are sincere devotees of its art, it is impossible to distinguish them with exactitude from the considerable group which pays money to keep the Metropolitan going merely because it is socially the right thing to be seen there, or at least to have one's name among the box holders.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Spaniards Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are generous with every race and nationality that has contributed to the great epic of the air now unfolding, but why omit Spain? "Frenchman, Englishman, German, Irishman, son of the Vikings, Jew, Italian, plain Yankee," you write. How could you have forgotten Franco and his daring companions, who little more than a year ago thrilled the whole Spanish world by their flight from Palos, Spain, to Buenos Aires—a flight without a mishap because the utmost careful scientific planning went hand in hand with the old faith and daring for which the Spaniard is preeminent among men. Franco and his men were the pioneers who prepared the longer flight of the Frenchmen. And today, Spaniards are about to undertake a transatlantic flight from Seville to Havana. Be fair to old Spain and grateful to the Spain of today!

Delaware, Ohio, April 24

MANUEL L. LÓPEZ

How to Choose Congressmen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a British reader of *The Nation* I am interested in the view which is implicit in your article, James M. Beck and the Constitution, that the rule requiring Congressmen to reside in the districts which they represent is beneficial to the country and ought to be retained.

"State representation in Congress," you say, "has sunk to a discouragingly low level." May not this be partly due to this residential rule? Suppose that a man of more than ordinary political fitness and capacity is elected to Congress. He loses his seat, let us say, with the result that his political career is forever closed unless he can induce the same constituency to reelect him. All others are barred.

Contrast this with the freedom of choice allowed to British electors. Time and again, British statesmen of great eminence and capacity have lost one seat but have been retained in Parliament by their finding a seat elsewhere. Examples are numerous. Mr. Gladstone was rejected by Oxford University in 1865 and was immediately returned to Parliament for South Lancashire. Sir William Harcourt and Mr., afterward Lord, Morley both fell in 1895 but found other constituencies. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith have suffered the same fate. Mr. Winston Churchill has been twice "moved on," from N. W. Manchester to Dundee, and from the latter to Epping.

Will it be seriously maintained that representation in the British Parliament has suffered through this flexibility? It is quite the reverse. I venture to suggest for the serious consideration of Americans that a similar free choice of representatives would improve the composition of Congress.

West Kilbride, Scotland, April 15 THEODORE D. LOWE

New Mexico and Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the Texas Bankers' Association's \$5,000 reward for dead bank robbers, it may hearten you to learn that a similar reward of \$1,000 offered by the New Mexico Bankers' Association was frowned upon by both public sentiment and legal opinion. Attorney General Robert Dow declared that the courts would in all probability find the reward illegal on the ground of public policy, and the State Bank Examiner referred to the reward as "a dangerous extra-legal procedure which may at any time involve any participating bank in legal proceedings."

Public sentiment also opposed the \$1,000 reward offer. The *Scripps-Howard State Tribune* said of the proposal:

We believe it places too high a value on property and too low a value on human life; we think it reposes too much faith in judgment of casual bystanders and too little in officers, courts, and processes of justice; we fear it will serve as moral encouragement to promiscuous shooting in which innocent men will go to their deaths.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 13

SALLY C. PUTNAM

Robespierre

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Mr. Gottschalk's review of Lenotre's "Robespierre" with interest. But it was Robespierre, and Robespierre alone, who sent Danton and Camille and Lucie Desmoulins to the guillotine, and no whitewashing brush can ever remove or cover up this bloodstain.

I have spent many weary hours in an attempt to form an unbiased opinion of this bizarre man, and I have reached the conclusion that he was a small and vindictive man, responsible for a preponderant share in the *useless* horrors of The Terror. I agree with Michelet that he more than any one else was responsible for the advent and reign of that other great-small man, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Paris, France, April 10

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Indian Culture—Whence?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Benedict has been kind enough to send me a copy of her review of my book, "The Story of the American Indian." In it she makes certain statements with which I must take sharp issue. I wish most emphatically to state that I arrived at my conclusion, namely, that a movement of peoples from Mexico and Peru is the only plausible explanation of the dif-

fusion of cultural traits in aboriginal America, by weighing the evidence available in the usual way and to the best of my ability.

Nothing was further from my mind than to indulge in a romantic holiday, as Dr. Benedict terms it. Indeed, it is Dr. Benedict who is indulging herself in an emotional adherence to an academic, pedantic, and utterly unsubstantiated viewpoint which she has clearly derived from Professor Boas and uncritically accepted. Her view is utterly unhistorical, belied by all that we know about the spread of culture wherever historical records are available.

Far from my being the only American ethnologist to accept the scheme I outlined in my book I would like to point out that in the most generally used textbook on anthropology, that of Professor Kroeber, an anthropologist who certainly cannot be accused of any unwonted radicalism, we find the following statements:

In this region, Middle America, lay the focal point of American civilization. From it the tribes of the lower Amazon and the upper Mississippi equally derived most of the limited culture which they possessed.

To my knowledge Professor Kroeber was never seriously taken to task by even the most conservative American ethnologists for expressing this view.

Nashville, Tennessee, January 18

PAUL RADIN

Books Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This letter is an appeal for used and discarded books, destined mainly for the use of the sick who flock from all over the Union to this city. No library is more thoroughly used than Albuquerque's. It has 5,600 regular members and a turnover of 70 per cent each month, with a population of 30,000 inhabitants.

The library's budget is limited. The amount available each year for books, \$2,500, must cover also the amount of cost of repair and rebinding, thus limiting the number of new volumes to the minimum. Hence we appeal to you to second our efforts to increase our equipment of reading matter by a contribution of books in English, Spanish, French, or Italian, on any subject, and in any condition. All books donated will bear an appropriate inscription with the name of the donor and may be shipped to us with the collect.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 11

KYLE S. CRICHTON,

Director, Albuquerque Public Library

Contributors to This Issue

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Books, Art, Plays

I Shall Be in Other Places

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Deathwatches ticking in my wall
Tell me that my house will fall.

One day there will come the wind
To the place where I have sinned,
Prayed and dreamed and little done
And find but grass blades in the sun.

But I shall be in other places,
Carving wrinkles on new faces,
Helping others seek and find
Love that turns out seeds and rind,
Building other dreams that soon
Will look like dust heaps on the moon.

O I shall still be sad and merry,
Full of red lust as the cherry,
Frozen into ice and snow
Because the law reads thus and so.
I shall hate like any snake
And love and worship till I ache.

For my house may fall to grass
And the blundering mole may pass
Through the nave my ribs have groined,
Yet the light and dark that joined
To create the man-thing me
Are spawners ranker than the sea.

Three Novels

Debonair. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Bad Girl. By Vina Delmar. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Quicksand. By Nella Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

EACH of these novels possesses the qualities that make literary curiosity; each explores a country still new to the majority of readers. In "Debonair" G. B. Stern presents the newest and swankiest flapper. If Miss Stern is correct, that young person has bravely recovered from her war-time belief that she should give something for what she gets, and from that code of morals, noted some years ago by Margot Asquith, which rates philandering a greater sin than adultery. Loveday is an accomplished philanderer; and it seems to be set down very much in her favor that she knows exactly how to elude man's clumsy efforts to exact payment for the money he squanders on her. Her mother's generation were afraid of men because they didn't know how to take care of themselves. Loveday's are braver only because they are more sophisticated. They know how to get their clothes and their meals, their transportation and the roofs over their heads, without really giving up the tiniest part of that metaphysical substance known as their virtue. From this there seems to be a disposition on the part of the author to conclude that Loveday is really a nice girl after all, and that her little peccadilloes differ only in degree from that amusing devilry of her mother which consisted in driving to a picnic in separate traps when Laura's Victorian mamma and papa had expected the young people to go en masse in a wagonette under due chaperonage. Laura's confession of this sin to Loveday, in their mutual effort to over-

come the irritations of kinship and be friends in spite of being mother and daughter, and Loveday's answering confession mark the climax in Miss Stern's animated comedy of the misunderstandings of the generations.

I would find it wittier and more significant if the types compared were more like. Fussy, scatter-brained, honest Laura may have been a belle in her youth, but the accident of being born a generation later would never have turned her into a Loveday; nor would the Victorian Age have made a Laura of Loveday. Although Miss Stern, who recently commented so caustically on the works of that odd and unsatisfactory but undeniably great writer, Dorothy Richardson, never startles us with a poignant phrase or rediscovers the world for us, her characterizations are unusually lively, up to a certain point. Carried beyond that point they might be real creations, instead of the lively commentaries on a type which they remain.

After the disappointing facility of this book, "Bad Girl" seems as fresh as a dill pickle on a hot summer day. The first chapter, in which Dot and Eddie meet on a Hudson River boat, is delightful reading, and an extremely able piece of work. But, unfortunately, all the rest of the book is devoted to repeating the successes of the first chapter, and in time we grow weary. Dot and Eddie remain two young things we have seen on a Hudson River boat and wondered about as we might wonder about Eskimos or South Sea Islanders. We hear certain inflections of their voices; we see how their apartments are furnished and learn where they buy their clothes; we become thoroughly acquainted with those conversational peculiarities that serve to conceal their real meaning from each other; we follow every step in the not particularly new business of acquiring a baby; we learn that Eddie is sulky and masterful, but true blue, and that Dot is full of sweet feminine yielding and timidity, but equally true blue. More than this we do not learn of them. The later scenes are only partially realized. The externals are there as before, but only the externals. In fact, the book shares with that popular fiction which has been poking its nose into odd corners ever since the salad days of local color, but that for years has gone without benefit of criticism, a nice perception of local differences, an engaging verisimilitude, and a lack of ability or courage to go beneath the surface and discover that Eddie and Dot are as real as you and I. The style is the easy colloquial kind familiar to all present-day novel readers, perhaps the most completely undistinguished prose that ever gained general acceptance. How meager it is we only fully realize when a writer like Thornton Wilder reverts to the prose of a more exigent period. This remark, however, is not directed at Mrs. Delmar. It would be surprising indeed if a twenty-three-year-old novelist did not write in the literary vernacular of her time.

"Quicksand" is the story of a mulatto who is dragged one way by her Negro blood and another by her white. Although it lacks the professional polish of Miss Stern's work, and the very real flair for literary craftsmanship of Mrs. Delmar's, although its style and manner are still imitative and often too conscientiously correct, and although there is a certain naivete in the presentation of the culture, wealth, and sophistication of the Harlem intellectuals, the book is an attempt to portray a real person in all her complexities, instead of being a complimentary or a spiteful version of some individual never really revealed. The motivation of this character is not always convincingly explained; the intention of the book is not even always clear; but it is a mine of information about one human being. Its writer shows a passion for understanding. This is perhaps a quality even more rare than Mrs. Delmar's gift for seizing the seemingly trivial details that make us see a person. Whether it promises more for the future remains to be seen.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Mr. Irwin on Mr. Hoover

Herbert Hoover. A Reminiscent Biography. By Will Irwin. The Century Company. \$3.

MR. IRWIN has written a charmingly sympathetic study of the man whom he recently called the wisest and kindest of men, with the finest possible sense of humor. His friendship with Mr. Hoover began when they were students at Leland Stanford, Jr. University. It was fortified by constant meetings during the World War, during which he frequently shared quarters with the Director of Belgian Relief, later the dictator of the world's food supply. In remarkably compact form and in a most interesting manner Mr. Irwin has rehearsed the already well-known story of Mr. Hoover's extraordinary career, but he illuminates newly only as he gives intimate passages in his hero's life. Since it is hero worship, this book is neither critical nor discriminating. Thus it carefully avoids all reference to Mr. Hoover's relationship with Mr. Harding and his silence on the oil scandals, and to his part in deceiving the Republicans who favored our entry into the League of Nations when, with thirty other Republican lights, he assured them that a vote for Harding was a vote to enter the League by the best means.

Obviously Mr. Irwin has wished to avoid all controversial questions and to make this a tribute from the heart to a beloved friend. But even when one writes out of friendship one should be quite sure of one's facts. Thus, he asserts that Mr. Hoover was always a Republican and that it is ridiculous to suggest that he was once a Democrat or had Democratic leanings, quite forgetting that Mr. Hoover himself wrote on February 24, 1920: "Before I can answer whether I am a Democrat or a Republican I shall have to know how each party stands on those issues" (the issues being the "forty live issues in this country today"). Again, he stated: "I must vote for the party that stands for the League." At that time he favored so many of the Wilson issues that it seemed impossible for him to land in any other but the Democratic camp. Indeed, he specifically stated that he would not support the Republican Party unless it "adopts a forward-looking, liberal, constructive platform on the treaty and our economic issues . . . and is neither reactionary nor radical . . ." He then entered the most reactionary and corrupt Administration in our history, and apparently has been entirely content with the association which he has maintained since March 4, 1921.

The best part of the book is unquestionably Mr. Irwin's description of the magnitude of the tasks Mr. Hoover carried on during the war, and the extraordinary power, devotion, and unselfishness he brought to them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Christophe—Roi

Black Majesty. By John W. Vandercook. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IT is a privilege to encounter so complete a synthesis of the bookmaker's craft as "Black Majesty." Covers of black and red, imperial eagles on field of gold, engravings in silhouette, steel blue and tropic green, and above all the context are redolent of place and period: Haiti in the reign of King Christophe—Henri I.

The land and the theme are traditionally romantic, but this is history—correct, moderate. Truth and spirit are alike conserved. It is a portrait graven in the clean black lines of a woodcut, heroically blocked. It is a suitable memorial to the monarch, to the looming figure who builded through the sheer force of his will, discipline, and organizing power the greatest fortress known until his time in the Western Hemisphere, the

citadel which the writer properly describes as "the supreme physical creation in the history of the Negro race."

Yet here is more than a monograph. Here is a new blend of the biographer's art, pungent with the oft-pursued but elusive atmosphere of that unique Caribbean isle. Here is a restrained realism that moderates horror and sensational detail yet gently releases a pathos as poignant and inevitable as the tom-toms booming from ravine depths. Eugene O'Neill in his "Emperor Jones" caught a suggestion of this Haitian rhythm and incense. But that was fiction, playwrighting—with all its license. Using materials easily available to the casual searcher—which the historical student calls "secondary"—Mr. Vandercook, with little apparent effort, without straining after the exotic, transmits the deadly strokes of the Haitian noonday sun, the listless heat-drenched valleys, the pageant of Haiti's sweating blacks—glittering briefly during His Majesty's reign in the gaudy raiment of a neo-Napoleonic, cis-Atlantic empire. One inhales the heavy scent of Haiti's jungles, the decay and death of its stricken coast towns, and, after the sun sets in the fire of an equatorial sunset, lives through the agonized hours of a racial tragedy that becomes eerie as the brass moon rises into "the iron blue dome of night."

Limiting his theme to less than a lifetime in the earlier nineteenth century—the rise, the might, and the end of Christophe—the writer has endowed a picturesque and almost legendary figure with new vividness, the vividness of truth and sympathetic understanding. That much may be expected of any modern biography. He has done more. He has cast the great part and staged the big scene in the pageant-drama of a race. He has come closer than anyone else to writing in exquisite prose the Haitian epic.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Changing Supreme Court

The Business of the Supreme Court. By Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

APPARENTLY we have always overworked the Supreme Court. We have asked too much of it. Originally there were six justices. Now there are nine. But when there were six and they had only twenty cases a year, duties of circuit-riding were imposed upon them and very little time was granted them in which to become the paragons of learning which Edmund Randolph thought they ought to be. And now that they remain aloof in Washington we pour upon them a mass of cases to decide which keeps them at a constant stretch. To do justice is the proper goal of judicial effort. To clear the docket is a less ennobling preoccupation, but it is almost necessary.

Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard and his younger colleague, Professor James Landis, undertake to tell us now the Supreme Court has accomplished its task. The facts are thoroughly and accurately ascertained, the presentation is interesting and vigorous. The character of the Supreme Court's business is changing under our eyes and in an illuminating table we are shown how different it has become. It is ceasing—it really has ceased—to be a common law court and is almost wholly absorbed in "interpreting" statutes and the Constitution. Doubtless in the future new differentiations will be necessary. There is no uniform technique of "interpretation," divorced from subject-matter. An item in the table like "Construction of Statutes" will mean little until we know what the statutes were about. "Taxation" will be insufficient until we know what was taxed. And since statutes will continue to be made freely and as badly made as heretofore, we may not be sure that the relief which the court desires will automatically be secured by the limitations so far suggested.

The portrayal of the intricate machinery of our federal judiciary will be startling enough to lawyers who have not specially studied it. To laymen it must increase the doubt

whether anything human or valuable can come from so many whirling wheels. The authors indicate that the machinery will not go smoothly unless it is relieved of the burdens placed upon it. This has been done in the past by the creation of separate courts and is now being attempted by the limitation of the cases in which appeal to the Supreme Court is a matter of right.

That is plainly the only immediate way out unless we seriously consider the Continental method of increasing the numbers of Supreme Court justices and dividing them into coordinate departments or chambers. It is hard to imagine Anglo-American lawyers discussing this suggestion with patience, but it is not inconceivable that with the authors' table before us the departments might be segregated by subjects and the danger of conflicting—and contemporaneous—decision by the same court avoided.

In effect, all processes of limitation do this very thing, since they make the lower courts final for a great many cases not very scientifically classified. Nor can permissive review be of much help, since if it is based on a cursory examination it does scant justice to the question, and if the examination is thorough it is really a review. It is not easy to make laymen understand that a denial of a writ of certiorari is not an affirmation of the case in the lower court. The fact that it is an elementary distinction to lawyers makes it doubly suspicious; *haruspex haruspitem*.

I confess that the suggestion is partly grounded in malice. To increase the number of justices will decrease the awe which to many good people is an integral part of the notion of the Supreme Court. And awe before human contrivances is, on the whole, the least promising way to get any good out of them.

MAX RADIN

Jane Welsh Carlyle

Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle. By Elizabeth Drew. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE, woman of genius sacrificed to the insatiable demands of an egoistic husband, has been a tragic figure rising mainly from the unreliable imagination of James Anthony Froude and afterwards perpetuated by countless sympathizers, including even the emancipated Mr. Lytton Strachey. Mr. D. A. Wilson has done much to correct this false picture, although his view needs the corrective of feminine insight. Such lack Miss Elizabeth Drew's wise and impartial book supplies.

Instead of throttling his wife's creative impulse, as Froude would have us believe, Carlyle encouraged her to find some outlet for her ability. When her friend Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist, urged Mrs. Carlyle to attempt a novel, he wrote: "I have often said you might, with successful effect; but the impulse, the necessity, has mainly to come from within." Her "strong dash of the artistic temperament without any ability to produce art" she displayed in conversation and in letters. Probably no woman of her time was better company in a drawing-room; only Mrs. Browning wrote letters comparable to hers. The charm of both modes of expression consisted in exaggerated and humorous accounts of the Carlyle domestic affairs and satiric portraits of her friends, her husband, and herself. Within the narrow channel of a female world she has had few rivals. But talk and letter-writing alone do not establish genius. Hundreds of women, not married to famous husbands and consequently unknown, have excelled in both. That Mrs. Carlyle was incapable of the sustained effort necessary to fiction Miss Drew makes convincing by an analysis of her mind. From childhood her natural ability was never accompanied by application; her attempts at self-education were spasmodic and emotional. She lacked aesthetic appreciation of painting, music, and the drama, as well as of literature. Her haphazard read-

ing was an amusement, without exercise of the critical faculty. She showed none of the capacity for steady mental conquest which filled the lives of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Nor did she share her husband's burning interest in the big questions of the day that stirred Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Browning. The result of her failure to apply her talent to some kind of work was Mrs. Carlyle's tragedy. She lay on the sofa reading French novels while her husband fought out his "Cromwell," his "Frederick the Great." But what would Froude and his followers have had Carlyle do? If he had been a banker instead of a writer, would they have expected him to retire from business to sit beside his wife's couch and listen to the eloquent recital of her sufferings?

The analysis of a Victorian lady's position is probably the least satisfactory part of Miss Drew's book. Although she gives sufficient background to explain why Mrs. Carlyle made her husband the center of her life, she fails to present a concrete statement of the legal and occupational disqualifications of women. What she does observe, however, is the incongruity of Mrs. Carlyle in the conventional Victorian picture. The woman who used oaths and plain language on occasion, who took "delight in outraging 'delicate femalism' by lunching alone at a restaurant, by riding on top of an omnibus, and on being accosted in the street, to say 'Idiot!' and pass on without any feminine shrinking horror" could hardly get on with the women of her day. Having emptied her life of the traditional amusements of her sex: dress, fashionable tea-drinking, and church-going, she had no solid masculine interest with which to fill it. But this was the fault of her age, not of her husband. The importance of this latest study of Mrs. Carlyle lies primarily in its conclusive proof that the marriage was the most satisfactory one possible to human beings with super-sensitive nerves and poor digestions. Their childlessness is likely to be viewed, except by the sentimental and conventional-minded, as a blessing rather than a subject for the unsavory gossip it once aroused. They were unfitted for parenthood. There is no evidence that either husband or wife longed for children. Jane Welsh, in sending a kiss to Irving's baby, via Carlyle, wrote: "I would not do it myself for five guineas. Young children are such nasty little beasts." Carlyle spoke of his books as "our only children"; with which, we might add, the children of famous parents would hardly justify comparison. The marriage was a true union of a shrewd, humorous pair, interested in people, sharing the same opinions. Each was steadily proud of and never bored with the other. Of few marriages—in that age or any other—can so much be said.

WANDA FRAIKEN NEFF

Below the Potomac

The Changing South. By William J. Robertson. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THIS book by a Southern journalist of wide experience now living in the North is an attempt to explain the historic causes of the Solid South, to describe the present state of Southern civilization, and to interpret the social forces making for change below the Potomac. Mr. Robertson is, therefore, an expositor—not an apologist or a glorifier or a devastator. Some of his chapters are a bit thick with platitude, and those on Literature and Education are far from adequate. Yet on the whole "The Changing South" is accurate, informative, outspoken, written from a civilized point of view, and worth reading.

Certainly a new book on the South was needed. There have been reports of Bible leagues, organizations to make the world safe for orthodoxy, drives against modern science, and so on and so on. What mean these things, a non-Southerner might ask, unless it be that the South is a scientific Sahara, backward, benighted? One answer was indeed provided two

years ago by Mr. Edward Mims in his book, "The Advancing South," in which he showed that the South, despite her over-supply of demagogues and fundamentalist dervishes, is fast moving out of the valley of the shadow of mental death into which she entered at the close of the Civil War. But there was ample room for a fresh treatment of the subject. Besides, Mr. Robertson approaches the South from a different angle, dealing directly with social forces, whereas Mr. Mims told his story mainly through a series of sketches of Southern leaders.

Mr. Robertson makes it plain that the South has more than recovered economically and culturally from the rack of the Civil War and Reconstruction—that economically the South is rich and fast becoming richer. She now, for example, spends in one year over 70 per cent more for public schools than the whole United States spent for such purposes in 1900. But politically one effect of Reconstruction still obtains: the South still votes the Democratic ticket regardless of platforms or candidates. This, according to Mr. Robertson, is out of fear that a split in the party would mean the end of white supremacy. There is some truth in this diagnosis, yet it is not the whole truth. In North Carolina, for instance, there is a sizable Republican Party wholly committed to white supremacy, yet (notwithstanding the fact that North Carolina is the most progressive of the Southern States) a majority of the voters still cling to the Democratic ticket through force of habit and herd compulsion. As a result of the one-party system the South has admittedly suffered a paralysis of political vigor and statesmanship. Mr. Robertson, however, believes that the South will continue to go solidly Democratic (with the exception of a border State now and then) for an indefinite time to come.

But what of fundamentalism? Is the South really the "Bible Belt"? Not more so, Mr. Robertson contends, than is New England, where the Catholics (who, too, believe in an infallible book) outnumber the Protestants nearly five to one. Actually the masses of the Southern people care very little for religion, he argues—probably three-fourths of them never read the Bible at all, while two-thirds of them practically never go to church. For all I know these estimates may be correct, yet they are somewhat misleading, for some of the most bigoted of fundamentalists lack the intellectual energy to peruse the sacred word. Probably the South has made less progress in religion than along any other line. But even here an observer may detect substantial progress; pick up almost any Southern sectarian paper and you will find laments that the younger generation is lapsing into agnosticism and modernism and abandoning the One True Faith. It is just because of this—just because a spirit of liberalism is abroad in the land—that certain orthodox divines have been clamoring for the legislative brakes lest the train of our thought run into the switch of heresy. But fundamentalism reached its apogee at Dayton, and has never been quite so lusty and militant since Mr. Bryan died. Within a decade or two, in my opinion, the fundamentalist dervish will have ceased to be a menace and will remain only as a mountebank who adds to the gaiety of nations.

Obviously no man could write equally well on all phases of life in the South, and, of course, Mr. Robertson does not. His chapter on Literature deserves to be denounced. He gives two pages to Octavus Roy Cohen but seems never to have heard of Gerald Johnson, Emily Clark, Julia Peterkin, and Paul Green; or of *Social Forces*, or of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. His chapter on Education is almost equally open to criticism. A few errors also mar the book. Thomas Jefferson was not a member of the convention that framed the Constitution, North Carolina's white-supremacy amendment was not adopted without a referendum, Edwin A. Alderman's name is not Edwin H. Alderman, J. Thomas Heflin's name is not Thomas D. Heflin, nor did the late Chief Justice Edward D. White ever abbreviate his middle name with an S.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER



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HARPER & BROTHERS

New York

Books in Brief

The Portrait of a Man as Governor. By Thomas H. Dickinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The best part of this book is the remarkable introduction by George Foster Peabody, who has the courage to point out that we in America are in danger of being ruled by Fear as a natural consequence of our idolatrous worship of the great god Prosperity. Dr. Dickinson's analysis of Governor Smith seems to us too subtle and too deep. We doubt that the Governor has anything like the subtlety or the depth which he attributes to him. As an attempt to interpret the American political mind of the moment in terms of Al Smith it is none the less interesting. But the question remains whether the Governor himself is not in some degree accidental. And it seems to us that Dr. Dickinson is not always clear in his terms. For instance, what he praises as tolerance would seem to many just that compromising which is the ruination of most public men.

Andrew Jackson: an Epic in Homespun. By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

If contemporary biographies were to be rated according to the grading systems used in most colleges, this one might fairly receive a mark ranging between B and C. On every count—variety of style, selection of material, effectiveness of presentation, and so on—it ranges from fair to good. If it is never really excellent, it at least never descends to the depths of dreadful puerility or dull prurience (there is little to choose between them) in which many "biographers" now wallow. The further fact that it doesn't "read like a novel" might even persuade some critics to give it a straight B.

The Evolution of Scientific Thought. By A. D'Abro. Boni and Liveright. \$5.

This is a thorough, semi-popular exposition of the development and character of modern physics. All of the fundamental ideas employed today are given their historical setting; the reasons for their acceptance, their relationship to those they have displaced, as well as the consequences they entail, are carefully examined, clearly expounded, and intelligently discussed. There is no index—a serious omission in a book of this kind.

Cambric Tea. By Rebecca Lowrie. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

This story of various childhood states of consciousness is written in a pleasant, competent, not unfamiliar style. It sustains throughout a tone of idyllic reminiscence, confirming the literary tradition that children move about in a mellow Indian summer atmosphere. Mrs. Lowrie has recollected a great many childish beliefs and emotions whose truth this forgetful reviewer recognizes. Her book will prove extremely valuable to the slightly dishonest novelist who essays to write about a period he doesn't quite remember, and equally valuable to the parent trying to imagine what her wholly incomprehensible child is thinking.

Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne. By F. J. Hudleston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

About a year ago Mr. Hudleston produced a book that boldly undressed a number of doughty warriors, and in this latest volume the stripping process is even more thoroughly employed. One turns the last page feeling that Burgoyne hasn't a rag left; but he nevertheless emerges fully clad in charm. "Gentleman Johnny's" endless gaucheries, his pompous struttings, his preposterous prose, and his veritable genius for being pig-headed are so blended that a very real personage is revealed in a book that is an odd mixture of vast research and painfully puerile humor.

The May BOOKMAN

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Is your name on the D. A. R. blacklist?

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If so—

THE NATION invites you to a Blacklist Party, to be held on May 9 at the Level Club, 253 West 73rd Street, at 8:30 P. M. Admission \$1. Refreshments served à la carte.

Well-known and dangerous characters will contribute to the evening's entertainment—Heywood Broun, Dorothy Parker, Clarence Darrow, MacAlister Coleman, Art Young, and many more.

Do come—if you can prove your eligibility. Tell us your name and address and the list on which you appear or the proscribed organization to which you belong; enclose \$1, and we will send you a card of admission.

Yours, to Make the World Safe for Humor,

THE NATION

Nine Essays. By Arthur Platt. Cambridge, England: At the University Press. 8s. 6d.

From 1894 until his death in 1924 Arthur Platt was professor of Greek in the University of London. He published editions of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, translated Aristotle's "De Generatione Animalium," was a close student of syntax and of prosody, was an adept at the business of emending texts, read widely in many literatures, cultivated the friendship of leopards, gnus, and giraffes in the London-Zoo, and died almost unknown. The casual essays printed in this volume as a memorial to him do not do him justice, but the portrait, the bibliography, and the brief, vivid memoir by A. E. Housman give the reader an image of the man.

A Comprehensive Guide to Good English. By George Philip Krapp. Rand, McNally and Company.

As a first aid to perplexed writers and speakers, at least in America, this is the best guide that has ever been compiled. It is constructed on sound principles, is remarkably full, makes few concessions to the traditional superstitions of the self-made "authorities" on English, throws no verbal handsprings, does not elevate the author's own preferences to the dignity of linguistic law, is short and plain in statement, and is alphabetically arranged. A few blunders, such as the explanation of "to sleep the sleep of the just" as meaning "to die" and a curious misinterpretation of a passage from Sir Thomas Browne, in no way injure the general accuracy and usefulness of the book.

Art

Andrée Ruellan

IN the caverns at Altamira wise children of the cavemen painted boars and wild oxen in drawings that said nothing but "Oh, see the animal—he looks like this to me." This is perhaps the ultimate attitude of the artist, plastic or otherwise, and the reason for his perennial conflict with the politician, who is occupied in telling us not what the world is but what it ought to be.

Andrée Ruellan, whose show at the Weyhe Gallery opened April 16, and who is probably the best and certainly the most promising of the group of younger American painters who have made their homes in Paris, follows in the tradition of this scrupulously objective viewpoint. After so much art that is either soft and sentimental, or hard and mechanical, it is a comfort to see Miss Ruellan's work, that is at once alive and as precise and accurate as the slice of a surgeon's knife. Delicacy and precision are the two chief qualities of this young artist—if it is true, as someone has alleged, that El Greco painted as he did because he was astigmatic, Miss Ruellan's eyes should register almost twenty-twentieths on an optometrist's scale. But having said so much, it is difficult to say anything further—painting of this sort that is most remote from literature can be expressed in its own media, but not very well in words.

Having seen some of these canvases separately on the walls of other galleries, I was not fully prepared for the impression of individuality they would make in this, the painter's first important American show. Here within their frames one is admitted into a world, clear, graceful, amazingly charming—tangible—accurate and sensitively balanced as the world of an animal, rather than that of a gifted child. For Miss Ruellan's style, like that of Pamela Bianco, although it has undoubtedly not reached its final stage of development, has no immaturity about it; one is dealing here with the first work of a fully arrived and unusual talent.

This is especially true of the drawings, which display skill, finish, and fineness of plastic feeling that would be

By the Author of FREEDOM OF SPEECH

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, Jr.

THE INQUIRING MIND

This book is intended to collect in accessible form the author's articles on liberty of thought and other constitutional questions, most of which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his "Freedom of Speech." Readers who liked that book will find this useful in bringing down to date several of the issues there discussed.

After two essays on the open mind in education follow discussions of all the decisions of the United States Supreme Court on civil liberties since 1920, and also of the Rand School injunction in New York, the I. W. W. injunction in California, and the Bimba blasphemy prosecution in Massachusetts. Another paper deals with the various laws and ordinances affecting freedom of speech and assemblage in Boston. The author examines aspects of several industrial controversies, such as the Steel Strike of 1919, company towns in the soft coal fields, and the injunctions against the Coal Strike of 1919 and the Railway Shop Strike of 1922. The concluding article is on the Economic Interpretation of Judges. \$2.50

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difficult anywhere to surpass. Before this exhibition I was under the impression that Miss Ruellan was a better draftsman than painter—some of the earlier canvases, seen separately, seemed a little too generally “modern French,” with a dash of the clean flatness of treatment of plane surfaces taken from Picasso. But there is a definite development to be noted here in flexibility and expressiveness—some of the later canvases, as number 10, Landscape, and number 11, Quartier du Vallonet, Cagnes, even begin to show traces of temperament, which the others can scarcely be said to have. From the painter's rather astonishing gift of accurate rendition, combined with her artistic honesty and power, one would expect that she might be one of those destined to reclaim the classic art of the portrait, so flourishing in all the great ages of painting, but lately sunk to a profession instead of an art.

If one feels obliged to play the carping critic and look for faults or defects in these pictures, it is difficult to find them, though it is true that limitations appear. For a reason which I do not myself quite understand, these paintings and drawings seem at times almost painfully strained through the sieve of a certain point of view. It is not merely that something is absent from these pictures—something has been deliberately repressed. I have heard painters—who after all are inarticulate creatures—express what I think is the same reaction by saying that these pictures were far too clever. But it is impossible for a painting to be too clever—too good, too skilful—unless that skilfulness is used to cover some other lack. It is almost as though Miss Ruellan had stretched a skin of beauty and grace so tightly over her work as to smother the life within.

Miss Ruellan has looked at her tempered world and found it pretty, found it lovely, cherishable, full of grace and charm. One wonders whether her technique would prove capable of handling the real world, with a material not quite so rigidly selected for its sweetness and picturesqueness. One wishes sometimes that it were possible to explode a stick of dynamite in the midst of one of these neat and well-ordered landscapes. If this young artist sets herself the task of finding beauty in a world that includes signboards, parked automobiles, and factory chimneys, as well as warts and double chins, she will, unless she evades the issue by dealing with such things purely for their picturesque qualities, confront herself with a problem that will make or break her style.

ROBERT WOLF

Drama

THE players at the Cherry Lane Playhouse deserve praise for their intelligent handling of Andreev's “The Waltz of the Dogs.” With keen appreciation and fine support Harold Johnsrud ably interprets the tragic and distracting humor of a successful young Russian bank executive who, after disappointment in love, is driven to final suicide. This play, of course, is not likely to get any nearer to Broadway than its present location; but by that same token it is a fair answer to those Broadway theater followers who sometimes ask disparagingly: “What is the use of a Greenwich Village theater?”

W. P. M.

In “Box Seats” (Little Theater) the efforts of Hazel Lawrence, a fallen woman, to secure for her daughter a box-seat position in life make the shopworn theme of a shabbily constructed drama. Not a sin in the category of the playwright is left out, not a moral goes wrong, and not an actor misses his own pet melodramatic opportunity.

R. L.

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May 8 For further information address Clark McAdams, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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For further information address Edward J. Lee, 822 Lumber Exchange.

Monday DULUTH, MINN., at dinner at the Elks' Club at 6:30.

For further information address A. J. Zoerb, Providence Building.

Tuesday MILWAUKEE, WIS., at dinner at the Hotel Pfister at 7 o'clock.

For further information address Mrs. Hilda S. Polacheck, 1087 Frederick Avenue.

Wednesday CHICAGO, ILL., at dinner in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. For reservations address Miss Esther Szold, Cliff Tea Room, 120 South Clark Street. Program to be announced later.

Tuesday PITTSBURGH, PA., at the Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association at 8:30. Frank C. Harper, chairman. Open to the public. Admission free.

Wednesday CLEVELAND, OHIO, at dinner at the Hollenden Hotel at 6:30.

For further information address Peter Witt, Leader Building.

Saturday ALBANY, N. Y., at dinner at Channing Hall at 6:30.

For further information address Harold P. Winchester, J. B. Lyon Co.

International Relations Section

Irredentism in Hungary

By MARY NOEL ARROWSMITH

“**H**UNGARIANS Bear Patiently Dismemberment of Former Kingdom.” So runs a surprising headline over an American newspaper article written by a visitor to Budapest. A Hungarian friend to whom the article had been sent remarked to me indignantly: “We *don’t* bear it patiently, and we don’t want people to think we are going to!” Indeed, among all the sore spots in Europe today, nowhere is there less resignation to suffering than in the ancient kingdom of the Magyars.

It is charged by opponents of the present regime that the basis of irredentist propaganda in Hungary is the determination of the great landowners to get back their immense latifundia, expropriated by the Succession States, and so to perpetuate on a large scale the semi-feudal system which still exists. It is hard to escape this conclusion. Nevertheless, irredentism colors every important domestic and foreign issue and forms a powerful weapon in the arsenal of the present government. By playing upon the emotion which reference to Hungary’s lost territories never fails to arouse, by keeping the attention of the people focused upon the dangers, real or imaginary, which threaten the country on every side, the Horthy-Bethlen Government has achieved at least apparent solidarity and, by these and other means, dictatorial power. The Premier has recently tried to curb the more extravagant expressions of the irredentist spirit, realizing the harm done thereby to the country’s interests abroad, but it is rather late in the day to begin.

The campaign of irredentist propaganda is carried on with great cleverness and tireless ingenuity by the government and by agencies which are in many cases governmentally subsidized. The deepest patriotic and religious feelings of the people are appealed to, and the appeal is embodied in the solemn words of the Hungarian national creed:

I believe in one God,
I believe in one Fatherland,
I believe in one eternal justice,
I believe in the resurrection of Hungary from the dead.
Amen!

The bitter cry of “Nem, Nem, Soha!” (No, No, Never!), while it is still in evidence on door-plates, maps, posters, and post cards, has largely given way to this other, soberer appeal to the faith of the people that sometime, somehow, Hungary will be restored to her former glory. As the author of the poem of which the creed is a part writes, “Faith is Strength! He who believes, conquers.” This is the foundation-stone of Hungarian irredentism, an exceedingly strong one tactically speaking, for how could even Hungary’s enemies object to such a profession of faith? Nothing is said about recovering her lost territories—her “resurrection from the dead” may mean only the rising of the country from the slough of despond into which it has sunk and the quickening and rejuvenating of the life of the nation. But no one can be in Hungary for long without knowing that no “resurrection” is contemplated which does not restore the unredeemed territories.

The generation of adults who went through the war

and have felt the consequences of the peace are not likely to forget. Thousands of Hungarians formerly living in Slovakia or Transylvania are now living within the borders of mutilated Hungary. Thousands of others have friends and relatives still in the “occupied territories,” many Hungarians still insist upon calling their severed provinces. They do not need a campaign of propaganda to make them cling to the idea of restoration. But what of the children? They must not be allowed to grow up without a sense of their lost heritage into a passive acceptance of the country’s fate. In every country the public school is the accepted medium for propaganda of whatever sort the government sees fit to carry on, and Hungary has nothing to learn in this respect. Courses in history, geography, and civics denounce the Treaty of the Trianon and emphasize the fact that the lost territories still belong, morally and historically, to Hungary. The following quotation from a civics textbook illustrates the prevailing spirit:

Just as truly as it is our duty to preserve unimpaired the territory left to us by our forefathers since our national honor demands it, so it is also certain that while there is on this earth one Hungarian arm to be raised [in the defense of the country] no nation can steal from us a single grain of dust. Even if our national minorities are generously allowed to keep their national characteristics, everything within the inherited boundaries of Hungary, air, meadow, hill, forest, valley, lake, river, stream, light and fragrance, feeling and thought, must be until the end of time only Magyar!

Geography is taught as it was before the war, the distinction being drawn between the present “political” boundaries and the “actual” boundaries. Maps are imprinted with the national creed, the “Nem, Nem, Soha!” or a couplet also used widely as an irredentist slogan: “Mutilated Hungary is no Kingdom. Whole Hungary is the Kingdom of Heaven.” The Trianon boundary is usually traced so faintly that the map looks as it did before its dismemberment. Readers are full of irredentist verse, of which the following is a sample:

LET US PRAY

Children, rest for a moment,
Fold your hands together
And remember in prayer
The North, the South, and the East.

In the sad Hungarian lands now lost to us,
Who knows how many children are even now
Praying, too—but in secret,
While tears steal from their eyes.

Their prayers rise to high heaven,
While tears stream from their eyes:
“Dear God, our lost country—
When shall it again be free?”

By decree of the Ministry of Religion and Public Instruction the national creed is recited twice a day, at the beginning and end of the school session in every school, the children standing with bowed heads and folded hands. At school festivals the whole poem is repeated.

Outside the classroom the younger generation is reached through the various young people’s organizations, chief of which are the Junior Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and the

Levente, the latter a physical-culture society to which all boys between fourteen and twenty-one who are not in school are compelled to belong. In visiting a school on one of the great Hungarian estates I saw a pile of wooden rifles, which the superintendent of the estate explained were for the "Leventek" (heroes). Picking one up and aiming it he said laughingly: "We must do this until we get back what belongs to us." The activities of the Red Cross Juniors and the Scouts are of course similar to those of other countries, but even here irredentism creeps in. In an issue of the Junior Red Cross magazine, the children are urged to take part in the international correspondence with Juniors of other lands, so that "when next statesmen are gathered around the green table" happy memories of childhood associations will influence them in favor of "poor orphan Hungary."

National holidays and other special occasions provide opportunities for irredentist propaganda which are never disregarded. In 1926 the three-hundredth anniversary of the defeat of Hungary by the Turks in the Battle of Mohacs furnished an effective parallel to her present situation: just as Hungary rose from the ruins of a defeat which dismembered the nation and brought it under foreign rule, even so will she rise from her defeat and dismemberment in the World War. Last June was the seventh anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of the Trianon. For weeks beforehand Budapest was placarded with the following legend:

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?

On June 4 it will be Seven Years!

Remember, and make everyone else remember, what happened on that day, and

WEAR THIS BADGE AS A SIGN OF PROTEST!

The badge was a cross with "Trianon" on the arms and a flaming torch rising from the center.

Perhaps the most striking expression of irredentist feeling which I found in a year's stay in the country was a ceremony held in connection with the Resurrection Service on the Saturday preceding Easter. After the service a procession of patriotic societies and representatives of the Hungarian high nobility in their gorgeous national costumes left the great Basilica of St. Stephen headed by the bishop carrying aloft the Host and followed by a figure of the Risen Christ. In perfect silence the procession wound its way through the streets to the Square of Freedom behind Parliament, where the four irredentist statues have been set up, each representing one of the lost parts of Hungary. Before each statue the bishop raised the Host, while the magnates following after dipped the colors that each carried and a military band played the solemn national anthem. Who among the crowds could fail to believe that the recovery of the lost provinces was a religious as well as a patriotic duty?

"LET US PRAY."



Decoration for Verses on Preceding Page

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Heresy in Japan

By EDWARD W. HUNTER

Tokio, Japan, March 8

THE subjects of Japan, nationally referred to as the "dear children of the Emperor," are coming of age. They are chafing under the rigors of parental rule, and, like all restless young men and women, assume they already have reached full maturity. But on the occasion of the recent election held under the general manhood-suffrage law on February 20, the Japanese people were given a severe heart-to-heart parental talking-to. The aftermath of this reproof eclipsed the election itself in importance, and gives promise of becoming one of the turning-points in the lives of this populace of more than 80,000,000.

The Cabinet of Japan is organized by the Emperor in accordance with the provisions of the imperial constitution. It does not follow, therefore, as in foreign countries, that the party which secures the largest number of seats in the Diet is necessarily given the power.

This was the strict admonition given to the people on the night before the election by the man in whose keeping are the morals and upbringing of the masses, Dr. Kisaburo Suzuki, the Home Minister. The reaction was startling. The public was dazed, and cast its votes on election day with all previous political and social controversies forgotten. The Home Minister laid down his doctrine without reservations. His statement continued:

Since its founding the Seiyukai has always advocated the principle of regarding the Emperor as the head of the nation, whereas the Minseito declares: "Politics with the Imperial Diet as the center should be our practice." This is a dangerous idea which runs counter to the spirit of the constitution. The governing of Japan is done by the Emperor. Nobody should question this fact.

The Minseito's idea is borrowed from England and America, where democracy prevails, but it is not compatible with the national character of the Japanese empire. The people of Japan must be calm in their approach to the problem and must help realize the smooth working of the imperial constitution. They must be loyal to the Emperor.

The first reaction of the press and the nation was entirely against the statement. "Dr. Suzuki should be ridiculed as having no idea of parliamentary principles," declared the powerful *Tokio Asahi*. "It is lamentable that on this felicitous occasion the Home Minister issued an amazing statement that parliamentary government is Anglo-Saxonism and is contradictory to our fundamental principles. . . . We are afraid that Dr. Suzuki is not equal to the great duty of parliamentary government and he should not be allowed to remain Home Minister," stated the august *Osaka Mainichi*. "We condemn the unusual statement of Dr. Suzuki as imprudent . . . the influence upon the public mind will be serious," said the liberal *Jiji*.

The party in power, of which Dr. Suzuki is a member, was momentarily shaken. Public opinion was about to be felt. Then it was that the second reaction set in, caused not by the statement of Dr. Suzuki, but by the sudden realization of the masses that a political dispute had been started in which the name of the Emperor was involved. Just what this means in Japan cannot be fully realized by an Anglo-Saxon. Public feeling began to turn toward Dr. Suzuki.



THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA—SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers, and business men has seen revolutionary Russia. Still fewer Russians have visited America. A Russian or American in the other's country has the status of a visitor from Mars.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, toured Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. The same organizations are again sending a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

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AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH NAN BRITTON AND "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER" appearing exclusively in the

HALDEMAN-JULIUS MONTHLY "The Debunking Magazine"

The candid story of Nan Britton's affair with President Harding will appear in the May, June and July issues of the Haldeman-Julius Monthly. It will consist of four articles, including one written by Nan Britton herself. In the May issue two able critics, Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, discuss Nan Britton's claims set forth in her book, "The President's Daughter." The discussion is followed in the June issue with an article by Fred Blair, special Haldeman-Julius correspondent, who interviews Nan Britton and her eight-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, the "illegitimate" child of President Harding. It is an exclusive authorized interview that wideawake people will want to read. In the July issue Nan Britton herself contributes an article, "Why I Wrote 'The President's Daughter'."

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1928

Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case, by W. P. Norwin.
How I Went to the Devil, by Clay Fulka.
The Case for Science, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Truth About the Tobacco Habit, by T. Swann Harding.
Are Americans Afraid of Sex? by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Address of a Southern Candidate for Governor, by Sanford Jarrell.
I'm a School Teacher, But Don't Tell Anybody, by Wm. Cunningham.
Small-Town Gossips and Their Ways, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Moulders of Modern American Thought, by T. Swann Harding.
How to Grab Publicity, by Sanford Jarrell.
When the K.K.K. Invaded the High Schools of Kansas, by L. N. Hatfield.
Glenn Frank and Free Speech, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Are You a Liberal? by George Savilla.
Grandees of Puzzledom, by Fred Blair.
And other articles.

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Must We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex? by Isaac Goldberg.
Putting Punch in Your Personality, by Ballard Brown.
John Roach Straton, Witch Doctor of Gotham, by E. W. Hutter.
Dean Inge—an Honest Churchman, by Louis Adamic.
War—What For? by Clay Fulka.
Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising, by a Newspaper Publicity Director.
A Dinner With Billy Sunday, by William Bedford.
A Tabloid Crusades Vice in Philadelphia, by Louis P. Monte.
The Art of Being Lazy, by Sanford Jarrell.
"You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada, by Ruben Levin.
No Tears for Babbitt, by David Warren Ryder.
The Wonderful West, by Pearl Swan Powell.
I Debate With John Roach Straton, by Maynard Shipley.
And many other candid articles.

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(Single copies cost 25c. each)

Advertisements appeared in the Japanese papers, half-page and full-page display ads, pointing out that the incursion of foreign ideas was a danger, that the constitution of Japan really did support Dr. Suzuki, that his warning was timely.

Then, a fortnight after the general elections, court action was started. Leading members of the chief opposition party as well as labor members were accused of lese majeste! The reactionary political party which is all-powerful, the Kan-Kokukai, pressed the case. Bin Akao and Tatsuo Tsukui, both directors of the Kan-Kokukai, lodged the first charges in their names in the Local Court of Tokio, accusing Ikuo Oyama, chief of the right wing of the Farmer-Labor party, and Hisashio Asoo, chief of the left wing of the same group, and promising prompt action against others. In the latter case the charges are based upon the following statement, which in the West would seem mild enough:

We are resolved to fight the reactionary tendency shown by the Home Minister in his remarkable statement on party government, as our immediate purpose is to help establish government based on the will of the populace.

The objectionable quotation in the statements of the Farmer-Labor right wing follows:

The upholders of the existing system, taking advantage of an autocratic constitution, are determined to obstruct the development of proletarian parties. We are thereby resolved to fight for parliamentary government in pursuance of our platform, whose main plank calls for increased political freedom for the peasants and farmers.

The advertisement placed in all the principal newspapers by the Kan-Kokukai follows in translation:

In its party platform the chief opposition party [Minseito] advocates the policy of regarding the Imperial Diet as the center of politics to the utter neglect of the Emperor, who is the head of the nation. This is an impertinence which should not be pardoned.

The statement of the Home Minister seriously affected the honor of the opposition, but the latter party adopted a counter measure by characterizing the Home Minister's utterances as a repudiation of the Imperial Diet. We are neither supporters nor enemies of the Government Party [the Seiyukai], but since the matter concerns the honor and prestige of the country we take this opportunity of clearing the controversy.

We refuse to see the power of legislation and government placed in the Imperial Diet. The rights of sovereignty are held by the Emperor, and the Emperor is sacred and inviolable. This is provided in the imperial constitution of Japan, which should not be challenged.

The opposition [Minseito] offers an excuse for its impertinence and says that, although not specially stated, the phrase "under the reign of the Emperor" is implied in its party platform. But we do not accept this, as it limits the sovereignty of the Emperor. . . .

We desire that the people of Japan will judge which side is fair and just. The foundation of the Japanese empire will be shaken unless the sentiment of the people is consolidated in the right direction.

This controversy is discussed by the major portion of the public *sotto voce*. In a nation in which the term "dangerous thoughts" is taken seriously, acted upon strenuously, and quoted by the general public, a dispute over such a delicate matter as the powers of the Emperor, who is "sacred and inviolable," would have been unheard of only a few years ago. More "dangerous thoughts" have been released in this discussion than the police have suppressed in their ruthless campaigns of the last year.

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AL SMITH WILL BE THE DEMOCRATIC candidate for President—after the California primary vote there can be no further doubt on that point. The only remaining question is whether the Houston Convention will go off whooping for Al on the first ballot or will give the delegates from Dry and anti-Catholic sections an opportunity to cast at least one ballot against the Governor of New York State. But Smith's impressive victory in Dry California—where he polled a total vote larger by far than that for Reed and Walsh combined—indicates that his personality carries conviction even where his religion and his platform do not. Hefin's talk of a third party to fight him is sheer bluff; when the votes roll in, the Solid South, Dry and anti-Catholic though it may have been, will be safe in the Democratic column. The religious issue, pressed openly, would be a boomerang in the North, and no Republican candidate has yet shown any inclination to be definitely Wet or Dry. Al Smith himself is hedging. His record is Wet enough, but he has not peeped in support of it since the candidate season opened, and his advocates in the South are preaching the doctrine that anyone, Wet or Dry, will enforce prohibition as well as the present Administration. That is probably true. But we still hope that when he learns who his opponent is, Al Smith will abandon his present pussyfooting and let the country know where he stands on a whole series of issues on which he is now mum.

HOOVER'S VICTORIES in the Ohio and California primaries will, if followed in Indiana, give him an almost equal lead in the Republican Party. He had no rival on the California ballot, but the fact that in such circumstances more than half a million Republicans took the trouble to vote for him—more than twice as many as voted for Al Smith and Senators Reed and Walsh combined—is indication that he has more strength with the voters than had been supposed. The fact that his opponents are disunited is in his favor too. They had planned a deadlocked convention, and a last-minute stampede for Coolidge, or, failing the President, for Dawes or some dark horse like Dwight Morrow, but the Hoover votes have been rolling up at an impressive rate while Dawes has smoked his pipe and the President has continued to play the sphinx. Just what Calvin Coolidge has had in mind when issuing his equivocal statements no man certainly knows—probably not even Calvin—but, with his stand on flood and farm relief, they have checked any possible enthusiasm for a third term.

FOR THE THIRD TIME the House of Representatives has passed the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, this time by a vote of 204 to 121. It again contains the equalization fee which has been denounced by so many politicians and economists as an extremely dangerous feature, entirely unsound economically. The retention by the House of the fee is another direct slap at President Coolidge, for he has repeatedly stated that he would veto the bill if it again contained this provision. Obviously, the House would not have voted this bill in this form if it had not been impressed by the need, both political and economic, for putting it through. The Senate having likewise voted it, the bill, after conference, will go to the President and there is no denying that it puts him and his party in a hole. If he vetoes it, and the bill is not repassed over his veto, his party must go into the Presidential campaign facing the fresh anger of the farmers who have been waiting these six years for relief. That the fate of the bill will have a bearing upon Mr. Hoover's fortunes is also obvious.

TSINANFU IS 245 MILES BY RAIL from the port at Tsingtao, and the foreigners there have no treaty right to govern their own settlement. Why Japan should have insisted upon sending 3,000 soldiers so far inland is a problem. Whether anything would have happened to the Japanese residents there if no troops had been sent to "defend" them is another of those hypothetical questions which may be debated to eternity. It is at least significant that the British and Americans sent no troops, and that the British and Americans who remain are still alive and unharmed. The Japanese, apparently, undertook to throw a defense force about the foreign quarter; the succeeding facts are in violent dispute. The Chinese say the Japanese fired first; the Japanese accuse the Chinese; both sides report atrocities by the other side. At any rate, hell broke loose; at least twenty, and perhaps more than a hundred, Japanese were killed; and probably several times that number of Chinese. General Chiang Kai-shek, hitherto regarded as rather pro-

Japanese, reported to his government that "the Japanese challenged us with no reason whatsoever. Their malice is beyond description. I cannot bow to such bullying." Japanese reports suggest a deliberate murder plot. In the background are the facts that the Chinese owe the Japanese two years' back interest on the Shantung Railway, parts of which have been torn up to delay the arrival of the Japanese relief columns; that the Japanese have twice before intervened in the Chinese civil war to stem the advance of the Southern armies; and that the Tsinanfu trouble broke out almost on the eve of National Humiliation Day, when China, annually recalls the outrageous "Twenty-one Demands" made by Japan in 1915.

THE MARCH ON ALBA JULIA may prove to have as deep an effect on the life of Rumania and the other Balkan states as the march on Rome has had on the life of Italy and her neighbors. Quite apart from the dubious machinations of Prince Carol, these peasant manifestations offer hope of a change from the blundering autocracy which now holds Rumania in bonds of corrupt medievalism. On May 6 200,000 peasants answered the call of their leader, Dr. Maniu, to a "conference" in Alba Julia. From every corner of the Old and New Rumania they arrived, many of them traveling on foot from mountain farms 200 miles away. Husbands, wives, children, pigs, chickens, and the family bedding—they all swarmed through the streets, packed themselves in dense mass meetings in the main square, and joined their voices in a single demand: that the Regency dismiss the Bratianu Government and put the National Peasant Party in power. Standing in solid ranks they raised their hands and repeated in chorus:

We swear to the great and good God to fight a righteous fight against the Government, which is a plague to the country and which was nominated by a decree wrung from King Ferdinand on his death-bed. We swear that a new Rumania shall be created which shall stand for freedom and justice to all of Rumania's sons.

Dr. Maniu left the assembly to present the resolutions of the Peasant Party to the Regency; they were promptly and curtly rejected. Some 5,000 peasants are now on the march from Alba Julia to Bucharest to demonstrate their earnest intentions to the Government. We publish in the International Relations Section this week an article from Bucharest presenting the background for these events.

SENATOR COUZENS'S SMASHING VICTORY before the Board of Tax Appeals ought to assist in wiping out the legend of the infallibility of Andrew Mellon. It was when Senator Couzens was attacking the Mellon policy of reducing the surtaxes on high incomes and conducting an investigation into the Secretary's conduct of his department that the Treasury suddenly announced discovery of an error in the Senator's tax return for 1919, and assessed him an additional \$10,000,000. This was clearly an act of spite, the lowest kind of degradation of official authority. Senator Couzens's reckoning of the 1913 base value of the Ford Motors Company stock which he sold in 1919, and accordingly his calculation of the taxable profit, had been made by Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue under President Wilson; and it is certain that the case would never have been reopened had it not been for resentment at Couzens's criticism of the department. The Board

of Tax Appeals, after a lengthy review of the case, finally decided that the 1913 figure set in Senator Couzens's return was not too high, but too low, and that instead of owing the Government \$10,000,000 he has a right to collect \$500,000 overpayment from the Government! One fascinating sidelight of the affair is the revelation that between 1905 and 1908 Senator Couzens paid \$45,000 for the shares of Ford stock which he sold in 1919 for \$29,308,857.90!

NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY tend to judge a strike in terms of its bloody heads and its injunctions. The New Bedford cotton-mill strike has not reached the front pages of many newspapers because, thus far, no strikers have been clubbed, no strike-breakers killed, no representatives of the Civil Liberties Union called in. The dearth of sensational news from New Bedford should not deceive anyone. This is a desperate struggle of 27,000 underpaid workers against one of the most powerful combinations of capital in the industry. *The Nation* summarized in an editorial paragraph last week the prodigious profits of the mill owners in recent years. If the New Bedford strike is lost, textile unionism in the North will suffer an irreparable blow. Fortunately, the old local union, the American Federation of Textile Operatives, has voted to affiliate with the United Textile Workers, thus bringing the support of the American Federation of Labor to the strikers; the community is supporting them with remarkable unanimity, and the mills are closed. Hunger is the one thing that can defeat them—and workers who receive \$19 a week during their most prosperous weeks soon reach the starvation-line when wages are cut off. Funds contributed now to the New Bedford Textile Council Strike Relief Fund, Box 57, New Bedford, Massachusetts, will go, in the form of groceries, to the neediest strikers' families.

THE SHIPPING BILL as passed by the House and sent to a conference committee of that body and the Senate is a hodge-podge difficult to defend on any principle except that of getting money out of the government to assist a special interest. In order to help American shipyards a construction fund of \$250,000,000 is authorized from which loans may be granted for the building of ships in this country up to three-quarters of their cost. The interest will be 5¼ per cent for vessels in the coasting trade and for ships going abroad the lowest rate which the government pays—about 3 per cent. Shipowners will be assisted by payments of from \$1.50 to \$12 per mile for carrying foreign mail. All this is subsidy under other names, but the worst feature of the bill is the provision that would enable shipping companies to profit by turning their vessels and personnel into a naval reserve. If any aid is to be given toward promoting an American merchant marine, it should be toward that end alone and not confused with national defense. The proposed naval reserve is capable of becoming quite as dangerous as the system of training army officers in our colleges.

"THERE IS NO CONDITION IN NICARAGUA," said Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State of the United States, in an affidavit filed in New York on May 1, 1928, "which can properly be described as 'marine rule.' . . . The operations of the marines are confined to a comparatively limited section of Nicaragua." Mr. Kellogg's statement was

part of the government's case in opposing the efforts of the All-America Anti-Imperialist League to restrain the postal authorities from refusing to accept mail bearing stickers with the inscription "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua." But on May 6 the Associated Press reported from Managua the distribution of the 3,900 United States marines now in Nicaragua, as follows:

Detachments of marines are now stationed at forty-eight posts throughout the country, the number of men at each varying from six to 600. The latter force is in Managua, the capital, which is the headquarters of the Second Brigade, composed of the Fifth and Eleventh Regiments. More than one-half of the troops are in the northern tier, known as the "disturbed area," composed of the departments of Nueva Segovia, Jinotega, Matagalpa, and Esteli.

At Leon, an important town on the railroad between Corinto, the port of entry for the west coast, and Managua, a force of 500 marines is quartered. . . . At Ocotal, the northern base . . . the force numbers some 250 men.

Several airplanes also are now basing at Ocotal and are able to patrol practically all of northern Nueva Segovia. At the aviation field near Managua about 150 men and fifteen planes are quartered and preparations are being made to extend the field.

RAPIDLY THE SURVIVORS of the Civil War are passing from the scene, no fewer than 1,283 pensioned veterans, so the Pension Bureau reports, having died in March. Of the 79,300 still on the pension rolls, every one is more than eighty years old. There are still two women on the list who are mothers of sons lost in this war which ended sixty-three years ago. One, whose son died of typhoid fever in February, 1864, is now ninety-six years old. The other, a colored woman, is at least a hundred years; the exact date of her birth is unknown. Curiously enough both of these pensioners have the same first name—Samantha. The Pension Bureau has been speculating ■■ to how long it will have to pay survivors of the Civil War and has decided that, on the basis of its experience with the pensioners of other wars, the last survivor of the struggle between the States will not disappear from the rolls for twenty-five years more. The last pensioner of the Revolutionary War lived to be one hundred and nine and one-half years old, and the last veteran of the War of 1812 lived to be one hundred and five. There are still five living men who fought in the war with Mexico. Of the Civil War veterans there were in 1898 745,822 being paid by the Government for services rendered thirty-three years previously. That was the high-water mark for that war. Somehow nothing conduces to longevity like a pension.

THE SKY IS BRIGHTER over Broadway. District Attorney Banton, who used to look at plays the morals of which had been called in question and who used—if he agreed with the questioners—to "warn" the producers, has announced that henceforth he will simply let the new Wales law take its course; that "the District Attorney, as an official, is not concerned with matters of good taste"; and that "whether a given play 'would tend to the corruption of the morals of youth or others' is frequently a matter of opinion." Of course it is, and we are delighted that Mr. Banton says so from his office. There is still the law; but we shall not bother about that for the moment. The plays which called forth Mr. Banton's statement were no other

than Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" and Ben Jonson's "Volpone," and no other person than Lee Shubert had asked Mr. Banton to investigate them. Why Mr. Shubert, whose own production of "Maya" was recently locked up, and who, according to Alexander Woolcott in the *New York World*, once tried to book "Strange Interlude" and "Volpone" for his chain of theaters throughout the country—failing to secure them only because their producers, the Theater Guild, proposed to take them out on the road themselves—why Mr. Shubert should be worried about the two plays is strange. The Guild was prepared to fight for "Strange Interlude" and "Volpone," and we congratulate it on the battle it won without having to go to war.

Heywood Broun

IN a box at the top of the column where his article usually appears, the *New York World*, on the morning of May 5, carried in bold-face type the statement that "The *World* has decided to dispense with the services of Heywood Broun. His disloyalty to this paper makes any further association impossible." Broun's "disloyalty" consists in the article printed in our last issue, beginning "There ought to be a place in New York City for a liberal newspaper," and continuing to explain why he felt that the *World* fell short of that mark. But the *World* did not explain this to its readers; it gave them no inkling of the meaning of that dark word disloyalty. As he states elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, it did not even forewarn Mr. Broun. The bad manners of the *World* are apparent; but the full import of its action is apparent only to those who know how Mr. Broun besought that paper, last autumn, to release him from the contract which bound him to write for no other daily newspaper for three years. He even offered to pay the *World* a bonus if it would release him. It refused. Now, at its own convenience, it boots him into the street and gives him an unexplained and suspicious black eye into the bargain. Broun's own public comment should, we think, be shared with our readers; the *World* has not seen fit to print it. He said:

I believe in companionate contracts, but they should work both ways. When I disagreed with the *World* about the Sacco-Vanzetti case and tried to resign, they spoke to me of the sacredness of agreements. Now the *World*, without notice, has gruffly torn up the scrap of paper on the charge of "disloyalty." To my mind this bears out the contention that the *World's* policy is sometimes vacillating. "Disloyalty," unexplained, might mean to the reader anything from robbing the till to sitting on Ralph Pulitzer's hat.

When I returned to the *World* after ■ witch's Sub-batinal, they told me I should blow off steam in *The Nation*. They told me there was no governor on that steam. Previously the *World* maintained its right to censor what I wrote for them. Now it wants to censor what I write elsewhere. After the tradition of Uncle Tom, I can still say that, while my body may have belonged to the Press Publishing Company, my soul belonged to God.

When Mr. Broun joined the staff of *The Nation* last September, after his disagreement with the *World* regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case, we announced that "Mr. Broun will have complete freedom to express his views whether or not they agree with those expressed on the editorial pages of *The Nation*."

The Million-Dollar Lobby

WE have occasionally shied bricks in the direction of the reorganized Federal Trade Commission, and we feared that its investigation of the power interests' lobby would amount to little. The gentlemen of the lobby evidently agreed with us, for they toiled manfully to keep the investigation out of the hands of a Senate committee and forced the job on the committee. They expected to control it there. But the investigation personnel of the Federal Trade Commission went out and got the facts and the documents. They did a good job. They uncovered important facts. Despite the best efforts of a sleepy and incompetent press they are making news.

Readers of the Hearst newspapers—another organization which we have often dispraised—know what is being uncovered by the investigation. The Hearst newspapers have told them. Readers of few other papers know, for with amazingly few exceptions the other papers have slurred the story. We suggest that if our readers think it news, we do, and have not seen it reported, they ask the editors of their local newspapers why.

The Joint Committee of the National Utilities Association, composed of the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Electric Railway Association, maintains in Washington a gigantic lobby which in each of the past three years has spent in excess of \$1,000,000 to oppose government ownership—"to represent the utilities companies . . . on all matters of pending legislation before Congress," was the polite phrase used by the Joint Committee's general counsel. This million-dollar committee has been the heart and soul of the opposition to federal development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam; and it has ex-Senators, ex-ambassadors, ex-governors, newspapermen, and universities on its pay roll.

The lobby paid \$7,500 to Richard Washburn Child, former United States Ambassador to Italy, to prepare an unsigned "booklet" opposing federal development of Boulder Dam. It paid Ernest Greenwood, former American agent of the League of Nations Labor Office, an "initial fee" of \$5,000 to write a propaganda book, "Aladdin, U. S. A.," published by Harpers. It paid ex-Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin at least two fees of \$10,000 each to lobby for it among his former colleagues. It paid the law firm of Meechem and Vellacott of Albuquerque, New Mexico, \$5,299.66 to "report" the Governors' Conference on Boulder Dam at a time when Merritt Meechem, former Governor of New Mexico, was supposed to be representing the State of New Mexico at that conference. It paid the General Federation of Women's Clubs \$30,000 for an "urban and rural home survey." It paid the Harvard Graduate School, in three years, \$62,000 for "research" which, after study of the views of the responsible professors, it felt safe; and after equally careful study of the professorial field it contributed at least \$62,500 (perhaps \$95,000) to Northwestern University, \$12,249.37 to the University of Michigan, \$3,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$5,000 to Johns Hopkins University, and \$33,000 to Howard University. It has twenty-eight committees working in thirty-eight States, teaching that "government ownership is the masked advance agent of communism."

Samuel Insull—the same Insull who tried to buy a seat in the United States Senate for Frank L. Smith of Illinois—is the largest individual contributor to the million-dollar fund, but one-quarter of all the utility companies in the United States contribute to it.

This national committee is only the capstone of the enormous propaganda structure maintained by the public-utility companies. The Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information, founded by Mr. Insull, was one of the pioneers in the field, and it is admitted to have served a model for the work in more than a score of other States. It was Rob Roy MacGregor of this committee who, when asked how to campaign against a Senator who believed in public ownership, penned the famous memorandum explaining: "My idea would be not to try reason, or logic, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent."

Mr. MacGregor's committee was the pathfinder in work in the public schools. It began with a thorough study of textbooks dealing with public-utility questions. It circularized local companies urging them to set to work on local school boards and through personal friendships to have "bad" books removed. This, it reported, "is a very slow process but has to be gone through with." Then it sought to prevent the publication of more "bad" books. It urged its members to work through "personal friends in publishing houses." It wrote letters to the universities and discovered just which professors were writing on the subject. It offered these budding authors the honeyed bait of "reliable statistics" together with aid in getting their books marketed. "We have located," the industrious committee reported, "practically every textbook and also have found the textbooks in course of preparation, and have been able to be of considerable assistance to the writers of these books in providing them with reliable data." Finally, as a result of persistent effort, B. J. Mullaney, of the Illinois committee, was able to report that it had got to the point where "635 Illinois high schools, more than three-quarters of the total number, use specially prepared utility-industries literature in the classrooms."

In Connecticut a similar committee planted more than 10,000 grossly false public-utilities "catechisms" in seventy-six high schools; and in Pennsylvania 30,000 sets of pamphlets, four to a set, were distributed among county superintendents for use in the schools. Presumably similar practices have been followed in other States, but the witnesses have not yet appeared on the stand.

The energetic Illinois committee not only arranged for its own selected speakers (1,137 speeches in eighteen months) and distributed its tons of literature (5,000,000 pieces of literature before it was two years old); it circulated blacklists similar to those used by the D. A. R. in the hope, apparently, of keeping the public-ownership point of view from any expression whatever. It even prepared pamphlets for its agents on How to Talk to Grade School Pupils.

"Is there any method of publicity not used by your organization?" Judge Healy asked one of the propagandists.

"Only one that I know of," he replied, "and that's sky-writing."

Of course, the newspapers were a rich field for cultivation. Perhaps that explains their lack of interest in the investigation. The Illinois committee mails a weekly news service to 900 newspapers in Illinois. Keeping tab on its utilization has become expensive, but in its first year an average of 5,000 column-inches of material prepared by the utilities committee lobby was printed every month in the Illinois newspapers, and the second year, when the clipping service was discontinued, the rate was running higher still. The New England lobby reported that in 1927 7,203½ column-inches of its material—enough to fill 56½ eight-column pages of solid reading matter—had appeared in the news columns of New England papers, and 1,584 column-inches in the editorial columns!

Mr. Mullaney estimated that the utilities companies spend from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 annually in direct advertising, and all the committees showed themselves insistent that local-utilities advertisers should maintain their contacts with local editors. One of the most disheartening revelations of the investigation was the letter written by the advertising manager of David Lawrence's *United States Daily* suggesting a \$200,000 advertising campaign in that paper, and outlining a program by which the bills could be charged to fifty-two local companies, "so that there could be no possible ground for criticism on the ground that one organization or institution was conducting a general campaign." It is fair to Mr. Lawrence to add that his paper, although somewhat belatedly, has been printing the verbatim testimony before the Federal Trade Commission. Furthermore, it did not get the \$200,000 advertising contract.

It has been charged that whole strings of newspapers were to have been bought in the interest of the public utilities. This charge has not been definitely proved. One of the chief buttresses of this charge is the history of Ira C. Copley, an Illinois public-utilities magnate who in 1926 sold out most of his utilities interests to Samuel Insull and went into the newspaper business. After purchasing one string of newspapers in Illinois he invaded California, buying three papers in San Diego and immediately killing that one of them which had supported government ownership. When the charge was made, Mr. Copley published in his papers the statement that

I have no connection with any public utilities anywhere, and no connection with any companies [other] than the newspaper business anywhere.

One month before making that statement Mr. Copley had resigned as president of the Western United Gas and Electric Company and of the Southern Illinois Gas Company, and at the time of making it he still held preferred stock of the company to a value of \$2,400,000, bonds to a value of \$1,000,000, \$70,600 in preferred stock of its holding company, and 50,000 shares of no-par-value Class A common stock—enough to assure himself of a directorship at any time he wanted it. Mr. Copley's editors, however, insisted that while they agreed with him in opposition to government ownership, he had never given them any instructions on the subject and they had written little about it.

The legislatures and the politicians appear in the picture, too. A letter found in the files of Robert V. Prather, secretary-treasurer of various Illinois public-utilities associations, read:

The legislature is in session here, and it looks like a very stormy session and I could use handily a little "J. Walker" to very good advantage and it occurs to me that

you could do me a very great favor if the first time you are coming West you would call on a friend of mine in New York and bring me half a dozen.

That was in 1921. In 1925 Mr. Prather wrote another letter suggesting that he needed "something to sweeten up the palates of the legislature." He did not explain whether he wanted "J. Walker," or what.

The gentleman who placed the public-utility catechisms in the Connecticut public schools, the commission discovered, is also the publicity agent of the Republican State Committee. J. H. Bigelow, chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee, got \$1,000 from the lobby; John P. Connelly, of Vare's Republican machine in Philadelphia, got \$14,103. Walter H. Johnson, chairman of the Public Policy Committee of the Pennsylvania Electric Association, an avowed lobbyist at the State capital, could not account for \$20,225 which had recently passed through his hands. He thought he might have used some of it to watch "pinch bills"—bills introduced by legislators in order to make the utilities "come across."

"Across with what?" he was asked.

"With cash," he replied; but he insisted that he had "fallen for no pincher yet." He explained, however, that he had kept no accounts, because he did not want it known who got his money.

Schools, press, legislatures—the power and utilities gentlemen have flooded the country with money and lies. The government's investment in Muscle Shoals has been hamstrung and the water still pours idly through Boulder Canyon—tributes to the success of the million-dollar lobby in fighting public development of natural resources.

Honors for the Germans

A SPECTACLE to make men rub their eyes in amazement—this was New York in the days devoted to the reception to the German transatlantic fliers and their Irish companion. On every Fifth Avenue lamp-post the German flag was entwined with the Irish and the American and two out of every three bore a German name—Von Huenefeld or Koehl. The avenue that nine years ago echoed and reechoed to the tramp of the returning soldiers fresh from their triumphs over the Germans witnessed this pageant of two of their former enemies escorted by the highest officials of the city, by regular troops and National Guard regiments, by a couple of dozen airplanes in the ether above, by bands galore, by hundreds of police. No visiting foreigners, not even in war days, ever received greater honors; the gateway of the Western Hemisphere has no more to give. It is pleasant to record that the popular reception to the German fliers corresponded to the cordiality of the officials.

Especially fine was the dinner given by the city at the Hotel Commodore. There Mayor Walker lived up to the city, to his office, to his opportunity. Said he:

I love my New York, love everything about it, and I think I witnessed the finest demonstration of its heart yesterday. I think it told the story of New York. There is no vindictiveness in New York. New York does not carry grudges. It is a world city, made up of the peoples of the world, and New York is grateful to them all.

A little later, he aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the evening when he declared that the city had "taken two Ger-

man citizens into its heart." The entire gathering of some 3,600 people rose to its feet and cheered with the utmost enthusiasm, as it had previously joined heartily in the singing of "Deutschland über Alles," that anthem which a decade ago aroused only ridicule or fury. Nothing could have been in better taste than the way the two Germans have borne themselves ever since their arrival. They have said the right things and done the right things, even to the laying of a wreath upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier and one at the "Eternal Light" to New York's fallen soldiers.

Now all of this is heartily to be welcomed. It was surely worth risking three lives to have brought out so pleasant a demonstration of international good-will, and so grateful a willingness to let bygones be bygones. If the subsequent tour of the fliers is equally successful, they will be as much entitled to honors for this good-will flight as was Colonel Lindbergh. They have helped to bring the two nations together and they have enabled the United States to return in full measure the generous welcome extended to Chamberlin and Levine when they flew to German soil. If one touch of nature still makes the whole world kin, one brave deed of a flier makes the whole world thrill, and do its best, under every flag, to honor the air pioneers who dare and conquer. The sporting spirit responds; more than that, every generous impulse in the human breast responds. This is, as it should be, a hopeful proof of the essential solidarity of mankind. To us it is the more remarkable because this latest exploit was so obviously "overplayed" by the press—especially that part of it which had contracts for the fliers' personal narratives.

Nevertheless, our minds insist upon returning to that mad period ten years ago when the public was ordered to hate and was steadily poisoned by anti-German propaganda sent out by our Government itself; the war, it was said, could not be won unless the American people hated with the utmost bitterness. We recall one of those incredibly base speeches sent out by Washington to the Liberty Loan speakers to be orated as if original at every theater and every assembly. In it the speaker referred to the Germans as "the snakes of humanity," only to add: "I apologize to the snakes; there is nothing in the entire animal world as vile as a German." And then he asked for money and declared that it was to be used simply and solely to kill Germans—as many as possible. He was sorry they could not wipe them all out and their women and children too. All of which merely shows how war degrades and debases, poisons the heart, and strips humanity of morality and decency. Of course, if even a small fraction of those reflections upon the German character were true, Americans should surely not today be welcoming German fliers or any Germans. Humans worse than the reptiles we do not take into our hearts, even after fifty years.

Thus is war always the foulest of prevaricators. If anyone doubts it, let him read the famous editorial in the *New York Times* just after Appomattox and the death of Lincoln. Therein stands, for all time, the "truth" that the Confederates were monsters of iniquity, murderers of wounded and of their prisoners; base killers of women and children; pirates violating every law of the high seas, as they had been barbarously guilty of violating every law of war on land—thieves, falsifiers, criminals all. And the *Times* solemnly assured the world that never, never would the good people of the North again have anything to do with such savages—whether the war was over or not!

The Translator's Way

THE way of the translator seems to be even harder than we indicated in an editorial called *The Art of Translation* which appeared in the last foreign book number of *The Nation*. A number of translators wrote to us finding fault with our position—even with our praise of their profession. It would appear that, in addition to the obscurity which attends in most cases their heart-breaking labors, there comes upon their heads sometimes the curse of misunderstanding and misvaluation. We admire translators when they are good, or for that matter when they merely make the attempt to be good, but we continue to believe that theirs is an exceedingly important work which only through circumstance has failed of the honor which it deserves.

That the circumstance is economic is only partly correct. It is indeed true that translated books have so far never succeeded in impressing publishers with their salability to the extent of securing for translators in general the status now enjoyed by authors. Translators are still for the most part laborers for a fee, and not a large fee at that. And in this connection one of our correspondents, a bookseller and translator himself, had something interesting to say concerning the relative fortunes of his kind in England and America:

With one exception (whom I am suing for my hire) I have found American publishers, by comparison with the British, to be absolutely princely. Thus in the nature of things they are bound to get the best men for their translations—even though their remuneration is not quite as high as that paid by the cheapest of magazines for "original" trash. And as for enterprise!—it is more frequently the British publisher who follows his American competitor's suit in the matter of introducing non-English authors to English-speaking readers.

That it is more important to translate a good book than to produce original trash ought to be self-evident, but it probably is not. And it certainly is not known by many persons that the gifts called for in the making of a good version from the Chinese, the Russian, the French, the German, or any other language are equivalent in many respects to the gifts requisite in creative authorship. For the fact that those languages are not English means that they are simply so many strange worlds to subdue; and the subduing of worlds is the province of art. The liberation of the original theme so that it can speak beautifully and swiftly across the barrier of Babel requires imagination and intuition as well as patience and education. Nor should it be supposed that a Chinese poem is ultimately more difficult to render into English than a German poem, or a French one. The resemblances of those latter languages to English are often deceptive; and even when they are real it will not necessarily follow that the translation comes easily or has anything like the effect in English which it had in German or French. No one has ever been able to make "Du bist wie eine Blume" sound like that, or even mean the same thing, in English, though a genius in translation may some day do so. The point is that a genius will be required, just as genius was required in Heine to compose the original line. When it is known that genius has work to do in the way of translation, perhaps there will be more great translations—and better paid.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

I ALWAYS thought it was silly when I heard them sing "For God, for country, and for Yale." Of course, it would be difficult to fit a melody to any such affirmation as "I am for the God of Spinoza but not the God of John Roach Straton and I am for my country except when its actions seem to me unjust, and naturally I would like to see Yale win this football game although I don't pretend to believe that it is altogether an ideal university or even the nearest approach to a perfect institution now in existence." In other words, loyalty must come out of stagnation by timidity. One may quite reasonably be faithful to a principle—to justice, to tenderness, and truth. No individual, no nation, and certainly no newspaper stands as a complete exemplification of any one of these principles.

Very likely it is no secret that my thoughts have turned to this theme because I have so recently been fired by the *New York World* for "disloyalty." My disloyalty consisted in thinking and in saying that the *World* was sometimes silent when there was need for clamor. I said that on occasion it lacked editorial courage. This contention was based upon several specific incidents. A few days before Sacco and Vanzetti died an executive of the *World* told me that "We must be rather cautious in what we say about the case because there is the danger that some wild-eyed Red may throw a bomb and be found with a copy of our editorial page in his back pocket." And at that moment the disloyal thought flashed into my mind: "I never saw a *World* editorial which could propel a bomb six inches." Upon further reflection it seemed to me that the paper's attitude was distinctly craven. After all, it amounted to doing a little less than the utmost for the condemned men for fear that something might happen which would embarrass the paper.

Hastily I may add that I do not believe in the making of bombs or in the throwing of them, but any editor who lives in terror about what effect his words may have upon the lunatic fringe of society might just as well confine himself to comments on the weather. And even that would not be wholly safe, for some unbalanced person might take a complaint to heart and go down and shoot forecaster Scarr.

My personal indignation at the *World* centers wholly around the fact that it made a news story of my disloyalty and offered no explanation of the precise nature of the offense. Surely my feeling about the paper could hardly have been a secret to its executives. My emotions were by no means altogether hostile. Indeed, in the piece for which I got fired I hazarded the opinion that the *World* was the nearest approach to a liberal newspaper now existing in the morning field. This is high praise, even though I felt bound to add that, according to my standards, there was plenty of room for a journal which should serve the cause of progress much more ably and sincerely. Readily enough I will grant that this is less than 100-per-cent Pulitzerism. But where can one find the individual willing to say with any honesty "My paper right or wrong?" I doubt if the Pulitzerism of the owner is more than a scant 85 per cent. Surely he must have moments in which he feels that his paper could be finer. Admit me as a 50 per center and there is only a gap of thirty-five points, which is no more than a natural margin between employer and employed. It is not fair to

expect that any hired hand should become for pay an ivory monkey promising to hear and see and speak no evil.

Possibly it was arrogant, but from the moment a column was assigned to me I began to think in terms of my responsibility to myself rather than my responsibility to the *New York World*. Incidentally, I may add that I am by no means a 100-per-cent Heywoodian and that I have written things in the paper about Broun which were just as harsh as anything I said concerning the *World*. If this is megalomania, at least it was never hidden under any bushel basket. Some years ago there was a row because Walter Lippmann wanted to have play juries as a substitute for censorship. I thought the scheme would never work and that it was also wrong-headed in its motivating principle. This opinion appeared once in the *World* and then the lid came down. The rule was given out that when the editorial page bayed with its full voice no other dog might yap. Of course if it merely muttered or hazarded an opinion or ventured the assertion "There is much to be said on both sides" one could dissent. If Mr. Lippmann found April an unsatisfactory month and I happened to like it the *It Seems To Me* column could go heretical without disloyalty.

As evidence of my earnestness I rose at nine one morning and went to the office of Ralph Pulitzer. There I tried to argue him into accepting the theory that a newspaper should not assume responsibility (save in libel or obvious pornography) for the opinions of a columnist. According to my contention the very caption *It Seems to Me* ought to indicate that the particular alley underneath was given over to a peculiarly personal journalism. And, growing excited, I waved my arms and said: "Mr. Pulitzer, I don't honestly think of myself as a *World* man. You own the paper and you give me this space to do my own stuff. There would be no point in my thinking the same way and saying the same things as the editorial page."

He met my earnestness with an epigram—always a cruel practice. "Heywood," he said, "a separate entity within an entity is what we call a cancer." Right there I should have answered: "Take off those glasses." I would have saved much subsequent turmoil. Of course there is much to be said for the type of newspaper which is wholly unified and gives no publicity to any special writer. But the *World* is not that type of paper and I had been permitted to sign my name for six or seven years. And, after all, nobody likes to be called a cancer. In addition, my malignancy had been long condoned.

There is one other point I would like to stress. A friendly correspondent says that in doing *The Nation* piece which got me fired I acted with great courage. That isn't so. You could have knocked me over with a feather. The first intimation which came to me was the abrupt announcement of a relative at 1 a. m.: "Dearest, you're fired." I had the paper bearing the fatal news under my arm but until returning home I read nothing but the baseball news, which happened to be most encouraging. Two hours after this public dismissal a special-delivery letter limped in offering me, on account of long service, the opportunity of resigning before being kicked out.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
May 5



MOST of the poor innocents who rely upon the daily papers for their knowledge of events in Washington will be surprised to learn that the Federal Trade Commission during the last two weeks has been the scene of the most startling news since the original Teapot Dome disclosures. Indeed, in scope and significance,

this makes the oil scandals seem tame. Despite all the high-powered and high-priced efforts to suppress them, the facts about the power trust and its enormous lobby are being divulged, and only the feebleness or venality of the newspapers has kept the public in ignorance of them. Aside from all other considerations, it breaks my reporter's heart to see such a sizzling story going to waste.

* * * * *

WHAT a surfeit of material! A textbook used in seventy Connecticut high schools is proved to have been written by a paid propagandist of the public-utility companies. Vast sums have been collected and expended to influence State legislatures. Propaganda on a war-time scale is carried on. The main object of this huge expenditure of money and energy is to "educate" the public against government ownership of public utilities. The most sinister aspect of it is the deliberate debauchery of the public schools. Not one college professor but a whole regiment are discovered as the recipients of money from power interests desiring to introduce their propaganda into the courses of study. Not even high-school girls and boys have been exempt. Lessons, lectures, textbooks, and teachers have been corrupted on an incredible scale. Here is corruption with a vengeance! No mere bribing of a Cabinet officer, this, but a vast, deliberate, and comprehensive scheme to prostitute the whole process of education for the purpose of influencing the immature minds of the next generation of citizens! Yet the Washington correspondents employ their time in writing silly speculative babble about the Presidential primaries, and their editors devote uncounted columns to the opening of the baseball season!

* * * * *

SPACE forbids any attempt to give even the names of those who have taken the power trust's gold. However, we may mention that of Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy, who got \$7,500 for writing a book of "the right kind." When not engaged in this pious and well-paid work Mr. Child writes articles in the *Satur-*

day Evening Post, denouncing the Senate for its "mania of investigation" and upholding the Constitution in similar ways. We may also mention the name of J. Bart Campbell, Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and of the *Editor & Publisher* (organ of the journalistic profession), who was paid \$150 a month and expenses for "research work." More pathetic still are the professors, editors, and publishers who are revealed by the files of power trust correspondence as having solicited subsidies and fees for their proffered services. One needs go no further than the sidewalks to find a parallel for the teacher or writer who solicits the price of his professional virtue. Like those of their sisters of the street, their advances were sometimes repulsed, and for similar reasons. Nothing can match the cynicism disclosed in the letters between agents of the power trust, as they debate whether it is worth while to subsidize this teacher of economics or that writer of pamphlets.

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CONSIDERING that there is no widespread sentiment for government ownership in this country, one might marvel at the almost frenzied attempts made to forestall it. Why resort to such desperate measures to avert a danger which hardly threatens? Lawyers and intelligent laymen will recognize in these frantic efforts what is known to the courts as "consciousness of guilt." The public utilities are bleeding the public on a scale that was undreamed of twenty years ago. They have got the fattest graft in history. It is a guilty conscience which makes them so fearful. Uneasy lies the head of a corporation which is milking the straphangers and light-users of 400 per cent on the invested capital. Incidentally, the meagerness of the daily news reports shows that the power lobby knew what it was about when it fought so bitterly to have the investigation transferred from the Senate to the Federal Trade Commission. Senatorial inquiries are more easily "covered." A keen mind like that of Senator Walsh can dramatize the facts. The very character of the proceeding makes it more interesting. And the mere mechanical facilities for reporting it are far better at the Senate.

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WHILE Mr. Kellogg is engaged in his pious overtures to outlaw war the rest of the Administration apparently is doing its level best to make enduring peace impossible. Instead of setting the world an example, we are laboring earnestly to perpetuate the old Prussian delusion that the surest guaranty of peace is a vast military establishment. Never before, except in time of actual hostilities, has this nation been committed to such a gigantic war-preparedness program. Here are the figures of our military budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 next:

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Army appropriations..... | \$394,000,000 |
| Navy appropriations..... | 363,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$757,000,000 |

This, of course, only begins to tell the story of our war preparations. It does not include, for instance, the supplemental appropriations to be made later to meet inevitable deficits. Also there will be "authorizations," for which formal appropriations will be made in the future. Senator King of Utah, an authority on military legislation in Congress, estimates that Congress will directly or indirectly vote approximately \$2,000,000,000 for military purposes on land and sea and in the air during the next fiscal year. Here we have American junkerism in the saddle as never before in peace time in the history of the country, not even in the hysterical days preceding our entry into the World War. And still the War and Navy Departments complain that Congress has slashed their recommendations below the safety point. Each year of Coolidge economy has witnessed a gradual expansion of our war chest. Last year the army and navy budget totaled \$725,000,000, or \$32,000,000 less than this year. Before the World War we used to run the entire government on less.

* * * *

COINCIDENT with this lavish outlay for war-making purposes, powerful efforts, backed by widespread propaganda of the patrioteers, are under way to force through the Capper-Johnson bill, euphoniously called "a bill to draft capital and labor in time of war." The hypocritical pretense of this measure has just been exposed by Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, himself a veteran of two wars. There seems to be no doubt that the bill would conscript labor as advertised, but in the opinion of Senator Brookhart, who has analyzed the weasel words contained in its phraseology, it will not draft capital. Instead, he says,

it guarantees war profits under the guise of "stabilizing prices." In addition, it would give the President powers that would make the Czars of Russia turn over in their graves. If the President merely anticipated war, he could set himself up as a dictator with authority unmatched by Mussolini without further action of Congress. If war is really so imminent as to call for such drastic legislation, it is time the American people were being let into the secret. Perhaps the Administration needs it in its efforts to crush Sandino.

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MEANWHILE, the education of our young army recruits in the higher refinements of modern warfare is not being neglected. Senator Frazier of North Dakota read some extracts from the War Department's latest training regulations. Those relating to bayonet instruction were especially enlightening:

The point of the bayonet should be directed against the opponent's throat, especially in hand-to-hand fighting, so that the point will enter easily and make a fatal wound on penetrating a few inches. Other vulnerable and frequently exposed parts are the face, chest, lower abdomen, thighs, and, when the back is turned, the kidneys. The arm pit, which may be reached with a jab, if the throat is protected, is vulnerable because it contains large blood vessels and a nerve center. Four to six inches is enough to incapacitate and allow a quick withdrawal, whereas if the bayonet is driven too far home it is often impossible to withdraw it. In such cases, a round must be fired to break up the obstruction.

What beautiful thoughts to instil in our youths while we are talking outlawry of war!

A Very Private Utopia

By STUART CHASE

LEWIS MUMFORD in the "Golden Day" has given us a brilliant review of American culture as reflected in American literature from Jonathan Edwards to John Dewey. It is on the whole an exceedingly critical review. He tells us frequently, passionately, and beautifully what he is against, but only rarely does he let it be known what he is for. Modern industrial civilization has nourished a great array of critics. Few of them are as competent or as penetrating as Mr. Mumford, but all of them—save possibly the Utopians—follow his general method. They are indefatigable in pointing out the shortcomings of society, but they are vague as to the precise nature of available substitutes. They seldom define their standards. Yet standards they must have; otherwise it would be impossible to criticize. They either take it for granted that the reader shares their inward knowledge, or else, and more probably, the standards have never been formulated in the critic's conscious processes at all. They have grown in the back of his mind, darkly.

This article is the first of a series in which various persons, writers and others, will describe the world they would like to live in. Some of those who will contribute are Edna Ferber, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ivy Lee, and Upton Sinclair.

From the artists, the dramatists, the socialists, the poets, the uplifters of all varieties, has poured forth in never-ending flood the challenge that *homo sapiens* is only half alive.

What does he look like when he is alive?

The question would seem to be a fair one, but it is seldom answered. The writers of Utopia have struggled with it, but their canvases are usually so great that we are seldom able to see ourselves or our neighbors living or behaving in that world. There is a strange chill about all Utopias; they are inhab-

ited by gods, not men. Even when a critical play of modern manners, the "Beggar on Horseback," forsook its role of satire for a moment and gave us a picture of happiness about a sun-drenched breakfast table, we stared unconvinced at such very yellow bliss. The negatives stretch to the horizon, but the positives are either lacking entirely or, when focused before us, appear cold or a little absurd. Indeed to seek to describe with clearness and precision the specific target at which programs for

ushering in the good life should aim can only be an adventure tinged with absurdity. But a possible approach may be to delimit the kind of life one personally would like to live. Will this remove the Utopian chill and at the same time furnish the beginnings of a standard? We can but test it.

I have thrown my arrows with the rest at the sweating corpus of the world as it is. I have called it ugly, machine-minded, dull, ignorant, and cruel. I have said that the few live, and they precariously, while the many exist, half-dead in their frustrations and blind alleys. Before hurling another quiver it would seem only fair—however dubious the result—to define rather specifically what I mean, or think I mean, when I mark off the quick from the dead.

The hours roll into days, the days into years. Down this funnel of time one drifts, now easily, now painfully. One is happy, one is miserable. There are days of the most intense blue; days of a terrible black; with perhaps the majority of days an all-pervading mauve-gray. The causes for the color of these days are far from clear; one takes life as it comes. Modern psychology is groping for causes, but it has not as yet brought much that is genuinely helpful into the light. It cannot tell you where the good life has been competently analyzed or even adequately described. Science has perhaps even less to report than the poets and the critics. And so about all the data is oneself.

I note that the following things or conditions do, by and large, kill the juices of zestful living, and reduce me to mere existing. I state the negative first, the positive to follow shortly:

Ill health.

Monotonous work with no discernible goal—such as auditing, indexing, dishwashing.

Eating poor food; eating in ugly places.

The sensation of living in ugly or uncomfortable houses.

All transit, whether by foot or on wheels, about New York City.

Being looked down upon, or laughed at (save for very minor foibles).

The bulk of all business interviews, conferences, talks—the juicelessness of the personal contact.

The defacement of natural beauty with billboards, pop stands, suburban lots, gas tanks, shacks, factories. (A factory can be made to respond to architecture as well as a skyscraper.)

Reading newspapers—save for perhaps one one-hundredth of the surface of not more than three of them.

Going to formal entertainments—particularly dinners devoted to the raising of funds for worthy causes.

Treating relatives as preferred creditors.

Wearing ugly or uncomfortable clothes as decreed by the *mores*, e.g., coats and hats for men in summer.

Shopping—with rare exceptions.

Worrying about money.

Being bored with bad plays, concerts, lectures, radios, meetings, conversations—especially the last.

Being everlastingly hustled around.

Seeing other people bored, unhappy, or in pain. Looking down mean streets and into frowzy windows.

My notebooks show scores of other conditions which take the joy out of life, but the above are the chief ones in the daily run of my activity. They consume, on the basis

of a rough estimate, upwards of two-thirds of my waking hours, though the ratio shifts with the seasons, being noticeably worse in winter. The average annual ratio, furthermore, is better when living in the country the year around than in the city. I am dead, I conclude, about two-thirds of the time. I am alive, by and large, under the following conditions:

On encountering a vivid awareness of health.

In pursuing creative work, intellectual or manual.

There are definite time limits to both.

Eating good food, drinking good wine, in comfortable places.

The sensation of living in well-designed and sunny houses.

Being looked up to and praised—but the butter must not be spread too thick.

Being with my friends.

Looking at beautiful scenery, beautiful pictures, beautiful things.

Reading great books; reading of new and stimulating ideas.

Looking at Charlie Chaplin's feet.

Swimming, diving, playing tennis, dancing, skiing, mountain climbing. Watching good sport at not too frequent intervals.

Daydreaming.

Going on spontaneous and amusing parties.

Making love spontaneously.

Wearing beautiful—not fashionable—clothes.

Collecting things. For me, certain sorts of information.

Listening to good music—especially Russian gipsy songs.

The sensation of being some paces in front of the wolf. Home life—in fits and starts.

Kindly casual contacts with strangers.

Travel, other than for business reasons.

Keen discussion.

A good fight, not necessarily sanguinary, in what seems to be a decent cause.

The sense of being in bodily danger.

So runs the major classification of what seem to constitute the good life for me. To hold that the list is applicable to all is of course ridiculous. Yet it must serve as a starting-point for the thing we have set ourselves to define. I do not know how other people feel. Logic declares that, conditioned by the same forces that have conditioned me, other people would feel much the same, but logic is not an infallible guide in human affairs.

What kind of a community would I build to increase the count of the hours that live as against the count of the hours that die? God knows. The difficulty is that the pluses and the minuses are never clean-cut emotional states, registering faithfully at every exposure to a given condition. When one is in abounding health, even filling-station architecture is tolerable if not positively enjoyable. When one sits, like Mr. Polly, athwart a stile, with civil war in his interior, the sunset itself becomes a flat and overestimated spectacle. There are times when the best of friends becomes a bore, when one wishes all printing presses would stop forever. Indeed, the whole concept is in the curved grip of relativity.

Nevertheless, I think that I would be appreciably more

alive in a community that deliberately fostered the sorts of things enumerated on the second list; of which good health is probably the most important single factor. If it be objected that the animals are mostly healthy, I would reply that they appear to get more out of life than the majority of human beings. Fortunately the laws underlying the promotion of health are beginning to be understood. We already have the technical knowledge available to increase immeasurably bodily well-being. Here and there it is being applied, as the declining death-rate and the lengthening age span shows.

Secondly, I would like to live in a community where beauty abounded; where cities were nobly planned, industrial areas segregated; where great stretches of forest, lake, and mountain were left wild and free and close at hand; where houses and their furnishings were spare and fine and colorful, and there was not a single billboard in a day's march. Cities and houses have been so built; nature over great (but distant) areas is still free; advertising is not a century old, despite the pious historical labors of Bruce Barton. Surely a community rich in natural beauty, rich in architecture, is no Utopia. It has been repeatedly achieved, and without the vast potential assistance of mechanical power.

Thirdly, I would like to live, and to have my neighbors live, free from the fear of want. Such communities there have been, but not many of them. Peru under the Incas is said to have achieved this goal; Denmark is not far from it today. Not only is it the release of the individual which is desirable, but vastly more important the release of the whole group. As things are in America today I never know how far my own actions are ignoble by economic considerations, nor how far my neighbors and associates regard me on my own merits or as a means to a hopefully profitable end. All human relationships are poisoned with this suspicion; or cut and bruised with the frank brutality of elbowing one's way above the line of economic insecurity. This is the more lamentable in that the industrial arts have already demonstrated how utterly to abolish poverty, double—aye treble—the standard of living, produce more than enough to go around.

Fourthly, I would like to live in a community where I could do the kind of work that is the most fun. Fun for me is economic research and writing about it. If there should prove a plethora of better men in this field, I would have a lot of fun as an anthropologist, a psychologist, or a biologist. Or I might go back to my boyhood dreams of architecture. In exchange for the fun, the giving of an hour or two on the average a day to the necessary manual work of the world would seem, in anticipation at least, the merest justice. Furthermore, digging ditches, painting walls, simple carpentry would both preserve the sense of reality and serve by contrast to heighten the fun of the chosen occupation.

I would like to be able to dress as I pleased, or indeed not to dress at all when the sun was high and the water blue. I should like to experiment with colors and combinations now rigidly proscribed for males by the folkways—save at fancy-dress balls. I should like to be able to dance more, sing more, let myself go more. Here New England dogs me like an iron shroud. I should like ampler and less hurried opportunities to play the games I enjoy. I should like to travel more; to visit the lost cities of which I dream; to climb in the Andes and the Himalayas. It does not

do to turn one's back for long on the bright face of danger.

I should like to be a more compelling and less self-conscious lover, but just how a community would proceed to organize great lovers escapes me. (Here we hover at once on absurdity and on what, following health, is probably the most important factor in the good life—a balanced sexual rhythm.)

I would like to live in a world where many good books were being published—fiction, poetry, science, history, philosophy; where good plays and good music were just around the corner—without too much standing in line and too little ventilation; where good pictures were being hung; where the arts and crafts were flourishing on indigenous rather than imitative material; and particularly and especially, where good conversation abounded, together with the leisure to pursue it. Of all the joys which life has to offer none, for me, can exceed that of keen stimulating talk; and nothing is rarer in America today.

Finally, I would like to live in a community that held a genuine sense of its uniqueness; where one could take pride in community achievements, match one's art and craftsmanship and sport against a neighbor group; where one could contribute in person to the local theater, the local schools; help to plan a beautiful region and see that plan grow before one's eyes—and so take root in one's own soil, a part of the earth, earthy, as well as a dreamer in the clouds. So the Greeks must have looked back to the plains and hills and cedar trees of Attica and Laconia. Here one might have the leisure to play with children as they should be played with; here one might bring the carnival and the pageant—with color and wine and flowers—back to meaning and to life.

Above all, leisure, leisure, a break in the remorseless and meaningless urgencies of the twentieth-century pace.

This—if you will—Utopia may be cold to you, but it is not cold to me. I can see it, feel it, aye, long for it. How would you change it to include the things for which you long? Anthropologists, you say, have yet to find a people without a well-marked religion; that need is indigenous, cardinal, and necessary to you. Good. Let us have a church with a great nave and a great organ and the sound of vespers across the evening fields. You dislike my games and want other games. Again good. The more games the better so long as we play them ourselves. You want to paint or design or build bridges. Each to his own desire, so long as the necessary work is done. You do not want to do anything. There will be a nice, forest-circled, psychopathic hospital until sanity returns. You do not want roots, you want to keep on the move. Would you object to moving through communities which had abolished squalor and striven to individualize and beautify themselves?

Add what you please, so long as it does not make for ugliness or drabness or cruelty; so long as it does not quench life that the lives of a few may burn with a spurious brightness. I do not know what your desires may be, but if they make you happy and others not too unhappy they are welcome. The question is not what is good for other people but good for you.

The preliminary definition of the good life which I have tried to outline is crude enough, but it can be used. Swing it as a searchlight where you will—on Mr. Calvin Coolidge or on Mr. Bernard Shaw; on Miss Jane Addams or on Mrs. Peaches Browning; on a soap factory, a department store, an iron mine, an advertising campaign, a prize

fight, a laboratory, a best seller; swing it upon Wall Street or Main Street or Downing Street; on Denmark or on Pittsburgh—it can give basis for judgment. Would this person, or thing, or area, be out of place in such a community? Would it clash, jar, disintegrate; or would it be welcomed and at home? The architecture of Beacon Hill would, the architecture of South Chicago would not; the Lincoln Memorial would, Park Avenue would not; Mr. Chaliapin would, Mr. Shubert would not; the Olympic games would, professional baseball would not; Mr. H. G. Wells would (very much at home he would be), Dr. Frank Crane would not. Mark for yourself the quick from the dead.

The question is not primarily what would make you happy but rather what would make you more alive. Perhaps complete Nirvana is the happiest conceivable state, but it remains at the opposite pole from vivid life. Pain, heart-ache, failure in achievement, failure in love, the shock of physical danger, even envy, must remain so long as we behave like human beings. Only the surplus of pain and confusion induced by stupidity would tend to disappear.

It would seem that the end of human effort upon this planet should be to give a maximum of living and a minimum of existing—the life more abundant. Against such an end, those who regard life as a gateway of mortification to a Utopia beyond the grave make their sincere protest. But it is doubtful how far that protest can continue effective in an era of wide knowledge and unlimited possibilities for technical control over nature.

Even if we can win to life ourselves, the contemplation of the existing of those over the brink about us takes, in a sensitive heart, most of the joy out of personal salvation here below. Even if democracy is not sound doctrine, and biological inferiority can be definitely established, there is no particular reason why those handicapped from the germ plasm—and who will perforce have to do most of the dirty work of the world—should not be given surroundings from which they can take the maximum of what life holds for them. Lafcadio Hearn can tell you about the ancient Japanese communities and how extraordinarily high in the sense of beauty and appreciation it has been proved possible for the mass to go.

Granting for the time being—until coal is gone, and the Ice Cap moves south again—granting that a beautiful life here and now should be the major goal of human effort, of what strands shall it be woven? How shall Mr. Mumford and his fellow-critics be appeased? The above is, if you will, a feeble and absurd beginning. But perhaps it will serve as a point of departure for the speculations of wiser men and women.

In the Driftway

MARK TWAIN, or somebody, once said that it was difference of opinion that made horse-racing. So, too, difference of opinion makes morals—unless they are merely a matter of fashion or something else which the Drifter doesn't understand. Take cock-fighting. It used to flourish in these United States, but has come to be regarded as distinctly immoral and—what's worse—very, very low. It's strange that the sport should have become unfashionable, because in most parts of the United States it is against the law.

MORALS are not only a matter of fashion; they are a matter of geography, nationality, and race. We of the United States, for instance, are much opposed to bull-fighting. To most of us it seems incredible that men and women of the best sort should go to such spectacles in Spain and Mexico. We can see nothing in a bull-fight but cruelty and degradation. Yet we have introduced the rodeo, which, the Drifter is informed, may sometimes be as brutal and dangerous as a bull-fight. The ban has been put on cock-fighting in the United States, but pugilism was never more flourishing. Two cocks may not bloody each other's heads, but two men may do so while we shout our applause and admiration. It's a matter of latitude and tradition. Go a few degrees farther south into Porto Rico, with its Spanish heredity, and one finds that the Legislature has just passed a bill to legalize cock-fighting, put it under the control of a government commission, and devote the bulk of its profits to the support of the public schools! Of course the arrangement for letting cock-fights benefit the public schools is a clever sop to the opposition, but it shows that the sponsors of the sport can muster some acute intelligence on their side.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the Legislature of Porto Rico has passed the cock-fighting bill, opinion is by no means unanimous in its support. According to the last issue received in this country of *Porto Rico Progress*, the bill was then before Governor Towner for his approval or veto and the public was debating the question with warmth. That cock-fighting is somewhat an aristocratic sport may be inferred from a speech by Senator Santiago Iglesias, Spanish secretary of the Pan-American Federation of Labor and president of the Socialist Party of Porto Rico, when the cock-fighting bill was considered by the Senate.

After the Government has spent more than \$50,000,000 in public education and in molding children's minds in the practice of a superior civilization, it is untrue that the majority of the people desire cock-fights, as has been asserted here, in the course of the discussion. Had I wished it, I would have here hundreds of telegrams from labor organizations throughout the island protesting against it.

During the thirty years which I have lived in close contact with the rural masses the truth is that I have never heard them say that this sport should be freely authorized. Such a step is nothing but returning to a more or less disguised barbarism.

The Legislature should encourage real sports, athletics. It should not encourage doubtful traditions.

Which represents Porto Rican morals—the vote of the Legislature or the speech of Senator Santiago Iglesias?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Cedric in Wonderland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you imagine one of America's *nouveaux riches* making such an offer as this: I hereby promise to accept Dr. Rosenbach's offer, buy the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" for the \$75,259 he paid for it, and turn it over to the British

Museum—on condition that the museum authorities select some one of its present treasures of approximately the same market value which has been taken from a too reluctant giver in some other country and return it to its former setting and its original owners.

Or, better yet, can you see the British Museum fulfilling its part of the bargain?

New York, April 20

CEDRIC LONG

Doctor Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, after careful investigation of the situation in the coal-fields, believes that it can do its best service by putting into some of the lonely camps ■ properly equipped young doctor, man or woman. This doctor should have ■ Pennsylvania license and preferably should have had hospital experience, including obstetrical work. It goes without saying that this doctor must have initiative, ability to work with people, and ■ point of view sympathetic to labor. The opportunity for service will have to be more of ■ appeal than any salary we can offer.

We are ready to begin ■ soon ■ we can find a properly qualified person. Anyone who can help us find such ■ person will please phone, write, or telegraph to the secretary of the committee, Susanna Paxton, at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

New York, May 7

NORMAN THOMAS, Chairman

Students and Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the blue-blooded attitude of the American Red Cross toward the plight of the striking miners, ■ group of students of the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin decided to do something about it. A collection of old clothes among the students of the college was taken up. The response was very generous and the first "deposit" has already been forwarded to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I should like, through you, to appeal to the liberal-minded young men and women of the various universities to lend ■ hand in this brotherly and human cause. We made ■ start and shall continue. May you begin!

Madison, Wisconsin, April 30

NATHAN BERMAN

Chicago Is Not All Bad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have excellently portrayed the partnership of crime and politics in Chicago. But, substitute the names of certain celebrities in others of our great American cities for those of Chicago's elite, and you have accurate indictments of conditions in those other cities.

Crime manages the polls to the advantage of politics. The loss of that advantage would be followed by a dissolution of that partnership. The county judge in Chicago is by law the head of the election machinery. Custom dictates the use of that power for the building of ■ political machine. But the present incumbent of that office has disregarded that custom. Judge Edmund K. Jarecki was elected to that office when the Thompson-Crowe-Brennan politicians were not watching.

Judge Jarecki, the Democrat, took his democracy seriously. Overcoming every obstacle placed in his way by Republican State Attorney Crowe and his Republican and Democratic henchmen, overcoming the great power of crime and politics, overcoming

the inadequacy of our election laws, and overcoming the natural desire to be reelected to office (he will never again find the politicians asleep when he is a candidate for office), he has, during the past year, placed more than forty vote thieves, women as well as men, in prison, and caused the departure to places unknown of many others who were in fear of the enforcement of the law. Anyone acquainted with the devious ways of the politician can imagine the pain which Judge Jarecki has suffered and the sacrifices he has made.

Chicago, April 20

HARRY G. WEXLER

To Save Tsiang

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You recently announced that Judge Frank Kerrigan had reestablished respect for the courts by his ruling in the case of Tsiang Hsi-tseng.

Judge Kerrigan's granting of the writ of habeas corpus merely advanced this case to the next round. Tsiang was ordered discharged from custody, but the government appealed from his ruling and the headsman's ax continues to hover over the neck of the young student editor.

A Joint Defense Committee has been created consisting of International Labor Defense, Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, and the Chinese Student Club of Stanford University. It has issued ■ call for defense funds which are badly needed, and at once, to assure this young man every possible legal protection against deportation and almost certain execution. Contributions should be made payable to the Tsiang Joint Defense Committee and sent to Florence Kelly, Workers Bookshop, 2123 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, California.

San Francisco, March 7

EDGAR OWENS

In Justice to North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the commissioners of Forsyth County, North Carolina, never actually refused to permit Senator Heflin to speak in their courthouse.

When the request was made the board apparently found it distasteful and hesitated; but before publication of the dispatch announcing refusal they had voted to grant the use of the hall.

Since Governor Smith was in some sense the guest of North Carolina, it seems to me that both the hesitation and the final action of the board were creditable.

Baltimore, April 20

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Chicago Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chicago readers of *The Nation* and their friends will be given the opportunity to hear Oswald Garrison Villard at the Villard *Nation* Dinner given by the *Nation* Club of Chicago, May 16, in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel.

Other prominent speakers will be Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, Herbert J. Friedman, Llewellyn Jones, Robert Morss Lovett, Dr. Louis L. Mann, Fred A. Moore, Senator George W. Norris, Agnes Nester, and Chandler Owen. Frederic Babcock will be toastmaster.

Tickets are \$3 per person. Please mail your reservation to Esther Szold, treasurer, care Cliff Tea Room, 120 South C Street, Chicago.

Chicago, Illinois, April 9

ROSE D. ROSE

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

Foreign Book Section

Berlin Goes American

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Berlin, April 16

THE American visitor to Berlin who casts a first casual glance over the theatrical columns of a daily newspaper is likely to get the impression, not that he has traveled some four thousand miles from home, but that Broadway has suddenly begun to speak German; for the majority of the pieces there advertised are already familiar to him. "Rose Marie" (Theater im Admiralspalast), "Broadway" (Komödien-Haus), and "Pygmalion" (Deutsches Theater) have not even taken the trouble to disguise themselves under new names; but little ingenuity is required to recognize "Zwölftausend" (also at the Deutsches Theater) ■ the same "Twelve Thousand" recently seen at the Garrick, or to perceive that "Spiel im Schloss" (Die Tribüne) is Molnar's "The Play's the Thing"; while ■ little investigation will reveal that "Finden Sie, dasz Constanze sich richtig verhält?" (Die Komödie) is that same "Constant Wife" long cherished on Broadway. At the moment new German plays unknown to the American stage are extremely few, and it is, indeed, to America herself more than to any other country that the German managers are looking for material. Reinhardt's theaters have "The Royal Family," "The Road to Rome," "Burlesque," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" already in preparation, while another of the more celebrated theaters is hesitating between "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Paris Bound" for its first offering next fall. In the provinces, I am told, native plays are still the most popular, but the Berlin theater has gone international and, even more conspicuously, gone American.

To those of us who were brought up to think of Germany and Russia as the two countries which had contributed most to the modern theater, it is something of a shock to find so little that is new in the former, but it is generally agreed by all those with whom I have talked that, so far as playwrighting is concerned, the present period is an interregnum. German acting is still, as I shall have occasion to say in a later report, often magnificent, but there are no dramatists of the generation which followed that of Hauptmann who have definitely established themselves, and there is no new technique of production with the exception of that imported from Russia by Piscator (of whom also I shall speak later). Earlier in the season a new play by Georg Kaiser reached the stage, but I am told everywhere both that expressionism is dead beyond the possibility of revival and that spectacular productions of the sort associated in America with Reinhardt's name are now somewhat passé here, as, indeed, they seemed to me to be even in New York. At the present moment all three of the houses under Reinhardt's management are presenting intimate dramas of conventional structure. The Grosses Schauspielhaus, which he once took over for his spectacles, is now housing ■ musical revue, and there is a drawing in the current *Simplicissimus* not without its significance in this connection. Reinhardt, just returned from America, is talk-

ing to the reporters. "You must remember," he is saying, "that everything there is on a very large scale—even the deficits."

Certain plays here have had great financial success. "Spiel im Schloss," for example, has already reached 330 performances, which is phenomenal for Berlin. But the theater in general is not so prosperous as to render it unnecessary for the managers who have neither the subsidy of the state Schauspielhaus nor the huge subscription list of the Volksbühne (both principally devoted to the classics) to give the public just what it wants, and the public in Germany, like the public in America, seems to want chiefly either polite but thin comedies like "The Constant Wife" and "The Play's the Thing" or jazzy melodramas like "Broadway." Nobody knows just why the second of these plays should be so popular, but everybody hopes to duplicate its success, and everybody is hoping that some Broadway sensation fresh from New York will do the trick.

The American who was accustomed, up to a few years ago, to find Europe stubbornly indifferent to all forms of American art, except, perhaps, the movies, experiences in Berlin a natural resurgence of pride when he hears American plays so eagerly inquired after, but this pride is soon given pause when he realizes that it is by no means the works most esteemed at home which are most sought after here. Though Berlin has been flooded with the cheaper successes of Broadway it has never, so far as I can ascertain, seen either "The Show Off," "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Silver Cord," "Saturday's Children," or most of the other recent plays to which the American, anxious for the reputation of his country, would be likely to point. Every director with whom I have spoken has asked eagerly about the newest American plays, but though notebooks were brought out and play-readers summoned whenever anything of the most conventional sort was mentioned, not even an account of the great popular success of "Strange Interlude" could provoke more than a polite indifference.

Not only are the popular successes the most in demand but they are also the most esteemed. We in New York are familiar with the process by which an ordinary boulevard comedy from Paris is somehow transformed into a significant work of art merely by being transported across the ocean, and something of the same sort is constantly occurring here. The very things which seem to us the most banal are doubtless those which, superficially at least, are the most characteristically American, and they are therefore those which seem the most piquantly interesting to Berliners. "Broadwayish" may be a term which implies a certain derogation in America, but it implies a compliment here. It is the neatly mechanical structure, the hard smartness of the language, and the exaggerated representation of unfamiliar and violent happenings in the popular American drama which appeals most to Germany. Bootleggers and bandits are romantic figures—the modern equivalent of redskins and cowboys—and the Berliners who used to suppose that Cooper's novels gave a pretty accurate picture of life in New York city now suppose that we expect to have a battle between hi-jackers nearly every evening in Times Square.

Thus the Americanization of the Berlin theater has its drawbacks, and it is also not to be denied that the German producers are not at their best in staging American plays. In any country the native drama is naturally that which is most understandingly interpreted, and it is not surprising to observe that a transplanted Broadway has certain provincial aspects. Satisfactory as the production of "Twelve Thousand" at the Garrick was, the production of the same play in Berlin is unquestionably better; but, on the other hand, "Broadway," for example, is to be seen to better advantage on the street from which it takes its name. In one sense the producers here have taken it more seriously than it was taken in New York, and most of the individual actors are excellent, but the director has not so successfully caught the regular, insistent rhythm which in New York carries the piece forward almost as though it were written to march-time music. Many of the local allusions which made it amusing at home are meaningless here, and it has been necessary as a result to supply the deficiency by emphasizing the dramatic values which in the original production are intended to be taken in a fashion only half serious. Thus, for example, the sentiment is presented as pure sentiment, and the hooper-hero is transformed from a comic character into a pure hero whom one takes leave of not, as in the American production, when he has just been offered a split week in Hoboken but on the eve of a great success. In Berlin, in other words, virtue must have its reward even more surely and more completely than in New York.

In my next report I shall speak of the things more purely German, but the Americanization of the Berlin theater is so much the most immediately striking phenomenon that it must be disposed of first. And it is, it may be added, only a phase of the general Americanization of Berlin. We may be hated in Paris and despised in London, but in Germany we are everywhere talked about and everywhere imitated. Wherever one turns in newspapers, book-stores, or shop-windows one is reminded of the eager interest in everything that is happening in America, and when one walks down Unter den Linden one cannot but observe that the most prominent displays are those which refer in some way to our country—what it is doing, what it is thinking, and, above all, how one may get to it. Certainly no other European city that I have even seen looks so much like New York, and the effort to make it look more so is continuous and conscious.

A young Chinese girl who was with me on the Deutschland remarked one day that one could "get away with anything" even in the most conservative circles of Peking if one would only explain gravely that it was an American custom, and I imagine that much the same is true of Berlin. On Kurfürsten Damm some enterprising person has even opened a real American cafeteria (punched checks and all) where happy Germans not only order but seem actually to enjoy ice-cream sodas, Boston baked beans, and "Griddle cakes mit syrup." And though the establishment has been open three weeks, delighted spectators are still standing four deep in front of the windows absorbed in contemplation of the mechanical wonders of the steam table. When the time comes, and unless there is a reaction it may, when Berliners take milk for lunch, then we may say without fear of irritated contradiction from any Englishman or any Frenchman that the United States won the war.

New Tendencies in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 15

THE most striking feature in every field of French literature at the present moment seems to be a general disinclination to treat art for mere art's sake; our writers deliberately use it as an instrument for the probing of social or psychological problems. Such plays as Romain's "Dictateur" and Bloch's "Dernier Empereur" have not been judged so much on their dramatic qualities as on their European significance. The attacks against the *Action Française* have centered around the personality of Maurras: never did either his opponents or his friends try to draw any distinction between the artist and the leader of the Royalist Party; for Maurras is both, but his literary and political opinions spring from the same source. His chief opponent, Maritain, the apostle of the new Thomist gospel, has written two books ("Primauté du Spirituel," "Frontières de la Poésie") to show that modern poetry and modern patriotism must be equally subservient to the Roman Catholic creed. Many discussions have also arisen around the work of Valéry: it is curious to notice that he was assaulted not as an essayist holding original views about the future of civilization but as a refined poet whose verses were branded with the mark of obscurity by a throng of clever journalists in a hurry. Meanwhile Benda published his "Trahison des Clercs," a brilliant pamphlet in which all contemporary thinkers and artists were charged with having betrayed their spiritual mission and having become slaves to "deified realism." Benda's book was received with great applause, but I suppose that most of our writers would agree with Barrès and Péguy—two figures more alive than ever in the memoirs recently published by the brothers Tharaud—and answer Benda that in our time the true traitor is the artist who does not take sides.

Even in psychology neutrality seems impossible. Daudet and others may proudly say they have made Freud's theories a laughing-stock; it does not follow that everything has suddenly become clear in the study of man. Several French novelists hold that since their forefathers explored what is conscious they must now turn to the other parts of the human soul. Formerly young men began their literary career with a book of verse; nowadays their first-born is frequently a novel where psychoanalysis plays its dark game. Madness is the main theme in Baillon's work; Mauriac and Arland thus study the clash of sexual aberrations and religious feelings. After his autobiographical symphony "Si le Grain ne meurt" and his Dostoevskian fresco "Les Faux Monnayeurs," Gide appears more ready than ever to represent all the disorders of the present time without renouncing the classical control over the passions, which is perhaps the chief characteristic of the French mind. One of the happiest contributions to that discovery of man by man was the recent "Chant du Bienheureux": there has Chardonne painted in hard gem-like records (the "psychology of a banker," as he himself calls it) the travels of a modern Gulliver among the sentimental and intellectual problems of today.

"The time is out of joint," many of our promising young writers would say. When Aragon takes his "Paysan

de Paris" through the parks of our modern mythology and Marc Chadbourne follows his "Vasco" to the Nietzschean islands far away, they are prompted by the same impulse: a mixture of despair and rebellion, a desire to escape all social links. A hatred for everything that is *bourgeois* and tamed down by civilization expresses itself in Soupault's novels, specially in the lyrical anti-European pamphlet he calls "le Nègre." Those are young writers, but their elders have also felt the commotion which after the war has unsettled so many minds: in "la Nuit d'Orage" Duhamel has painted under various aspects a generation now coming to the state of man without any god to worship. Others think it their duty to set everything right. Several are the followers of Alain, the philosopher whose increasing influence in French letters is a new fact of importance. Alain, a faithful admirer of Descartes, has found many disciples; his books, his familiar "Propos" in sundry periodicals, his teaching as a professor are pointing to the same end: an exhaustive "physiology of the human mind" from its humblest beginnings to its most successful embodiments in Socrates and Goethe. Those who do not think with Montherlant that to enjoy by turns the most opposite creeds is the lot of a modern writer follow Alain's example and want to rise from childish disorder to more manly truths.

What we still call *exotisme* always meets with the same favor from the public, and the last Goncourt prize was awarded to a sham Norwegian novel. But if the title and the audience have not changed there is a difference in the meaning. Foreign lands are no more looked upon as hunting-grounds for imaginative novelists; they rather appear as problems. J. J. Tharaud in the "Rose de Saron" as well as Billy and Twersky in "l'Épopée de Ménaché Foïgel" agree in painting aimless wanderings as the characteristic feature of the Jewish unrest. Morand, once so proud of being called a globe-trotter, now asks us to take "Rien que la Terre" and "Bouddha vivant" as contributions to the study of the secular fight between the East and the West. Two countries have specially attracted the attention of French observers: Russia and America. About Russia we have had many books; there was something to be learned from Burnet's novel "La Porte du Sauveur" as well as from the diaries of Andrée Viollis and Duhamel; but the most impressive testimony came from Luc Durtain, the author of "L'autre Europe," who showed that with all its drawbacks Leninism has provided millions of men with a new faith, new reasons to live and die for. As regards America we must own that all French observers, whether they be economists like Romier or novelists like Durtain, have been peculiarly struck by her tendency to materialization and soulless mechanism: so much so that the author of "Hollywood dépassé" suggested the idea of a "bifurcation of the white race."

This does not mean that French literature is to refuse any foreign influences at a time when it numbers among its gifted novelists Bove, Green, and Istrati. But even the authors of realistic novels, be they satirical like Max Jacob or visionary like Bernanos and Jouhandeau or ruthlessly inquisitive like Thérive, always aim at reaching something hidden behind the veil of reality. It is the same with our *régionalistes*: in our provinces untouched by civilization, the Auvergne of Pourrat, the Cévennes of Chamson, they look for the strong original qualities of the race. From that point of view literature may be said to play its part in the national effort to build up France again.

Soviet Literature

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, April 1

A VIOLENT civil war is raging in the Soviet world of letters. Each camp hurls hissing manifestos through the air at its opponents; there are sanguinary losses, voluntary prisoners, and traitors to the flags.

All in all, some seven armies have taken the field, and their names are MAPP, VAPP, etc. I have read the war propaganda of the several contending forces and I do not understand it. I shall therefore not burden others. My impression is that much less theory separates them than separated, let us say, German imperialism from Allied imperialism during 1914-1918. All seven of them, but there may be seventeen (for they are extremely fissiparous), are for pro-revolution and pro-proletarian literature. For none of them does "L'art pour l'art" exist. Literature must be the willing handmaid of the revolution. And if she is unwilling she must be chained, tamed, and forced.

To the Soviet critic an author's social philosophy is the first criterion. Of course quality counts. While much that is pure rot appears in the shops because it takes the proper political line and is psychologically "useful," the decidedly inferior scribe hangs on for a time, occasionally for too long a time, and is then dropped overboard. Nevertheless, even writers of excellence, and there are many, will be judged primarily on the basis of their ideology. Criticism of the regime is welcome. Conditions in the country may be burlesqued. You get even frank praise of the anti-revolutionary side. Considering the principles of the state, writers enjoy a surprising amount of freedom. Nevertheless the censor uses his blue pencil and proscribes even whole volumes. The critic, moreover, begins by weighing a novel's utility. Does it contribute toward the new cultural spirit which the state, representing an international class, is striving to create? Or, does it inject a bourgeois influence by approving or popularizing a rational and emotional approach foreign to communism?

All this, however, applies solely to the *poputchiki* or camp-followers, the non-Communist, non-proletarian, but pro-Soviet writers who sit on the sidelines watching the internecine hostilities of their lefter brethren. The host of revolutionary schools, on the other hand, are at least as papal as the Pope and gladly, naturally, support the state with every syllable. They would not utter a word to harm a hair of its head. They approve its purposes and serve them.

The only decisive difference between the seven or seventeen literary armies is their realism or futurism. "Lef," or the futurist movement, was popular and powerful immediately before the upheaval and in the first years after 1917. It answered a yearning for clang and primitiveness. The thumb-bump of its poetry beat in rhythm to the times. Now realism is demanded, in content as well as form. Yet "Lef" remains a force. Dominated by men of talent like Mayakovsky and Tretyakov, it still charms and holds. The works of anti-futurists are colored by "Lef" radiation. The spirit of "Lef" is felt in music and movies, and, I suppose, in painting.

Nevertheless, realism is the music of normal revolutionary years. Fortunately the authorities, in their puri-

tanism, prohibit pornography for its own sake; but Soviet psychology feeds on excessive realism, and the naked, unadorned, unadulterated truth abounds.

The handicap of futurism is the difficulty of adapting it to prose. The first quintennial of the revolution was almost a paperless era, and therefore almost proseless. Poets could read their products in clubs, at meetings, on the front, or print them in newspapers. But there was too little pulp to go around, and politics and propaganda naturally had an easier approach than novels to the printing press. Perhaps if material conditions had permitted the publication of much prose, futurism might have developed a prose form in the heyday of its energy and growth. Now it is too late.

Futurism has no future in the Soviet Union, according to most critics. Realism has a free road. Even in poetry. And poetry, parenthetically, reflects this state by dealing more with factory and tractor than with love and violets.

People here often read *belles-lettres* to learn and know, and only secondarily for enjoyment. *Mores* have developed quickly in revolutionary Russia, too quickly for the average citizen to understand his own, much less his neighbor's. The task of the novelist is to fill the lack. He is the specialist who sees with his microscope and then tells the story, frequently to the sensational astonishment of the public. A piece of fiction may throw so much light on a moral problem as to make it a social issue. Literature is not merely the adornment of life but a part of life. A book or play may even assume considerable political significance though it touch upon not one question remotely related to politics.

A letter-writer to one of the literary weeklies asks the editor whether it was actually possible for Leonov to live in and through the episodes depicted in his various works. Or did he go so far as to "compose" them?

The close connection between the Soviet novel and Soviet life lends it attraction and interest even when it does not excel in beauty and talent. I repeat a commonplace when I say that the post-revolutionary period has produced no great masterpiece, nothing to compare with the work of the famous Russians of the nineteenth century. The revolution is too young and its intellectual energy too fully engaged by the political, social, and economic phases of the revolution. Furthermore, new manners and customs are still too fluid and uncrystallized to find or demand expression in a classic. There is a searching and a striving, however, and a seriousness which inspires. The fountain certainly has not run dry.

Yet one might be pleased to see less attention paid to loyalties and more to quality. While the revolutionary schools quarrel bitterly, because seriously, about aims and affiliations, their readers are perhaps slipping from them and wandering in distant fields. The civil war represents no active interest to the average citizen; he wants good books.

There is an old tendency here to translate much foreign literature. (The Soviet Russians, on the one hand, confidently proclaim that they have found the political and economic truth which must conquer the world, and, on the other hand, suffer from a miserable feeling of inferiority which inclines them to marvel at the culture of the West.) There is a newer tendency to revert to the Russian masters. Neither of these conditions need alarm the moderns, yet both are significant. They point to a deficiency in the products of living home talent. At the same time they are a challenge to the young Russians and a spur to finer work.

Books

Colonel Lawrence Again

Lawrence and His Arabian Adventure. By Robert Graves. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE himself wrote two books about his Arabian necromancy, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and "The Revolt in the Desert." The American Lowell Thomas wrote a pot-boiler about him, and now Lawrence's English poet-companion, Robert Graves, has written this delightful book illuminating with truth the mists of fanciful legend which have grown up about Emir Dinamit, the Arabian tribesmen nicknamed their Oxford Sheikh. It has never been my pleasure to see that *rara avis* of collectors, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," upon which Lawrence lavished two years of his life, making a perfect book, printing only a hundred copies, and losing £10,000. But any reader of his popular condensation and best-seller, "Revolt in the Desert," had a feeling that this modest Paladin could have told far more than he did tell. As to Lawrence himself Mr. Graves is far more satisfying than was the colonel, although perhaps he is not so good on the Arabian revolt.

Mr. Graves's book really is a poet's book about another poet, for it is difficult to fasten a more satisfactory tag upon Lawrence (or Shaw, as he insists on calling himself now that by deliberate world-effacing design he is a private in the British air service!). Robert Graves was Lawrence's friend; we hope he continues so, even after this amazing book. His treatment displays a general sympathy with the spirit of his half fool, half hero. But even so, Poet Graves refuses to ignore faults. And it makes the book much better. Intimate knowledge, general sympathy, and discrimination are much preferable to panegyrics. Lawrence himself would much prefer it so.

Much of the account of campaigns and fighting and raiding is a repetition of Lawrence's own story, though Mr. Graves adds illuminating details which the modest colonel left out—details such as that Lawrence was wounded twenty-nine times; he himself had mentioned, and that casually, only three. But the chief value of the present volume is in the light it throws on Lawrence after the armistice. And this is, perhaps, the most amazing story of the lot.

During the war Lawrence had got one or two sharp shocks through the British diplomacy, and he became fearful that the pledges one department of the Foreign Office had made to the Arabs would be bartered away by another. So he hastened away from Damascus to take a hand in the framing of the peace, hoping against hope that he would be able to preserve Great Britain's faith with the desert nation. He arrived in London on Armistice Day and was put on the British delegation to the Peace Conference. From the start there was trouble. The French refused to recognize Emir Feisal as ruler of Damascus, basing their own claims on one of the secret treaties which soured the conference, the Sykes-Picot Agreement by Lawrence was able to salvage something from the wreck. He had access to the Big Three; Lloyd George liked him, and he gave Lloyd George his confidence. Lawrence and Feisal would have won their claims to Damascus had it not been that the British thereby would have had to surrender their own claims to Mosul, and in Mosul there were great quantities of oil. So Lloyd George followed the main chance for Great Britain. And Feisal had to admit French mastery around Damascus.

The best that could be done was the secret working agreement, and Feisal went back to his desert with that. Lawrence was quite dissatisfied. King George pressed him to accept decorations of honor, but, mindful of promises to the tribesmen, which had been dishonored through no fault of his, "he ex-

plained personally to his sovereign that the part he had played in the Arab revolt was dishonorable to himself and to his country and government. He had, by order, fed the Arabs with false hopes and would now be obliged if he might be quietly relieved of the obligation to accept honors for succeeding in his fraud." Yet he did help out the Colonial Office, and finally in 1921, when the crisis in Mesopotamia was acute, Winston Churchill became Colonial Minister and immediately offered Lawrence the post of adviser. The colonel agreed to take it on condition that the war-time pledges given the Arabs should be honored at last. Churchill consented and things worked out rather better. Finally Feisal was offered the Kingdom of Irak under the British mandate, and he is now working out his destiny.

Meanwhile, Lawrence had straightened out the tangled pledges. He had written his monumental book at a loss of \$10,000. And so in August, 1922, he renounced the name of Lawrence and enlisted as a private in the Royal Air Force. He called himself Shaw but kept his old initials. For six months his identity was kept quiet. Then it leaked out, much to his disquiet, and he was dismissed from the ranks. A month later he pulled wires and got permission from the War Office to enlist in the Royal Tank Corps. His chief amusement on a speedy motorcycle was "to purr along gently about sixty miles per hour, drinking in the air and the general view." He doted on "the lustfulness of moving swiftly." He refused to be made a corporal.

Lawrence had plenty of fun as Tommy Atkins. One day a sergeant rebuked him for grinning in ranks and demanded what he was grinning at. "Do you really want to know, sergeant?" asked "Shaw," and began to explain a joke in a dialogue of Lucian which had been amusing him during the drill. He quoted it for a quarter of an hour while the sergeant and the squad listened all agape.

What sort of man is this self-immolating hero? The answer forms one of Mr. Graves's most interesting chapters. And after reading it, it is more difficult than before to say. For instance, Lawrence does not like to eat with other people; he hates to wait more than two minutes for a meal or to spend more than five minutes on it. So he lives mainly on bread and butter and likes water better than other drinks. He is uncomfortable with strangers. He regards drinking, gambling, sport, and love as quite unnecessary—at the best, a feeble stimulant for the years when life is flat. He can stand or sit for hours without moving a muscle. He is a dead shot with a pistol. He can switch the current of his personality off and on as he wishes and thus can make himself dull and stupid whenever he wants. But he is not a pacifist. He is not an unalloyed idealist. He is not a romantic adventurer. He is *sui generis*. To quote Mr. Winston Churchill's short summary of him, "A rare beast; will not breed in captivity."

GEORGE FORT MILTON

A Drama of Reconstruction

The Stabilization of the Mark. By Hjalmar Schacht. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

THIS is the personal story of one of the chief actors in the drama of financial reconstruction in Germany. Those who have tried to follow German history during the past five years or more will find here an illuminating account of events. The narrative covers the years from the inflation of the war period down through the first experimental stabilization to the reestablishment of a currency based on gold, the inauguration of the Dawes Plan, and the reconstruction of the German money and capital markets. It is a remarkably dispassionate account, especially considering the intensity of the hatreds of the period; such bias as is shown here and there is perhaps rather a merit than otherwise because of the light it throws on the human elements that played their part. The volume as a

whole is marked by sincerity and good faith; it is a delight to the careful student for its specific citation of dates and figures; and to the layman it is a human record full of interest.

Although the story of the inflation period may be familiar to students, its review here by the president of the Reichsbank is valuable on two counts: such a review provides the necessary background against which, later on, the stabilization policy evolved; and, being told from a somewhat new angle, it makes still clearer the economic confusion which had to be resolved. The first efforts in the direction of a stable currency were made chiefly through the taking up of long-term credits by public bodies and industrial enterprises, which "adopted the practice of expressing their liabilities neither in paper marks nor in gold but in terms of material commodities." At first this practice was adopted by agriculture, the stable values being the so-called "rye bonds," based generally on the value of 250 pounds of rye. Later on the practice was extended so that "bonds" which served the purpose locally of stable currency were secured on other commodities, such as coke, coal, potash, lignite, and even kilowatts. Thus these local "commodity bonds" paved the way for the rentenmark, which was based on agricultural and industrial values.

In coming to an agreement on the creation of the rentenmark the government showed great political acumen by making use of the very forces of the opposition. "The basing of the new money on rye, and *pro tanto* on the value of the soil, was calculated in masterly manner to appeal to the psychology of the agricultural community. To this extent the rentenmark was a creation well fitted to the circumstances of its birth. But . . . an equal tribute must be paid to the fine tactics of the government of the Reich in deciding, in all probability against their better judgment, to adopt the basis proposed by a politician of the Right in order to eliminate the internal political obstacles which other proposals supported by the Left would in all probability have created in circles of the Right." With the creation of the rentenmark, even though the issues of the new notes were limited and had to be strictly rationed, Germany by her own unaided efforts had entered on an era of stable currency almost a year before the inauguration of the Dawes Plan.

To the efforts of the committee of experts to be judicial, to free themselves from any clinging remnants of political prejudice, Dr. Schacht pays the highest tribute. Indeed, of all the persons who enter into the narrative, he treats M. Poincaré alone with animosity; even to M. Poincaré he is scrupulously polite, but a certain quality in that politeness reveals better than many harsh words could do the depth of his resentment.

Many incidents of the greatest interest are discussed in the course of the story. Considerable space is given to the invasion of the Ruhr, which, in spite of all its devastation, provided for Germany a beneficent respite from reparation payments. There is a clear description of the manner in which the Stinnes group got into difficulties, and of the part which the Reichsbank played in averting widespread economic disaster by saving the sound part of the business; of Dr. Schacht's meeting with the French authorities in Paris; and of the divergence in their attitudes toward his proposals for Germany. Dr. Schacht also takes occasion to state his position very clearly on the question of priority of loans, in regard to which Mr. S. Parker Gilbert's recent memorandum to the German Government and his latest report as Agent General for Reparations have created some lively altercation; his position that industrial and commercial loans must have priority over reparations for the very sake of the reparation payments themselves. And repeatedly he urges the restriction of foreign loans to immediately productive purposes.

Neither the Dawes Plan nor the Treaty of Versailles is, in Dr. Schacht's judgment, final. His attitude toward the treaty is summed up in this reasoned and deliberate arraignment:

The dictated peace of Versailles cannot last forever because its premises—not only its economic premises, but its ethical and moral premises as well—are false. The in-

ward insincerity and consequent lack of moral backing of this document can no longer be concealed in the presence of a policy which means the disarmament of Germany by Powers whose armaments are themselves left untouched; which asserts the self-determination of peoples but would forbid in perpetuity the adhesion of Austria to Germany; which asserts the significance of plebiscites ■■ decisive of the destinies of countries, but in the teeth of a plebiscite has assigned Upper Silesia to a foreign Power; . . . which allows its adherents to postpone the payment of their own debts while giving credits for military purposes to others; . . . which demands reparation payments but seeks to prevent any increase of production or exports on the part of the debtor.

MARY SIBLEY EVANS

Hard Laughter

Quarantième Étage. Par Luc Durtain. Paris: Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 francs.

HERE was a time when of all races upon earth French writers loved most to turn their satiric spears upon the English. The Englishman with his solemnity and marmalade, his checked tweeds and stare, his cement-based habits and projecting teeth was a stuffed figure which Gallic wits loved to belabor mirthfully in novel, *conte*, and music-hall turn. But now a new figure, with horn-rimmed glasses and a nasal accent, has stridden out with a confident air upon the world's horizon; and the Frenchman, after a wondering pause, has decided that here is a new and delicious subject which can be sketched, in broad, bold strokes, for the edification of a Europe which is always eager to laugh. This subject is the American male— young, Western, inventive, and puritanic. M. Luc Durtain has observed his game chiefly on the Pacific Coast, and it is there among our concrete buildings, our innumerable automobiles, and our metallic amusements that M. Durtain, who, though still a young man, has produced more than a dozen books of both poetry and prose, has netted and mounted his specimens.

M. Durtain's latest book, composed of three long short stories, has evidently amused his countrymen, for they have since May last exhausted five editions of it. The stories are fantastic comedies, verging on caricature, and threaded with short, barbed epigrams aimed at our earnest 100 percenters, our laborious boosters, and our self-tinted flappers.

There are, remarks M. Durtain, "two powers in America: policemen and women." "The country is a vast *bureau de placement* which for the American woman comprises the entire masculine population." "Plasticity is a real American gift; the European is only agile." "In America correct ideas of value . . . are officially established by the crowd." M. Durtain has listened to our laughter and exclamations. To him they sound like this:

Hoho hoho hoo
Gee gee gee
Whzz whzz hm.

He translates our favorite terms literally, and without explanation producing odd effects. Thus "safety first" is *sécurité d'abord*, "hot dogs" are *chiens chauds*. And so we dimly perceive that the most banal commonplaces of American life must appear to the French as bizarre, exotic, and incredibly fantastic. Other terms have no French equivalent and are hopefully given in italics without translation, such as *ice-cream soda*, *cement*, *candy*, *hobo*, *home*, *bungalow*, *booster*.

M. Durtain's stories are objective, contemporaneous, and entirely devoid of sympathy. His irony is almost ■ hard as those phases of American life with which he deals. "Fortieth Story" will doubtless appear some day in translation; this may be good for us. The mounting tide of ridicule of ourselves by ourselves is a mere family matter, but if we are being made fun of by outsiders we shall want to know about it.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

A Synthesis of South America

Tirano Banderas. By Ramon del Valle-Inclán. Madrid.

IN the group of Spanish writers generally, if somewhat erroneously, known as the generation of '98, Valle-Inclán has always held a preeminent place among the novelists. He, Baroja, and Azorín are unanimously considered the three best. His reputation and popularity rested principally on his extraordinary stylistic gifts; he wrote with a richness, ductility, and grace that were rare in Spanish. For twenty years he was justly considered the master stylist of his own and many generations, and the other phases of his work were ignored or dismissed as unimportant.

With the publication in 1919 of a small volume of verses, "La Pipa de Kif," it became evident that Valle-Inclán had been able, without the slightest effort, to enter completely into the spirit of post-war literature. He who had been the inventor of harmony and elegance could produce equally fascinating dissonances, and could pirouette as insouciantly as any of his twenty-year-old confreres. But under the jazz-band discords that he gaminishly played for his own and their amusement there grew ever clearer that side of his talent which had existed in his work from its beginnings but which the brilliance of his stylistic gifts had caused to be overlooked: his extraordinary dramatic ability.

His latest work, "Tirano Banderas," is the picture of a South American republic on the eve and in the throes of revolution. It is also a composite picture of Spanish America. Of all the writers of his generation in Spain, Valle-Inclán is the only one who knows America. In this, as in many other aspects, he has been a forerunner, because both the generations that have succeeded him are intensely interested in America. Thirty years ago Valle-Inclán had made his first pilgrimage there, and he has returned several times since. With his genius for dramatic perception one can understand how America moved and attracted him, for he saw her in the terms of the gigantic drama that has been taking place in her limitless confines ever since the conquest.

In making this book a mosaic of the language, the customs, the geography, the ethnography of Spanish America, ■■ he has done, Valle-Inclán shows how profoundly he has grasped the truth that whatever the unimportant differences between these countries, their problem is one. He has given us the drama of revolution in America. It is and has always been one simple, homogeneous, uninterrupted, if sometimes latent struggle, whose obverse is the will to power of a strong man and his efforts to maintain his precarious position, and whose reverse is the conflict between the upper elements and the masses. The problem has always been the same, whether the struggle ended in the gaucho Juan Manuel Rosas's twenty-five years' tyranny; or culminated in Paraguay in the thirty-year reign of mute terror of Dr. Francia, a graduate of the University of Cordoba and a Jesuit protegee; or brought about Porfirio Diaz's long despotism in Mexico, supported by foreign and plutocratic forces against which the indigenous elements revolted fifteen years ago and are still revolting.

Santos Banderas is the South American tyrant. Like Porfirio Diaz he is an Indian, and has all his suaveness and astuteness; he affects Dr. Francia's clerical exterior, and like him suffers from hypochondria; his love for his daughter recalls Rosas. He is surrounded by a throng of sycophants and spies from every social scale. The scene is laid in Santa Fe de Tierra Firme, which might be anywhere in the tropics of America. Rapidly all the sordid tortuous threads of intrigue and treachery and reprisal are woven into the design, some tragic, some ludicrous. The cloud of revolution thickens like a tropical storm. Our last sight of Banderas is silhouetted against a window of the old convent that served him as military headquarters, watch-

ing his troops desert to the revolutionists. After killing his demented daughter to keep her from falling into the enemy's hands, he returns to the window, and falls under a hail of bullets. "His head was exposed for three days on the public scaffold, and his body was ordered cut into four pieces and divided from one frontier to the other, from sea to sea. Zamalpoa and Nueva Cartagena, Puerto Colorado and Santa Rosa del Titipay were the favored cities."

Though outwardly a novel, "Tirano Banderas" might easily have been cast in the mold of drama. And despite the somber realism of scenes and events, the author has deliberately sustained a farcical note throughout. The characters seem mere puppets moved by every wind of circumstance, all except Santos Banderas. He is the only figure that achieves reality and commands any respect; he alone moves of his own volition. But not because of Santos Banderas's artistic perfection must it be thought that the author is here making a defense of despotism. Nothing could be further from his intention. Valle-Inclán is merely the master of this puppet show, smiling outside his booth, at whose command all the little tragi-comic figures cavort in a manner most grotesque, but most lifelike.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

Sergeant Grischa

Der Streit um den Sergeanten Grischa (The Controversy over Sergeant Grischa). Von Arnold Zweig. Berlin: G. Kiepenheuer Verlag.

ARNOLD ZWIG'S book contains within its covers the lights and shadows of the common man's way through life: the simplicities and innocencies of his nature, the essential frugalities of his needs, the child-like aspirings of his soul, the apparently iron-handed, conscienceless interpositions of destiny, the consequent thwartings and twistings of the individual's career into a veritable passion, a *via sacra*, an immolation and death in serenity.

Simply a story it is of enchaining interest. The scene is the Eastern battle-front; the time, early 1917. German forces are cutting deeper and deeper into Russian territory. Kerensky fleetingly controls a Russia holocausted with confusion, indecision, revolutionary ideas, physical prostration. At Mervinsk rules the German general, von Lychow; at Bielostok, the German quartermaster general, Schieffenzahn. Their respective ranks have never been determined, though precedence appears hazily to rest with the arch-disciplinarian Schieffenzahn. Grischa, a Russian sergeant, formerly a humble factory workman at Vologda, has been a German captive for sixteen months. War-weary, overcome by yearning to see his wife and little daughter, he escapes but is recaptured at Mervinsk. The sentence is death as a spy, in honor of Schieffenzahn's sweeping decree covering all Russian runaways behind the German lines who do not report within three days to the nearest military authority. There is no room for opposition, for discussion even; Grischa's case fits snugly into the letter of the law.

Then comes the gradual birth of the spirit of pity in von Lychow's camp. The soldiers learn the facts, learn to know and grow fond of the artless "Russki" in their charge. The fate of the lowly fellow expands to a mighty issue; the men elevate him to a symbol of their dreams, crushed into sullen abeyance by years of animalism. They mutter and growl his innocence and war's lustful injustice. Their spirit-cries work upward—from corporal to sergeant, to lieutenant, to judge-advocate, to von Lychow himself. Mervinsk is aflame. Von Lychow orders Grischa's release: he is no spy, only a war-sick simpleton. Schieffenzahn counter-orders: he must be shot—ruthless discipline against break-down of morale, against incipient revolutionary infection. Von Lychow huffs his way to Schieffenzahn at Bielostok. But Schieffenzahn grimaces and Grischa stumbles to his martyrdom. His friends pleadingly proffer the

opportunity of escape; he spurns it as beneath the dignity of resignation. Again the motif: "So muss es sein." Thus, in a scene of spectral beauty, the pilgrim whose only crime is simple-minded love in a world gone hate trudges through the slush of a miserable Jewish town to be agonized in a gravel-quarry. There lay Grischa Ilyich Paprotkin, "zerschlagen, erstickt, erdrosselt, zertrampelt." Then the final victory: "His face shone with a serenity it had never known before."

At the lonely grave two giant landsturmiers from Hamburg colloquize:

FIRST LANDSTURMER: This fellow was absolutely innocent.

SECOND LANDSTURMER: Yes, but how does that help? For that matter, we're all of us innocent.

At which the driver of the hearse-sled whines in: "I didn't want the war." This is the theme that weaves its way through the book: the innocence of all, the sufferings of all, the muted hopes of all for a sweeter dawn.

The volume has its technical failings. There was need of concision and excision. An occasional cloudiness of style threatens clarity. But these flaws are blurred by the luminousness of the novel as a whole, its warm, penetrating characterizations, its vivid vignettes of war-time life among East-European Jews, its highly charged dramatic tension. Over each page sounds the noble, compassionate, grief-freighted heart of the author.

ARTHUR HERMAN

Foreign Books in Brief

Contemporary European Writers. By William A. Drake. The John Day Company. \$3.50.

Short biographical and critical studies of forty-one of the leading figures in modern literature. Although rather over-inclined to orthodoxy in its judgments, this book is a remarkably fine introduction to the work of contemporary Europe. Particularly valuable are its comments on figures who are significant as they are little known here: Valle-Inclán, Richard Dehmel, Azorín. One can of course quarrel mildly with a few of the selections. One does not quite see, for example, why Hermann Bahr should be included and Hermann Hesse omitted, particularly in view of the latter's recent masterpiece, "Der Steppenwolf"; nor should the lately rediscovered Italo Svevo have been neglected; nor should Jean Giraudoux have been preferred over the infinitely more significant Valéry Larbaud; nor should Pilniak and Mayakovsky be the only representatives of modern Russian literature which also boasts a Bunin. The jacket contains the name of Ricarda Huch, but there is no mention of this writer in the body of the book. Yet these are trivial objections to a splendid and much-needed work which is evidence of a catholic scholarship and a sensitive temper.

The Stupid Nineteenth Century. By Léon Daudet. Payson and Clarke. \$2.50.

M. Daudet, leader of the French royalists, is France's most amusing clown. His assault on the asinities of the nineteenth century (among them are progress, science, democracy, evolution, secular education, pacifism, equalitarianism, socialism, religious tolerance, faith in the natural man) is a compound of Menckenesque bombast and medieval obscurantism. He occasionally hits a target, of course, since he shoots at everything, and his antics are always funny.

Etudes et Milieux littéraires. Par Léon Daudet. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 12 francs.

This is the quarrelsome monarchist editor's last volume which was prepared on French soil (he has been keeping the printers extremely busy since in his Belgian exile). Evidently a series of popular addresses—two eloquent pleas for the study

of Latin and Greek, a charming sketch of the two Pléiades, the Ronsardian and the Félibrige, with especially a touching appreciation of the sentimental Provençal poet Aubanel, two or three sheaves of vague and scattering vaticinations on the art of writing, and a final chapter, the most characteristic, on recent literary salons in France, in which Faguet, Jean Aicard, Brunetière, and others of the luckless ones who have chanced—in many instances the Lord only knows why—to have incurred this veteran vituperator's hostility are reduced to very fine powder.

Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître de l'Âme Anglaise. Par Louis Cazamian. Paris: Boivin and Cie. 7 francs.

Monsieur Cazamian is professor of English literature at the Sorbonne. In this little volume he undertakes to show his countrymen that the cold and canny Englishman is not at bottom so unsympathetic or so selfish as he may appear to Gallic eyes which have not learned to look below the surface. Limitations of space and perhaps the French appetite for neat generalization are responsible for a number of sweeping assertions which are certainly true, if true at all, only with a great deal of qualification; but the confident statement that "The latent or clearly present memory of the Biblical spirit is without doubt the most universal and constant element of the English genius" seems borne out by the facts and reminds us that the Englishman, quite as much as the Jew, is the gloomy Jahveh's chosen vessel. Professor Cazamian, who has studied his England carefully, finds both the Briton's coldness and his canniness changing in the purifying fire of the post-war trial.

Der tote Mann. Von Friedrich von Gagern. Berlin: Verlag von Paul Parey. 4.50 mark.

Many novels of America written by Europeans may furnish pleasure and profit to European readers, but the majority of them are good books for American readers to avoid. This rule meets an honorable exception in the books on pioneer America written by the Austrian Freiherr von Gagern. "Der tote Mann" and its fine historical predecessor "Das Grenzerbuch" have more of the real American frontier in them than Fenimore Cooper and all the Wild West magazines thus far concocted. This eloquent advocate of the simple life builds a story around the demoralizing effect of civilization on a noble child of nature—in one novel a Carniolan hunter, in another a Berber chieftain, in this one a magnificent Ojibway warrior ruined body and soul by the white man's fire-water—and redeems his preachment by his narrative gift and his passionate love of nature. He deserves translation, but his work is probably too well done to find a large audience.

Indice del Archivo del General Miranda. Publicación ordenada por el Ministro de Instrucción Pública, Dr. Rubén González. Caracas: Tipografía Americana.

This booklet is the compilation of three commissioners appointed by President Gómez to handle the archives recently purchased by Venezuela from Lord Bathurst. These inedited documents, which span the years from 1764 to 1810, fall into three divisions: manuscripts that describe Miranda's remarkable travels in the New World and the Old; manuscripts that illustrate his military exploits and dramatic experiences in France; and manuscripts that deal with his persistent efforts to cut the Spanish colonies adrift from the motherland. In preparing their index the commissioners apparently overlooked the fact that the series of indices which in 1810 Miranda's secretary inscribed on the fly-leaves of the sixty-three tomes constituting the archival collection were neither accurate nor complete. Yet this index furnishes a multitude of helpful clues to the broadsides, brochures, periodicals, memoirs, plans, letters, and diaristic material preserved in the wonderful memorabilia of General Francisco de Miranda, the Don Quixote of Spanish-American emancipation.

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International Relations Section

Rumania Looks at Freedom

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Bucharest, Rumania, March 18

EVEN Western Europe (and how much more America and the rest of the world) is so accustomed to dismiss as "petty" the various internal, if not the external, political troubles of the states of the Balkan peninsula that there is some danger that the significance of the present internal struggle in Rumania will be overlooked. A few isolated cases of violence of language and gesture on the part of members of the National Peasant Party in the Bucharest Chamber during the past few weeks should not lead anyone to dismiss their campaign as merely a move in the eternal Balkan game of abusing the opponent. The Peasant Party had no need to indulge in such antics, for, as its bitterest Liberal opponents would admit, it has a case; and except for these outbursts, resulting from the steady defiance by the Liberals of what everyone realizes to be the will of the country, its leaders present it worthily. It is far more than a party issue which is being fought out here; the question which is about to be decided is whether Rumania, with its seventeen million populace and its vast undeveloped resources, shall enter the circle of Western Powers, or shall remain an Oriental state run on semi-Turkish lines.

The Liberals themselves realize that for them it is a matter of life and death. "If the National Peasant Party has its way entirely, and holds 'free' elections," one prominent Liberal admitted in private conversation recently, "it means an end of our party and its system for half a century, if not forever." That elections will have to be granted and that they themselves will have to hand over the reins of government, the Liberals realize as well as anyone; what they are trying to do now is to arrange that these elections shall not be entirely "free," and that their own recall to the stage may be effected at an early date.

To explain the situation, it may be well to recapitulate a few chapters of recent history. The present writer was never one of those who felt that the dictatorship of the late M. Jon Bratianu was the best thing for the country, though he admits that most foreign observers disagreed with him in this. Bratianu never denied, if pressed, that his elections were not honest. He did not, of course, volunteer details of how his village officials before the elections were instructed to see to it that no opposition candidate could get a hall in which to address the electors, and how the candidates were refused permission by the magistrates to hold open-air meetings; of how, when the elections took place, polling stations in areas known to be hostile to him were (under the pretense of the existence of epidemics) cut off from the electors by cordons of gendarmes, or of how, when all else failed, the urns containing hostile voting papers mysteriously disappeared, to be substituted by a prepared set containing "government" voting papers. But he did say quite frankly that Rumania was politically unschooled, and that it was for him to correct the results of

the elections. Since it was he who conferred the secret ballot and general franchise on the population, it would take a professor in metaphysics to justify his own justification. Bratianu, however, was a strong man, and many foreigners were glad to see apparent peace in the land, without inquiring as to the price at which it had been purchased.

Since the death of Jon Bratianu last year, that excuse for the Liberal dictatorship has disappeared. It is now revealed as an attempt by certain banks and oil interests to lay the whole country under heavy tribute to themselves. The corruption which is still rampant in every department of life in this country was introduced, of course, by the Turks and their Phanariot governors, but it has for many years been fostered by the Liberal Party. Every journalist, for example, knows that if his telegrams are to be sent off without delay, he must hand over a bribe to the telegraph clerk with the fee for his message; every foreign visitor knows that he must pass a note of reasonable amount across the counter to the hotel-clerk in most hotels in order to obtain a decent room; many Rumanian officials know to their cost that, to obtain punctual payment of their salaries, they must hand a percentage of them back to the immediate paymaster. These things may—the defenders of the Liberal dictatorship maintain it—have suited old Rumania, the ex-Turkish province of pre-war days; it should have been evident to everyone that they could not continue indefinitely in a post-war Rumania which had trebled its size and taken in many millions of people accustomed to the more liberal rule of Vienna and the more Western, if despotic, methods of Budapest.

For some time after the war the Liberals succeeded in maintaining their rule, partly because of the personality of M. Jon Bratianu, who adroitly suggested to reactionary European governments that it was essential for him to remain in the saddle if Rumania was to continue to form part of the political *cordon sanitaire* against Soviet Russia, and partly because almost the entire capital of the country was in the hands of their banks; the capitalists of the new provinces lived mainly in Vienna and Budapest, and could exercise no influence on Rumanian politics. M. Vintila Bratianu, the present Prime Minister, was, as his brother's Finance Minister, an ardent opponent of the participation of foreign capital in the country. Under the slogan "Rumania for the Rumanians"—meaning "Rumania's money for the Liberals"—he starved the land of the capital which its rapid industrialization insistently demanded. But the capital at the disposal of the Liberals was quite insufficient to finance properly even the growth in the old kingdom, still less the needs of Transylvania, the Bukovina, and Bessarabia formerly financed respectively by Budapest, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

Here is an instance of the kind of thing that has been going on. The Liberals acquired some rather poor coal mines in Transylvania. The coal in them costs something like \$20 a ton by the time it is available for industrial use. That it might compete with far cheaper and better foreign coal, duties on the imported coal were raised to a figure which finally excluded it from Rumania. The state railways were thus forced to buy "Liberal" coal from Transylvania at this absurd figure. That the finances of the state railways suffered from this and similar measures need not be emphasized. The rolling stock is in a shocking condition

today, and this serious hindrance to the marketing of their products is one of the main grievances which have united the peasants of the entire country under the leadership of M. Maniu, a quiet but determined Transylvania lawyer. Beginning with the whole population of Transylvania, he has added to his adherents the peasants of the Old Kingdom, and the vast majority of the inhabitants of the other new provinces, the Bukovina and Bessarabia. For the purpose only of overthrowing the Liberals, the small party of Professor Jorga, and the numerically unimportant Social Democratic Party have joined forces with him. His battle-cry is "Honest elections, the abolition of corruption, the reduction of suicidal tariffs, and the participation of foreign capital." Without the two allies just mentioned, his party is estimated to have between 70 and 90 per cent of the country behind it. The Liberals have nothing but the fact of office, the control of the official machinery which would enable them, if they were to hold the next elections, to fake the returns once more, and the support—so they claim unofficially—of the Council of Regency which M. Jon Bratianu selected. They can no longer claim, as they used to, the tacit support of the Palace, and there is little doubt that the Council of Regency realizes the impossibility of holding off the triumph of the Peasant Party much longer. Queen Marie, who has been relegated by the Regency to a back seat which is little to her taste, has certainly not the same affection for the Liberals as, in the days of Bratianu, they used to boast that she had.

The last blow to the Liberals has been the failure of M. Titulescu to secure the foreign loan which they sent him to seek abroad. For the state of the country has forced M. Vintila Bratianu already to abandon his opposition to foreigners acquiring any financial interest in Rumania. The internal counter-move of the Liberals has also, apparently, met with no success. They hoped to persuade Professor Jorga or General Averescu to form a "neutral" Cabinet to hold the elections, and then, through their control of the election apparatus, so to "arrange" the results that the Peasants should come back with a small and unworkable majority, insufficient to enable them to hinder the Liberals from crippling their rule. Fresh elections would thus soon have been declared necessary and would have restored the Liberals to all their past glories. Professor Jorga, however, has thrown in his lot with M. Maniu, and General Averescu is probably too shrewd to earn himself the permanent hostility of the great Peasant Party by consenting again to play the monkey's part and pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Liberals.

The issue of Prince Carol is still a minor one. Before the death of Jon Bratianu, M. Maniu flirted with the idea of demanding a revision of Mr. Bratianu's "Act of Settlement," which disinherited Carol, as a tactical threat which might help to relax the iron grip of the Dictator. That grip was unexpectedly loosened by the hand of death, and the employment of Carol's name has no longer any tactical value. It may acquire it again should the Liberals refuse to yield to the wish of the vast majority of the country, but it is hard to conceive that even they would pursue so blind a course. Opinions may differ as to whether or no a dictatorial system is an admirable thing for certain imperfectly developed countries, but the most enthusiastic reactionaries will agree that for the success of such a system, a dictator is essential. And a dictator is precisely what the Liberal Party of Rumania is unable to produce.

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HOOVER REMAINS A BIG QUESTION MARK. His defeat in the Indiana primaries, where, allied with the reform elements of the State, he fought the Watson machine, hurts him in the eyes of politicians. His lieutenants, it is understood, advised Hoover to leave Watson alone, but his own zeal forced the fight. We respect him for the decision; but defeat, even by so small a margin as 24,000 votes, hurts his campaign. Furthermore, Mr. Hoover himself does not seem to realize how weak he is as a reform candidate. One of the Washington dopesters refers to him as the "lily-white" chieftain, hero of the "purity" elements, and suggests that, fighting a Tammany graduate, he could take the reform-and-corruption issue away from the Democrats. But the voters may recall that Hoover sat in the Harding Cabinet along with Daugherty and Fall and Denby and Hays, and that, far from peeping in protest against them, he enlisted Will Hays in his own political organization. That, indeed, was one of Hoover's weaknesses in Indiana. It must have been difficult to persuade a cynical Hoosier that the Will Hays crowd, supporting Hoover, was much better than Jim Watson's outfit.

MR. HOOVER ON THE WITNESS-STAND displayed the same irritability which he has always shown in the face of public criticism; and it is a quality which canny

politicians fear. No man in American public life is so thin-skinned, and it takes a tough hide to weather a Presidential campaign. It was something of that same inability to grin-and-bear-it which cost Charles Evans Hughes the election in 1916—he could not forget past criticisms and shake hands cheerfully with Hiram Johnson. The other candidates this year were asked as searching questions, but, if they felt resentment, stomached it. We doubt whether, in 1928, the revelation that Mr. Hoover's backers have spent a quarter of a million dollars in promoting his candidacy will disturb the public; it has been hardened to the spectacle of even more money being poured out in a mere one-State Senatorial primary. But there is one point at which we wish Mr. Hoover even thinner-skinned. Andrew Mellon's declaration that he "seems to come the closest to the standard that we set for this great office" was meant for praise by that Scotchman, and if Mr. Mellon goes a step further it will mean the nomination for Mr. Hoover. But if he really cares to remain the white knight of the reform element, crusading for purity in politics, Mr. Hoover should ask loudly "What do you mean—'we'?"

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has done the decent thing in calling for the resignation of Robert W. Stewart as chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. It was Mr. Stewart who told a Senate committee last February that he knew nothing of any bonds of the Continental Trading Company, but after the acquittal of Harry F. Sinclair admitted that he had received \$795,500 worth of such securities. On April 27, three days after the latter's testimony, Mr. Rockefeller wrote to Mr. Stewart:

Your recent testimony before the Senate committee leaves me no alternative other than to ask you to make good the promise you voluntarily gave me some weeks ago, that you would resign at my request. That request I now make.

Mr. Stewart made no move to comply with the request, so on May 10 Mr. Rockefeller made his correspondence public, indicating his intention to try to force Mr. Stewart out should that course become necessary. Certainly Mr. Stewart has no place in the conduct of a company which hopes for the confidence or respect of the community.

A BRAVE, CLEAN-CUT NEWSPAPER CAMPAIGN was that waged by the *New York World* in behalf of David Gordon, the eighteen-year-old boy who wrote a poem denouncing America and was sentenced to three years in jail for doing so. Ostensibly the prosecution was on the ground of obscenity, but the fact that the two witnesses against Gordon were paid agents, one of the Military Order of the World War and the other of the Key Men of America, made it plain that the real animus was against his radicalism. It was a hard case to fight, because Gordon's "poem" was such a sophomoric expression and so obviously transcended the bounds of good taste. But three years in prison for offending good taste! Heywood Broun, we believe, was first to point out the indecency of the judges'

attitude, but the *World*, news and editorial staffs together, took off the gloves and fought. On April 24 appeared an editorial, Dubious Justice, citing the violent remarks of the judges. A news campaign followed; on April 28 the *World* gave its lead position to the editorial, A Boy of Eighteen, which is said to have moved the hearts of the Parole Commissioners. "It is too early to write down young Gordon as a hopeless case," the *World* said. "He wrote a foolish, dirty poem. He is not the first young man who has had foolish ideas, nor the first who made dirty remarks. There may be some hope for him." There is some hope for him. On May 10 the Parole Board decided that thirty-five days in jail was enough for Gordon, and he will be permitted to resume his studies as Zona Gale Scholar at the University of Wisconsin. The *World* deserves the credit for his freedom.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a newspaper campaign wins so clean-cut a victory. Boyd Gurley, editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, one of the Scripps-Howard papers, for four years has been fighting the gang which, with the Ku Klux Klan, controls the Republican machine in Indiana, and, through the party, has controlled the State. The defeat of Hoover by the Watson machine left the *Times* discouraged. "On the Republican side of the fence," it said on the morning after the election, "there is only the feeling that Indiana is corrupt and contented." Yet the *Times* had a right to be more cheerful. A small group of newspapers in Indiana has, for four years, stood out against an entrenched machine with a vigor and resourcefulness hardly matched elsewhere in the United States. The committee of award did well to give a Pulitzer prize for 1928 to the Indianapolis *Times* for the most "disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year." Indiana is less corrupt and contented today than she was four years ago. Gurley and the *Times* will win yet—perhaps under a standard-bearer who did not sit silent in the Harding Cabinet.

HEYWOOD BROWN joined the New York *Telegram* ten days after being unceremoniously dropped from the New York *World*. The *Telegram*, which, like the Indianapolis *Times*, is a Scripps-Howard paper, will not object or cry disloyalty if Mr. Brown disagrees with it. It "recognizes that there may be frequent occasions in which it will entertain editorial opinions at variance with those of this writer," but it believes that Mr. Brown and his friends are "entitled to consideration." Mr. Brown expresses himself as happy. Here, he says, he has a spot where he can daily "lift up my voice without being bothered by the fear that perhaps I am not precisely in tune with the rest of the choir. I never did like part singing." We congratulate him and the *Telegram*; and we expect that they will usually find themselves singing in harmony with each other, and even with *The Nation*.

FORD HALL FORUM is one of the institutions which have made Boston great. Twenty years ago its founder, George W. Coleman, inspired by a Cooper Union meeting in New York, conceived the idea, and year after year, Sunday after Sunday, the lines have formed behind the State House, the thousand seats have been filled, and the rear packed with standees. Last year an average of 264 persons stood up each Sunday night. Mexicans denounced

the church, Catholics denounced Mexico; Democrats, Socialists, black Republicans, even Communists, had an equal chance; the crowd began by singing its own democratic hymns and concluded by pestering speakers with barrages of questions—but always with a tolerant good-fellowship. Coleman boasts that not once in twenty years has he used a gavel, and no heckler has ever been thrown out of Ford Hall. It has been, in fact, what he called it, "a common meeting-ground for all the people in the interest of truth and mutual understanding." Visitors went away inspired with the Ford Hall idea, and more than 500 forums scattered from coast to coast are proud to call themselves its children. But all the time the Boston Baptist Social Union, founded by the evangelical Daniel S. Ford, long owner of the *Youth's Companion*, stood behind Ford Hall's forums with free rent and an annual subsidy of \$5,000. Now a little group of intolerants has persuaded the Union to cut off the subsidy. Ford Hall will not suffer; its followers will be glad to pay admission where admission was free. But Boston gets another black eye, and those who doubt the essentially Christian character of organized Christian churches have been presented with another easy argument.

IN NEW JERSEY, on the other hand, the Court of Errors and Appeals, highest court in the State, has issued an opinion in the case of Roger Baldwin which goes far to restore faith in the courts. Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, went to Paterson on October 6 to speak at a protest meeting of silk strikers in Turn Hall. The police refused to permit the meeting there, and Baldwin and others sought to make their protest from the steps of the City Hall. The police arrested them, and placed against them a charge of unlawful assembly, asserting that they "did unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultuously make and utter great and loud noises and threatenings." They were convicted on this absurd charge, and two higher courts sustained the conviction. But the highest court, in an opinion of rare dignity and sanity, recited the safeguards of civil liberties from Magna Charta through the federal and Jersey State constitutions to English common law, and concluded that these constitutional mandates "must be given the most liberal and comprehensive construction." The court declared:

In order to constitute the offense of unlawful assembly it must appear that there was a common intent of the persons assembled to attain a purpose, whether lawful or unlawful, by the commission of such acts of intimidation and disorder which are likely to produce danger to the tranquillity and peace of the neighborhood and have a natural tendency to inspire rational, firm, and courageous persons in the neighborhood with well-grounded fear of serious breaches of the public peace.

Of course, there was no evidence of anything of the sort in Paterson. "From the record before us," the court said, "we find nothing in the statement of facts contained therein to have warranted the finding by the trial judge that the accused were guilty of the offense of unlawful assembly. Judgment is reversed." That smashing verdict should go far to establish respect for the Constitution in New Jersey—and elsewhere.

BRAZIL HAS REJECTED the overtures of the League of Nations which invited her to come back into the fold. Argentina, since the election as President of Dr. Irigoyen,

who took her out of the League seven years ago, is little likely to return in the immediate future. Ecuador and Costa Rica likewise remain aloof. Mexico has never been invited. Those who have seen in the League of Nations a bulwark against Yankee aggression, seized as a sort of life-buoy by ardent Latin Americans, can find little support in these facts. Mr. Hughes was right when, the other day, he stressed the lack of unity in Latin America. The League has had a Latin-American policy; but Latin America cannot be said to have had a League policy. Mexico, oddly enough, is out of the League because the League was born under the wings of Wilson and Wilson was at that time at odds with Mexico; Ecuador, for reasons of her own, never ratified the Treaty of Versailles; Costa Rica frankly finds the League too expensive for a tiny Central-American republic; Brazil departed because she was not granted a permanent seat on the Council, but it may be suspected that her statesmen think continued abstention not displeasing to Washington; and Argentina still maintains that the League is not good enough until it recognizes all nations, great and small, as equally entitled to places on the Council, and accepts compulsory arbitration. Chile, like Cuba, is proud that one of her citizens has been elected president of the Assembly, but when Peru and Bolivia proposed League arbitration of her Tacna-Arica dispute, Chile insisted upon Yankee arbiters.

THE WORLD-WIDE PROTESTS on behalf of Baron Ludwig von Hatvany have been only half successful. His sentence, which had originally included a prison term of seven years and a fine of \$100,000, has been changed by the Hungarian Court of Appeals to one of five years' imprisonment and a fine of \$30,000. It remains, obviously, a savage sentence. As Emil Lengyel pointed out in *The Nation* of February 29: "The heads of the present political regime in Budapest hate Hatvany almost as much as they do Karolyi—because in spite of his great wealth he became a radical and a pacifist." Even the appeals of Heinrich Mann, Emil Ludwig, Max Reinhardt, and many other liberals could not change this feeling of the government, although the atrocities of the White Terror which Baron Hatvany attacked in several magazine articles—and for these attacks, ostensibly, he was sent to prison—have been confirmed.

IT REMAINED FOR RABBI JACOB KATZ of the Montefiore Synagogue in New York to do what almost nobody had ever done—make the sermon page in a Monday newspaper interesting. Rabbi Katz preached about immigration, and was against it; and that was no new thing. But his reason was delightfully new. Too many immigrants, he said, are becoming American—that is to say, "taking as models of American life those who figure in the higher circle of the government and figure high in graft. . . . Any one living midst the foreign element knows the connotation when the foreigner says 'This is America'; by that he implies 'Get all you can as long as you can get away with it.' . . . Sewers, oil reserves, street cleaning, census, Chicago: what a spectacle of American life!" It is to protect the European, then, that Rabbi Katz would keep him out; and incidentally it is to protect the United States that he would prevent it from becoming any more like itself than it is now. All of which is perhaps not altogether, or at all, a jest from the pulpit. Here is a preacher with the gift of irony. We wish there were more.

Literary Prizes

THERE is much to be said for the theory that there should be no literary prizes. They have long since become a matter for jest or condescension in France, and in the United States they have been subjected to very warm criticism—the hottest gesture being that which Sinclair Lewis made in the face of the Pulitzer committee by refusing the honor it had voted "Arrowsmith." But the prizes do multiply and get an increasing amount of attention from the press each year. Perhaps the end will come when unworthy recipients of prizes—and that there are such is to be expected in an imperfect world—decline the awards, bowing deferentially as they do so to their known superiors in poetry, fiction, biography, or the drama. This, of course, was not the significance of Mr. Lewis's gesture. He simply objected to prizes; and, incidentally, he was offended at the thought that he had written a book which could incur the charge of "best representing the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood."

This absurd wording, which we suppose everybody now disregards, applies with the scantest of accuracy to the novel which received the prize this year, Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," a novel for one thing with a Peruvian scene and for another thing with a thesis hardly conducive to the belief that the world is administered in the interests of God's better people. The wording of the dramatic award—"for the original American play which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners"—is even more absurd when applied to Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," certainly not a play of taste, though it is one of power, and certainly not a play of cheerful morals, though it is as grimly and profoundly moral as anything Mr. O'Neill ever wrote. Nor, for that matter, is Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" anything but a tale of glorified adultery—though it must be said that Joseph Pulitzer did not bother to demand of the prize poem that it conduce to anything.

If we disregard this phase of the whole Pulitzer matter, we must express general satisfaction with the awards of the present year. "Strange Interlude" is quite definitely the best play of 1927. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," in spite of "Blue Voyage," "Death Comes for the Archbishop," and "The Grandmothers," would not be seriously questioned by many readers of the four. "Tristram" had at least no prominently close rivals during the year. As for V. L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," which received the prize in American history, there was "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard, to consider; but the claims were close to equal there, and *The Nation* has cause to know that Mr. Beard, who reviewed Mr. Parrington's book for its pages, had the utmost enthusiasm for it as pioneer intellectual work in a field otherwise distressingly slighted. The prize in biography went to Charles Edward Russell for his life of Theodore Thomas. In view of Paxton Hibben's "Beecher," Mary Best's "Thomas Paine," and Lloyd Morris's "Hawthorne" this was a debatable choice. But that is the best thing about prizes—they are debatable. And the worst awards provide the most scope for newspaper comment.

Japan's War in China

JAPAN'S military party has won, and the Japanese are back in control of China's sacred province of Shantung. A state of virtual war has existed for a week about the capital, Tsinanfu, and as a result 3,000 Chinese and 50 Japanese are dead, and the Japanese hold the city. They have also taken over the entire Shantung Railway, built by the Germans and Japanized during the World War, but returned to China in 1922. Thirty thousand Japanese troops are already in Shantung, 14,000 of them at Tsinanfu, 245 miles inland.

The Japanese general, clearly, acted as military men often do—brusquely and imperiously, overriding the civilian consul-general and issuing short-term ultimatums. Who fired first in the fatal melee no one seems to know. But the essential point is that Chinese resentment of the presence of Japanese forces in the heart of China expressed itself in open rifle fire. That fact has tremendous significance. Never, since Boxer days, have the Chinese been so bold. The story of the passionate boycott after the Treaty of Versailles confirmed Japanese control of this same province of Shantung is still fresh in Japanese and Chinese memory. Men threw their Japanese hats into bonfires. Mobs invaded stores which dared sell Japanese goods. Japanese ships were not allowed to land their cargoes. A student deliberately broke his finger to sign an anti-Japanese protest in blood. But in 1918 no Chinese troops would have stood for five minutes against Japanese.

Some Japanese circles realize the danger. To any one who knows the ease with which, in the past, the Japanese government has controlled the press and inflamed the population, it is amazing that certain Tokio dailies are still protesting against the unrestrained course of the soldiers in Shantung. Evidently there are powerful commercial groups in Japan which foresee and fear the inevitable loss of trade. It is even possible that the military men have defied civilian orders—it would not be the first time in Japanese history if they did. And if, after such an outbreak, calm civilian opinion should get the better of the jingoes and force a peaceful settlement, that event in itself would be epoch-making in the East. It would mean that the feudal regime in Japan was really dead, and that the new bourgeoisie had come into its own. It would open new vistas of democratic development for all Asia.

Those vistas, however, are not yet open. The present fact is that the Japanese are mopping up in Shantung. General Fukuda at Tsinanfu has forced all Chinese troops to withdraw at least twenty *li* from the city; other Japanese commanders are seizing and disarming Nationalist troops wherever they meet them. Chiang Kai-shek's drive upon North China has been checked, and Japan has taken back what she restored in 1922.

In 1897, in the days of the "Battle for Concessions," two German missionaries were killed in Shantung, the "sacred province" of China, where Confucius was born. Germany saw her chance, and took it. She seized the port of Tsingtao and forced China to grant a ninety-nine year lease for it, as well as other preferential rights, in Shantung. When Japan entered the World War in August, 1914, she immediately set out to eject the Germans from Shan-

tung, at the same time announcing that she intended to restore the leased territory to China. Possession, however, seemed to change her mind. The Twenty-one Demands of 1915 included an express transfer to Japan of all German rights, and even of privileges not enjoyed by the Germans. China, on entering the war, declared all her conventions with Germany abrogated, and at the Peace Conference took the position that this abrogation left no German rights to be transferred to Japan. But Japan was in possession; and secret treaties bound England and France to support her.

Anti-Japanese feeling ran high in those days. In the end Chinese economic pressure—plus the attitude of Britain and America—led Japan, after the Washington Conference, to withdraw her troops and return to China political control of Shantung. She retained, however, the German mines and property rights which she had seized, and she handed over the railroad only after prolonged negotiations. If Japan complains today that China is two years in arrears on the interest due on the railway notes, it is pertinent to recall that at Washington the Chinese representatives offered to float an internal loan and pay for the railway at once. Japan refused; she wanted, she said, to retain an interest in the railway for some years. The Chinese have a right to suspicion.

Presumably Japan is not playing for Shantung alone. Through her ownership of the South Manchuria Railway she virtually controls the three provinces of Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin, chief of the Peking, or Northern, Government, is also war-lord of Manchuria, and has played ball with the Japanese for many years. When, in December, 1925, a revolt threatened to overthrow Chang, it was Japanese intervention—although they denied it at the time—which decided the issue in his favor, and he later publicly thanked the Japanese for their aid. Again last summer Japan's sudden thrust of troops across Shantung protected the retreating Northerners and broke the force of the Nationalist attack.

To say that Japan's shipment of 14,000 troops 250 miles inland is mere "protection of foreign lives and property" is absurd. The Japanese have been attentive observers of recent events in China, and they must have known how such an act would affect the Chinese. They have no treaty rights in Tsinanfu. There is no "leased territory" there. But the Japanese commander arbitrarily outlined a zone into which he forbade Chinese troops to penetrate, and proceeded to fortify it. England cannot protest, because of the precedent of her own illegal course at Shanghai; and indignant Americans must admit that there is a certain parallel between this policy and our own in Nicaragua.

Nicaragua, however, has half a million people, and China four hundred millions. Ethically, we are not on a very different footing from the Japanese; but the possible consequences to the peace of the world are roughly proportionate to the population. Apparently both Japanese and Chinese are hesitating, appalled by their own foolhardiness. But the tide of battle is rolling on toward Tientsin, another great center of foreign population, defended by foreign troops; and in China today North and South, gun in hand, unite in resenting these cancers in the body of China.

Shall Police Torture Go?

A STONE may have been set rolling by lawyers in New York City which will modify or end the police inquisitions that have become an established procedure in dealing with crime in the United States. Due partly to a lack of detective skill in our police departments and partly to what may be too great safeguards extended to accused persons in our criminal courts, American police in many cases have come to rely upon confessions obtained by frightening, beating, and torturing suspected persons. Although illegal and criminal this use of the "third degree," or, in more recent slang, giving a prisoner "the works," has come to be winked at by judges and the public.

In *Harper's Magazine* of last October the editor of *The Nation* gave numerous well-authenticated instances of outrageous brutality in the effort to extort confessions and called for adherence to law on the part of public officials as the most important step toward checking crime. In response to this a committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York has just made a report in which a definite position is taken against the "third degree" and a tentative suggestion is made for a change in criminal procedure which would aid prosecution without the need of resorting to illegal and brutal methods.

Almost simultaneously, too, with the report mentioned came a decision by the Court of Appeals of New York State in which a conviction for murder was overthrown because it had been the result of a confession extorted through the "third degree." Another trial was ordered for Robert Weiner—arrested for assisting in an attempted escape from the Tombs Prison, in which a warden was killed—because, the court says, there was no shred of evidence except a confession extorted by illegal "assaults and threats."

The committee of the Association of the Bar recommends a study of the "third degree" by the New York Crime Commission, saying:

Our present law regarding the admission of confessions provides inducement for endeavoring to procure confessions by any means which cannot subsequently be proved unlawful. That the opportunity afforded has in many cases been made use of for illegal purposes cannot be doubted, in view of the many admonitions from the Court of Appeals warning of the danger of departure from the procedure prescribed by statute.

The report stresses the fact that unless, as Judge Sel-den once put it, confessions proceed "from the spontaneous suggestion of the party's own mind, free from the influence of any extraneous disturbing cause," they are not only unfair to the accused person but they are unreliable as evidence. It also reminds us that the Court of Appeals of New York State, speaking through Judge Andrews, has said: "If we are satisfied that confessions have been improperly obtained, we should not hesitate to reverse even if the guilt of the accused otherwise seems clear."

The committee thinks that the "third degree" has become possible largely because of failure to respect the fundamental legal provision that a person shall be arraigned as promptly as possible after arrest. Prisoners, it says, arrested at any hour of day or night should be taken before a magistrate at once, and to facilitate this procedure it recommends a single central magistrate's court.

But the lawyers who sign this report, including former public prosecutors like Emory R. Buckner, William Travers Jerome, and Charles S. Whitman, though they wish to do away with the "third degree," would like to strengthen by legal means the opportunity to convict guilty persons.

We have no doubt [they say] that the adoption of any of the foregoing suggested remedies might considerably diminish the number of those voluntary confessions that are now properly obtained and to that extent hamper the effective administration of the law. If that be so, the situation calls for serious consideration of another phase of the problem.

For many years there has been a widespread feeling that the guaranty against self-incrimination was being unwarrantably used for the obstruction of justice. There are many serious students of present criminal conditions who believe that a departure is required from our fundamental provision against compulsory self-incrimination and that the constitution should be so amended as to permit the arraignment of an accused before a magistrate who may compel him to answer questions concerning the offense with which he is charged, regardless of whether such questions incriminate him or not.

Coming from the source which it does, this suggestion is entitled to the most serious consideration. It conforms to the practice in various parts of Europe and appeals to a large body of both lay and legal opinion in this country as logical and just. We hope the Association of the Bar of the City of New York will undertake a fighting campaign to substitute this for the revolting "third degree."

The Straphangers' Plight

BY its ruling in the five-cent-fare controversy in the city of New York the Federal Statutory Court has not only plunged full-speed through a legal twilight zone where other experts have felt their way with many a halt and questioning, but it has entered a domain which in a properly organized democracy belongs to the legislative and not the judicial branch of the government. If the United States Supreme Court sustains the decision written by Judge Martin T. Manton and concurred in by District Judges John C. Knox and William Bondy, it will affect in a revolutionary way every rate-making body in the country. It will bind such bodies to a new economic doctrine and carry a long way further the method by which we have come to allow a few men in black robes to settle for us offhand political questions which ought to be resolved by the people through a gradual process of experiment and discussion.

The court does not fix permanently the fare to be charged. That is left for determination through a later action. But the court enjoins the city from trying to prevent the Interborough Rapid Transit Company from collecting seven instead of five cents on its subway and elevated lines pending the result of the trial, on the ground that a contract between the city and the company—which previously everybody had supposed to be as inviolable as the Ten Commandments—is, in fact, only another "scrap of paper."

In the reasoning by which the court justifies its action we feel that the chain grows weaker with each successive link—and there are five links. The first link is that a contract between the city and the transit company in 1913, providing for a fare of five cents and not more, was con-

ditioned and modified by an act of the State Legislature in 1907 setting up a Public Service Commission with authority to regulate rates. This is a legal point upon which a court is the proper body to pass. The decision handed down may or may not be good law; apparently the ruling is based largely on the wording of the specific contract. The second link is that under the law the Public Service Commission was not only authorized but obligated to rescue the transit company from what the latter regarded as an unprofitable financial arrangement. This dictum would not depend upon a specific contract but would apply to rate-fixing bodies everywhere. It is of importance only in connection with the third link, which is that, due to the failure of the commission to act, it becomes the duty of the court to intervene with action of its own. This is a difficult and dangerous assumption which, if sustained by the United States Supreme Court, will virtually overthrow every rate-making body in the country, making it possible constantly to obstruct and revise their judgments by appeals to the bench. As a rule the courts do not interfere with the acts of an administrative officer or body except where gross malfeasance or bad faith is chargeable. This was not true of the New York Public Service Commission. In any event the commission did not err in lack of tenderness for the interests of the company. If it was faithless, it was toward the traveling public—in failing to demand, for instance, that enough cars be run to provide passengers with seats at least in non-rush hours. And the public will recall with a sense of irony and resentment that no court ever intervened to enforce rights in its behalf which the Public Service Commission failed to maintain.

But the last two links in the chain are weaker still. Having determined its right to intervene, the court decides that the company is entitled to a return on the replacement value of its property and, finally, it appears to rule that the return should be 8 per cent. Neither of these issues is a legal one properly referable to a court. Both have been under discussion for years by economists, politicians, and the public at large without the crystallization of any common opinion. If any policy is laid down, it should be done by a legislature which does not thereby establish an unchangeable precedent. We believe, too, that the award of an 8 per cent profit to the traction company is entirely out of line with existing conditions. While it may be granted that 8 per cent is not too high a return for one taking a business risk, the fact is that by the court's decision such a risk is practically eliminated for the company. Its profits are virtually guaranteed regardless of its management. And guaranteed investments do not pay 8 per cent. In New York City guaranteed mortgages sell for 5½ per cent, while the straphangers who support the subway and elevated lines are mostly persons who, on their tiny nest eggs, receive from the savings banks a maximum of 4½ per cent.

Finally we can see no such emergency confronting the company as to warrant an injunction permitting it to collect a seven-cent fare pending the suit for a new rate. The provisions for returning the extra sum to travelers in case the company loses its case are obviously unworkable. We commend to straphangers the advice of Representative La Guardia, a member of the House Judiciary Committee. As the injunction is against the city, not against individual passengers, Mr. La Guardia suggests that each traveler refuse to pay more than five cents and compel the company to prosecute him if it will—or can.

The Blacklist Party

THE NATION gave a party on May 9. To it were invited all persons whose names had been included in the D. A. R. blacklist, in the list of "radical" individuals and organizations prepared by the Key Men of America, or in any similar honor roll. The Blacklist Party was held at the Level Club in New York City, and almost 800 persons claimed the right of admission. The program was made up of speeches and stunts performed by Heywood Brown, Arthur Garfield Hays, Groucho Marx, William Pickens, James N. Rosenberg, Ruth Hale, James Weldon Johnson, MacAlister Coleman, Norman Thomas, Art Young, and others whose talents sprang spontaneously from the rich soil of "sedition." The party was particularly honored in the presence of Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, the Massachusetts member of the D. A. R. whose protest against the blacklist precipitated the recent controversy, and Mrs. Josepha Whitney, who led a number of New Haven members in resigning from the organization. Various prominent blacklisted individuals sent messages of congratulation and regret. We print below a few excerpts from the more interesting among them.

CLARENCE DARROW

You know, when I was young, I had no chance to get an education on account of having chosen poor parents who could not afford to spare the money. For that reason I was obliged to pick it up. I went along, with the help of my father, who was really a good scholar. Not having graduated anywhere at any time, I am especially proud of being included by the D. A. R. on their blacklist. The truth is, this is the first degree I ever had and I am very proud of it.

There is one thing about it, however, that makes me sad, and which at the same time administers to my pride of opinion: All my life I have been hearing people talk about progress. They talk about it with the cocksureness that some others talk of heaven. I always insisted that there was no such thing. The action of the noble dames convinces me that I am right, even if I hadn't known it before. Their ancestors were all of them rebels. The respectable people, like bankers, clergymen, lawyers, and judges, were on the other side; many of them fled to New Brunswick and other Canadian points to save their lives from the rebels, composed of the poor and the lawless who made up the Continental army.

My ancestors were also in this war, and outside of sex and my lack of conventional ideals, I would be eligible to membership in the organization even to the extent of a royal dame. I know that these people were not respectable; they were fighting existing ideas and vested wrong, and they not only took their lives but their reputations in their hands. They were cursed by the smug and respectable of that day, and now they are worshiped by the remote progeny which they have left behind; and this progeny, to show that it is conventional and respectable, is engaged in the old-time business of denouncing others who still think that this foolish world needs mending.

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

I have your note under date of May 3 stating that some days ago you sent me an invitation to your Blacklist Party. I did not receive the invitation. But I do not suppose it would be possible for me to attend in view of the great amount of work we have before us in the closing days of the session.

I noticed my name among the blacklist and I would naturally, therefore, be expected to be among them. But it is not my

disposition to rejoice over honors and exceptional distinctions which sometimes come to us. However much we may feel indebted to these people, we ought to be modest in our recognition of these blessings which steal upon us.

ISABELLE KENDIG

Some hundred and fifty years ago when a now famous and honored conspiracy was being hatched, my great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin, remarked: "If we don't hang together, we will certainly hang separately." His advice is still good. Count me with you to the full in whatever program you adopt. I'd rather be a live radical on the blacklist than, in the D. A. R., merely a worshiper of dead ones!

VICTOR L. BERGER

As far as I am concerned, I believe that the Daughters of the American Revolution are inconsistent, since it must be clear to everybody that I have tried to become a revolutionary sire myself. I have striven to start a revolution against the present system and replace it with something more sensible and humane. There is this difference, however. Their ancestors tried a violent revolution, while I prefer peaceable and legal means. But even at that the Daughters are not nearly as bad as Judge Landis, who not only put me on his war patriotic list but dictated a twenty-year penitentiary sentence to boot. This sentence I have always considered my *croix de guerre* and any blacklisting can simply add a ribbon or another decoration. The only possible objection I may have to the latest roll of honor is that I find myself in the company of a considerable number of was patriots and other hundred-percenters but, as they have seen the light, here is my outstretched hand, and I say "welcome" to one and all of them. May our tribe increase and we all become revolutionary sires!

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Unworthy though I am to stand before the kings and queens of courage in the true American aristocracy, yet because some fumbling fool has placed me there I none the less appreciate the great fortune I have had in this distinction. Some people have all the luck. I am one. If a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, a place on the D. A. R. blacklist is better than a license to steal in a mint, or to have a hand in the Continental Trading Company's jackpot. I am sorry that I cannot be with you at the dinner tonight, however unworthy I may be to sit there. But I have noticed that what you grab you get, and what you keep is all to the good, so I shall grab and keep this distinction as among my most precious laurels.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Community Church, Boston, Mass.

I should gladly attend the meeting of the criminals listed by the Daughters of the American Reaction, but I cannot—for on that night I am billed to plant bombs under one Governor, two Senators, six Congressmen, eight churches, eleven banks, and one Social Order. My duty must come first, so please accept my best wishes for a bloody and murderous party.

LEWIS AND CLARK CHAPTER, D. A. R.

Greetings from true daughters of revolutionary ancestors. (This chapter at Eugene, Oregon, recently protested against the blacklist policy of the organization after an effort had been made to induce the Eugene Daughters to prevent a meeting at which Kirby Page was to speak on peace.)

JAMES P. WARBASSE

Forty years ago, my mother was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. If she were living today, she would not be a member. Thirty-five years ago, I was a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. I resigned

when I saw that the membership was composed largely of reactionary snobs, every man-jack of whom was thrown into a fit of gooseflesh at the thought of revolution.

I am glad to know that the Daughters do not like me. They naturally should not. I do not like revolution. Everything that revolves presently comes around where it started. The Daughters and their kind breed revolution. They are pushing this country toward revolution faster than all the terrible Reds together.

THE LIBERAL CLUB, Harvard University

We long to be with you at the great Blacklist Party, and we are sorry to remain away compelled by distance and the spider's web of divisional examinations. Some of us may yet succeed in joining the celebration. Congratulations to the organizing energy of *The Nation*! We were delighted to see our name on the D. A. R. Honor Roll—saddened only over the fact that the Radcliffe Liberal Club there listed has not even yet come into existence though thus prenatally honored.

Would you perhaps be kind enough to send us a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Blacklist Party? May it be confederated, permanent, and strong!

Letters of indorsement or of friendly appreciation were also received from President Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College, David Starr Jordan, Senator Lynn J. Frazier, Inez Haynes Irwin, Rosika Schwimmer, James H. Maurer, Irving Fisher, Fannie Hurst, Edward A. Ross, Carl Haessler, Edward Mead Earle, Major Walter M. Ireland, Richard Hogue, Samuel Guy Inman, John A. Fitch, Benjamin Marsh, Dr. Alice Hamilton, David K. Niles (Ford Hall Forum, Boston, Mass.), Max S. Hayes, Guy Emery Sipler (editor, the *Churchman*), Frederick J. Libby, Joseph Jastrow, David Pinski, Julia C. Lathrop, Helen Arthur, Arthur B. Spingarn, Gertrude L. Winslow, Mary Anderson, Emil E. Holmes (Commander Hospital Post 303, American Legion), Edward T. Devine, Robert Whitaker, Lola Maverick Lloyd, Ellen Hayes, Lew Head, Arthur M. Schlesinger, and others.

Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, although invited, did not attend *The Nation's* Blacklist Party. She was otherwise engaged. While the assembled blacklist was amusing itself at the expense of the D. A. R. in New York City, the president of that society was being presented to the British King and Queen at Buckingham Palace! As the *New York Times* reported the occasion:

"It was all a very delightful experience for an American, very delightful," beamed Mrs. Brosseau, after she had eurtied low before King George and Queen Mary tonight. . . .

"I went in early," said Mrs. Brosseau, with a slight touch of triumph, "and I was in the Throne Room from the very beginning of the ceremony. It was the first time I had ever been inside the palace. All I can say in describing it is that it was very ceremonious, in fact, I would call it dignified and wonderful."

The D. A. R. head wore a blue brocade gown with soft iridescent flower figures of pale gold and pale rose embroidered with pearls. The presentation ceremony over, she will spend the rest of the week in London attending a luncheon meeting of the D. A. R. board Friday.

Are we to understand that the Daughters of the American Revolution have moved their headquarters to London? If our Blacklist Party did not succeed in making the antics of the Daughters ridiculous, Mrs. Brosseau, obviously, intends to do it for us.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

AN eighteen-year-old boy was recently sentenced to three years in prison because he wrote an "obscene" poem. He has since been released by the parole board and so there will be no general discussion of the case in this article. But one point does stick in my crop and I would like to speculate about it. The man who brought the accusation later justified the conviction by pointing out in a letter that the culprit had indeed been fearfully obscene. The righteous man stated, and his letter was duly printed in the *New York World*, that the prisoner had likened this country "to a 'bawdy house,' only using the more obscene word."

Lest anybody begin to tremble let me state right here that I have no intention of using the more obscene word in these columns, or any other terrifying phrase for that matter. But I do want to speculate a little on the curious criminality which descends upon certain words and passes by others which are precise synonyms. For instance, the high-minded citizen who wrote to the *World* used a phrase meaning exactly the same thing as that employed by the boy who went to jail, but the righteous man will not be indicted for obscenity. As it happens he chose his word a shade more carefully and picked for his qualifier an expression which has grown a trifle archaic, or at least a little literary. One may still find in theatrical reviews the expression "a bawdy farce." Not, of course, that the fatal word employed by the unfortunate poet was in any sense a new one. Often it is used in the Bible, and particularly in connection with Babylon. However, it has survived as a part of common speech and in that lies the crime.

This is puzzling to me. If one uses such dirty words as happen to be casual and common then he is obscene and subject to the punishments prescribed by law, but artful folk who can think up fancy names escape scot-free. I deny that this is fair. The man who has mulled over his phrases and polished them seems to me by a great margin more obscene, since he has evidently taken delight in the creation of his metaphors and hopes to arouse a lewd thrill of recognition upon the part of his readers.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, I was employed by a high-minded morning newspaper which undertook a campaign against the immoralities of the great city. In particular the staff was set to weeding out commercialized vice. Unfortunately the principles of the chief owner were so lofty that he objected to evil words as well as evil deeds and the reporters assigned to the crusade were reduced to great difficulties. On the one hand it was their task to point out that conditions in New York were extremely horrid, but in the telling they must take care never to hit upon a single word which could give offense. Even such a sedate noun as "harlot" was absolutely under the ban. But at last the chief of the journalistic investigators hit upon a scheme which worked out satisfactorily. He had to make several words do the work of one and it was finally decided that each wicked woman whom we were trying to drive off the streets and out of the dens of New York was "a member of the scarlet army."

The men who framed the headlines fumed at this form and it did seem a little silly whenever it became necessary

to report that "Jane Doe, who said she was an actress, was sent to the workhouse yesterday for thirty days after being convicted as a member of the scarlet army." Indeed it seemed to me that although the honor of the editor was satisfied and his squeamishness in no way offended, a certain fundamental moral precept had been gravely neglected. There is, or should be, a proverb running: "Never give a bad dog a good name." The people against whom the paper was proceeding were in all truth vicious, cruel, and evil, and by our prudishness we gave them glamor. Membership in the scarlet army sounds like a most romantic affiliation.

It would not be difficult to point out that in all the history of world literature it is the prettifiers who have given the greatest aid and comfort to the enemy. With an endowment for research behind me I would undertake to prove that the periods of greatest verbal frankness do not correspond to the ages of the greatest licentiousness. People prissy about their language are in very many cases far less careful of their morals. The old-style Puritan could sling a mean phrase with the best of them and took no shame whatsoever in using carnal words when he felt that he was crusading against the evil-doer.

For all his faults, the Puritan, old style, was not the direct ancestor of the Comstocks and the Sumners. Indeed I feel that he survives much more clearly in Eugene O'Neill in spite of the acclaim which that great dramatist has received from the liberal and radical elements. O'Neill seems to me more nearly Miltonian than any other living author. And this I cite not quite as praise but merely as one of the reasons why my enthusiasm for the Pulitzer prize-winner is a little less than that which generally prevails. I like my drama less dour by several degrees and many acts.

Accordingly, I may seem to strive upon both sides of the problem which I have stated. It is my theory that high jinks persist best in communities where language is largely inhibited. Free, full, and frank expression generally leads to oppressive laws limiting personal liberty. I am willing to take my chances. When words are held in chains I am not free. The silliness of assuming that certain phrases have in them a peculiar power for evil harks back to those old days in which men believed that there were verbal formulae by which mortals might raise the devil. It isn't as easy as all that.

One gentleman of my acquaintance was treated by a psychiatrist who tried to remove from the patient a feeling of inferiority. It was the doctor's theory that my friend, like so many of us, had suffered from an early training which was far too strict. The sick man could not face life and quailed before ugly and erotic phrases. And so within a sound-proof room the healer and the cripple sat for many mornings while the patient under command shouted at top voice all the dirty words within his knowledge. And if he knew an insufficient number it may be that the doctor told him others. A cure was effected because the sad young man soon discovered that words, even the most terrifying one, are not sticks and stones to bruise the body. He does not even feel by now that they have scarred his soul. There is no horrid magic in any word or phrase unless it happens to be mumbled.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Presidential Possibilities

XI

Charles G. Dawes

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*The last article in a series
of studies of the candidates*

IN the Vice-President of the United States we have incarnate the greatest mass of contradictions to be found in the make-up of any public man today. For here is one who is well bred and yet a vulgarian; who has hosts of adoring friends, and yet repels multitudes; who is a darling of big business and the financial world, and at the same time of great groups of farmers who ought by every precedent to hate him and all his Wall and State Street friends. This man can, moreover, be at times fascinating, at times so surly and rude as to anger those near him. He is a lover of the classics and of art and is a fine amateur violinist—like Nicholas Longworth—with one popular composition to his credit, and yet you could be with him for hours and not dream that there was a fine side to him. He is skilled in publicity, in swearing in public at just the right time, in smoking his pipe upside down, and yet he lets great opportunities slip by him or makes egregious tactical blunders.

Essentially a man's man, he is extraordinarily popular—with men—in Washington and in the Senate, despite his fortunately futile effort to change its debating rules which rubbed the fur of many a veteran Senator the wrong way, and despite a well-founded belief that he plays favorites in recognizing the Senators to whom he grants the floor. To many he appears a dangerously erratic, irresponsible, and ill-balanced man, who in the Presidency would constitute a grave danger to the country; to others he is an able banker, a great patriot, a genuine leader, a remarkable politician, a sheet-anchor to windward in the fight against the "parlor-pinks," bolshevists, and all the others who wish to put a crimp in the easy ways of making money in which Dawes and his business friends rejoice. Finally, there is Clinton Gilbert, who calls him "the one real personality in a timid, conventional Washington, a great man or more nearly a great man . . . than any one else we have in Washington"; a "person vital, various, striking, amazing, confounding, alive in every respect, admirable. . . ." In the face of all this where and who is the real Charles Dawes?

There is truth on both sides. It is to his credit that so many men like him; that he has won over a hostile Senate. But it is also true that he has most unpleasant traits and that he can behave like a boor. I do not doubt that some of this is studied, for he is distinctly a poseur, or, if you please, an actor, and often a poor one at that. There are those who think that he deliberately takes a leaf out of President Roosevelt's book, even to imitating his falsetto. As to that I do not know. But it is a fact that his friends adore him and assure you that he has one of the kindest of hearts. They tell you that he suffers from his impulses—they deny that the impulses are rehearsed in advance—and say it is because he is so impulsive that he often gives such

great offense. Accepting all this as correct, it still appears to me that there are other "real personalities" in Washington be-

sides General Dawes. Nor is it possible to acquit him of being really erratic whether that be studied or not. But it is true that he was a great success as chairman of the General Purchasing Board of the A. E. F. in France—a key position; that he did a fine job as Director of the Budget, and at least he gave his name and prestige to the Dawes Plan in Germany. He stands high in the world of banking and finance. It cannot, therefore, be asserted that he is merely a colorful eccentric, especially as he was an excellent Comptroller of the Currency as far back as 1897. He is obviously a man of force and executive ability.

But as a speaker on a public platform this general is the world's worst, with the exception of Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover cannot be heard fifty feet away. He has neither voice nor presence, and though elocution can do marvels for some aspirants for the stage, Mr. Hoover cannot, or will not try to, learn. To his aid has come the radio and to it he cheerfully flees, and over it he will campaign hereafter. Charles Dawes, per contra, has all the brass in the world. Poor speaker that he is, he will face any audience, and his strident, unpleasant voice and his jack-in-the-box gestures worry him not at all. I have two of his speeches especially in memory. One of them was at a great dinner in Paris for a delegation from the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce during the fateful treaty days in March, 1919. There were many distinguished Frenchmen there. General Dawes's speech was of the type to slap them in the face. It reeked with American self-satisfaction, assumption of superiority, and condescension—enough to make every Frenchman hate us. Of course, we had won the war and, of course, it was a grand thing to have American business men come over and show France how to reorganize and get ahead. That was the mortifying substance, the bad taste of it, fortunately immediately covered by a most graceful and tactful speech by General Dawes's warm friend and commander, General John J. Pershing.

The other speech Charles Dawes gave in Omaha during the La Follette campaign. Here are my notes made at the time:

I reached Omaha last night in time to hear Mr. Dawes. The streets around his hall were shut off by the police in expectation of a huge crowd, and loud-speakers were attached to the walls for the waiting multitudes. But only twenty persons were listening outside, and they could easily have gone in. Mr. Dawes has unfortunate mannerisms of speech which, despite the amplifiers, made it impossible for more than one-half of his audience to hear him. He stamped, gesticulated, barked, and roared for twenty-two minutes. I have never heard a first-rate public man get

little applause as he did when he finished. It lasted by my watch exactly twenty seconds. The comments of the crowd were unflattering. Their amazement that the meeting was over in forty minutes was openly voiced. Dawes had nothing but his set speech—that the Reds menace our government and that La Follette will pull down the Supreme Court by order of the Socialists were his sole themes, save a long definition of the difference between a statesman and a demagogue, and a long quotation from Le Bon on the psychology of the crowd, to show that if you give the mob complete control of a government terrible things happen; witness the French and Russian revolutions. That went over the heads of his audience—a large and fine one, with many working people in it. Only his final appeal to save the American home and hearthstone from the red flag of socialism stirred the audience at all.

What does Mr. Dawes stand for? Accept for the moment the most favorable estimates of Mr. Gilbert and the others who believe Mr. Dawes to be the greatest figure in Washington, and then see just what his social and political ideals are. It has long been rumored that he was once a dues-paying member of the Socialist Party. He has even been portrayed on occasions as a liberal. Thus it is an amusing fact that when he spoke in Casper, Wyoming, during the 1924 campaign, a two-page advertisement heralded him as a progressive, "nominated at the Cleveland convention through the counsel of progressives," and gave these facts about his early political attitudes on the authority of a citizen of Casper, who, it was explained, had lived and worked with him in Nebraska:

Charles Gates Dawes moved to Lincoln from Ohio in 1887. He took a position as bookkeeper in a paper mill. Later he branched out into the law business. He was intensely interested in the anti-monopoly fight, became a live foe of the railroads and a recognized leader of the farmer movement for lower freight rates. . . . *He was always a friend of the under-dog.*

If these things were once true of Mr. Dawes he has long since reacted to quite the other extreme. He is today the most determined anti-union-labor man and general reactionary in political life. It was he who organized in Chicago the Minute Men of the Constitution, but the name was only a subterfuge. The organization was not established so much for protecting the Constitution as to attack the unions under the pretense of upholding our national charter and law-enforcement generally. He is particularly devoted to the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and he even goes so far as to declare that this has been made mandatory by the Constitution! That document, he has insisted, makes it the duty of judges to issue injunctions against all workers, whenever they strike or threaten to strike. Apparently he believes that men never have the right to lay down their tools. He was one of those who in September, 1922, acclaimed Attorney General Daugherty when he obtained a sweeping injunction against the striking railway shop-men. These were his words:

The Daugherty injunction in my judgment future generations will regard as the beginning of a new era of law and order in this country, because our government, through it, announces that the right of a man to work is as sacred as the right of a man to stop work.

He was of those who helped directly or indirectly to smash the Chicago building unions, and he has repeatedly declared that labor opposes the use of injunctions only because it

wishes to take its employers by the throat whenever it pleases. Here are some of his own words on the subject:

What is this claptrap about injunctions? Is there a man here, . . . whether he belongs to a union organization or not, that does not know what the claptrap is about? Is it feared on the part of Sam Gompers, John H. Walker, and Victor Olander that it is encroachment upon the liberties of the American people by injunctions? What they are afraid of is not encroachments on the liberties of American citizens; they fear the encroachment of their privilege to assault American citizens and kill American citizens when they go peacefully to work.

So he doubtless upholds those recent injunctions which have made it impossible for three men to gather together for private conversation on the streets of certain Pennsylvania mining towns without laying themselves open to arrest, and impossible for others to meet in a church to sing hymns without courting prosecution for violating an injunction of a judge who is apparently the creature of the corporations that control the situation. No, it is still true that there are criminal labor leaders who believe that they can obtain their ends best by violence and murder, but they are little worse, from the point of view of ethical standards, than men like Mr. Dawes who propose to misuse the powers of the courts and of the government to break the labor organizations that they dislike. His is the philosophy of our masterful business men, raised to the n^{th} degree.

Mr. Dawes wants no interference with things as they are, with the control of big business over the economic life and the government of the United States. If he really has humane sentiments about uplifting the masses of the American people, he keeps them well concealed. He is a natural champion of the groups that propose to run this country for the purpose of lining their pockets at everybody else's expense, and he has always done his best to see that they had every chance to do it. He has passionate beliefs, passionately held, and the courage to defend them; but if he has sympathy with the progressive platforms of Wilson and Roosevelt in 1912, he has never given any evidence of it since he became prominent. He is capable of bursting out with indignant utterance, but never on behalf of reform. I cannot recall that he has ever made a speech denouncing the oil scandals. Mr. Dawes's most sympathetic companions, politically speaking, are the open-shoppers, the financial friends of men of the type of Sinclair, Doheny, and Fall. His brother is president of the Pure Oil Company; in the stock of this company Mr. Harding and some of his associates, so it is reported, lost much money when they tried to speculate in it on a tip from friends. He and his associates did their best in 1924 to commit the Republican Party to a campaign on the issue of the open shop.

Among the discredited men with whom Charles G. Dawes has worked in the past is ex-Senator William Lorimer, who was turned out of the Senate on account of the bribery of the legislature which had sent him to Washington. This leads us directly to the most famous incident in Mr. Dawes's banking career and the most disputed. According to the critics, the facts are these: Lorimer controlled a moribund national bank in Chicago and, when it was about to be closed by the Comptroller of the Currency, decided hastily to make it over into a State bank. In order to do this he had to prove to the satisfaction of the State Auditor of Public Accounts that the bank had on hand \$1,250,000 "actually paid in in cash," and that such cash "is now in

the hands of the proper officers of the said association . . . and is to be used by them solely in the legitimate business" of the bank. Lorimer did not have that money. His friend Charley Dawes, then head of the successful Central Trust Company, without asking permission of his directors or informing them, went beyond his authority and lent the \$1,250,000 to Lorimer with which he successfully deceived the State Auditor when that official came to make his inspection. The Auditor certified that Lorimer had complied with the law and gave him permission to operate as a State bank. Lorimer returned the \$1,250,000 to Dawes and went ahead, with the result that the bank collapsed and thousands of depositors lost their savings. When the matter was aired in the courts Charles G. Dawes, upholder of the sacred Constitution and the laws of the land, was soundly rebuked by the Supreme Court of his State.

To this story his friends reply that Dawes only followed a usual custom; that he and his Central Trust Company acted innocently in the matter; that they were merely helping out a friend who deceived them; that they received neither remuneration nor profit for their aid; that they believed the process to be lawful—though Dawes had himself been Comptroller of the Currency. They quote the opinion of one judge of the Illinois Appellate Court to this effect, but fail to add that this same judge held Mr. Dawes's bank liable for \$978,029 because of its share in the transaction. Other judges held it liable for \$1,250,000. The Supreme Court scored the transaction as wrongful taking of moneys but finally fixed the figure at only \$110,457.51. Even that was a pretty price for the stockholders of Mr. Dawes's bank to pay for his ignorance plus his desire to help out a friend.

When Mr. Dawes arrived in Washington for his inaugural he planned a sensation and he achieved one. Usually no one pays the slightest attention to what a just inaugurated Vice-President has to say, and no one loses thereby, for the Vice-President generally recites the dreariest of commonplaces. Not so Mr. Dawes. His becoming the presiding officer was too great an event to go unnoted, and so he hit upon the bright idea of berating his new associates and assuring them that their methods of conducting business were all wrong; that they had better be good boys and obey him promptly and change their rules. Naturally he appeared the next day on the first pages of all the dailies. Naturally the public snickered, and naturally the Senators, with the exception of a very few, were furiously indignant over his impudence and his proposals, which they promptly rejected. And not only they. The best of the Washington correspondents who have long observed both Senate and House were opposed to him. They pointed out, usually in private, that the Senate is the only worth-while debating body left in the United States; that the House of Representatives has been so submerged by the rules limiting debate that correspondents rarely go over there to report anything, and that the same fate would surely overtake the Senate if it were to respond to Mr. Dawes's wishes. Moreover, all observers agreed that if the Dawes reform went through both House and Senate could be entirely controlled by a small clique of the majority party.

In consequence Mr. Dawes got much less public support than had been expected. That did not discourage him nor did the good- or ill-natured tolerance of the bulk of the Senators depress him. He made a number of "snappy" speeches in various places during his first year in the Senate, always

reiterating his denunciation of the Senate rules, and insisting, with utmost braggadocio, that he was bound to win, that he was going to bridle the only important debating body in the world that did not regularly use cloture of debate. Now, in his fourth year as Vice-President, one hears nothing more about the Senate's wicked rules. Whether General Dawes thereby confesses defeat or whether because of the mention of his name for the Presidency he thinks it well to postpone further campaigning on this issue, is not clear. It is worth noting, however, that even the enthusiastic Clinton Gilbert declares that that inaugural address was in bad taste; that it was thoroughly bad acting for so astute a public performer; that it utterly failed to achieve his purpose and to put Mr. Dawes on the map as a great national figure, as he consciously intended it to do. Thus this brooding Napoleon from Evanston, Illinois, lost his first battle.

He has noticeably failed either to be a warm friend to Mr. Coolidge or an avowed critic. It is an open secret in Washington that the two men do not love each other. Dawes undoubtedly does not suffer from the inferiority complex, which many of his friends attribute to him, when with Mr. Coolidge. On frequent occasions the Vice-President has differed from the President, and no one need believe that Mr. Coolidge has ever forgiven his understudy for that famous "nap" which not only deprived him of the Attorney General he ardently desired but led to his public humiliation by the Senate's vote that he had chosen an unfit man for his Cabinet. Mr. Coolidge can cherish hatreds as well as Dawes. If the latter is really a candidate, this must be discouraging to his supporters, for at this writing the President can still make or unmake any candidate by the aid of the Presidential patronage and the prestige of Secretary Mellon. But Mr. Dawes insists that he is not and cannot be a candidate; that he and Mr. Lowden are bosom friends and that as long as the former Governor of Illinois is in the ring he cannot be. In this he may well be entirely sincere, for they have been devoted chums for many years. Both tried to enter political life together in 1904 and both were defeated—Dawes for the senatorship, Lowden for the governorship. Gossip has it that they then clasped hands and swore that they were forever through with political life—amusing evidence of the way the disease of political ambition recurs after the poison has once been injected. But the truth is that Dawes will be a candidate the instant that Lowden is beaten or withdraws, and that the best possible policy for the Vice-President to pursue in the event that Lowden and Hoover fail is to lie low until the convention. Friendship and policy here go hand in hand.

Neat, dapper, sociable, modest, musical, aesthetic, efficient, industrious, domestic, and charming—these are some of the adjectives that William Hard applies to the Vice-President, to which must be added that the latter is generous and charitably inclined. But a man may be all these things and yet a demagogue, and that is precisely what Mr. Dawes is—a demagogue in the conservative camp, as much of a class agitator as any bolshevik. None of his amiable qualities will conceal this fact. No amount of charm or power to arouse intense and passionate personal loyalties can obscure the convincing evidence that if he enters the White House it means the enthronement of class hatred, of arrogance, of disregard for social progress, and the driving of additional wedges between the haves and the have-nots.

Lobbying in Washington

By F. H. LA GUARDIA

Washington, D. C., May 11

THE profession, trade, or art of lobbying has become so well established and so lucrative that legislation is now pending to control or prohibit it. One bill has already passed the Senate and is now being considered in the Judiciary Committee of the House. Five or six similar bills, more or less drastic, are pending in the House. In all likelihood one of these bills will pass and everybody will vote for it. To vote against it requires too much explaining, and those who do are likely to be misunderstood.

The strange part of it is that the lobbying law will no more prevent lobbying than prohibition prevents drinking. The vicious lobbyist who does his work by corrupt means will continue his nefarious practice; a little thing like a law will not faze him. This gentleman never operates in the open and seldom operates in Washington. He does not come in contact with elected Representatives in the House or Senate. He has better and more effective contacts. The fake lobbyist will welcome the law. He has no influence. He could not prevent or obtain the passage of a single bill. He maintains offices in Washington, sends out copies of bills introduced, obtains "information," and issues regular "bulletins" or "reports." He lives on the credulity of people whom he impresses with his importance and makes believe that he is serving. This type of lobbyist, and there are many in Washington, will be the first to register. He will adorn his letterhead with the proud legend: "Legally Registered Legislative Representative"—a high-sounding title and strictly in keeping with the law. In fact, the proposed law will add to the importance of these nonentities. It will not hurt the faker and it will not deter the rogue.

No honest legislator who does his work conscientiously fears any lobbyist. In fact, the lobbyist knows better than to approach such a legislator. A legislator is very much like a woman walking the streets of a great city. If she looks for annoyance from a masher, she can generally find it. Equally attractive women minding their own business are seldom annoyed or molested on the streets. So it is with the legislators. If they are busy doing their work according to their conscience, they have no time to notice the goo-goo eyes of the lobbyist.

The joke of it is that so little actual lobbying is done in Washington. The real lobbyists are paid big fees by big interests and their base of operations is back home near the post of command. No lobbying law will be able to reach them. They work under cover and will not register, law or no law. Their contact is with political bosses.

Thus it happens that a member, no matter how carefully he guards himself against the influence of the glib-tongued lobbyist in Washington, may, in simply discussing legislation with his political leaders at home, be unconsciously influenced by men who have been contaminated by the lobbyist. In all likelihood the renomination or even the reelection of the Representative may depend upon the good-will of his influential political friends at home. A thoroughly honest but weak legislator who would indignantly spurn the suggestion of a lobbyist may willingly

accept the craftily bestowed advice of a political boss.

No lobbying was carried on in Washington when the purchase of the Cape Cod Canal was voted. Yet there was a great deal of lobbying on the outside. The bondholders were exceedingly anxious to recoup by dumping a bad investment on the government. That bill went through like greased lightning. Delegation after delegation voted for it. It created little public interest, so the lobbyists had an easy time. Important, novel, or progressive measures, such as Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, farm relief, anti-injunction bills, or a child-labor amendment, have all been affected by "negative" lobbying. In behalf of the same proposals, there has been a great deal of amateur spontaneous and enthusiastic propaganda—something quite different from professional lobbying, bought and paid for. These measures illustrate the power of professional lobbying. All of them have won an extraordinary amount of popular support, yet they have been not only stubbornly opposed but their consideration constantly delayed by efficient, professional lobbying, most of it outside of Washington.

Party obligations form another more dangerous variety of lobbying. In preelection times, when each party begins to formulate its platform and to carry on a campaign, contributions come in. Most of the contributions are small and cheerfully given without any promise or hope of specific return. Then the big contributors come along. They make it their business at the time of contributing to meet not only the local solicitor for funds but the "prominent men" of the party. Nothing, of course, is said at the time, but later when legislation is pending that affects the large contributor the political acquaintance is renewed, the subject discussed, obligations recalled, and desired results obtained. This kind of lobbying will also not be affected by legislation. Under present conditions in both major parties, political bosses who now assume the more dignified titles of State Chairmen or National Committeemen select the seemingly unimportant County Committeemen or State Committeemen who in turn select them. Hence there is no real accounting or responsibility to the party membership. When the members of both parties realize their power and reverse the procedure, taking an active part in party matters, serving as County Committeemen or selecting their own committeemen who in turn will select State Chairmen and National Committeemen, a sense of responsibility will be created which, in large measure, will do away with the tremendous power now exercised by these self-appointed leaders in both parties.

After all is said and done, and after the lobbying bill is passed, it will still remain a matter of the individual Representative in the House or Senate keeping faith with his constituents and exercising independence regardless of what political wrath may be visited upon him at the next election. The honest legislator who votes according to his best judgment and conscience will never fear or be tempted by the most skilful lobbyist that ever infested Washington; the other kind of legislator will not be improved by the passage of a law.

Portland Votes No

By JULIA N. BUDLONG

THE citizens of Portland, where rolls the Oregon, have just declined a cut of \$400,000 a year in their electric-light and power bills, with thanks. The only obligation attached to the offer was their consent to the merger of their two electric-light and power companies through the purchase by the Portland Electric Power Company (familiarily known as Pepco) of the newer and smaller Northwestern Electric Company.

It would have been sufficient for the City Council to ratify the sale to make it legal, but the question was put before the voters in a special election called on April 9, one month before the regular primary election in May. The power companies, in their desire to keep the issue out of the political maelstrom of the primaries and to have the matter decided at once, agreed to pay the entire expense of the special election, some \$40,000.

In the offer to the consumers, the presidents of the two companies pledged their word that rates would be reduced \$400,000 a year for a period of five years at least. Of this reduction \$200,000 was to be applied in the field of domestic power, and within this field the greatest benefit was to accrue to those consumers whose bills fell under the \$10 limit, 60 per cent of the 65,000 domestic consumers. Commercial lighting was to receive \$100,000 of the reduction, and the rest was to go to the industrial-power classes, giving Portland a lower rate than any city on the Pacific Coast, excepting only Tacoma, whereas she now underbids San Francisco only.

It was promised, furthermore, that the merger would not throw men out of work. The savings which made the great rate reduction possible were declared to be in the realm of extension equipment, generating and transmission duplication, and distribution waste. Since the process of actually merging would take a year at the least the normal turnover of labor would take care of the small surplus of employees the merger would entail.

In short, the power and light companies of Portland were willing to pay the expense of a special election to permit the citizens of that city to give their consent to a cut of \$400,000 a year in their electric-light and power bills, a reduction that should throw no one out of work; that should apply most generously to the small consumer; that should place Portland in an advantageous industrial position.

Such magnanimity on the part of the companies gave rise to the anti-merger slogan: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," translated into the very kingly English of the sovereign electorate, There's a nigger in the woodpile, or a monkey up a tree—perhaps both. The proposition was defeated by a two to one majority.

It is not to be wondered at that thoughtful citizens were suspicious of the proposition which was presented to them. The Portland Electric Power Company, which owns the street-car system as well as one of the electric-power companies, is owned by Philadelphia capital. Its financial standing is none too good and its effort to liquidate a part of its outstanding obligations was probably in a measure responsible for its desire to eliminate a competing company by

purchase. The Northwestern, on the other hand, originally organized and chartered by the Fleischiker interests of San Francisco and since passed to the control of the American Power and Light Company, which holds all of its common stock, is in excellent financial health. Public rumors that it had offered to reduce rates and been refused the opportunity on the showing of Pepco were not denied during the heated merger campaign. The spectacle of the American Power and Light Company endeavoring to dispose of a prosperous unit to a Philadelphia concern, badly obligated by outstanding indebtedness, was enough to make even the dullest voter pause and consider.

Another point at issue was the disposal of the Northwestern's franchise. Drawn up in 1912, when severe experience had taught municipalities a measure of self-protection in issuing public-service charters, it contained fairly enlightened provisions for the community's welfare. For one thing, it provided for the payment to the city of 3 per cent of its gross revenue. The first payment, in 1914, had been \$7,348.40. In 1927 it was \$69,527.36. This is, of course, negligible compared to the \$400,000 of the merger rates, but it was growing. In five years, when the companies' promise of reduction expired, and, from bitter experience with other public-service monopolies whose rates have steadily risen since the monopoly became effective, an increase was to be expected, the Northwestern's 3 per cent gross might be expected to amount to \$100,000, still steadily gaining.

Finally, it is provided that the city shall have the privilege of purchasing the Northwestern at a price to be determined by arbitration. It was on this issue of public ownership that the open opponents of the merger took their stand. It was argued that public ownership (or political ownership, as the power companies chose to call it) did not enter into the question since the city had the right to seize by condemnation proceedings any or all property owned within the city at any time. Such proceedings, however, would entail price-fixing by adjudication, and the power companies would have the city on the defensive, whereas arbitration would give the city the advantage. Furthermore, it was feared that the merger would create a company so heavily capitalized that it would be practically impossible to induce Portland to vote the bonds necessary for its purchase.

Pepco publishes weekly a thin sheet, full of humor and irony, both conscious and otherwise, which it distributes through its street cars in its kind-hearted effort to relieve the tedium of its customers' long trolley rides. It is called "Watts Watt" and its avowed purpose is to present the company's point of view to its "patrons." Through all the years of its circulation "Watts Watt" has never ceased to reiterate the maxim that everything assessed against the company comes back again out of the customer's pocket. Fares and rates are fixed by the State's popularly elected Public Service Commission upon the basis of gross revenue and operating expenses in order to guarantee investors a fair return (8 per cent) on their investment. Consequently the company is in no wise to blame for the steadily mount-

ing price of service. All taxes levied on the company come back again upon the people in the form of higher street-car fares. "If you compel us to pave between our tracks, you'll have to foot the bill in higher fares or impaired service."

When, then, Pepco altruistically offered to pay for a special election which the City Commission felt it was unjustified in calling, because of the expense entailed, the electors felt that they had been assessed just as surely as if it had been paid for out of the city treasury. Whatever power-company fund it came from, surplus, emergency, or what-not, the bill would come home to the customer eventually, for "stockholders must be paid."

The *Oregon Daily Journal* is the city's biggest liberal news sheet. For months it had been "crying wolf" about the dangers of the national electric-power merger. It had denounced in round terms the shelving of the Congressional investigation. It fears and hates monopolies. But it was instantly in accord with this particular measure and its

news columns and editorials were warm in its defense, while its advertising sections were generously supplied with their full share of the \$30,000 worth of copy issued by the companies. "The *Journal*," its editors reiterated, "still adheres to its policy of public ownership of public-service monopolies; it will continue to agitate against the national power monopolies; it regards the growth of such a monopoly a distinct menace to the welfare of the American people." But this is different! "The two companies never do compete in the field of rates as it is, and the *Journal* regards it as a quick and effective way of getting the reductions in rates it has agitated for years."

But, in the case of "Watts Watt," a public educated for years to one point of view cannot be reeducated by a whirlwind campaign of thirty days and the blinding dazzle of \$400,000 a year. Just where the catch was the people did not know, but they employed the time-honored maxim: "When in doubt vote No."

Where Communism Is Real

By PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

IN Palestine communism is not political. Red flags are conspicuously absent, and there are no communications with Moscow. The attempt is being made in thirty agricultural colonies to live a purely communistic life. These colonies are called *kvutzot*, cooperative groups. They vary in population from fifty to three hundred. Neither the land nor the buildings nor the tools are privately owned. The ground remains in the permanent possession of the Jewish people. All that is in the soil and on it belongs to the colony.

In the prosperous individualistic villages elsewhere in Palestine labor can be and is exploited. Arabs and Yemenite workers are employed at starvation wages. In the beautiful plantation village of Rehobot a farmer attempted to justify this. Palestine, he maintained, could not be built on ideals. There must be some injustice. Labor must be exploited else there could be no progress. "Without exploitation," he said very earnestly, "without exploitation, no sound economic order can stand." In his village there was already a marked class division between the well-to-do landowners and the large group of poor farm workers.

But the communes eliminate by their very nature the possibility of social and economic inequality. Wealth is not privately owned. Each individual works and receives according to his or her needs.

Is there not a compensating form of injustice? If men are rewarded according to their needs and not according to ability or effort, may not the slowest unskilled worker receive greater remuneration than the most skilful mechanic or than that trained dentist in the northern commune who works in the field with her comrades during the day and repairs teeth in the evening? Yes, is the answer. Why not? Can the latter wear more than one outfit of clothes at a time or consume more than a normal quantity of food? Does not the *kvutzah* provide them with everything they need? As to reward, let it come in personal satisfaction and heightened prestige.

It would seem that such a system places a premium on shirking. Lazy people, apparently, need do only a minimum

of work to receive not only their share, but if they have a number of children, more than the good worker. This is true, and yet indolence is rare. Perhaps it is because these workers are of the first generation, pioneers, and the pioneering spirit burns like a steady flame. Perhaps a moral compulsion keeps them from shirking, or perhaps the solemn sense of duty which animates most of these young idealists.

The cooperative offers to women the double opportunity of family and career. Except in the months immediately preceding and following childbirth, women work in field, shop, and kitchen with the men. There are no economic factors to prevent marriage. Save for the fact that a married couple is given a private room, the *kvutzah* continues to provide for the wants of the man and woman in the same way as before marriage.

When children are born mothers care for them until they are weaned. Then the child is turned over to nurse and teacher in the children's house maintained by the community, and the mother returns to her work. Her participation in communal activities goes on as before. Of course she has no "home life" as Americans conceive it. While she and her husband have a room for themselves, they eat in the large dining-room with the others, and during the week see their children for only a few moments at the noon rest period, and for an hour or more, if they choose, when the day's work is done. On the sabbath parents and children are together. There appears to be no lack of parental or filial love. The sight of men and women walking, playing, singing with their children is joyous to behold.

It is interesting to note that the mothers are the most emphatic in their approval of the cooperative rearing of children. They feel that the children are receiving as good care as they could give them. At the same time the mothers have the opportunity of participating fully in the life of the community. One modification is desired which will come with years and prosperity. Parents would like to have their children with them at meal times. At present this is not feasible, for most of the *kvutzot* are poor. The food

which the adults eat would not be adequate for growing children. The children are given the best that can be procured. Perhaps at some future time, when the parents' food can be as nourishing as the children's is now, it will be possible for both to eat together.

The charge of immorality has been made against the communes. The reasons are not far to seek. In some of them, especially in those in which Jews from Russia predominate, men and women (never fewer than four or five) are placed in rooms together. It is aimed to establish a complete equality between the sexes and to make it possible for men and women to become intimate friends without the element of sex entering into their relationships. This policy has not been the parent of immoral practices, according to my observation. Looseness in sex relations was practically unknown, and was severely frowned upon. An American college graduate in a commune near the Syrian border maintained that his comrades were "actually puritanical." In some communes the practice of putting men and women in the same room has been dropped, not because it led to immorality but because, like mixed bathing, it involved some petty embarrassments and inconveniences.

When a man and woman decide to marry, they make a public announcement and then proceed to live together. Cohabitation constitutes marriage; there is no ceremony. If man and wife wish to separate, they do so, again without formality. Thus far the number of separations has been negligible. The marriage tie apparently has been as binding as though consecrated by a rabbi. Husbands and wives, sharing the same work and responsibilities, are comrades in a sense unknown in other lands. In the few cases I heard of where love had died, society did not force the couple to live together. They separated, and the community of which they were a part provided for the offspring. It might seem that this would lead to much looseness. In practice it has not. Perhaps the inherent self-respect of human beings, or possibly the Hebraic moral consciousness, has prevented trifling with love. *Kvutzah* customs, it would seem, tend to beautify and sanctify the love relationship.

A word about religion. The sabbath and holy days are observed in the communes because they afford rest and recreation or because they are a nationalistic bond uniting all Israel. There are no formal religious observances of any kind. The Bible is read and taught not for its religious teachings but because it is a Jewish book, because it is the best Hebrew textbook, because its *locale* is Palestine. There are no synagogues, except, as in the largest commune, for the parents of the young pioneers. They are not antagonistic to formal religion; they say, "We are simply indifferent."

In the Driftway

THE lunch wagon has been passed in review recently by the readers of the *New York World*, and a fascinating parade of history and folk-lore has appeared. It all began with a short editorial in which the writer asked if lunch wagons had ever had wheels and, if so, what for. For weeks the newspaper was deluged with replies, from which a fairly adequate history of the lunch wagon might be written. C. L. Edson wrote in quickly as follows:

Can you ask in good faith the question: Did lunch wagons once have wheels? Is it possible that men have

grown old enough to be editorial writers who were born since the lunch wagon lost its wheels, as mankind has grown up since the auk lost the use of its wings and the kangaroo lost his front legs by walking on his tail?

The origin of the lunch wagon was probably the chuck wagon of cattle-herding days. Chuck is a development of the word chew. In the period when all plainsmen and soldiers lived in wagons the cook became habituated to the chuck wagon.

As the migratory life began to crystallize around cattle towns at rail heads such as Abilene, Hays, and in a lesser sense at Kansas City, the saloon was the first stationary institution. Chuck or lunch was still on wheels. On the outskirts of town the cook prepared his beef stew and hard-tack or chili con carne. By nightfall his savory mess was ready.

But no longer could he shout: "Come and get it."

He had to drive down to Main Street to be in calling distance of the former cowboys. They were in the saloons. He parked his chuck wagon in front of the drink parlors and for the evening food and drink, in a country of magnificent distances, had come within elbow-reach again. Wheels did it.

* * * * *

ANOTHER correspondent called to mind the famous "Hotel de Car" which did business for many years at 146th Street and Lenox Avenue, New York City. When the Fourth Avenue horse-car line was revolutionized by the introduction of electricity an employee of the company obtained one of the old vehicles and fitted it out as a restaurant. This must have had a good deal to do with the evolution of the lunch wagon in Gotham, for most of these eating places in the metropolis nowadays more resemble street cars than wagons. The reason why lunch wagons, even those without wheels, are made to look as if they are movable was thus explained by Albert T. Loewy, presumably a lawyer:

The lunchroom proprietor, whether he knows it or not, makes his shack resemble a wagon and frankly calls it a wagon because it will then be personal property, belonging to him, and not real property, belonging to the owner of the land. The reason is obvious. Under the common law realty includes not only the land but the buildings permanently fixed to that land. To determine whether the building is permanently fixed to the land, one must examine the intention of the party. His intention is shown by the manner in which he constructs his building.

In the case of the lunchroom proprietor he shows his intention by constructing a building that does not presume permanency. He makes it look like a wagon, and to play safe he calls it a wagon. His lunchroom is now personalty and cannot revert back to the owner of the land at the termination of the lease.

* * * * *

THE lunch wagon would seem to be only a part of a roving merchandising system which in a more primitive and transient day was used in the sale of many commodities. As a boy the Drifter remembers the annual call at his parents' home of a wagon laden with glittering tins and hardware. The owner sold his wares for cash, or took old iron in exchange. Hucksters of fruit and vegetables, of course, have long used wagons, while there seems to be a tendency nowadays to revert to the old-time traveling merchandising system, in line maybe with the development of the chain or branch store. The competition for customers is leading the store to go to the buyer instead of compelling

the buyer to go to the store. In the country and the smaller cities it is increasingly common for grocers, butchers, and the like not only to deliver goods but to carry a considerable stock for sale, making regular calls over fixed routes. In Columbia, South Carolina, a year or so ago the Drifter made the acquaintance of the "Rolling Reds." These are not perambulating radicals but the red wagons of a grocery company all of whose stores are on wheels and whose sales are all made in the street.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Broun's Prize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations to Broun for winning, in a way, the Pulitzer prize in journalism.

New York, May 8

DEVERE ALLEN

Polygamy and Citizenship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial regarding the absurd questions asked of aliens who are seeking to become American citizens is much to the point. It many cases the inspectors seem to be under the impression that they are at the hearing to display their own knowledge rather than to test fairly the preparation and suitability of the applicant for citizenship. This attitude of the inspectors seems to be universal. Some time ago an applicant from Eastern Europe was being examined at a hearing in Montesano, Washington. "Are you a polygamist?" asked the inspector. It sounded bad, so the applicant took a chance and said, "No." "Oh, then you're a monogamist," countered the inspector. This sounded equally bad, so the applicant again entered a denial. "I see, I see, you're a free lover," came back the inspector, and the poor puzzled applicant was lost.

More recently an Englishman, press man for the Montesano Vidette, was refused admission because he couldn't tell how many justices there were in the United States and Washington supreme courts. He has, however, since been admitted.

This sort of thing does not make for intelligent interest in civic affairs or national affairs.

Montesano, Washington, April 28 A. WENDELL BRACKETT

What Senator Stephens Said

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: However much you may desire to see Negroes and whites working side by side in the various government bureaus, I believe that you want to be fair in your comments on the actions of those who believe in a segregation of the races. In your edition of April 25 I notice your comment that

In so far as Mr. Hoover has moved toward the ending of segregation in his department, he is entitled to commendation. For what he has done he has been violently attacked by Senator Stephens of Mississippi, who made at least one misstatement in his letter—that segregation had always existed in the departments at Washington.

What the Senator wrote was:

My information is that for several years there has been a division in the Bureau of the Census in which only Negroes were employed; and that there had been a segregation of the races in every department of the Bureau.

Washington, May 3

GEORGE W. NEVILLE,
Secretary to Senator Stephens

"If Poor Little Fool isn't a knockout, I'm a hobo." - - - UPTON SINCLAIR

IN MORAL OMAHA they said:

"One must admire this girl, although she defied conventional morality."—*Omaha World-Herald*

IN LIBERAL NEW YORK they said:

"She has disgraced herself, shamed her father, caused her lover to attempt suicide, made a horrible mess of things in defying conventions that keep society from chaos! Poor little fool!"—*New York Times Midweek Pictorial*

¶ Everybody agrees it is a fascinating and thrilling story.

Poor Little Fool

by

FULTON OURSLER

Author of "Behold This Dreamer,"

"Step-Child of the Moon"

\$2.00 HARPER & BROTHERS

"The best of his generation"

ANDRE MAUROIS



JULIAN GREEN

Author of

THE CLOSED GARDEN

The "Book of the Month" for May

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
says:

"The Closed Garden is not JULIAN GREEN'S first book, but it is the first in which his great promise has been realized."

EDMOND JALOUX
says:

"Here is a book which, despite the modesty of its presentation, is none the less a work which counts."

WALTER YUST says:

"A novel which has stirred me as few have in all my reading days . . . JULIAN GREEN might be an old man, for all his uncanny knowledge of the turbulence of distressed hearts; and he might be, in craftsmanship, a matured Conrad, Thomas Mann or Galsworthy, for all the cool, careful eloquence of his prose."

\$2.50 HARPER & BROTHERS

Books, Music, Plays

An Open Door

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

To those who wish to call I'm always home—
Providing they forget Society.
I much prefer the man to come alone—
Two hands can say enough for him and me.
In youth my heart was lonely, large and shy.
It yearned too much and grew gregarious.
The fault is mine if now I'm rather sly—
And eye old friends who've grown precarious.

Whoever he is he needn't come prepared
To find a man with any noble graces.
Nor must he mind too much if I look scared
The moment he begins to wear two faces.
The door is standing open just the same:
He can go without a word the way he came.

Havelock Ellis

Havelock Ellis. By Houston Peterson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

THE author of the present study has had the full cooperation of its subject. Mr. Ellis has not only given him aid in such formal matters as the preparation of an extended bibliography but has supplied him with innumerable bits of personal information as well and, most important of all, intrusted to his care the journals kept during certain formative years. Doubtless there are certain difficulties inevitably inherent in the attempt to write the biography of a living man, but in the present case at least these difficulties are more than compensated for by the availability of information which the subject alone could supply, and Mr. Peterson's book cannot but continue to be a primary authority for the study of Ellis's life and work. Obviously written out of a very intense admiration for the subject, it is nevertheless refreshingly free from the mere gush of the hero-worshiper, and it certainly constitutes the most complete as well as the most considered and informative account yet given of a man whose influence upon contemporary society it would be very difficult to measure.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the most important of the more subtle aspects of the contemporary spirit, there can be no doubt that there is nothing upon the surface of society which differentiates us more strikingly from peoples of other times than our attitude toward sex, and whatever the exact position of Ellis may be—he is of course a compiler and popularizer as well as innovator—there is no one else whose name is so intimately associated as his with the revolution in thought and manners which is the most obvious phenomenon in the social history of the last twenty-five years. His *magnum opus* is still, in theory, accessible only to the medical and allied professions, but it has, of course, been very widely read by the general public, and it is, moreover, the immediate source of four-fifths of the other discussions of the sexual question which have appeared in English. His influence was felt in America long before that of Freud, and it is doubtful if Freud himself has had a more widespread influence in England and America upon the reigning *mores*. Ellis was doubtless a part of the spirit of the age quite as conspicuously as he was one of its formative

influences, but there is hardly a figure more typical of the early twentieth century than he. No list of representative men could possibly leave him out, and there are, accordingly, few living men concerning whose life and personality curiosity is more legitimate.

Mr. Peterson's book is both methodical and full. It answers most of the questions which one would naturally ask, and it is particularly interesting in those sections which deal with the *jeunesse* of its subject. At sixteen Ellis was a conventionally earnest and rather priggish young man troubled by a typically Victorian squeamishness when efforts at self-improvement through the study of art and science reminded him of the existence of sex and sexual problems; at seventeen he had already made up his mind to devote his life to a study of the subject and already executed a complete about-face in his attitude toward it. In the course of that year a voyage had detached him from familiar material surroundings, and a reading of Drysdale's "The Elements of Social Science" had given a new orientation to his thought; but the process was that of a genuine conversion—the rapid crystallization of hitherto repudiated ideas into a system which remained henceforth essentially unmodified throughout life. The bibliography of his works is long, but except for the shameful prosecution of the first volume of his "Studies" his existence has been outwardly uneventful and has been, indeed, little more than the successful accomplishment of the purposes formed at seventeen. Personally Ellis is a shy, retiring, and modest man, in no sense a "fighter" and not at all given to controversy.

In addition to purely biographical material Mr. Peterson presents a brief history of the modern study of sex in order to make it possible to place the work of Ellis in that history and offers besides an interpretation of Ellis's philosophy, whose characteristic feature he finds, correctly enough, to be that fusion of scientific and artistic interests which has led him always to pursue knowledge in the interests of human happiness and to study sex for the purpose of enriching love. Few men, it may be said in conclusion, have ever been animated with greater singleness of purpose and, in one sense, few men have ever seen their battle more completely won. It may be that the science of sex will be, like all science, ultimately less valuable than the scientific age hoped that it would be, but Ellis has undoubtedly lived to see his immediate purpose accomplished. Within his lifetime sex has, for the first time in human history, been accepted as, like all other natural phenomena, a proper subject for purely rational investigation.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Bells, Bells

Let Freedom Ring. By Arthur Garfield Hays. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

WE have been driving all day across the dusty plain of Southern Russia. Toward evening we reach a little village of white-walled thatched-roofed huts. The car is stopped and we enter one of the houses for a glass of water. A single room, clean, bare, a mud-packed floor, a great square stove in the corner, an icon, a bench or two. An old peasant woman greets us and makes us welcome, simply and graciously. Americans? Ah, we are the first Americans she has ever seen. Americans. She looks at us with kindly wrinkled eyes. Suddenly perplexity comes into her face; perplexity and sadness. "What are your countrymen going to do with Sacco and Vanzetti? Is it right that these two poor men should die?"

And before that level gaze we can only bow our heads. We had no answer for this peasant woman, who had never seen

a foreigner. In factory, mine, and city street, wherever we went in Russia, the same inevitable question came, and still we had no answer. In that hot August sunshine, not Russia but all the world was asking if a peddler of fish and a shoemaker must die for their opinions. And there was no answer, until suddenly death struck, and answered all.

And if we were stunned by this brutal finality half-way around the world, what must it have been to those at home, particularly those who had gathered, hoping against hope, under the shadow of Beacon Hill? Arthur Garfield Hays tells the story of those last days, when every human recourse was tried to save the men who had made a peasant woman's eyes grow dim with pain—and when every human recourse failed. "Their voices are gone into all the earth, and they will be remembered in gratitude and tears, when the names of those who murdered them—judges, governors, scholars—have gone down into everlasting shame." With these words the story ends. It is a story told simply, carefully, without sentimentality, but with a subtle, moving quality of one who has lived, and has suffered, through a great and terrible human experience.

This is the last, and to my mind the best, of the six episodes in the book. Not that the others are not excellent in their way. But of these six famous cases of which the author writes, and in which he was personally involved, that of Sacco and Vanzetti struck the deepest, and I am glad he saved it for the end.

The first case is that of the People of the State of Tennessee vs. John Thomas Scopes. It appears that this case was a frame-up. We are shown a photograph of the conspirators in Robinson's drug-store, Dayton, daring the young school-teacher to say a good word for evolution in his classes, and so test the anti-evolution law of his sovereign State. Little did the conspirators realize what a hullabaloo this action was destined to bring down upon their heads—millions of words of newspaper copy, swarms of reporters, flashlights, William J. Bryan, hot-dog stands, revivalists, total immersionists, side-show barkers, sob sisters, feature writers, and the ribald laughter of the rest of the civilized world.

The second case deals with the eleventh-century conditions obtaining in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hays, showing a very pretty nerve, goes storming into Vintondale, the feudal domain of the Vinton Colliery Company—and tries to hold a union meeting there. He finds himself being walked over by the horses of the coal and iron police, and presently he finds himself in jail. He is tried in the Baron's court, refuses to pay his fine, and, finally, his tormentors throw up their hands and discharge him. He is also, I take it, pretty sore. He makes his way out to civilization, and proceeds to have a number of warrants sworn out against the Baron's retainers. Which is unheard of. Back to Vintondale he goes, his pockets stuffed with warrants. He tries to arrest the coal and iron police; and by the Eternal he does arrest them—some of them. Nothing like it has been known since Magna Charta! They fall from their horses in sheer stupefaction. Who ever heard of the law of the land in a coal town? But Mr. Hays for one dizzy and stupendous moment put it there. We have to bow to his courage, even if his heretical invasion was inevitably short.

The third case is that of the irrepressible Mr. Mencken and his irrepressible *Mercury* among the burghers of Boston. It provides a pretty—and on the whole a rather tragic—contrast with the Sacco-Vanzetti case that is to follow. The fourth episode reads like a mystery play, and has to do with a certain Negro doctor who bought a house in a section of Detroit devoted to whites. Why did Dr. Sweet shoot and kill a man, and what forces of ignorance, of injustice, of terror lay back of that midnight fusillade? Mr. Hays tells us from first-hand knowledge, but there is no happy ending to this story. The fifth case is entitled Freedom of the Stage, and we are made privy to the drama of official stupidity which forced "The Captive" from the lights of Broadway and kept the city pure against

a frank and honest portrayal of one of the major problems of our age—aye, of all ages.

These six episodes are all taken from the author's personal experiences as, shall we say, the attorney for freedom. He briefed, or helped to brief, the case for the minority interests—freedom being somewhat at a discount today. In Vintondale he won, in Charleston jail he lost—but that is not the point. The point is the willingness to carry on at whatever odds. He writes clearly, logically, and interestingly, but he is more used to handling words in courthouses than on printed pages. One will not read this book for its style but for its content. It is the blunt diary of a soldier in the eternal warfare against tyranny and intolerance.

Ring out, wild bells! And if your tongues are held in this incomparable republic on every hand by men who walk in darkness and in fear, be thankful for the Clarence Darrows, the Arthur Hayeses, and the Roger Baldwins who keep the faith and still would set you ringing.

STUART CHASE

Julian Green

The Closed Garden. By Julian Green. Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE publication of "Avarice House" by this young American who writes in French brought to the attention of the reading public a novelist of decidedly arresting gifts. The same qualities which were revealed in "Avarice House" are present in "The Closed Garden"—a cold absorption in the presentation of a morbid passion, an uncanny skill in conveying a sense of monotony, a very special ability in depicting feminine inhibitions. Green, like Mauriac, whom he so closely resembles in many other ways, is the analyst of French puritanism and its near-synonym, provincialism. He is attracted by one particular aspect of psychological life: the process of emotional starvation.

In "The Closed Garden" he studies the girl, Adrienne Mesurat. After a Balzacian introduction which places before us the dreary and repressed Mesurat household and its dreary macrocosm, the town of La Tour l'Eveque, attention is centered almost entirely in young Adrienne. She is one of those dully passionate natures who seem fated to be murderesses. Driven in upon herself by the maniacal selfishness of her sister and father, she is forced to compensate for her gray existence by imagining herself in love with Dr. Maurecourt, to whom she has never spoken. As the circumstances of her environment offer no possible outlet for expression, she is driven to construct a mad fantasy-world of desire; and the energy thus accumulated finds terrible release in the killing of her father. The release is but temporary; and, her mute desires continue to grow without any satisfaction being offered them, her naturally unironic mind, deprived of the beneficial effects of humorous self-examination, decays until madness intervenes. The entire process is described by the author in a single sentence, characteristic of his frigid and classically sober utterance: "It is a question of certain souls whom loneliness has marked for its own, and who pass without transition from an empty existence to a species of interior frenzy which subverts their reason."

This seems a fair query: Can a really great novel dealing with the psychological effect of a repressive puritanism be written by someone without a sense of humor? Certainly the finest achievement in this field is the work of a man predominantly gifted with humor and irony—Samuel Butler. M. Green, again like Mauriac, appears entirely barren of humor. His absorbed grimness, his resolute determination never to lose sight of the fact that he is dealing with an unpleasant subject and a group of highly unpleasant people, has a curious

effect on the reader. At the beginning it seems effective, it appears to lend an atmospheric unity to the story, something stark and Greek. But as one reads on one becomes aware of a slight sensation of dulness, a sensation which never grows to any appreciable proportions, but which is nevertheless present in sufficient quantity to prevent a very intelligent novel from ever achieving a finally powerful effect. The pathos of Adrienne's tragic fate is, of course, communicated; but is it not reasonable to suppose that that pathos would be sharpened and made more subtle if the author had shown himself aware that his poor heroine was also, after all, a trifle ridiculous?

M. Green's icy forthrightness, his horror of irony, is but one aspect of an artistic temperament that might be termed "contractive" as opposed to "expansive." He is himself a victim of the puritanism he deals with. He narrows his scene, reduces his characters, bounds his locale. He is not satisfied until he has sharpened all his characters to a point. When he succeeds in showing a monomania he is happy. The emotion his books generate may be illustrated by the image of a cone-shaped maelstrom into whose infinitesimal apex we are painfully sucked. The "expansive" psychological novelist, on the other hand, prefers to achieve his effects by a radically different method. If he is dealing with a monomania, as Balzac does with Père Goriot, he prefers to emphasize the dread character of that mania by contrasting it as richly and as powerfully as possible with as many aspects of life as can be secured in the texture of the novel. The tragedy of Goriot is rendered doubly terrible by the breath of hope and worldliness contributed by the figure of Rastignac. His weakness, his pathetic dependence on his daughters, become almost unbearable when we are brought face to face with the gigantic power urge of Vautrin. Each passion that Balzac represents is subtly related to each of the others. What at first appears to be a pattern of plots and subplots related only by the accidents of repeated characters and interwoven action eventually reveals itself as a complicated machine in which each part aids the other to produce a given result, a given emotional effect.

To say that M. Green eschews the expansive method is perhaps merely to say that he still feels himself incapable of handling the enormous masses of life which are the substance of Balzac's novels. Yet he seems, like Mr. Wilder, possessed of so many brilliant talents that one desires rather to see him fail in tackling a large problem than to see him achieve a narrow triumph in the solution of a small one.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Stonewall Jackson

Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier. A Narrative. By Allen Tate. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

THOSE who are familiar with the distinguished work of Allen Tate in the fields of poetry and literary criticism will not be surprised that he has proved himself able to write an excellent historical narrative, or that he should have turned for the purpose to some of those events which made the great struggle of 1861-1865 so memorable. His interpretation of that struggle, and of the character of one of the most picturesque participants in it, will be novel and interesting to many of his readers.

"Stonewall" Jackson, whose real name, Thomas Jonathan, better renders the sound of his character, is chiefly known to the Northern public as the hero of a scarcely authenticated adventure which in its passage into the state of myth has preserved for us the fact that Jackson was a gentleman and that Barbara Frietchie had gray hair. Mr. Tate is concerned not with this pleasant story but with the singular character of the general who made things so unpleasant for the administration of the Northern half of the United States during 1862. Mr.

Tate's narrative method of presenting his hero is an admirable one, and the fact that the author has achieved his effects without sacrificing historical accuracy makes the resulting book valuable as well as attractive. I do not mean to imply, in saying this, that Mr. Tate and the reader will agree upon all points either of fact or of interpretation, but merely that no facts have been garbled for the sake of making a point about General Jackson.

Mr. Tate has done well to include in his introductory chapter a glance at the causes of the Civil War, even though it is true that Stonewall Jackson, like many another Southern general, was not particularly concerned with them. And it is good that Mr. Tate, a Southerner by birth as well as by sympathy, has retained sufficient Southern courage to write of the terrible rift among these States from the Southern point of view. Until recently it has been difficult for the average reader to form any real impression of what was going on in the 1850's and 1860's, largely because so many Southerners have been trying to prove that they were good Unionists all the time. And Northerners have very rarely, except in works beyond the patience of the man in the street, gone into the political and economic background of the Civil War with an open mind.

Although I do not entirely agree with Mr. Tate's theory that the attitude of the South was based upon a desire to uphold the Constitution and that the attitude of the North was based upon a desire to destroy it, I think he has done well to suggest that the South was not, in its actions, any more revolutionary than the North. The Constitution was a pretty loosely interpreted instrument in which either side could have found, and indeed did find, plenty of excuse for everything. The reason the Civil War came when it did was that two types of capitalist society were struggling for domination, and that the South had come to see, in the expansion of the nation to the westward, that, whatever might be stated in theory, industrial society would naturally extend itself and that slavery would not, the latter being only practical under peculiar conditions—conditions which did not prevail in the greater part of the territory of the United States. The South, realizing that it must win its battle before the natural spread of Northern capitalism choked it to death, did, politically at least, play with the idea of revolt as early as the North did. In that sense both sides were equally to blame for the precipitation of hostilities, although of course the idea of secession did not originate in the South.

Stonewall Jackson, as Mr. Tate shows, like General Lee, had little or nothing to do with the events leading up to the Civil War. He was not a believer in slavery, but he was a believer in the state of society with which he was familiar and in which his great ambition was bound up. He entered upon the war, like Lee, as a defensive measure, and his battles against the Northern armies were in the nature of a crusade. He did not like war, but he knew how to fight it. He was by nature and by study the greatest master of tactics yet produced on this continent. During the short time allowed him to exhibit his skill he made things very difficult for the strange gentlemen of the North who were wearing uniforms at the time. Two of the great disasters to Northern arms, the Second Manassas and Chancellorsville, aside from the fact that there was a large measure of incompetence on the part of the Northern commanders, were directly traceable to Jackson's skill and boldness. If the second of these had not also been a personal disaster for Jackson and cost him his life, who knows what might have been the result of his continued operations in the area of war?

Mr. Tate's book about this extraordinary, cold, quiet, ambition-driven man has both freshness and feeling and is well written. I should add that he is to be complimented on the skill he has shown in the difficult task of describing the actual movement of General Jackson's battles.

RAYMOND HOLDEN

Books in Brief

France is Full of Frenchmen. By Lewis Galantière. Payson and Clarke. \$2.

Peabody Wise, Rotarian tourist in France, is a cross between Loreley the blonde and Mr. Babbitt. He is compounded of just the proper amounts of misinformation, Puritan conventionalism, hypocrisy, stupidity, and bad grammar to cause a hearty laugh. For one reader at least the laugh rarely comes off. The book is like a warm cocktail. But for those who want to be superior to the other tourists, reading this book is a cheap and easy way.

Feudal Germany. By James Westfall Thompson. Chicago University Press. \$5.

Though clearly intended for use as a textbook, this imposing study of a field much neglected by American medievalists has a value transcending the schoolroom. Particularly praiseworthy is Professor Thompson's clear explanation of the complicated and highly important series of wars from the ninth to the twelfth century which resulted in the recovery of three-fifths of modern Germany from the Slavs. One regrets that the author should have seen fit to devote so little of his conscientious scholarship to a clarification of the social and economic life of the medieval Germans; much of the volume, with its careful consideration of purely military, political, and dynastic problems, seems to have been written in a pre-Beard age.

Anatole France et Jean Racine, ou la clé de l'art francien. Par Gabriel des Hons. Préface de Charles Maurras. Lettre de Pierre de Nolhac. Paris: Armand Colin. 1927.

Even careless readers of Anatole France have no doubt noticed his tendency to extol the delicate seventeenth-century dramatist, and to honor him with that even sincerer form of praise which consists in repeating him in distinctly labeled quotation and in obvious reminiscence. But it appears from the interest which Monsieur des Hons's book has excited in cultured circles throughout France that before his study appeared even the best-furnished scholars had not suspected how thoroughly steeped and saturated in Racine the great ironist of yesterday had become. Admirers of the Master who have grown disgusted with the libations of dishwater which have since his death been lavishly poured out to his memory will welcome a tribute to him which has some documentary value.

Culture. By G. Elliott Smith and Others. W. W. Norton and Company. \$1.

Did the Indians learn the rudiments of their civilization from Melanesian boatmen, Chinese voyageurs, African sea-travelers, or refugees from a vanished Atlantis? It is an old argument among anthropologists. In this small volume of the New Science Series G. Elliott Smith, apostle of Diffusion, reiterates his dogma that all culture spread from Egypt; Bruno Malinowski refutes him with almost equal doctrinairism; and Herbert J. Spinden displays the spirit of popular science at its best, sifting for the layman the evidence which leads most anthropologists to give pre-Columbian America the credit for inventing its own civilization.

The Tibetan Book of the Dead. By W. Y. Evans-Wentz. Oxford University Press. \$5.50.

"The science of death," according to the teachings of esoteric Lamaism. It is very important that the text which this book translates and comments upon should be recited in the ear of the dying Tibetan. If he is able to attain final liberation and Buddhahood, this text will show him how; but if he has to come to existence again, it will guide him during the forty-nine days that must elapse between death and rebirth so that he may obtain the best possible state in the new life. As a document of mystic belief and practice it is of much interest to students

of religion. We suspect, however, that it will find its chief sale in the shops that pander to the taste for occultism.

The Last Judgment. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

Mr. Haldane again ponders first and last things. The author of "Daedalus" now offers a "scientist's vision of the future of man." On the last page, forty-one, the judgment promised is given: it seems that "man's little world will end." But the scientist is not certain whether or not man will end with it. This, perhaps, is a problem.

Social Currents in Japan, with Special Reference to Newspapers. By Harry Emerson Wildes. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

Japan's vernacular press, born under foreign sponsorship, has reflected the growing national self-consciousness which expresses itself, like Bill Thompson of Chicago, in childish anti-foreignism. Mr. Wildes traces the course of this nationalism, and the development of pretty and ugly phases of Western journalism, through the brief history of Japan's newspapers. He finds the press well shackled by its government. He is a sociologist; perhaps he is more shocked than a journalist used to the ways of European governments might have been.

Music "Israel"

THE production of "Israel" by the Neighborhood Playhouse represented an attempt to project on the stage the idea of atonement which for Bloch was the basic idea of his music. In the music itself several elements can be distinguished. There is, for one thing, the mere ebb and flow of movement, which conveys the ebb and flow of an emotional drama of struggle and aspiration. There are, further, the rhythms and form that articulate and shape this movement. And there are the sounds themselves, which are one means of giving significance to the rhythmic and formal patterns and which, by their nature, make the emotional drama a drama of the Jews. In translating this drama in terms of the stage Miss Irene Lewisohn reproduced the ebb and flow of the music

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in that of bodily movement; used the rhythmic and formal patterns of the music to articulate this movement; and, as the sounds of the music suggested, gave significance to the patterns with a particular dramatic scheme of atonement.

The object was to illuminate the music, to add a dimension by which would be made explicit the "values in the original conception" so suggestive of drama and color and movement." It is true that the appeal to the eye is stronger than the appeal to the ear. The ebb and flow of bodily movement, then, could convey the drama more clearly than the ebb and flow of the music. The rhythms, again, given significance in the orchestra pit by mutually consistent sounds and instrumental colors, could be identified more easily on the stage by the movements of individuals and groups, especially since they could be spaced out. And with all the clarity of individual line the counterpoint of rhythms could be richer on the stage, since the same rhythm could be created simultaneously by different movements. It is also true that the additional dimension is the more necessary for the fact that the thematic substance of the music works itself out not in the self-sufficient cyclical pattern of the symphony but in the sequential pattern that is characteristic of the stage; and that a dramatic scheme could give it greater coherence and unity. On the other hand, it must be noted, though not as an objection, that as much would be taken away from the music as would be added. Inasmuch as the eye would gain particular movement the ear would lose abstract, universal movement. This is not an objection, because it is always true; music alone always suggests more than what can be seen, and in entering a combination it accepts a general limitation which may not be made into an objection to the particular combination.

So much for the intention. In fact, Miss Lewisohn's production was magnificent in conception and, with the exception of a few confused moments, in execution. If it did not attain complete success that was because of the paradox that music which invited translation did not lend itself entirely to such translation. Had the drama been created independently in plastic terms it would undoubtedly have been shorter. Instead, notwithstanding the statements to the contrary of two of the gentlemen who parade their omniscience in the newspapers, the action was correlated with the music complete and accurate to the last note; and the music turned out to be too long and repetitious for the single dramatic idea of atonement, which so limited the range of the action that there had to be a great deal of repetition, or of what must appear to be repetition to those who, seeing it for the first time, could not appreciate the changes in the significance of the movements. There was, in other words, only too much of a good thing.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

AS light summer diet "The Happy Husband" (Empire Theater) is quite successful. Billie Burke and a very pleasing cast make it a smart and, at times, highly amusing piece. Through three acts—through lovely moonlight walks in the garden, cocktails in the drawing-room, bridge, and all the other sophisticated activities of a fashionable week-end party—there lurks the suspicion that one of the guests, a notoriously accomplished seducer, has made one or possibly several successful conquests. It is not until the curtain line that the frightful suspicion is relieved and one learns that his score was zero.

W. P. M.

"The Blackbirds of 1928" (Liberty Theater) lack the vibrant motion and chatter which Florence Mills called forth when she led the flight, but they have a lively rhythm and a merry call nevertheless. Bill Robinson is superb in his tap-dancing number.

M. G.

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International Relations Section

News Are Scarce in Haiti

By L. J. DE BEKKER

THE news are scarce" was the ancient formula with which the country correspondent was wont to excuse the smallness of his weekly budget of personal items for the newspaper. Similar reports must be mailed from Port au Prince to the offices of the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service, and other news organizations having their headquarters in New York. But the news is there if these expensively staffed buyers and sellers of news would only take the trouble to get it.

It cannot be doubted that their Haitian correspondents know news. For instance, the Associated Press has long been represented by Captain Craig, U. S. M. C., former Marine Corps publicity man, who as chief of police of Port au Prince ought to be in a position to know what is going on. H. P. Davis, who writes books about Haiti, and shares the literary skill of his brother the playwright, could tell the United Press a lot of things. Perhaps one reason they don't tell us what is going on is that General Russell, High Commissioner in Haiti (an office with no legal status either in Haiti or the United States), has intimated to them that "no news of a political nature can be sent out." But what news in Haiti isn't of a political nature?

For example, no newspaper in America has been informed that Haiti has a new Court of Cassation, the highest court of the erstwhile republic. Formerly membership in this tribunal was for life. The tenure now depends upon the good-will of General Russell, with nominal terms of years.

New faces on the bench are those of Montferrier Pierre, Leon Montès, and Francis Segado, who will serve two years if General Russell approves their methods; Dupont Day, who may serve four years; Delabarre Pierre-Louis, six years; Emmanuel Beauvoir, eight years. Of the old court the following minority has been retained ■ having shown a friendly disposition toward Marine Corps rule: Emmanuel Echéart, Fléchier Anselme, Eugène Décatrel, P. C. Surin, and Daniel Appollon. The old Tribunal de Cassation was highly respected in Haiti, but it was greatly disliked in the Marine Corps because it would not obey orders. There is no doubt that the new court will. A further mark of progress—in the dissolution of America's second oldest republic. The old court sometimes gave decrees involving awards of money, as all courts do. In review of these judgments sat the American Financial Adviser in Haiti, who declined to pay out money without the O. K. of the High Commissioner. But the main object of the new court will be to prevent the paying out of money to Haitians.

Franklin D. Roosevelt must have been wrong when he admitted in a public speech that the new constitution he had written for Haiti was the best ever. General Russell has found it necessary to amend it in many ways, and to give these amendments a semblance of legality he ordered a plebiscite, although a plebiscite under martial law is obviously meaningless. The election was a great holiday. The Department of Public Works placed all its trucks at the service

of the citizens of Haiti who could be depended upon to vote the right way, and let them vote as often ■ they pleased, so that ■ glorious victory resulted for the American Occupation. Thus the Haitians, who were "too illiterate" to be permitted to vote for President Borno, became sufficiently educated within ■ year to seem to ratify the destruction of the last poor safeguard of their liberties.

Their reward will follow quickly. The new Tribunal de Cassation will pass upon the litigation arising from transactions in land. The Roosevelt constitution made it possible for foreigners to acquire lands. The Marine Corps has been handing out concessions for agricultural developments, and the holders of these concessions are already busily engaged in gobbling up the best of the sugar fields, having already acquired more than 175,000 acres in the Artibonite Valley. In most cases land is not purchased outright. A lease is all that is needed. The lease provides that ■ 6 per cent rental shall be paid upon an approved valuation, *provided that the lessor can prove title to the land*, the lessee otherwise to retain possession of the property without further payment.

But most of the arable and other land in Haiti is held by peasant proprietors. There is no record of deeds because there are no deeds. No lessor can prove title under such land law ■ the Marine Corps will understand, and when it comes to a showdown in the new Tribunal de Cassation the peasant proprietors will find that they have given up their birthrights for one year's rent on a 6 per cent basis, and will be lucky to find work at a gourde a day (twenty-five cents American) on what had been their own property, inherited from father to son for more than a century previous to the American occupation.

For the kind of labor they will be required to perform they could get \$3 a day in Cuba, \$2.50 ■ day in the Dominican Republic, and \$2 ■ day in Porto Rico. But High Commissioner Russell thinks there will be plenty of work for 2,500,000 Haitians in the 10,000 square miles of Haiti, and so passports will not be issued to these peasant proprietors, who will become laborers on their former possessions or find themselves in the chain-gangs.

It is not surprising that the news-gathering associations have not thought it worth while to record the advent of a new supreme court in Haiti. Its significance has been developed in this article along economic rather than political lines, but there is an American political side to these events. Senator King of Utah has a resolution pending in the United States Senate providing for an inquiry by which the facts can be brought to light. Those who want the facts brought out may write their Senators and say that the King resolution should be adopted.

It is often difficult, of course, to divest news in Haiti from politics, and that is why the Associated Press and the United Press appear to have overlooked such matters as: The murder of the son of the proprietor of the most important hotel in Port au Prince by a senior officer of the Marine Corps; the murder of a president of the Chamber of Commerce by a drunken marine; the murder of a decent workman in the streets of Port au Prince by a marine "who had lost his reason."

An inquiry under the King resolution might make it clear to the American people why the Haitians are so ungrateful as not to love us.

The Haitian Situation

THE Foreign Policy Association sent out a news résumé of the Haitian situation under date of April 27, reading in part as follows:

In his annual message to the Haitian Council of State, on April 17, President Borno announced, according to reports, that he would retire in 1930 and that the United States would withdraw in 1936. Has another dictator abdicated? Will the United States evacuate? These are the questions which the report raises.

In 1915 President Guillaume Sam went on a rampage and caused 200 prisoners in the Haitian jails to be massacred. He sought refuge in the French Legation, but the irate relatives of his victims violated this sanctuary and tore Guillaume Sam to shreds. The upshot was that the United States intervened.

In order to regularize our position, we induced the Haitian Government to sign a treaty in 1915 turning over to us the administration of the country except the judicial system, education, and local government. In 1917 the life of this treaty was extended until 1936. Although President Borno and his cabinet are the titular heads of the government, the United States now governs Haiti through a High Commissioner and five "treaty officials"—the financial adviser and general receiver and the heads of the gendarmerie, public works, the *service technique* (or agricultural department), and a medical service. The High Commissioner is General John H. Russell, and three out of the five "treaty officials" are officers of the marines. Altogether there are about 100 Americans in the Haitian Government, in addition to a brigade of marines. The financial adviser is technically responsible to the Haitian minister of finance, while the American heads of the gendarmerie, public works, and medical service are theoretically responsible to a Haitian minister of the interior.

Through these 100 officials and the brigade of marines the United States has restored order, abolished the petty exactions of officialism, straightened out a dismal financial situation, built imposing public works, and improved the health of the Haitian people. While it has done nothing for general education, it is building up effective agricultural schools.

However, there is a debit side of the ledger. We have sent to Haiti honest men—men who know how to maintain order and to keep accounts. But we have not sent to Haiti statesmen—men who thoroughly sympathize with Haiti's aspiration for independence, who understand how to train a people to be free. The system which we have installed may be efficient but it is not educational. The Haitian cabinet is composed of idle ministers, and President Borno is everywhere regarded as America's marionette. The Haitian minister of finance has less responsibility in the administration of revenue than the unlettered Negro treasurer of a native state in a British colony in Africa. Apart from the "assistance" rendered by marine advisers, nothing has been done to improve local self-government. While orders are given in the name of the President and while laws are passed by a dummy Council of State, the initiative comes from the Americans. If the Haitian Government does anything it is to obstruct.

For a century the Haitian people had a legislature and the right to vote. But in 1915 the doors of this legislature were closed by American marines and they have not been opened since. A Council of State elects the President and the President appoints the Council of State. There is no popular election and the United States marines permit no revolution. The result is dictatorship. In defense of this situation, American and Haitian officials state that elections in Haiti are impossible because of the illiteracy of the people. Yet in January, 1928, the people solemnly voted upon a set of constitutional amendments

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Next Week

Edna Ferber

describes the kind of world
she would like to live in.

which were "adopted" by the overwhelming majority of 176,000 to 3,300. The United States assisted in this election by placing trucks at the disposition of the Borno Government to take voters to the polls. If the United States insists on "fair" elections in Nicaragua and elsewhere in Central America, is it unreasonable to ask why in the one country, where it is in the position to secure such elections, it should be a party to a jocose fraud?

Although the treaty of 1915 gave the United States control over administration, it did not—a well-nigh fatal omission from our standpoint—give us control over the Haitian courts. When the police arrest a man, the Haitian courts may let him go; when a Haitian refuses to pay a bill assessed by an American official, the Haitian courts may refuse to enforce judgment. Appointed for life, the Haitian judges have not hesitated to use their power to enforce what they regard as the constitution and the laws. In some cases they have acted perversely, in other cases they have had equity on their side. A short time ago some goods belonging to Syrian merchants were damaged by rain while in the custom house. The owners requested the American financial receiver to pay damages. But he peremptorily declined on the ground that he was liable only in case of theft. The Syrians took the case to the Haitian courts who awarded damages of \$653. The American receiver still declined to pay.

In an effort to legalize his position and extend his powers, President Borno drafted amendments to the constitution in June, 1927, which forbade the courts from interpreting any law, and which provided that Borno could be reelected and that the judges could be appointed for a term of years instead of for life. The State Department at Washington struck out the proposal to make Borno reeligible and to make the courts impotent. Nevertheless the amendments finally put to "popular" vote in 1928 extended the presidential term to six years, authorized him to remove all present judges, and to appoint new ones for terms of seven and ten years; they also in effect authorized the government to suppress freedom of the press and the jury system. All these amendments had by implication the approval of the American authorities.

Finally there is the question of the land. While some Haitians have valid titles, there are thousands of peasants who merely squat upon public land. In most countries undisturbed possession gives title after a term of years; but not so in Haiti, where a law provides that prescription shall not run against the state. Upon entering Haiti the United States brought about a constitutional amendment authorizing foreigners to acquire land. A few years later, the American authorities went out of their way to interest American capital in sisal developments there. Concessions to half a dozen sisal estates have been granted as well as a contract providing for the irrigation of the Artibonite valley. All of these concessions seem to ignore the rights of native "squatters," who may be dispossessed despite the fact that their families may have inhabited the land for generations.

R. L. B.

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THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

MANCHURIA IS A PART OF CHINA according to geography, population, history, and international law. But leaving right and tradition aside, it is today ruled by Japan. Through the South Manchuria Railway and an army of "railway guards" she dominates it almost as completely as she dominates Korea. The recent announcement, which is causing so much concern in all the foreign offices, that Japan would "take appropriate and effective steps for the maintenance of peace and order in Manchuria" is a repetition of the methods by which Japan absorbed Korea; and those of us who had hoped to see new trends in Japanese policy are constrained to admit that the Nippon Government is today pursuing the same policy of ruthless and deceitful imperialism which left the Empire of the Rising Sun in hated isolation a decade ago. The world has not forgotten the lies told first about Korea and then about the Twenty-one Demands in 1915. Nor has it forgotten that in 1922 Japan signed a solemn nine-Power treaty agreeing "to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the administrative integrity of China." While civil war rages south of the Great Wall attention may be diverted to other facts. When that is cleared up the world's attention will be concentrated upon Japanese encroachment in Manchuria.

GERMANY'S ELECTION gave an emphatic indorsement to the peace policies of Premier Stresemann, and a clear victory for those parties which, in the last Reichstag, opposed separate denominational schools. The Social Democratic Party made amazing gains, surprising even its own partisans. In the new Reichstag, which will have 489 members, it will count 152; next in number will be the Nationalists, with 73 members, and the Catholic Centrists, with 62. In the last Reichstag, elected in 1924, the Socialists had 131 seats, the Nationalists 110, and the Centrists had 69. Thus the Nationalists have lost a third of their strength; as well they might. The party went into the last election breathing fire, but it soon acquired a taste for office that overrode principles. Three Nationalist ministers resigned from office in October, 1925, rather than share responsibility for the Locarno pacts; but before returning to office in January, 1927, the Nationalists explicitly accepted the republic, the Locarno pacts, membership in the League, and the principle of nonpartisanship in the army. Time has dampened their intransigence, but they shouted again in the electoral campaign, and it is clear that the German electorate is tired of their incessant saber-rattling. The coalition government which took office in January, 1927, was composed of members of the Nationalist, Centrist, and People's parties; but the last-named deserted the coalition before the decisive vote on the school bill, which led to the dissolution of the Reichstag.

SOCIALISTS, COMMUNISTS, DEMOCRATS, and Populists united to defeat the school bill. In most German schools today religious instruction is provided separately for Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—although freethinkers can withdraw their children from such instruction. Ever since the revolution the Center Party has persistently demanded the establishment of denominational schools, isolating the children of each faith wherever there are forty children of school age to form the basis of such a school. The famous "School Compromise" in the Weimar Constitution, adopted in 1919, looked forward to such a consummation, but it has never been given legislative indorsement. Such a bill was introduced last year and discussed in the Reichstag from October until January. The People's Party at first supported it, but later proposed and carried to victory an amendment permitting Baden and Hessen to continue the single system of community schools. This the government rejected, and after it had voted the budget the Reichstag was dissolved. The school bill was the main issue in the election, and of the parties opposed to it the Socialists have gained 21 seats, the Communists 9, and the People's Party 7, while the Democrats held even. This assures its defeat in the coming Reichstag. It also means the defeat of the agricultural-relief bill, which was supported by the Prussian landlords, the backbone of the Nationalist Party.

"UNQUALIFIED ACCEPTANCE of the American peace proposal in principle, coupled with a suggestion that collateral or supplementary declarations regarding its interpretation be exchanged," was the astute characterization of Great Britain's reply to Secretary Kellogg's

peace plan made by the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. Sir Austen's initial enthusiasm is qualified by so many suggested interpretations that little is left of the original document. For that matter, Secretary Kellogg's own speech explaining that most of the French reservations were implicit in the original document was a generous abandonment of his original position. Sir Austen suggests that instead of amending the treaty, each Power should place its interpretation on record "in some appropriate manner so that it may have equal value with the terms of the treaty itself." Absurdly enough, the same Washington officials who objected to amendments cordially accept the suggestion of such "interpretation." The *New York Herald Tribune*, usually a staunch Administration organ, points out that by the latest interpretations every nation retains the right to make war in self-defense and to be its own judge of what constitutes self-defense, and to make war in fulfilment of its obligations under the Covenant, the Locarno pacts, or similar understandings. "It would presumably cost no nation anything to renounce war as an instrument of national policy," says the *Tribune*, "since no nation is likely ever to admit engaging in such a war." The London *Daily Telegraph* some weeks ago made an appropriate but, apparently, too optimistic comment. "We refuse to believe," it said, "that any government would be so cynical as to sign a formal document renouncing war as an instrument of national policy on the ground that the position after signing would be just the same as before."

IT IS HARD TO TAKE SERIOUSLY any government talk of doing away with war so long as we pursue a deliberately aggressive policy ourselves toward the small republics of Central America and the Caribbean. An approach toward peace looks merely like fear so long as it is limited to the powerful nations. In the circumstances, too, our policy toward Latin America is likely to generate charges of hypocrisy, as Professor John Dewey of Columbia University pointed out at a recent conference in Washington, called by the People's Lobby to discuss our international relations. At the same meeting Albert H. Putney, dean of the School of Political Science of the American University, reminded his hearers that it was the relations of large states toward small ones that commonly caused war. Two or more large states that would solicitously avoid a direct war may find themselves indirectly embroiled by reason of their relations toward smaller countries. The conference passed resolutions in favor of arbitration as a means of settling disputes with Latin America and—when intervention seems unavoidable—advocated joint action by the United States and other American nations.

ENGLAND HAS HAD TEN BY-ELECTIONS since the beginning of the year. Yet one must be wary in marking any definite trends in British politics from their results, for the issues have been, in the main, quite local and in some cases almost entirely personal. The Conservatives have lost four of the ten contested seats; two of these went to the Liberals and two to Labor. The other six seats remained in the same hands, although Conservatives and Liberals lost votes while Labor gained. At Hanley, for instance, the Labor Party's majority increased from 1,554 at the 1924 general election to 8,532, while the Conservative vote dropped from 11,973 to 6,604.

WHAT WAS IN THE MIND of C. L. Smith, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, when he sent letters and atheistic literature to the Rev. John Roach Straton, doubtless never will be known. The Court of Special Sessions in New York agrees with Dr. Straton that Mr. Smith acted "with intent . . . to cause annoyance." Mr. Smith asserts that he hoped to win a distinguished convert to the cause of atheism. Whatever the facts may be, Mr. Smith was found guilty and he has been fined \$100. Now, the *New York World* chooses to believe that he was convicted not as an atheist but as a nuisance. We think the *World* is too confiding. Nuisances are not brought to court if they distribute religious tracts. It was Mr. Smith's annoying persistence in propagating an unpopular and unrespectable cause that offered an opportunity which Dr. Straton and his friend Mr. Sumner, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, were not slow to exploit before a sympathetic court. Consequently we cannot agree with the *World* in its belief that "free speech or free thought was in no wise concerned." We believe that free speech was the issue fought out under the cloak of a convenient legal technicality. But even if this were not the case we should want to dissent from the law itself if not from the judges' decision. Every American citizen has the inalienable right to dump his mail unopened in the waste-basket. This should suffice anyone, even Dr. Straton.

TO GEORGE NORRIS of Nebraska goes the honor for another victory in one of the longest uphill fights in the history of Congress. The House of Representatives has passed a Muscle Shoals bill which is close enough to his Senate bill to give hope that a compromise bill better than either may come out of the inter-house conference in which he will take part. The House bill adds an excellent provision for building Cove Creek Dam, which will strengthen the Muscle Shoals development; but, while it gives preference in the sale of power to municipalities, counties, and States, it does not go as far as the Senate bill. The Senate gave preference also to non-profit-making bodies organized to supply cheap electricity to their members, and also safeguarded further the rights of the municipalities by providing that time must be given to pass the necessary enabling legislation. The House bill provides for a government corporation to manage the property; the Senate provision, lodging control of the power in the hands of the Secretary of War, and turning over the revenue to the Secretary of Agriculture for fertilizer experimentation, seems simpler. But the power interests are still active in Washington, despite the exposures of their lobby by the Federal Trade Commission. They are determined to keep Muscle Shoals idle for another decade rather than let it be used directly for the public benefit, just as they would rather leave Boulder Dam unbuilt than have it on a no-profit plan.

THE FLOOD-CONTROL BILL has finally been passed by Congress and approved by President Coolidge. The bill itself represents a compromise between the Jadwin plan sponsored by the Administration and the Jones measure, which originally passed the Senate. In the matter of finance the President consented to the elimination of his proposal that the communities affected contribute 20 per cent of the costs, and the total appropriation has been increased from \$296,400,000 to \$325,000,000. Under the present measure the States will be required to furnish only rights of way on

the main river, while the local communities will contribute to the cost of tributary levees. For a time there was a danger that, under the Senate bill, the government might be pledged to an almost indefinite expenditure—possibly as much as \$1,500,000,000, involving numerous “pork-barrel” grabs. This has been checked and the government will merely purchase flowage rights in the floodways rather than the land. Another improvement lies in the fact that the new bill does not stipulate that the Jadwin scheme shall be followed. As a matter of fact, one of the bill’s chief virtues is that its provisions do not impose iron-clad restrictions or directions as to the precise method of flood control. Very wisely it sets aside \$10,000,000 for conducting adequate and complete surveys of the region. Thus will be supplied a mass of data—grievously lacking at present—upon which the engineers can build a permanent plan of flood protection for the Mississippi Valley.

“**BIG BILL**” HAYWOOD, who has just died in Moscow, was as American as Bret Harte or Mark Twain. He grew up and lost an eye in the violent, hot-blooded mining camps of Colorado, and the struggles at Coeur d’Alene in 1894 and at Cripple Creek in 1903-1904 colored his whole life. The Lawrence strike of 1912, which the East thought terrible enough, seemed to him a mere pink tea compared to the fights of the West. No immigrant ever dares protest the rights of man as violently as a son of the frontier like Haywood. He used to boast that the Western Federation of Miners had enforced a minimum wage and an eight-hour-day without a single written agreement. And when, in 1907, the “law officers” of Idaho crossed the border into Colorado, kidnapped Haywood and Moyer, and brought them back into Idaho to charge them with the murder of Governor Steunenburg, Haywood again felt the lawlessness of law. The epic court struggle in which William E. Borah prosecuted and Clarence Darrow successfully defended Haywood brought him to national attention. He had already been active in organizing the Industrial Workers of the World; he became its national leader. Until 1913—when his support of direct action and sabotage led to his ejection—he was also a leader in the Socialist Party; but he was never at home in parliamentary politics. Standing up before a mass of unskilled workers, preaching the eternal irreconcilability of employer and employed with one breath and the brotherhood of man with the next, denouncing craft unionism and race distinctions, he was at home. In 1917 the war gave the enemies of the I. W. W. their opportunity. At a farcical trial Haywood and ninety-seven colleagues were convicted without a pretense of individual trial. To Haywood it only proved again the reality of the class war. Out on bail, he was persuaded that he could help his fellows by going to Russia. He went, and hailed the class dictatorship with enthusiasm. The men who had to meet his bail bond found it hard to forgive him.

THEODORE J. GRAYSON, associate professor of finance and director of university publicity at the University of Pennsylvania, received \$250 and expenses from the power lobby for each of a series of addresses denouncing government ownership of public utilities. The record shows the check for \$407.27, drawn on October 31, 1927, by the Joint Committee of Public National Utility Associations, to Mr. Grayson, for the New Orleans speech in which he attacked the Walsh resolution for investigation of the public-utilities

lobby and the Boulder Dam bill. So far as we know, the University of Pennsylvania has not questioned the propriety of Mr. Grayson’s well-paid speeches. But on April 6 Sol Auerbach, instructor in philosophy, made, free of charge, a speech about the educational system of Soviet Russia, before a meeting arranged by the American Student Delegation, and ten days later he was called before the faculty members of his department and questioned. He was told that it was “incompatible for a teacher to express his views on public issues and at the same time retain the critical state of mind necessary for research and teaching,” and informed that unless he would give up such outside activities he could not be reappointed. Mr. Auerbach, who, as an undergraduate, won first prize in *The Nation*’s student-worker contest in 1926, refused to accept such bonds, and is looking for another job. What a pity that his outside work was not well-paid propaganda for the power trust! That would have fitted in, apparently, with the University of Pennsylvania’s conception of impartial research.

THE FLIGHT OF AVIATION continues to catch the imagination. This time it is the newly formed \$5,000,000 transcontinental air-rail system which is to link New York and Los Angeles with a 48-hour service. Headed for Upton Sinclair’s lovely Southern California, the land of orange groves and jails, the passenger leaves New York by train at 6 o’clock in the evening. In the morning he transfers to a speeding airplane and flies through that day. Then follows another sleep on a fast passenger train, with the concluding flight the next day. That evening (as the descriptive folder with colored pictures will probably say) the happy traveler may bask in the golden sunset of the Pacific—if it isn’t foggy. The transfers back and forth from airway to railroad eliminate the hazards of night-flying; it is indubitably better, in the present stage of aviation, to slow the schedule somewhat in order to preserve the excellent record of the daytime air passenger routes. Along with this announcement comes the news of plans for a great national air express. This is to be built around the service started by the American Railway Express Company in 1926, connecting Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities. Meanwhile the shares of Wright Aero soared from 69 in February to 214 in May. When the aviators are not engaged in wild and spectacular flights over dangerous seas, the stock speculators indulge in amazing ventures at home.

THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN, in our issue of March 21, stated that the *Washington Star* had “eliminated all mention of Secretary Mellon’s name from the news story” telling of the purchase by Mellon and others in 1920, for \$400,000, of a money-losing agency which “placed advertising in about 400 foreign-language newspapers in the country, and through that advertising was supposed to be able to influence their editorial policies.” We are informed by the management of the *Washington Star* that it did not “eliminate” mention of Mr. Mellon. “The mention of Secretary Mellon’s name, together with some others, was made after the adjournment of the committee hearing, and was reported in an ‘add’ by the Associated Press. This ‘add’ was overlooked by the copy desk of the *Star*.” We are happy thus to set the record straight; but if we had been in charge, any copy-reader who “overlooked” such a story would be looking for another job.

No Sauce for the Gander

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE had before him when *The Nation* went to press two similar bills calling in reason and justice for the same action. Yet it was an accepted conclusion in Washington that he would veto one and approve the other. We refer to the McNary-Haugen farm bill and the Jones-White shipping measure. Both bills, frankly viewed, propose to assist special groups at the expense of the general public.

The spectacle of a President vetoing the farm-relief bill while signing that to help shipping is so contradictory and unfair that it would arouse a storm of protest in any country which took politics seriously. The fact seems to be that Americans are so used to seeing the powers of government employed to enrich business that they take that policy for granted and merely smile cynically when other classes fail to gain assistance. In our political system what is sauce for the goose is by no means always sauce for the gander.

Yet the fact that these two measures went to the President simultaneously, the one to be taken and the other left, emphasizes the scandal of the situation and may cause more resentment among the voters than their complacent representatives in Washington imagine. For not only is there a bald discrimination between classes but there is also one between sections. The aid to shipping will go primarily into the pockets of business men on the Atlantic seaboard. The failure of the bill to help agriculture will be felt chiefly by the farmers of the Middle West. It will be odd, therefore, if the voters of the latter sections, confronted by the evidence that the Republican Party is run for the benefit of a particular section of the country as well as for a privileged occupational group, do not show definite resentment. For the Republicans must bear the responsibility for Mr. Coolidge's actions. He is their President and his acts are theirs, beside which it is a safe guess that the Republican leaders allowed the farm-relief bill to pass Congress as a bit of political buncombe, secure in the knowledge that it would not get by their faithful employee in the White House.

That the toes of the Middle West have been trodden on may be especially unfortunate for the Republican Party in the coming campaign, for that is precisely the region which Mr. Hoover most needs to hold if he becomes—as is now expected—the Presidential candidate of the G. O. P. Governor Smith is popular in the East and will hold the South, but it remains to be seen how much enthusiasm he can arouse in the Middle West. Some of the States of that section may well settle the election, and the Republican Party may find itself severely handicapped by the memory of so recent and raw a piece of favoritism as the passing of the shipping measure and the defeat of the effort toward farm relief. "McNary-Haugen" and "Jones-White" may become fateful slogans before next November.

Mr. Coolidge's attempt to excuse his opposition to the farm-relief bill on the ground of unconstitutionality is an obvious subterfuge. The legal sponsors of the measure in Congress are at least as good lawyers as the President and his advisers. If Mr. Coolidge favored farm relief he would sign the bill and leave it to the Supreme Court to decide

whether the "equalization fee," to which he objects, was valid. The fact is that Mr. Coolidge was known to be in opposition to farm relief of the kind proposed by the McNary-Haugen bill long before he thought of the excuse of basing his objections on the ground of unconstitutionality.

The Nation has never given its unqualified approval to the McNary-Haugen proposal, which proposes to tax the consumer in the form of higher prices for agricultural products in order to assist farmers to make a better living. It would have the effect of a subsidy which would enable some farmers to remain on the land on an artificial basis when if left to themselves they could not continue. It is not certain that the measure would be workable and it is probable that it would increase the production of what tend to be unprofitable crops, whereas the better plan would be to reduce them. But although the economic arguments in behalf of the measure are weak, the social considerations are considerable. We are already becoming too much industrialized. Even if, economically speaking, it would be more profitable to drive the farmer off the land, put him to work in factories, and buy our food abroad, such a policy would be a social disaster. No country is healthy which has got so far away from the original means of livelihood that it has to import the bulk of its food, and the United States will lose much in the way of independence, stamina, and sanity if it follows England into the factory as the single important means of supporting its population.

And beyond this, having established the protective tariff as a national policy, it is only fair that the farmers should have their special privileges too. It is a national disgrace to go on protecting the fat manufacturing industries, already making exorbitant profits, while denying similar assistance to farmers who are in greater need of aid than any other class in the community.

So far as shipping goes, it would be desirable, certainly, to induce Americans to go to sea, but it is doubtful if the Jones-White measure will do this. In order that a ship get the benefits of the legislation, 50 per cent of its crew must be Americans. Yet few of the so-called Americans now at sea are bona-fide citizens. All too many are in reality aliens who have become naturalized merely to enjoy the benefits of higher wages on American ships. Our farmers are actually with us, a group to be preserved, not resuscitated. American shipping, on the other hand, has been dead for fifty years except in the coasting trade. Its revival during the World War was an artificial growth, and if it is worth maintaining, the Government should do it directly, as Senator Norris has said, and know how and where its money goes. The Jones-White legislation may enable certain individuals to make money, but we are not sure that it will serve a wider national purpose. It provides that the Government shall lend money for building ships in American yards up to 75 per cent of the value of the vessels at the lowest rate which the nation pays on its borrowings—about 2½ per cent. It also provides for sums from \$1.50 to \$12 a mile—varying according to speed—for the carrying of mails by American ships. We are glad to say that its most obnoxious feature, the provision for a strike-breaking naval reserve, was cut out in the final draft.

Franklin and Byrd

LIGHTNING, it is said, never strikes twice in the same place; so the Byrd Antarctic Expedition may be safe in the elaborateness of its sponsorship. But the glamor of the names of the Byrd Aviation Associates inevitably carries the mind back to an expedition sponsored by a queen, supported by princes, and manned by the nobility and gentry of England. In 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed for the North Pole surrounded by a regal glory like unto that which now seems foreordained for Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd. Peers vied for Sir John's favors. In our age of plutocracy, the nobility are the rich, the royalty the kings of finance, and so the Byrd Expedition is sponsored by a committee which includes:

Vincent Astor, Bernard M. Baruch, John McE. Bowman, James I. Bush, Newcomb Carlton, Harry Chandler, Edsel Ford (treasurer), Raymond B. Fosdick, Harry F. Guggenheim, Charles E. Hughes (chairman), Otto H. Kahn, L. F. Loree, Seth Low, Clarence H. Mackay, Phelps Newbury, Thomas B. Pratt, Joseph Pulitzer, George Palmer Putnam, Julius Rosenwald, Thomas F. Ryan, Richard B. Scandrett, Jr., Percy S. Straus.

Lords of the admiralty sponsored Franklin, and our own government appoints these to aid Commander Byrd:

F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics; William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics; and Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy.

But Franklin and all his men sailed from this pomp and circumstance to the greater romance and the supreme glory of the world's most complete tragedy. Not one of them ever came back. In eighty-three years, however, we have learned to make life safer in the circumpolar regions, and radio will carry quick news of success or disappointment. There will be no Franklin mystery about Byrd's expedition.

Sir John Franklin was already a national hero when he sailed away, and so is Commander Byrd. Like Franklin's, the Byrd family is distinguished. It belongs to the American nobility of Virginia, past and present. The government of the most powerful country of his time was behind Franklin, the most powerful government of the present world is behind Byrd. The scientific resources and the best advice of all explorers then living were at Franklin's command. The British Government printed handbooks for the use of the expedition, giving all available knowledge to that date. The ships were specially strengthened, specially prepared, and there was forethought in every department. Similarly the explorers and aviators of the world are contributing their counsel now to Byrd.

Franklin sought to open up a road that we now know does not exist, a commercially valuable Northwest Passage from Europe to China. Here the parallel fails, for what Byrd is planning can hardly have direct commercial value. He is to fly over the one land in the world which is so thickly covered with ice that even if it had the richest deposits of the most precious minerals on earth, they could not pay cultivation. Nor could such deposits be discovered by any methods yet known to science, even if they did exist, except where the mountain peaks stand up through the ice. The chief glory of this Antarctic exploration is that it is

untainted by the desire for financial reward. And, doubtless, the Byrd Associates can well afford to be content with glory alone.

Perhaps, after all, Columbus provides a better parallel to Byrd than Sir John Franklin. He succeeded, in the first place; and he, too, had amazing publicity. The newspapers have done well by Byrd, but even the Byrd Associates are hardly an adequate parallel to the story of the wealthiest and most fashionable queen in Europe pawning her jewels to raise the needed money for Columbus.

One wonders a little at the executive modesty which appointed mere assistant secretaries of departments to the Byrd board. Queen Victoria, following Isabella's lead, used no proxies with Sir John Franklin, and she was a stateswoman whose reputation has survived the biographers. Curtis Wilbur, Dwight Davis, Herbert Hoover, and Calvin Coolidge might take a hint from Victoria and Isabella and climb on the bandwagon in time to share in the modern royal glory of Byrd and the Antarctic.

Save the Palisades!

NEW YORK STATE has just bought an area equal to that of Yellowstone Park in the Adirondacks; the United States has just acquired a magnificent playground in the Great Smokies; Chicago, at infinite expense, is making new park land by filling in the water-front of Lake Michigan; San Francisco, thanks to private generosity, has in Mount Tamalpais one of the finest playgrounds close to any great city in the world. But New York City and Newark and Jersey City and the other crowded centers on the west bank of the Hudson River are casually letting their natural park be spoiled. The Palisades are in danger again.

Thirty years ago, when quarries were blasting away the great rock buttress which makes the glory of the lower Hudson, two States woke up and, aided by George W. Perkins and other generous individuals, obtained what is now known as the Palisades Inter-State Park. For twelve miles along the Hudson, from Edgewater almost to Sneden's Landing, the land between the water and the brow of the cliff is park. Last year a million and a half people visited it. But the legislative act of thirty years ago gave the commission no power to condemn land above the brim of the cliffs—there seemed then no danger that it would ever be anything but rolling farm land. Now the Fort Washington Bridge is building; real-estate speculators are at work; and already the advertising pages of the Sunday papers contain hideous pictures of "developments" on the heights. Only the lack of sewer-pipes and water has delayed the spoiling. Unless the two States wake up and act again, the top of the Palisades will soon show, as Loula Lasker points out in the *Survey Graphic*, "a gap-toothed horizon of skyscrapers, tall and small, some ten, some twenty stories high, some twice that; sky signs, billboards, water tanks, Coney Island show." The pillars of rock will be only the cellars of the apartment-dwellers; and the river vistas which might have been the property of the people will be for rent at so much per.

This is no ordinary park which is threatened. Apartment houses would, of course, ruin the vista from the trains and river-boats, but they would as certainly ruin the more

intimate beauties known only to walkers. Can one imagine those waterfalls and brooks emerging from the foundations of a new city, the dogwoods blooming beneath a shower of cigarette-butts? We have a picture in the stunted trees of Central Park of what would happen to the hillsides of the Palisades if a row of buildings is allowed to pour its soot over what is now lush green. There would be no more flaming maples in autumn, no feathery hemlock in mid-winter, no spicebush lighting the April swamps; and the calm peace of midsummer woods would become a hell of phonographs and radios.

It might cost twenty million dollars to save even a strip of land two hundred feet wide along the cliff's edge—enough to provide a scenic drive and a fringe of trees; and to most legislators the sum looks large. Miss Lasker reports that one newspaper, urged to support a save-the-Palisades drive, thought the cost prohibitively high. But parks make real-estate values. Ugly real-estate projects can easily destroy the values which the new bridge is creating; but there never was a park which did not raise values about it. Westchester County, New York, has spent \$47,000,000 on parks and parkways in the last five years, and the commissioner estimates that the park system is responsible for an increase in assessed valuations of six times the investment. If only New Jersey and New York could unite on a program which included excess condemnation there is no doubt that such a park could be made to more than pay its own way. Inter-State jealousy and moss-backed prejudice against modern methods of taxation should surely be set aside in such a cause.

Thirty years hence the citizens of the new region of homes behind the Palisades may bless the legislators who preserved for them a playground unequaled in any metropolitan area this side of San Francisco; or they may curse the short-sighted penuriousness of our generation. It is hard to understand why the joint community on the two sides of the river does not unite in demanding that its playground be saved and enlarged.

The Price of Speed

THE automobile has killed virtually as many persons in the United States in the last two years as were killed or died of wounds in the American army in the World War. In addition it has seriously injured nearly seven times as many persons as the number of our soldiers wounded but not killed in the European struggle. Estimates based on reports to the Census Bureau put the number of automobile fatalities in 1926 at 23,264 and in 1927 at 24,775. There are no figures for those injured less than fatally, but as they are commonly estimated at twenty-five to every death, 1,200,000 persons may have been injured in automobile accidents in the last two years. Against this 50,000 American soldiers were killed or died of wounds in the World War (27,000 others died while abroad of disease or other causes) while 182,000 additional were wounded. The worst of the frightful automobile casualty list is that 30 per cent of the fatalities were boys or girls under fifteen years of age. It was truly a slaughter of the innocents.

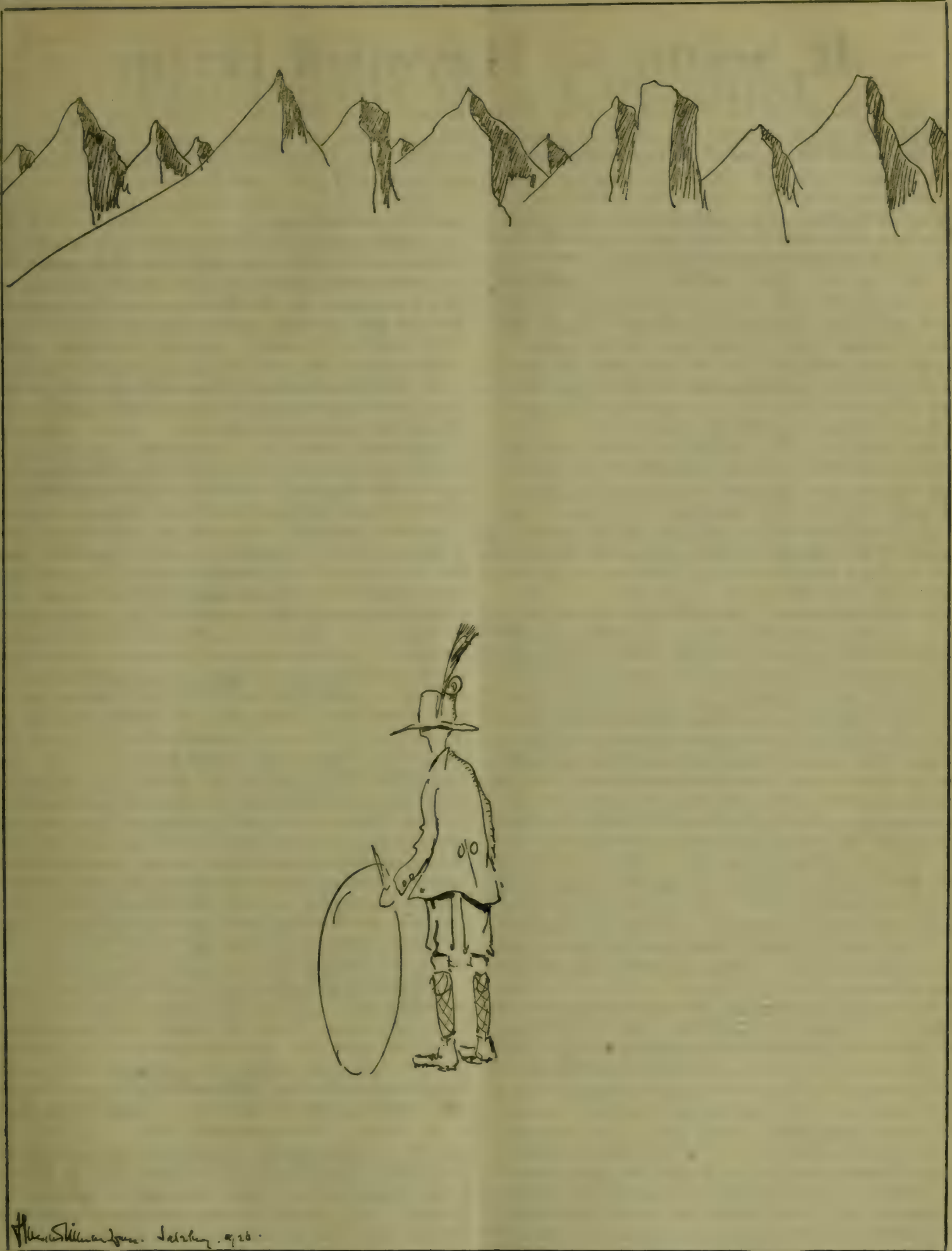
Nor is there any sign of a reduced death toll. The fatalities have doubled in eight years and will probably reach 26,000 for 1928. It is frequently pointed out that a

hopeful sign that the number of casualties is decreasing by comparison with the number of automobiles in use, but a recent study made in the University of Chicago suggests that even this is true only in regard to fatal accidents. The study showed that in 1921, for every 10,000 cars registered, there were 310 fatalities and non-fatal injuries combined, while in 1926 this figure had risen to 372, an increase of 20 per cent. If these figures are reliable, it would seem that safety devices and longer experience with cars, although lessening their fatality rate, are not reducing the number of accidents.

There is no present sign that the public is willing to accept drastic autocratic reduction of speed as a solution of this grave problem. On the contrary, the speed at which automobiles bowl through city streets has almost doubled in twenty years. Not only does the car owner resent the suggestion of reduced speed but the man without one is less interested in preserving his rights as a pedestrian than he is in contriving to get an automobile with which to ride through the streets himself. Stiffening the requirements for drivers' licenses is only a palliative because most accidents are not due to a lack of skill. The most skilful drivers are often the most reckless. The one direction in which considerable progress has been made in recent years is in suspending or revoking licenses for carelessness or drunkenness, especially for the latter. A good many newspapers are helping along this work by publishing the full list of revocations in their localities. It must have a subduing effect on some hotheads and users of intoxicating liquors.

But though there seems to be no present sign of a willingness to obtain safety through less speed—our motor death toll is part of the price of the Jazz Age—we are taking more account of the victims after the accidents have happened. With a characteristic tenderness for property rather than life we are estimating the cost in dollars and trying to distribute it as equitably as possible. The demand for compulsory automobile insurance, or some similar method of lightening the burden of the injured or their dependents, seems to be growing. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Maine have some form of compulsory insurance, but proposals in other States are so far hanging fire as there is a good deal of opposition, especially from commercial interests connected with the automobile industry. According to insurance men, about 16 per cent of the country's automobiles are voluntarily insured for the purpose of compensating for injuries to persons and 13 per cent to make good damages to property. Most of the insured cars are in the larger cities. Failure to carry insurance does not necessarily mean inability to pay for accidents, but the custom of buying cars on the instalment plan—it is estimated that 80 per cent are now bought in that way—is reducing the level of the financial responsibility of car owners.

As an alternative to compulsory insurance, application of workmen's-compensation principle is urged in certain quarters. This would have an advantage in that the defense of contributory negligence—by which many damage suits are now beaten—would be abolished and the victim would be compensated according to a fixed schedule based on his earning capacity. It is also argued that such a scheme would take a great burden from the courts, but there are a number of legal questions involved in the proposal which need further clarification.



The Austrian Kid

"Grandpa is Italian and Grandma is Czecho-Slovakian and Uncle is Jugoslavian and Auntie is Rumanian and I have to play in Polish. Now what am I to do?"

It Seems to Heywood Broun

ONE of the slightly topsy-turvy features in an ill-adjusted world concerns the subject of domestic science. Within a month the Pope was protesting against the participation of women in organized athletics. As I remember, he said that their arms should never be raised except in prayer or the performance of their household duties. Seemingly, the world has fastened on the notion that while Adam delves Eve should spin.

I don't see why. Many women of my acquaintance would make excellent field hands and cannot sew a stitch. I myself am equally inept at both tasks, but there are men capable of taking tonsils out and there is every reason to believe that they could also go in for fancy work. But most ridiculous of all is the contention that woman belongs in the kitchen. Why should that be? If she hangs about the stove there is grave danger that she may get in the way of somebody who really can cook. She spoils essences with her priggishness about sanitation, and of course she can prepare nothing half so good as comes from the frying-pans of guides in the North Woods. According to their wholly logical theory plain lake water is considered sufficient treatment at the end of any meal, and accordingly the pan begins in time to develop a character and an individuality after the manner of a favorite pipe.

Moreover, man excels in preparing meals because he is ready to avail himself of the aid of new inventions. America may yet develop a worthy national cookery through the use of canned goods. Whenever I see a restaurant which avails itself of the cheap slogan, "We have thrown our can-opener away," I avoid it. There is every sentimental reason and every practical reason why canned goods should have an honored place in any balanced ration. Take specifically the matter of soup. In the average household soup is compounded out of desperation. No housewife goes about its preparation except with a heavy heart. She feeds a cauldron of last resort. The chicken she thrusts disdainfully into the pot has already outlived his usefulness. He would not be transformed into soup if there was any other capacity in which he could possibly serve. The soup of home cooking is a conglomeration of survivors. Shakespeare neglected to state that after the funeral-baked meats had coldly furnished forth the marriage feast they served as bouillon for the honeymoon.

I know that there is an old and fallacious proverb to the effect that too many cooks spoil the broth. This I deny hotly. The saw suggests that soup can be left to shift for itself. On the contrary it should be stirred and sniffed at frequent intervals. Now doesn't it stand to reason that experts, and men at that, who have been brought up with soup should be able to prepare a better product than amateurs who have no enthusiasm for it? A man who goes into a large soup cannery does so by choice. The average wife accepts cooking simply because the job has been thrust upon her. She is in the kitchen because she loves Jim or Tom or Harry and not because she has a passionate preoccupation with mock turtle. The canner's man serves on quite a different basis. This is the sanctuary he has chosen out of all the world. He might have been an actor, a congressman, a journalist, or a painter. Instead he has chosen to throw in

his lot with onions, cream, boiling water, and tomatoes. Don't you think it is inevitable that he will try to make the soup for which he is responsible justify the life work which he has selected? Also I wish to make a plea for such hash as comes in cans. At the very least it may be said for it that it is premeditated.

Readily enough, I will admit that many canned commodities have a flavor quite unlike that of the products as they come directly from the fields. Fresh asparagus and canned asparagus are only distant cousins, but I object to the easy and prevalent surmise that on this account the fresh sort must be better. It is the old argument about nature and art. The man who paints a tree after the desire of his own heart makes something which appeals to me more than the picture of the artist who is merely photographic. And I prefer canned asparagus.

Curiously enough, it is the women who have fought most bitterly against the coming of tinned nutrition. One might think that they would hail ready-made dishes as a delivery from drudgery. They don't. The grocer and the delicatessen man have threatened our whole social fabric. In days gone by a woman could justify a parasitic existence by talking of her "household duties." Possibly there was truth, years ago, in the assertion that the man at the office slaving over his desk worked no more vigorously than the woman who remained at home to sweep and dust and get the dinner. That's all done now. No woman of intelligence need bend over a hot stove when she can prepare an enticing meal with no more effort than is required to remove the tops from a few cans. To be sure sweeping and dusting still remain, but the amount of labor entailed in this has been exaggerated. And besides women sweep too much. Since the keeping of a home has now become an easy task the average housewife cannot escape a twinge of conscience. If she has children her claim to exemption from hard labor has some standing, but even in this case I am told there is no great difficulty save in the case of the only child. If there are two they amuse and entertain each other. Accordingly, it has become necessary for women to go out of the home and get to work. There is not enough to do around any house to occupy a strong and healthy individual more than a few minutes every day.

Aesthetic arguments may be raised against the triumph of canned goods. I have said that cooking is one of life's finest recreations. Some will object that the growth of tinned delicacies has killed the possibility of individual effort. There could also be the contention that canning leads to standardization. But these objections will be made only by those who lack imagination. One need not be slavish in the hands of the wholesalers. There is still the possibility of working out new mixtures and new combinations. The canned commodities may be looked upon as notes of music. Flung together in any way a certain melody is produced and with some slight change the whole air is altered. For me there is no sensation quite as thrilling as that of opening an ice-box late at night and seizing upon what have you. And of course there should be a frying pan sizzling upon the gas stove and a good song ringing clear.

HEYWOOD BROUN

The Rights of a Columnist

A Symposium on the Case of Heywood Broun versus the New York World

H EYWOOD BROUN was dismissed on May 5 from the staff of the *New York World* on a charge of disloyalty because of an article* on liberal newspapers printed in *The Nation* of that week. In that article Mr. Broun said that among New York newspapers the *World* came "closest to being an American *Manchester Guardian*," but that it lacked the "courage" and "tenacity" necessary for a truly liberal paper. He specified several instances in which he believed the *World* had shifted its position and exhibited too timid a concern for various groups.

How free should a writer be to criticize the paper which pays his salary? Was Mr. Broun within his rights as a "columnist" in discussing the shortcomings of the *World* in the pages of *The Nation*? Was the *World* within its rights in breaking its contract with Mr. Broun on the basis of the article in *The Nation*? Was it proper, in any case, for the *World* to dismiss Mr. Broun, publicly, without previous discussion and without notice?

The Nation put these questions to the writers and newspaper editors and publishers whose comments on the case follow.

William Allen White

Proprietor and Editor, the Emporia Gazette, Emporia, Kansas

The columnist's status in the modern American newspaper has not been established. He is institutionally too young to have a standardized ethical place. Being old-fashioned, yet having been on both sides of the pay roll, I feel that the columnist as such is a journalistic freak and that he is sporadic and will pass either into a responsible contributing editor, free and untrammelled, or into a court jester without dignity or standing. Broun's case illustrates the situation. It points no moral and adorns no tale, so far as American journalism is concerned, because the agreed facts signify no important violation of any accepted journalistic code. The editor still is boss, the employee still has his royal right to resign or be fired. It is just another newspaper row, and the friends of each participant have a right to uphold their favorite. No cause is involved, no principle at stake.

Julian Harris

Editor and Publisher, the Columbus Inquirer-Sun, Columbus, Ga.

The case of Heywood Broun and the *World* is completely out of the ordinary. I should say that Mr. Broun had made such a reputation for himself that no one would mistake his views for those of the *World*. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case I think Mr. Broun was so violent that he actually turned some persons against his own viewpoint. Having permitted Mr. Broun fully to express himself the *World* had gone a long way and I believe was justified in its action at that time.

In the more recent disagreement due to Mr. Broun's attack on the *World* I think he showed bad taste. Mr. Broun should have resigned from the *World* before assailing it in another publication. The *World* might well have made its dismissal less abrupt, but certainly in view of his attack on the newspaper for which he worked Mr. Broun has little ground for complaint. For both the *New York World* and Mr. Broun I have much admiration, but I fear that the noted columnist as editor would be less patient with a columnist who had perfectly conventional views than the *World* has been with him.

Waldo Cook

Editor, the Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass.

One may only guess at motives, yet the first Broun article in *The Nation* read as if Heywood was out for a killing to ease up his internal combustion rather than to help the *World* become a better spokesman of "liberal" thought. So it is well to write with reservations.

With that much said, I see no sufficient reason in Mr. Broun's first article in *The Nation* for firing him from the *World*. Mr. Broun is a journalistic prima donna. Prima donnas are privileged to be impudent to the stage manager and the director-general, are they not? A "columnist," exploited as a personality, is usually allowed to "sass" all mankind, and, like the king's jester, to be irreverent toward his own employer. Certainly, these ennobled clowns of the press may oppose the views of the editorial page as freely as the readers whose critical letters to the editor are constantly printed on the editorial page itself, much to the satisfaction of the paper's constituency.

If Mr. Broun had offered his *Nation* article for his own department in the *World*, could it have been more of an offense than similar criticism from a contributor to the *World's People's Forum*?—assuming that it had not contained reports of confidential conversations with responsible editors or used unethically information obtained through intimate inside association with the paper's family rows.

"Columnists" often become a bore. They are insufferable when their deposit of organic smartness is overdrawn. But what would you? They lose their therapeutic as well as their circulation value if they cannot thumb their noses at the high and mighty, without exception, anywhere, anytime.

I don't mind saying that the *World* is just as interesting to me without Heywood Broun. I have seldom read him because there is too much to read.

Fremont Older

Editor, the San Francisco Call

I think Heywood Broun expects rather too much of a big New York daily morning newspaper. Possibly the *World* could be a little more liberal than it is, and get away with it, but its editors, not being convinced that it could, hesitate to experiment. It comes down to a matter of judgment.

While I have never worked on a New York newspaper I have had a good many years' experience on San Francisco newspapers and have learned that an editor cannot say everything that from his point of view he thinks ought to be said. You must hold and increase your circulation in order to hold and

*Reprints of the article which caused Heywood Broun's dismissal from the *World* may be obtained from *The Nation* by sending four cents in stamps.

increase your advertising. Failing in this, it will not be long before your newspaper fails.

The kind of liberal morning newspaper Mr. Broun has in mind would have to be subsidized, and even then it could not be wholly free because its editors would be enslaved by the hobbies and caprices of the subsidizer.

I admire Mr. Broun very much as a writer and as a man, but I don't think he should be at all disturbed at Pulitzer's action. If he had been able calmly and serenely to allow Mr. Broun to criticize the *World* in another journal without retaliating he would be something of a superman. We mustn't expect too much of human nature. If Mr. Broun had written critically of *The Nation* in the *World*, how would it have been received in *The Nation* office?

Theodore Dreiser

Author of "An American Tragedy"

I have long observed that it is a rare American newspaper or magazine that offers any space to anyone who has a vital criticism of our American life to offer. A soothing prosperity now appears to reduce the American mass to an almost hoggish indifference to everything mental—to look upon as negligible any and all such ills as may affect an unsuccessful minority. The devil take the hindmost. By all means smother the plaintive yowl of the underdog. Whatever else you do, touch on no vital issue. Instead furnish the mob with a constant clatter in regard to sports, radio, the races, patriotism—indeed, anything and everything about purely material developments while a financial oligarchy runs things for the good or ill of all.

Indeed, to me, at this writing, it would seem as though it is the high percentage of prosperity, in no way related to culture or intensive thought, that has snuffed out the interest of the majority in anything save comfort and pleasure. Unquestionably there are men, even today, who, slightly encouraged by a national alertness or thoughtfulness in regard to any hovering national ill, would speak in no uncertain terms. But where is there such a minority—any really important group concerned with any outstanding American problem? I cannot feel its presence.

Yet there are approaching ills—the gradual subornation of the American mind by the Catholic program for one thing; the gradual but certain reduction of the American freeman to an infinitesimal unit in the lock-stepping majority, easily and dictatorially guided by a purely financial and by no means mental money crew. More and more wealth and power for a few corporations and their officers and directors. More and more thoughtless subservience on the part of the limitless majority.

Yet truly, and apart from thought, of course, a not unpleasant panorama for the average man. Plenty—or nearly so—of food and clothing for the many; even houses, automobiles, radios, phonographs, newspapers, and magazines conducted in the interest of those who feel material comfort as the be-all and the end-all of life. As for those who think, who foresee impending ills—sudden and enormous and possibly catastrophic changes—they can wait. Out on them for the radicals, firebrands, Reds that they are. Give them no voice. Discharge them from all responsible positions. If possible subvert their means of living.

And yet approaching ills; assured and possibly disastrous changes now pending. And solutions possible. But the newspapers! Is not circulation—numbers of subscribers of whatever character—their very blood; and money for their exchequer, from those who control the many, the food of their blood? Who doubts it? Yet conditions being what they are I cannot savagely censor any individual paper or its misdeeds. But a land flaccid because of material ease, indifferent to a reasonable equation between the states of men and their indi-

vidual sorrows; a land that winks at injustice, more and more modifies the liberty of the individual to think for himself, is not worthy of those who, planning this nation, dreamed a great dream. They led men to believe that by thought and the effort that flows from generous and equable thought in regard to all things is a proper accord among men to be maintained. But never, by what one sees in America at this hour, is man to be moved nearer toward an understanding of his strange and at present anomalous relation to nature; or his perhaps futile hope that he may not pass as meaningless dust; may yet lift his spirit as a distinguished force which need not die.

David Lawrence

Editor, the United States Daily, Washington, D. C.

Replying to your letter of May 10, permit me to say that the case appears to me to be partly a question of law and partly a question of loyalty to an employer. With respect to the legal phase involved, I have not seen the contract and would not venture to interpret it, as I am not a lawyer.

As to the question of loyalty to an employer, a newspaper is a business institution which can demand from its employees the same measure of loyalty and cooperation that any other private business does. Discussion of the particular relations between the *World* and its employees is not, to my mind, a subject for public discussion, but wholly a private matter as between the principals or their attorneys.

H. L. Mencken

Editor, the American Mercury

In this controversy my professional sympathies are naturally with Broun, for it seems to me that his services to the *World* have been of very great value to that paper, as they have been to American journalism in general, and that its rude and public dismissal of him was patronizing, unjust, and in excessive bad taste. In any row the angrier of the two parties is almost always in the wrong. The *World* lost its temper and its dignity, and now looks, I fear, somewhat ridiculous. Why should it have got into such a fearful lather about Broun's very moderate and polite aspersions? In my days on the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, I used to denounce that paper in its own columns with barbarous violence and yet none of the editors ever dreamed of objecting. Whenever my attacks reached tender spots, they replied by denouncing me, editorially, as a jack-ass, and on more than one occasion they produced such evidence in support of the accusation that I felt impelled to withdraw quietly from the combat. A great newspaper should be sure enough of itself to face any sort of assault, in or outside its office. The *World* underestimates its position in American journalism. It is far too solid and valuable a newspaper to be seriously hurt by criticism, however violent. The sort of loyalty it apparently demanded of Broun would do journalism far more harm than any conceivable treason.

But, though I thus sympathize with Broun, I think I should add that his course in the Sacco-Vanzetti business seemed to me to be most ill-advised. Certainly no one in the federal Union has ever bellowed for free speech more loudly than I have, but in matters of public controversy, with the passions of countless morons aflame, it must be plain that a reasonable politeness and prudence have their uses. I think that Broun's excessive earnestness interfered seriously with the *World's* very intelligent effort to save the condemned men, and that he thus helped to defeat both its purpose and his own.

The present dispute is essentially a family quarrel and should not be taken too gravely. The *World* had the better of it at the start, but has lost that advantage by showing anger. But to argue that this anger convicts it of sailing under false

colors is as absurd as it would be to argue that getting fired has done any harm to Broun himself. The paper will get over its lamentable indignation, and Broun, I daresay, will grow more judicious as his arteries ossify. As for me, I shall continue to read both, and to be glad that journalism in America, despite its gradual descent to the level of the pants business, still has room for them. I ascribe the whole sad affair to prohibition. In the old days, editors and their slaves frequently fought each other with bung-starters, but they never resorted to slanging one another in public. I long for the return of the saloon, precisely as it was when I was young and happy.

Upton Sinclair

Author of "The Brass Check" and "Money Writes"

It is interesting to watch the attempts being made to place a limitation upon the private ownership of newspapers and magazines, and to convert them into public-service institutions. Just how far it can succeed is a problem. Needless to say, as a Socialist I am in favor of public ownership rather than of regulation. Mr. Heywood Broun, I gather, is not a Socialist, but a liberal, and believes that the private owner can be regulated and forced to act in the public welfare—which includes the maintaining for Mr. Broun of the right, enjoyed by all other American citizens, to criticize the *New York World*. But the *World*, you see, will have none of that nonsense. The *World* is a private money-making institution, and it claims to own not

merely its building and its presses but also its authors, and it permits these authors to write for the *World* only upon condition that they shall forswear the elemental right of American citizens to criticize the *World*. So it has "booted Mr. Broun into the street"—which is the only part of America left for those who do not happen to be owners. He can now exercise his right to make faces at the Pulitzer Building—but, alas, he will no longer have that weekly check. Such is the law of private ownership, and all that we Socialists can do is to extend to Mr. Broun our sympathy, and hope that he will use his brains upon the incident and join us in our demand for public ownership and democratic administration of the instruments and means of publicity. It may be, of course, that he will be more impatient, and prefer the program of a newspapermen's soviet. If so, all power to the soviets!

Roy W. Howard

Editor and Publisher, the New York Telegram

I believe our answer to your letter of May 10 is found in the fact that on Thursday, May 17, Mr. Heywood Broun's column "It Seems to Me" starts in the *New York Telegram*. We are very happy to have Mr. Broun on the staff, and while we have no expectation that his ideas will always coincide with the editorial opinions of the *Telegram*, we have no fear that any interest of ours will be compromised by anything Mr. Broun may say under his own signature.

A Few Things Altered or Abolished

By EDNA FERBER

[This is the second of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in. The first appeared on May 16. Others will follow.]

CERTAIN words there are which always have had for me an unadult and amateurish sound. They may be high-spoken words, and dressy, beginning in "psy" and ending in "ist." They may be many-syllabled and magniloquent (which last, by the way, is one of them). But no matter how grown-up they may appear, they still are, in some inexplicable way, slightly ridiculous in my eyes. They have all the convincingness of the Graduation Class Prophecy delivered on Commencement Day by Mary Louise Moss (in white organdie and a thin, scared voice) at Ryan High School, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Utopia is one of these words.

You will find Utopia prominent in all high-school graduation-class prophecies. It has been known to rise to the dignity, even, of the class valedictory (Ernie Schultz, in long pants). But it isn't a word for adults.

I do not long for a perfect world. It sounds flat. No description of heaven that has not bored me. I remember reading, some years ago, "Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells, and a duller lot of sissies I hope never to meet. In this Wellsian Utopia everybody was beautiful, polite, and shiny. Nature glittered. The roads were, I believe, made of platinum, or some such high-priced stuff, and there was no traffic problem. No corner cop fixed you with a baleful eye as he shamed you before the crowd by bellowing: "Hey! Get back there, you big boob! Where do you think you're driving at! A fire? I got a mind to give you a ticket."

In this super-world of Mr. Wells you picked a pear off a convenient tree and ate it, and its sly juices did not run down your neck and spot your garment. It merely melted on the tongue and vanished. There was no core. Now, I like cores, myself. If, unexpectedly, there's a worm in it, that, too, adds to the interest.

All the really charming people of my acquaintance—the people I practically adore—are just terrible. They are faulty, careless, selfish, lying, negligent, and generally undependable. I also number among my acquaintance a few perfect people, or nearly. There seems to be almost nothing wrong with them. When they telephone, asking me to dine—or won't I drop in for tea?—or will I be at home at about five some day next week?—I find myself saying, hurriedly, that I am going to Chicago to see my sister, and do call me again, won't you, the end of next month.

Still, there are in this world (or in a newly constructed one) a few things that I should like altered or abolished. In the event (God forbid) of a Utopia of my creating, war—pestilence—crime—catastrophes of nature—would, I suppose, all be done away with. Of course, that would deprive us of Napoleon, Florence Nightingale, Nero, Jesus, Alexander, and a lot of good reading, including the Bible. But all these forces could be used for good. There are people who will say that character—and even genius—comes to flower only under crisis or adversity. That probably isn't true. A Utopia would prove it, at least.

There would be no people who whip or spank little children.

Something would be done about that spectacular failure

of modern so-called civilization—marriage. At present it seems to be All Wrong. So far no substitute arrangement has been made which is an improvement over it. Free love is too exacting. There is missing from it the agreeable equanimity of the marriage tie. It's the difference between a fire in a fireplace and a blaze from a dropped match. The one you can warm yourself by. The other, gaining headway, is likely to wreck the building.

Automobiles would be banished. This would, doubtless, have some fatal effect on Trade. That's all right with me.

There would be no Young American Novelists who present scenes from Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, and Paris through the myopic eyes of third assistant Dostoevskis and Chekhovs.

Malice, jealousy, spite, and gossip would be done away with.

Everyone who wanted to work would work.

Everyone would have a garden and at least one tree,

and open wood-burning fireplaces would be compulsory.

There would exist none of those people who say, "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" and, "I'm going to be perfectly frank with you."

All women would be beautiful.

Something would be done about childbirth pains.

There would be no such thing as old age. There is a beautiful myth that this process of enfeeblement and decay carries with it certain compensations. I'll bet it's a lie.

One would have plenty of time in which to read.

Churches would cease to be large stone and brick edifices to which people repaired once a week in their best clothes to be talked to about God.

Much beautiful music and dancing.

No corporeal fat or dirt.

No telephones.

No editors so unimaginative as to request writers to do articles on the subject of Utopia.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
May 19



THE Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the power trust continues to produce the most interesting news in Washington; and the newspapers, except the Hearst papers and a mere handful of others, continue to ignore it or "play it down." Not since the war has there been such a brazen example of deliberate and prolonged suppression.

All the correspondents are talking about it, and some of them (privately, of course) can explain the cases of their individual papers. Unfortunately, there are newspaper owners who also own public-utility stock. Unfortunately, too, there are effective ways by which utility companies can exercise pressure. Financially, socially, and otherwise, the president of the local gas, electric, telephone, or street-railway company usually is a man of influence; not infrequently he plays golf with the owner of the local paper. Another explanation may lie in the fact that the newspapers themselves have been among the worst sufferers from the investigation. How often my professional heart has pounded with pride while the principal speaker at an editorial banquet denounced those slanderers who would insinuate that a newspaper's editorial or news columns are ever influenced by the paid advertising that it receives! But listen to the disillusioning words of Mr. Joe Carmichael, a working journalist of twenty years' experience until he embarked on the more lucrative employment of disseminating publicity favorable to the public-utility companies in the State of Iowa.

"WITHOUT exception," he testified this week, "the public relations of those companies which advertise in the newspapers are better than those which do not. . . . A newspaper could hardly be expected to take a favorable attitude toward a company that refuses to advertise. . . . Since taking my present position, I have been responsible for an increase of 1,000 per cent in the volume of paid advertising given to the newspapers by the public-utility companies of Iowa."

"Is there any doubt in your mind that this helped you to get your publicity matter printed in the news columns?" inquired Chief Counsel Healy.

"No," was the frank answer.

"Of course, all this matter was propaganda?"

"Yes, it was."

"And there was absolutely nothing in it to inform the reader that it had been written by an employee of the utility companies?"

"No, but the newspapers knew who wrote it when they printed it."

"The sentiments contained in this material were sometimes reflected in the editorial columns of the papers which printed it?"

"Yes."

The foregoing is a fair specimen. Indeed, it is mild compared with the testimony of some of the others. The power trust's propaganda agent in Ohio estimated that 20 per cent of the papers in that State regularly publish his "stuff" just as he sends it to them, and that a considerable number of them actually print it in the form of editorials!

* * * * *

WHILE the present generation of rate-payers is being reconciled, through the newspapers, to stock-watering and extortion, the mind of the next generation is being poisoned, through the schools, against public ownership. The scandal of the "poisoned textbooks" has spread from

Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Illinois to Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and the Carolinas. In Iowa the regular school textbooks which did not, in the opinion of the power moguls, adequately present the advantages of private ownership, were thrown out. When the propaganda boys could not succeed directly through the superintendents and principals, they called on the local utility magnates to get busy with the members of the school boards. To fill the vacancy thus created, the utility companies magnanimously supplied booklets free of charge, prepared by their own staff. In Missouri five such books were introduced into the high schools, and it is the boast of those who engineered the introduction that they are now being studied by 93 per cent of the high-school students in the State. The savant who directed the writing of these books formerly was a baseball writer on a St. Louis newspaper! In Nebraska the utilities are not yet fully organized, hence only 5,000 copies of their private textbooks have been placed in the schools, but the power executives are fully awakened to their opportunities, as was demonstrated by one of them who sent to Chicago for additional books, with the observation: "There is a fertile field for this sort of work in a State which can produce a Howell and a Norris."

* * * * *

ONE wonders what the school authorities of the country purpose to do about this business. Are they completely cowed? Notwithstanding the wretched part which a majority of the newspapers have played in withholding these facts or softening them with obscure language, enough has been told to inform teachers and officials. Indeed, they have only to look at their own shelves to see these miserable "textbooks." Thus far there has been no general or resounding protest. It is high time that someone in authority arose and demanded that this venomous rubbish be kicked into the street, and that those responsible for its presence be held to account. I have said some unkind things in this place about Harry F. Sinclair; but I have never accused him of deliberately plotting to poison the minds of all the school-children in the country. Meantime, Mr. Owen D. Young, the leading figure in the power industry in this country, eloquently tells the United States Chamber of Commerce that respectable business must purge itself of men who violate ethics and offend against decency. What has Mr. Young to say about the "poison squad" which the power industry has sent against the school-children of the United States? What has he to say about the systematic prostitution of the newspapers?

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IT used to be said that Herbert Hoover was too pure to succeed in politics. He would never be able to climb down from his lofty pedestal and stoop to the unsavory practices which politicians think are necessary to win nominations and elections. He seemed entirely too high-minded for their purposes. Disclosures before the Senate committee on campaign expenditures reveal him in a somewhat different light. As a consequence, the politicians are ready to clasp him to their bosom as one of their own. They were a bit mistaken in him. Here, after all, is a man after their own heart. The practical way in which Mr. Hoover went after Southern delegates convinced the politicians that their earlier fears were groundless. When defeatist propaganda menaced his campaign, did he sit down and despair? Never. His managers simply engaged the services of a few of the

more talented jobbers of the Harding regime, supplied them with the sinews of politics, and in a twinkling the boom began to reinflate. Rush Holland, erstwhile assistant to Harry Daugherty, was chosen to head the Dixie mission. Mr. Holland armed himself with a little bag of cash—not much, but enough—toured the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, and quickly rounded up all the delegates in the market. He testified before the Senate committee that he spent only a little over \$10,000, most of it going to Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. In these States, the delegations will be virtually solid for Hoover. All for \$10,000! Delegates apparently are not so expensive this year. Everyone but the impeccable Hoover has been afraid to bid for them.

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WHILE Holland was bringing home the bacon from Dixieland, another of our old favorites of the bonnie era of Harding, Daugherty, and Fall joined the Hoover forces in Washington and opened headquarters to help the chaste candidate's campaign. He was none other than George Lockwood, the former secretary of the Republican National Committee, who sent the malodorous Blair Coan to Montana to "frame" Senator Wheeler in a frantic and unsuccessful effort to block the exposure of the Ohio Gang then engaged in looting the Government. Mr. Lockwood testified he is working for Hoover solely out of patriotism. He doesn't expect to get a thing out of it, either before or after election. Politics with him, he said, is "a disease." In his case, we agree, it is a virulent disease. Will Hays, it seems, is not doing much for the Hoover campaign, although he is reported to be heartily in sympathy with it. Mr. Vare, of Pennsylvania, however, is ready to deliver his delegates to Hoover and the silent Mr. Mellon now thinks his Cabinet colleague better fitted than anyone else to fill Coolidge's shoes. Bascom Slemp has the Virginia delegates roped and tied for Hoover. We may find other equally public-spirited citizens enrolled under the Hoover banner when the balloting begins at Kansas City.

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AND yet—although Calvin has thrice put away the crown, and although the saintly Andrew utters words of praise—there lingers an uneasiness in the Hoover camp which will not down. Not all of them are yet convinced that Mr. Coolidge meant it. More than one Cassius whispers to inquire why the President signed the flood-control bill which he virtually had threatened to veto. A Senator interested in the bill, speaking of the amendments which were offered as the reason for Mr. Coolidge's change of front, declared they had "no more relation to the main issues than the mountains of Mars," and added: "Either he is still a candidate, or he hasn't the faintest idea what this bill is about." Another incident occurs to thicken the gloom which, rather naturally, surrounds Mr. Hoover. The national committeeman from a Northwestern State, upon observing the slightly faded bouquet which Secretary Mellon had pinned on his Cabinet colleague, hastened to Washington to tell Mr. Mellon that Hoover could not possibly carry the committeeman's State against Smith. Following the conference which ensued, the committeeman emerged and proceeded to tell all the politicians in Washington that the Pennsylvania delegation was a long way from being committed to Hoover, and that he had reason to believe Mellon was not for the Secretary of Commerce.

Albania: Land of the Eagle

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

I HAVE called Albania the Land of the Eagle because that is a translation of the Albanians' own name for their country. Their name is derived from the word "Shkipon," which means an eagle, and the Albanian flag is a black eagle upon a red ground. No name could suit the country better. From the eastern coast of the Adriatic, separated from Italy by little over fifty miles of sea, the land rises rapidly into ranges of lofty and craggy mountains, fit homes for eagles, or for men who are as like eagles as men can be. Within her present boundaries, Albania is barely 200 miles long, and little over 70 miles across, but those precipitous mountains, with their difficult passes, make the country seem much larger than it really is: especially if you are creeping over it upon a slow-stepping pony, which is the quickest means of transport unless you walk. When I was last there, the country had no railways, but now I hear talk of a little railway along the coast.

If you enter by way of Montenegro, you will pass down the long lake of Scutari, which brings you to the largest Albanian town. Scutari is dominated by a fortress rock that, under the Venetians, held out long against the Turks in the sixteenth century, as you may see depicted on a painting in the Doge's palace at Venice. Or you may enter by way of Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium, where Caesar was shut up by Pompey's army at a crisis in the world's history. Thence you can proceed inland through Tirana, the present capital, and Elbasan, the second largest town, until, after crossing the mountain range by the central pass, you suddenly descend upon the lake of Ochrida, which I believe to be the most beautiful lake in the world. At its northern end, Albania's chief river, the Drin, runs out, but on the other sides the lake is surrounded by high mountains, and the water is so deep and pure that its surface takes every color from the sky—wild grays and noble purples in the center, shading into greens where the brief shadows begin. At the northern end stands the village of Struga, where the lake's huge trout (called "the golden trout") are captured—in wattle traps, I am sorry to say. Near by is the ancient city of Ochrida, once an outpost upon the famous Egnation Way, linking Rome with Constantinople. It was afterward occupied by the Bulgarian, Serbian, and Turkish empires in turn, but it has now again fallen under Serbian rule as part of Yugoslavia. At the southern end of the lake you reenter Albanian territory, and so proceed southward to Koritza or Kortcha, the third Albanian town in size, but perilously near the frontier of modern Greece, which is always looking across at it with greedy eyes.

The position of the little country gives it an importance out of proportion to its size, for it controls the entrance to the Adriatic on the east coast, and last fall it concluded the Treaty of Tirana with Italy, which commands the entrance on the west coast.

Albania has been recognized by the League of Nations as an independent state, but it has powerful and hostile neighbors—Montenegro (now included in Yugoslavia) on the north; Macedonia (also now included in Yugoslavia) on the east; and Greece on the south. And there lies Italy just

across the narrow sea on the west. By the last treaty, Italy asserts a predominant influence over the country, and Italian priests have long controlled education among the Catholic tribes in the north. But Yugoslavia jealously watches the possibility of an Italian protectorate that would close the entrance of the Adriatic whenever Italy desires, and would also give Italians the advantage of concessions in the possible oil-fields, and the actual forests of the Valona oak, so valuable for dyes. Undoubtedly it was in fear of such a protectorate that Yugoslavia (on November 11, last) concluded a "friendly" alliance with France, and that is where the present danger lies.

The Albanian race is of extreme antiquity. The language, which was never printed till about fifty years ago, and then in a stupidly composed alphabet, has been connected by German scholars with an early form of ancient Greek, but the people are now quite distinct from the Greeks. Overrun by one set of conquerors after another, they remain a separate and definite nationality, much as they were when Albania was the Roman province of Illyria and they produced the great Emperor Diocletian. Religion has always sat rather lightly upon them, and after their national hero, Skanderbeg, failed to stem the Turkish invasion in the fifteenth century, the majority easily adapted themselves to Islam. About two-thirds of the population (which may be counted at nearly a million) are still Mohammedans, though many of these belong to the mystical and purified sect of the Bektashi. In the north, under Italian influence, the tribes are mainly Catholic; in the south, under Greek influence, they belong mainly to the Orthodox church.

Women make the whole of the clothing at home. They spin the thread from wool or goat's hair as they walk, twisting the spindles between the fingers of the right hand. They dye the yarn, usually with madder or blue, and weave the stuff upon wooden looms. The men's dress is of rough white serge or frieze, striped with carefully embroidered black braid, which is arranged according to the traditions of each tribe, so that I soon learned which tribe a man belonged to, as in the case of Highland tartans.

The women's dress consists mainly of a dark Zouave jacket, a dark shirt, a heavy, long skirt, dyed in rings of various colors, an embroidered cap, and a very broad and heavy belt, studded with brass or silver nails, and apparently not so unwholesome as it looks. Like other Balkan peoples, the Albanians seldom undress, but the women remove their heavy belts at night.

Maize, kneaded into a heavy and sticky kind of bread, is the staple food, and I am told it is very sustaining to those who can swallow it. Occasionally a sheep is slaughtered, and its limbs are thrown into a vast cauldron, which is set in the midst of a family and their guests. Then each fishes with his hand for a suitable portion, and devours it in primitive fashion. In a Christian tribe, the women stand around to serve, and to hold red-hot coals for lighting cigarettes. Among the Mohammedans, of course, the women are not seen, or only very seldom. On arrival, after a long day's ride, at the house of a chief or rich bey, I was received with

such honor that he would send out his men to kill everything that breathed in the way of bird or beast, and serve me with some twelve or fourteen courses at midnight, while retainers stood by, holding lamps or pine-torches. In the morning he set me on my way with a tiny cup of Turkish coffee, and I often wished for a more equable distribution of sustenance.

The population, especially in the north, where the Ghegs live, is divided into distinct tribes or clans, each directed by a council of the older men, under a hereditary *bariaktar* or standard-bearer who is expected to lead the tribe in war but may be deposed if he is a fool. Within the tribe there are no villages, as we understand them, but the houses, usually of stone, stand far apart in their own fields or pastures and communication is kept up by loud shouting such as echoed around the mountains whenever I was seen approaching.

The curse of Albania is the blood-feud, often persisting for several generations in succession, each family trying to kill the next of kin in turn, the victim being sometimes a mere child. Women, however, do not count in a blood-feud. No Albanian woman is ever executed, nor may you slay your enemy in a blood-feud when a woman is with him. Failing murder, the burning of a house is a common form of justice. At the doorway of each house a stone bracket projects, on which you hang your rifle to show you do not intend to kill anyone indoors.

A girl is usually purchased at birth to be the wife of a boy born about the same time and her father is paid half the money down. At about sixteen she will be married to the boy, who may not refuse her. She, however, may refuse him, but in that case her father has to repay the purchase money, and she must take the vow of perpetual maidenhood. She becomes what is called an "Albanian virgin," and is regarded as a kind of nun; but she dresses as a man and carries a rifle. If she marries anyone else, a blood-feud is the immediate result and her husband will be shot at sight, if found. I have met many of these Albanian maids, but no man seemed in a hurry to marry one.

In the Driftway

MISS ANNE MORGAN is the daughter of one of America's most famous "captains of industry," and, as the Drifter has always heard, a liberal donor to various philanthropies and causes. She came to him in a new guise the other day. With something of a shock he saw her face peering out of a half-page newspaper advertisement in an indorsement of a brand of cigarettes. She was quoted as saying:

A decorator once told me that to appreciate the texture of a fabric or the glaze of a vase one's eyes should be closed. And to enjoy the fragrance of a perfume one should close one's eyes—one's other senses seem all the keener. That was the convincing thing about the blindfold test. The aroma and flavor of one cigarette were so marked, the smoothness so obvious, that I chose it instantly.

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NOW, the Drifter has no objection to smoking by women—provided they do it because they like to and not merely for fear they'll be called Victorian if they don't. Neither does he object to Miss Morgan's earning money through trade testimonials if she needs it that badly. But

he does object when she or anybody else gives support to such a fiction as that among ordinary cigarettes a person can tell one brand from another when blindfolded. The Drifter has helped make such tests and heard reliable reports of various others, and in no instance has the person tested made anything but a fizzle of the trial. Indeed, in a smoke-filled room a blindfolded person often cannot tell even whether a cigarette is lighted or not. The whole theory of differences among the ordinary sorts of cigarettes is largely a fallacy, ingeniously stimulated by the advertisement of individual excellencies which nobody ever thought of until a high-priced copy-writer put his imagination to work. Not only do rival manufacturers seek to out-sell each other, but a single company pushes simultaneously a string of different brands, each under an alluring slogan, with the apparent idea that such of the public as do not respond to one set of catchwords will be won by another.

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THE Drifter has many friends who insist that there is only one brand of cigarette worth smoking. They even go so far as to look a gift cigarette suspiciously in the mouth and to reject it superciliously if it is not their favorite. Three months later the subject bobs up again and these persons are just as sure that there is only one brand of cigarette deserving of their attention—but it is a different one from that so earnestly boosted three months before! Probably there are fifty to a hundred brands of cigarettes sold in the United States—and not more than half a dozen appreciably different kinds. Brands come and go with the demands of salesmanship, but the raw material and the processes of manufacture undergo no such rapid changes. Without professing to know the secrets of the trade, the Drifter ventures to believe that when a brand of cigarettes fails to sell, word goes forth not to alter the product but to change the name.

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MOTHER'S DAY was celebrated uneventfully by the Drifter. Not being a mother he did not receive any messages or flowers, and not being a blanked idiot he did not send any. He did, however, receive a statement from the Western Union Telegraph Company, "released on receipt," in which it was explained that some 600 messages were sent by land lines or cables when Mother's Day began in 1910, while in 1927 "one telegraph company" (is it betraying a secret to guess that it was the respected Western Union?) carried 200,000 such telegrams. Oh, dear!

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ALSO the Drifter received some sample telegrams. Some of them were "To Mothers from Kiddies," such as
Daddy sez youse the sweetest Mother ever was,
And I think just like Daddy does.

Another one of these Miltonian messages ran:

To the very dearest Mother anybody ever had;

I know you like me better when I'm good than when I'm bad.

Recommended for the use of older persons was this crystalline gem: "I wish I was a kiddie again, so you could sing me to sleep with a baby lullaby. I'm thinking of you on Mother's Day." Or, if this was not sufficiently saccharine, one might telegraph: "Mother's Day greetings to a wonderful Mother. May the sunshine of your heart find a rainbow in every cloud that casts a shadow o'er your life." Oh, slush!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

That Liberal Newspaper

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Broun wants a liberal paper in New York why doesn't he organize a financial group to make him the editorial director of the kind of newspaper he believes would be liberal? His point of view would then be that of a public citizen subjected to pressures in the performance of an altruistic mission, and he would have ample opportunity to test his theory that a liberal newspaper in New York is possible. I know of only two liberal newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Baltimore Sun*—and I doubt if either could be liberal in New York City and show a profit.

It would be most interesting to me as a newspaperman and as a liberal thinker to see Heywood Broun at the head of his own newspaper, using *The Nation* to boost it and calling to his support all American liberals. But I am sure his editorship would hamper rather than help its cause unless he published it as a real newspaper of liberal policies, and not as a personal organ. No newspaper can be liberal toward society as a whole unless it is impersonal in its editorship, or unless the editor is as big personally as he wants his paper to be.

Baltimore, May 14

ANOTHER LIBERAL

The Press and the Power Trust

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has it occurred to you that the lack of news concerning the Federal Trade Commission investigation of the activities of the public utilities is due to a psychological twist of working newspapermen and not to any financial club held over them by the "power trust"?

If ever you sat at an editorial desk and saw the flood of stuff the utilities send out in various and picturesque forms, the Washington investigation would not be news to you. Rarely does any of this get into the New York papers, despite the boasts of the utilities agents, who, after all, must make their living and like to paint a brilliant picture of their activities for their bosses.

That it was bad news judgment for the papers not to give the inquiry a better run cannot be gainsaid, but that they were suppressing the news is patently absurd. Jaundiced by the flood of copy from the utilities press agents, the editors just missed the story because the "power trust" was an old tale to them. Only recently have they begun to realize that it is news to their readers and space in every paper is being increased.

Baldwin, L. I., May 10

BERT MACDONALD

First-rate Writers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Clifton P. Fadiman's explanation of the impatience of the younger generation for the "elder" novelists deserves commendation, but while it is news to no one that the older writers like Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser are sociological in outlook, a change of attitude (from the sociological or infantile-psychological to the aesthetic, say) does not imply that we are going to have better writers. An exchange of breviaries—Croce for Karl Marx or Freud—marks no advance in sophistication or culture. Nor does it improve one's writing. I have an English neighbor who, whenever I mention André Gide, tells me that he had been occupied with similar technical problems before Gide ever thought of them. In a measure he

is right. Nevertheless, my neighbor is not a first-rate novelist.

It is the business of criticism, I believe, to determine and isolate not only the process of the individual writer, but the general process of which he happens to be a part. Forms of logic, forms of science change, but man invents his own reasons for living and working, because he must. Every form of logic can produce a great thinker or truth-seeker; every process of writing (sociological, aesthetic, or what-not) can give us first-rate writers. Of the older generation Theodore Dreiser, I hold, is one of these. Of the younger writers—but I advise Mr. Fadiman to scrutinize his list of names. Surely he is not so naive as to believe the social viewpoint dead for good. . . . It will come back under another name, trailing a new Freudianism.

Sceaux, France, March 24

PIERRE LOVING

Why Remember?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Eight years ago this month, May 5, 1920, one of the most famous cases the world has ever seen began in Massachusetts with the arrest of two unknown Italian workers. So deeply, so firmly did the tragic story of Sacco and Vanzetti become imbedded in the minds of men, such a grasp did it get on the imagination of the world, that it seems destined to take its place in history along with the story of Joan of Arc and pass down through the ages ever an inexhaustible source of ideas.

One of the main reasons why the Sacco-Vanzetti case should be kept in the foreground of America's memory lies in that pitiful document known as the Lowell Report. Nothing could show in a more terrible way that culture, learning, wealth, and high position do not keep out the ravages prejudice makes on the human mind. Its crude, clumsy pretenses at impartiality make it one of the weakest excuses ever offered for legal murder. It is not that President Lowell, Judge Grant, and President Stratton were trying to get away with something; it is that they did not even realize that they had something to try to get away with.

There are still thousands of honest, sincere people who cannot believe that the Governor of one of our oldest and most respectable States and the president of one of the most esteemed universities in the country could permit two men to be killed for their opinions. They have faith in the integrity of the men appointed on Governor Fuller's committee, and, not having read the report carefully, if at all, take it to be a fair document drawn up by unbiased men. The Sacco-Vanzetti National League believes that report one of the most vicious documents ever offered to society. One of its primary purposes, therefore, is to expose the black prejudice of the Lowell Report. Under the editorship of Professor Karl Llewellyn of the Columbia University Law School a book analyzing the Lowell Report is being sponsored by the Sacco-Vanzetti National League. This book will be a collection of articles by well-known authorities in law, philosophy, and literature, many of whom have not yet expressed themselves publicly on the case or the Lowell Report. This book is to appear in August, on the anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The Sacco-Vanzetti National League, Room 2008, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York, has nearly a thousand general members and more than a hundred national advisory committee members. Robert Morss Lovett is chairman, Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans and Robert L. Hale of the Columbia Law School are vice-chairmen, and B. W. Huebsch is treasurer. The executive committee includes Leonard D. Abbott, Forrest Bailey, Paul F. Brissenden, Stuart Chase, Michael A. Cohen, John Lovejoy Elliott, Morris L. Ernst, Norman Hapgood, Jessica Henderson, John Haynes Holmes, Karl Llewellyn, and Arthur Warner. All interested in this organization are invited to communicate with the executive secretary.

New York, May 1

HORACE RANSELL

Books and Plays

A Man Who Is at Home Within Himself

By ROBERTA HOLLOWAY

Because he is at home within himself,
A taper warms him when the sun is cold.
He doesn't mind mice gnawing at his shelf;
He isn't bothered if his cheeses mold.
Though white roots creep beneath foundation stone,
And white moths breed in carpets on the floor,
Though chimneys blacken, and the lean winds groan
Like unfed ancient beggars at his door,
He still is shelter to himself, and still
He ornaments with dreams a narrow space;
And if he finds an empty niche to fill,
He buys an image with a saintly face.
If there are strangers passing in the rain,
He never thinks of them, and so abides.
Lone owls may call, and whippoorwills again
Cry in the hills where deathly shadow hides;
And on long thirsty nights the wild, hard fire
Of moon and stars may drive men sick with love—
He draws his blinds, and leaves no door ajar.
Or if, above him, hungry swimmers move
Through the night sky, and some pale planet falls
Shuddering down chaos in a crescent groove,
He looks to crannies widening in his walls.

Pipe Dreams and Drug Addiction

Opium. By John Palmer Gavit. Brentano's. \$3.50.

THE general conception of the word "opium" held by a woefully uninformed public originates in the imaginative confessions of a De Quincey or the sensational stories, plays, and screen pictures of the standardized Oriental "den of vice." The mental picture is of a pellet at one end of a pipe and a Chinaman at the other. But "opium" in its international implications involves two separate consumer problems: first, the Oriental eater of raw opium or smoker of prepared opium, and second, the user of habit-forming drugs whether derived from the poppy plant, the coca leaf, Indian hemp, or what-not. Opium, in fact, involves a great complexity of problems of production and distribution, of politics and economics, of world competition for foreign markets, of legislation and preventive measures, and even of such apparently distantly related matters as the importation of coolie labor, the form of marine-insurance policies, parcel-post rules, and the disciplining of ship captains. And everywhere the spoken and written word dealing with the subject is saturated with bias, with self-interest, or with emotion. To be able to bring some sort of order out of this welter of confusion is no mean task; and to compress between the covers of an ordinary-sized volume an interesting and readable presentation of the entire problem, without partisanship or emotion, is a laudable accomplishment. Just this has been done by John Palmer Gavit in a volume entitled "Opium"—with not too much argument or citation or history, with just enough example to make the matter clear, and with all the skill of the trained journalist who has the proper perspective of the subject as a whole.

Outside of the comparatively small problem of the United States in dealing with opium smoking in the Philippines, our interest in the problem of opium smoking and opium eating is largely a general humanitarian one. There is every reason to believe that these vices have decreased in the last twenty years; but it is well known that the world use of habit-forming drugs has greatly increased. Mr. Gavit properly puts the stress on the latter evil, and criticizes United States policy, at least as it existed up to the close of the international conference in Geneva in 1924-1925, for not recognizing in international dealings the greater importance of the drug problem. The book throws some interesting side-lights on the Geneva conference, gives an estimate of the personalities of some of the delegates, and very fittingly questions a policy which sends to an international conference requiring unanimity a delegation with binding instructions not to sign any convention which does not adopt the American formula. Incidentally, attention may be called to the immediate impracticability of the formula, which is, in effect, drastically and rapidly to reduce the growing of the offending plants to the medicinal and scientific needs of the world, regardless of conditions that may exist in producing and consuming countries, regardless of the smuggling factor, and regardless of the possibility that smokers and eaters of opium may become drug addicts.

Mr. Gavit, in an introductory note, gives credit to India for her recent adoption of a policy of wiping out her export of opium during a ten-year period. His book shows where the producing countries, India, Persia, China, Turkey, and smaller producers, have been or are at fault, although he believes China has been much sinned against; and he indicates some of the difficulties involved in trying to induce these countries to enter upon a poppy-uprooting campaign.

So far as overproduction of drugs is concerned, the United States method of control of the factories within its borders and of the limitation upon export works admirably, and the general opinion is that Great Britain is also making a sincere effort. Not such a clean bill of health can yet be given to the other large manufacturing countries: Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, Japan. That they could adequately limit manufacture and export is evident from what the United States has accomplished. Mr. Gavit quotes Sir John Campbell's speech at the ninth session of the Opium Advisory Committee:

Every person in this room knows the reason for the illicit traffic, and understands the nature of the only possible remedy. It is unjust and an entire misconception to blame the League of Nations or the Opium Advisory Committee. Neither has any power to compel sovereign nations to keep the word they already have solemnly given. There are at most fifty—perhaps not more than forty—drug factories in the whole world. By the Hague Convention the individual governments assumed definite obligations to limit the manufacture, sale, and use of these narcotic drugs to legitimate purposes, and to cooperate in the fulfilment of these obligations. The governments have not done this. The solemn international obligations have not been fulfilled.

In the last chapter of his book Mr. Gavit suggests how the drug evil may be attacked, asks for more real facts, makes general recommendations, and calls for the union of all organizations working toward the suppression of the evil. He closes thus:

Meanwhile, the old enemy, opium proper, in new and immensely more venomous and devastating forms, with new allies and in overwhelming quantities, directed by some of the most competent organizing brains in the world, united by the powerful motive of greed and aided by discord in the defense, is beating us in detail, and on all the fronts.

Mr. Gavit's "Opium" is the most interesting general book on the subject.

HERBERT L. MAY

Or Perhaps for Ourselves

A Mirror for Witches. By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

"IN which," the author adds, "is reflected the Life, Machinations, and Death of Famous Doll Bilby, who, with a more than feminine perversity, preferred a Demon to a Mortal Lover. Here is also told how and why a Righteous and Most Awful Judgement befell her, destroying both Corporeal Body and Immortal Soul."

When, in my efforts to retail this exciting story to some friends, I reached the demon lover, they asked of course if he were really a demon. I knew that if he were really a demon their interest, as indeed my own before I read the book, would drop dead, shot on the wing; and so, being in propagandist mood and eager to transmit my enthusiasm for the story, I was glad to be able to reassure them: "Oh, no, not really a demon. Doll only thought he was a demon, but he was really a bloody pirate." To which a man observed: "Thank God. Then she really had something after all." So each generation hides its head in the fog bank of its prevailing ideas. Our generation believes in the reality of those things we see and touch. Doll's generation believed in the reality of the unseen. They believed in God, and, as a corollary, in the Devil. They believed in fairies and elves, in witches and nymphs and succubi.

Believing in evil, they tried to conquer it, and so one day the French burned two hundred devil worshipers in one great holocaust at Mont Hoël in Brittany. "Black smoke, screams of death, stench of flesh, settled down over town and harbor, causing sickness and even vomiting. . . . On that same day, by evil fortune, a brig manned by Dawlish men stood in the Bouche de Saint-Hoël. These men, seeing that it was the fête day, and curious because of the smoke, the screams and the stench, went to the holocaust. There they saw a wild child, more animal or goblin than human being. This wild child would have followed her mother, who burned in the heart of the fire, if soldiers had not pushed her back. A priest bade the soldiers let her pass to death, for, being of witch-people, she would undoubtedly burn sooner or later. The Englishmen protested, and Mr. Jared Bilby, captain and owner of the brig, caught and held the wild child, who did not struggle against him as she had against the soldiers." Instead she clung to him and he to her. "He took her in his arms, and she lay corpse-pale and glass-eyed, like one about to die. This men remembered. When he put her down upon the deck of the brig, he was badly sweated as though his burden had been more than he, a strong young man, could bear."

And so Doll came to England, where Mr. Bilby's wife gave her a scant welcome, crying out in horror that this was no child. "This was an imp, a monkey, a pug." And so in time Doll came to the New World, to Cowans Corners, which is near Salem. "Mrs. Hannah protested that if the child went, she would not. Then would he (Bilby) humor and praise her, so that at last she went, although with much bad grace." For Mrs. Hannah never got over her early hatred of the child her husband loved, or lessened her conviction that her own long sterility would have come to an end but for Doll. She beat and abused and half-starved the girl, and in time, when Bilby was dead and could no longer protect her, all the neighbors came to share her belief that Doll was in league with the foul fiend, that she had bewitched the Thumb's bull Ahab and put a spell upon her lover, young Titus Thumb.

Yet no one who reads the story of Doll's love will doubt that she "had something after all." She gave her fiend soul and body, "both as act of impious homage and of true love." Even when she lay dead in the cell in Salem to which the Captain of the Guards had taken her, "with her round eyes open to the ceiling, her expression was one of peace and content," though "whatever she might have borne was dead within her."

Doll's wild running through the house when her earthly lover came solemnly to woo her, her dawning belief in her own evil, her insistence that the fiend should marry her properly, her painstaking efforts to learn to be a really efficient witch, her ecstatic joy when at last she finds something to which she can belong, Mr. Zelley's futile struggles to save her from the ignorance and superstition about them, Bilby's futile efforts to protect her with his love, Titus Thumb's cupidity and passion, Goody Greene's unavailing understanding, Mrs. Hannah's jealous hatred, Doll's own fantastic, loyal, beautiful, twisted nature, a snare for the emotions even of a godly man, Judge Bride's learning and acumen and his final desertion of her—all these are set before us with a pen that is as witty as it is tender, that is adroit and quick and sure.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Immoral Ninon

The Immortal Ninon. By Cecil Austin. Illustrated. Brentano's. \$3.50.

SHORTLY before he died Henri de l'Enclos left his twenty-two-year-old daughter a small dowry to live on and a neatly compact philosophy to live by. "You probably have many years to live," he said. "Make full use of them. Have no scruples as to the number of your pleasures but be fastidious in your choice." And, as became a dutiful child, Ninon faithfully executed her dying father's injunction for more than sixty years.

Fortunately the era in which she lived was exceptionally propitious. To a Parisian of the seventeenth century homely faces and homely virtues were marks of the canaille; a real aristocrat was one who assiduously studied to become perfectly adept in a code of polished vice. And yet perhaps that is hardly correct; for how can a social class be called vicious if the word vice meant no more to it than the word God? A complete insouciance toward metaphysical questions was probably the distinguishing trait of that magnificently artificial world whose members valued a fleeting dimple, a stray ringlet, or a well-curved arm as of immeasurably more importance than all the gods, whether pagan or Christian, on record. The Cathedral of Notre Dame itself shrank into insignificance beside the scandalous popularity of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and ten thousand curés were less interesting than one cavalier. "What you priests tell us is sheer nonsense," Ninon coolly informed a horrified confessor in her early teens. "I don't believe a single word of it." Duty, morality, and religion were words that had no meaning at all; or, if they did, why bother about it? Why bother about anything, in fact, except the only things that really mattered: youth and music and dancing and sparkling repartee and a complete—but ever fastidious—surrender to the sensations of the moment?

Over such a world as this Ninon ruled with queenly grace for more than half a century. The reason for her sovereign success apparently lies in the fact that in her personality the exquisite ideals of the time were most perfectly harmonized. She had a nimble wit, a lightning tongue, an even temperament, a fondness for Montaigne and Rabelais, and a genius for playing on the lute; but more than all she had physical allurements. Her biographer, motivated by a virtuous purpose that is delightfully anachronistic to the theme, avers that to a "much greater degree than is commonly supposed, Ninon was a moralist . . ." and adds that in the "field of sex she was a pioneer" who strove for woman's equality with man; nevertheless, as the preface candidly continues, "in other branches of conduct [than sex] Ninon was less original." The appalling list of lovers who popped up at every stage of her preposterously long career as a lady of complaisant—but always fastidious—virtue certainly bears out the truth of this admission. She was, we are told, "accustomed to surrender without useless parley, but in her eyes the victor acquired no prestige, much less any perma-

nent rights"; for, as she once informed an ardent wooer: "I will be faithful to you for three months, and that, you know, is an eternity for me." The present biography, in general an excellent bit of work, defends her from the charge of being mercenary; but the all-seeing Tallemant des Réaux, a friend and confidant of Ninon's, has told a far different tale. In any case age certainly did not wither her infinite variety. Almost at the end of her life, so the story runs, the luxurious old lady offered an impulsive youth this coy explanation for her temporary procrastination: "I mean that I wanted to wait until my birthday. I was eighty years old this morning."

A few years later, to be sure, she discovered that she was "sometimes weary of always doing the same thing"—it was high time, she decided, to make a will and her peace with God. She left to her confessor, "M. Brunet, fifty francs to say fifty masses for the repose of my soul"; to a recent friend, the youthful Voltaire, who sourly eyed her as an austere specimen of an austere age, she bequeathed a thousand francs for the purchase of books; and a little later she sank back quietly—but as fastidiously as of old—into the cold embrace of death.

R. F. DIBBLE

Answering Miss Mayo

A Son of Mother India Answers. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

NEAR the end of Mr. Mukerji's small book is an invitation to Miss Mayo to rewrite her "Mother India,"

... eliminating from the book all the errors and half-truths, thus reducing it to a quarter of its present size. By concentrating on the fivefold root of India's troubles and by removing all offensive generalizations, she could make a book that would be fair to the Hindus and yet help to cure them of their present social ills.

She ought not to hesitate to sacrifice her rather difficult thesis in order to bear down the full weight of her sympathy for the Hindu women and infants. If I were in her position I would not bother about sex being at the bottom of India's troubles. I would concentrate on the troubles that are provable. They are enough to keep one occupied.

This is the burden of Mr. Mukerji's protest. Using great moderation of language—rather in contrast with the picturesqueness and violence of Miss Mayo's—he points out a few of the many misrepresentations of "Mother India." Chiefly he deals with her statements concerning the depraved sex life of the Hindus, which she posits as the basis of all India's woes. He shows that she has no evidence for her generalizations about cohabitation before the wife reaches puberty, childbirth as soon after puberty as is physically possible, the prevalence of masturbation, the extent of sexual impotence among Hindu males, and that where we have evidence it contradicts her claims. He reproduces a number of protests to her book written by competent critics, including Mr. Gandhi's denial of the statements she attributes to him (see *The Nation* for November 2, 1927). On the points to which he takes exception he clearly has the better. There are many other points that could also have been met, but Mr. Mukerji apparently did not feel equal to writing in detail on the very wide variety of subjects—public health, sociology, economics, religion, politics—that Miss Mayo treats. What informed person would?

Mr. Mukerji need not flatter himself that Miss Mayo will accept his suggestion. Even if her publishers would consent to such drastic revision of a best seller, she herself seems to be unrepentant. In an address in Philadelphia in January she expressed again her faith in the propositions of her book, rejecting the many corrections that had been made by competent commentators, including the well-reasoned argument of Mr. Alden H. Clark in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, which she had seen in proof and described as "just a diatribe." Uncritical

before the publication of her book, she seems determined to remain the same.

Those who are given to snobbery and race prejudice or to a love of the morbid and pornographic will have their "Mother India" no matter in how many points it is shown false, and Mr. Mukerji's book is not for them. But those who are willing to subject her sweeping assertions to criticism will be glad to read his refutation of the ones he discusses.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Consolidating British Industry

Industry and Politics. By Sir Alfred Mond, M.P. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

MANY misfortunes have befallen British industry since the war and of them, perhaps, the most serious has been the pre-war-mindedness of the British industrialists. These gentlemen have been unable to realize the extent to which world economic conditions have changed. Instead of reorganizing industry and devising new methods of manufacturing and selling their products most of them have been waiting for the world to return to normalcy, to the pre-war *status quo*.

In the last few months, however, there have been signs of a more realistic approach to industrial problems. Mergers are being arranged; there are discussions with the continental cartels; mass-production methods are being introduced. Even the coal operators, the most stalwart defenders of *laissez faire*, have begun tentative negotiations for cooperative selling agencies. Finally we have in evidence this book of papers and addresses by Sir Alfred Mond. Sir Alfred is not a deep thinker on economic questions. His proposals are not particularly original, nor are they stated with any great skill. But, because he is a little more far-sighted and very much more successful than the majority of his fellow-industrialists, it may be fairly assumed that his views will, before long, form the common currency of business opinion.

About a year ago Sir Alfred engineered an almost complete merger in the heavy chemical industry. He believes that this is an example to other industries. Competition, he argues, is completely out of date, and must give way before rationalization, the current euphemism for trustification. He points out the possibilities of saving capital, reducing costs by mass production, and coordinating research, and dwells particularly on the advantages of preventing overproduction and thus stabilizing prices. In fact, it appears that the arguments in favor of rationalization of industry are almost identical with those for the nationalization of industry. But Sir Alfred naturally has no use for the latter, for, while he has abandoned some of the doctrines of *laissez faire*, he does not wish to surrender any of the privileges of private ownership. He looks to the state to protect capital but not to regulate it. And here even moderate liberals will part company with him. They will agree, readily enough, that British industries should be trustified, but they will point out that monopolies have their price—public control. This is a principle well recognized in regard to public utilities and one that will have to be extended to protect the consumers of coal, chemicals, or other commodities that may be brought under a private monopoly.

Sir Alfred Mond, however, does not touch at all on this aspect of rationalization. In fact, he appears to want his monopoly with jam on it. Though once a free trader, he has now become an advocate of an imperial economic union. This means free trade within the empire and a tariff wall all round that would give Imperial Chemical Industries and similar trusts an absolute monopoly of what would then be the largest protected market in the world. This pretty plan appears to have a growing number of adherents among British industrialists. It is not quoted here, however, as an example of a more realistic attitude on their part, for little reflection is needed to seize upon its

impractical nature. The British Empire, it is true, has natural resources sufficient to render it independent, but it does not, like the United States, form a political and economic unit. It is possible that the Dominions might be willing to enter an economic union, though Canada, at any rate, is much more closely linked with this country. But the advocates of the scheme also count on the adherence of involuntary members of the empire such as India—a possibility so remote that to build a long-time policy on it is absurd.

KEITH HUTCHISON

For Better Babies

The Builders of America. By Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

WHY not "The Breeders of America"? Under any name it is a funny book, put out by a geographer and a member of the Eugenics Society as propaganda for more and better babies. Eugenics is a subject meriting consideration, but the loose sociologizing here will scarcely advance the cause of eugenics among thoughtful readers. Nor does it seem probable that where actual children with all their unexpected graces fail to arouse parental yearnings, printed statements about the kisses and hugs of the dear little ones will have much effect. The authors show a genuine and admirable feeling for children, which by too much insistence grows absurd. Of course it is the women they are really propagandizing, in the style of the *Woman's Home Companion*. They want misguided women, bent on a career, to realize that their highest duty coincides with their keenest pleasure, for "what woman would really choose lonely barrenness and a career, no matter how self-sacrificing, instead of the kisses, hugs, and confidences of four or five children from babyhood to maturity, the honor of all men, and the solid satisfaction of fifteen to twenty grandchildren while she is still young enough to enjoy them?"

The biology and psychology of the authors are remarkable. They assume a fascinatingly simple form of inheritance. Sons of ministers will be religious, sons of musicians musical, and sons of law-abiding citizens law-abiding. One of the discoveries which encourages them is that missionaries have large families; hence leaders of a religious turn of mind are increasing at such a rate that a century hence they will be twice as important as they are now. They are also persuaded that in the long run the highest type of religion will overrun the world, "because it will have the maximum biological power of survival." They are concerned over the birth-rate among actors, writers, and others of the "intellectual group." Because of this declining birth-rate it is feared that we are headed toward a society in which not only beauty, art, and loveliness are being relentlessly destroyed but all forms of intellectual effort are being degraded. There is no hope for the future unless art can be wedded to farming, etc.

From an analysis of "Who's Who" and data on Yale and Harvard classes the authors conclude that the most successful men in any group tend to have more children than the less successful ones, that children from large families get along better in college than do children from small families, and that there is "an extraordinarily close connection between the birth-rate and the degree to which the occupation is a fundamental necessity of human existence." This is explained by the theory that nature applies to every new quality of man a severe test as to its value in maintaining the life of the species. "Nature" of course does nothing of the sort; it is idle to seek survival value in all the qualities of human beings, for nature is not so rigid in her requirements; the individual has to have only barely enough of those qualities which make for survival—his other qualities may be between himself and his God.

For those who worship the germplasm ("this marvelous germplasm which carries in itself the highest things that we yet know") a sad condition is found among the feminists and ac-

tresses, since they are so busy being persons that they are not doing their duty by the race. If the present tendency continues it will not be long before "both brains and beauty have been more fully weeded out among the women." (One wonders about the sons of women? Won't they inherit?) Feminists have seldom been so chivalrously treated as they are in this section, but they are warned that careers for women cut off the supply of women who could have careers in another generation. Feminists should not worry about jobs, freedom, self-expression, and the like; they should spend their time producing little feminists who in the next generation would not have time for being feminists but would produce more little potential feminists. It is also pointed out that many people think they do not love children when they do; all they need is a little one in the home to find out their error, and the more little ones there are the more their love will grow. They will also discover that the second baby takes less time than the first, and the third less than the second, while many women enjoy children so much that they wish they could always have a baby in the house.

LORINE PRUETTE

Varieties of Musical Criticism

From Grieg to Brahms. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

The Heritage of Music. Edited by Hubert J. Foss. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.

Music; Classical, Romantic, and Modern. By Eaglefield Hull. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

PROFESSOR MASON has not revised his original text; but he has added a chapter, *After Twenty-five Years*, in which he explains that there was nothing to change, since his original estimates had been confirmed. Thus, "Franck and Brahms have gloriously vindicated the high claims made for them in days when their work was far less familiar." This is quite unexpected, since Professor Mason's claims for Franck in 1902 consisted in describing him as "the only French contemporary of Saint-Saëns who is worthy to be ranked with him as a great composer"; and he ascribed to both a comparable limitation in temperament which comparably limited their achievements and set them off as of lower caliber than Tchaikovsky and Brahms. That is to say, as usual he accepted the accepted notion, in this case that Franck's music expressed his mysticism; as usual he elaborated this notion, demonstrating that the music of a mystic must lack rhythmic vigor, that his intellectual disabilities must result in weakness of form and in short symmetrical phrases which were a sign of "inability to build up wide and complex forms," as one could see if one looked at Beethoven's long, irregular phrases (but not, one might reply, if one looked at Mozart's short symmetrical ones). As a result, even when he listened to Franck's Symphony, Professor Mason heard what confirmed his expectation of music that was groping, inarticulate, rhythmically bloodless and formless. And all this in the face of its actual clarity, vigor, and formal coherence. Perhaps these qualities have finally impressed themselves upon him; perhaps that is the meaning of his statement that Franck has gloriously vindicated the high claim he made for him; if so, or if not so, the statement is additional evidence of the intellectual and temperamental limitations which, more than his limitations of sympathy, and despite his unquestionable scholarship, make much of his criticism unprofitable.

Intellectual distinction, on the contrary, is a conspicuous quality of several of the essays in "The Heritage of Music"; it adds polish to the knowledge and just perception that distinguish most of them. Each of ten musicians deals with one of ten composers: Richard R. Terry with Palestrina, W. G. Whittaker with Bach, Gustav Holst with Purcell, Thomas F. Dunhill with Haydn, W. J. Turner with Mozart, Donald Francis Tovey with Schubert, Herbert Thompson with Beethoven, J. A. Fuller-Mait-

land with Schumann, Cecil Gray with Brahms, and Richard Capell with Wagner. The object set by the editor was "not a biography or a criticism, but a summing-up of the place the composer holds in musical tradition, and his present and past influence." What is achieved in most of the essays is rather a summing-up of the qualities of the composer's work, sometimes in the light of other composers' work or of all such work; and the original object is, then, achieved only indirectly. The volume also includes two essays by M. D. Calvocoressi on modern Russian and French music which should not have been included, since they are histories of periods which can do little more than hurry from name and formula to name and formula.

This is the procedure of most histories of music, and of Mr. Hull's history, which is therefore not suited to the layman for whom it appears to be intended. For the layman there should be no mention or description of a type of music without the actual music to give it meaning; and Mr. Hull should have omitted the biography and given more music. The virtue of his book is that it does describe modern music; but as it approaches the present the none too disciplined writing becomes a mere scramble after names; and in this respect the chapter on American music is a farce.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Court of Social Justice

Juvenile Courts in the United States. By Herbert H. Lou. The University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

The Delinquent Boy: A Socio-Psychological Study. By John Slawson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$5.

IF it be true, as Harry Elmer Barnes affirms, that "more progress has been made in regard to the scientific understanding of the causes and prevention of crime in the last quarter of a century than in the preceding two thousand years," we may confidently anticipate a similar judgment concerning the ability of the next quarter-century to translate that understanding into sound practice. And an entering wedge for reform of the whole machinery of the administration of criminal justice, it is believed by many serious students, will probably be offered by the juvenile court. That lends additional interest to so excellent a piece of work as Dr. Lou's critical account of the juvenile court in its more important aspects.

Dr. Lou insists that this is not an exhaustive treatise; but without question it is both relatively and absolutely a masterly exposition of all the vital elements of the juvenile court—philosophical, legal, historical, diagnostic, procedural, administrative, and sociological. Here will be found the complete story, in readable form, of its principles, development, present status, forms of organization, actual working, and significant tendencies. The fundamental tenet is, of course, that the law

must take account of social causes and social effects in relation to social conditions and social progress. . . . The juvenile court is conspicuously a response to the modern spirit of social justice. It is perhaps the first legal tribunal where law and science, especially the science of medicine and those sciences which deal with human behavior, such as biology, sociology, and psychology, work side by side. It recognizes the fact that the law unaided is incompetent to decide what is adequate treatment of delinquency and crime. It undertakes to define and readjust social situations without the sentiment of prejudice. Its approach to the problem which the child presents is scientific, objective, and dispassionate. The methods which it uses are those of social case work, in which every child is studied and treated as an individual.

The concept of the law as a means toward social ends is convincingly traced as "a growth in legal theory and not as a departure therefrom." The background of juvenile-court legislation, the spread of the movement, and its checkered career are presented with an eye single to fact. No jarring propagandist zeal obscures the issues. The result is a work of overpowering

cogency. "The existence of the juvenile court is to be justified not by any theory but by its intelligent administration of treatment and its actual success in saving the child." And the facts disclose that despite prevailing tides of opposition and even reaction the ideas and methods of the juvenile court have been generally successful.

It is obvious that the qualifications of the judge have more to do with the success or failure of the work of the court than any other single element. He must be at once an eminent jurist and an expert in the sciences of human behavior and in the art of adjusting human relations. A Ben Lindsey is a rarity; and yet the judicial temper generally displayed in the juvenile court amply assures its continuing strength.

Dr. Slawson's book is a uniquely interesting contribution to the scientific study of the youthful delinquent to whom the juvenile court dedicates its effort. The primary aim should be "to treat the offender by the scientific investigation of the mental, environmental, and physical antecedents which might have led up to the anti-social act." Treatment presupposes knowledge, and knowledge can rightfully be obtained only by measurement with established objective instruments of precision.

This study of the delinquent boy is devoted to the problem of evaluating the contributory strength of such factors as intelligence, emotional aberration, abnormal marital relations of parents, size of family, etc., and its method of approach is that of statistical psychology. A statistical study does not make easy reading, and Dr. Slawson's book is no exception. It might have gained much by a different arrangement of its data and a more fluent summation of its conclusions. That, however, may be carping criticism in the face of its indubitable value.

"The Delinquent Boy" deserves a wider appreciation than is likely to be accorded. Dr. Lou's book, on the other hand, will inevitably find its way into the extensive circle of readers it so well merits.

SOLOMON BLUHM

Books in Brief

That Bright Heat. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

A happy title this, for the author succeeds in building and retaining one linked intensity, long drawn out. The story is laid in St. Louis in the last half of the nineteenth century. Clarion Lawless, an orphan living with a maiden aunt, inherited from his mother a most beautiful countenance and from his father a burning desire for life and emotion. The heat of his personality scorches those who come in contact with him, and finally consumes him. These characteristics in the Victorian atmosphere of a Midwestern town can result in little else but emotional chaos. The diverse influences of an old tutor radiating Platonic concepts, an archbishop, and a girl with whom Clarion is in love add to the fire which eventually destroys him. There are some beautiful passages of prose, but frequently the Victorian atmosphere is too thick and the devices too obvious.

Deluge. By S. Fowler Wright. The Cosmopolitan Company. \$2.

"What would you do if you had your life to live over again? What would you do if you could make over the world?" Mr. Wright answers both questions in a novel teeming with all the thrills that move an individual when he is master of his fate. There is a deluge—the first since the days of Noah. The story concerns a few English people who are left after the deluge has subsided. A lawyer becomes separated from his wife and children, a young woman from her traditions, and several Englishmen—sportsman, carpenter, murderer, jockey—from their laws. All doff their customs and traditions as quickly as possible—in fact, those who do so most quickly survive most easily. Society is reborn with a new code of laws and with a little more sincerity in human relationships. It is by no means a Utopia. But it is alluring reading.

Flemish Art. By Roger Fry. Brentano's. \$3.50.

This brief book is a revaluation of the leading Flemings in the light of Mr. Fry's theories of color and form. As in all of Mr. Fry's writings the results are enjoyable as well as instructive, and one brings away a refreshingly increased appreciation of Hubert van Eyck, Roger van der Weyden, Quentin Matsys, and Rubens. He is a bit hard on Peter Breughel and Pol de Limbourg, both of whom had effective plastic as well as literary qualities. In fact, could the latter have been of much use without the former?

Back of War. By Henry Kittredge Norton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Norton believes, apparently, that it is more important to understand and attempt to remove the cause of war than to make loquacious treaties calling this time-honored institution a row of bad names. He discusses social, political, and economic causes of war, after which he applies his principles to the foreign policies of each of the important countries of the world. On the whole Mr. Norton has produced a well-written survey for the uninformed, but the book is weak because of its silence on the importance of building up an international structure to eliminate causes of war. While most of the book is fairly liberal in tone, for some reason the author shows unbounded enthusiasm for the Caribbean policy of the United States. After describing the success of Stimson in Nicaragua in persuading Sacasa to lay down his arms, Mr. Norton declares: "Peace and order were restored." What an amazing statement!

Immigration Crossroads. By Constantine Panunzio. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

It is a relief to turn from the nostrums of restrictive immigration to the promise of "a possible constructive immigration policy and the international phase of the migration movement and of our restrictive policy." But the reader is doomed to disappointment, for much of the book is devoted to one more rehearsal of the gradual closing of America's open door, and the proposals for a constructive immigration policy contain nothing new. Their chief advantage is that they, like the whole volume, represent a sane and liberal viewpoint toward the problems of migration, and as such are welcome.

India and the West. A Study in Cooperation. By F. S. Marvin. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.75.

This is a wordy and inconsequential book by an Englishman who has read a handful of popular books on India and spent six months and one week in that country. He made an astonishing discovery: "Whatever the misdeeds or wrongful use of force in the past may have been, if, in the present, a state of cooperation is accepted and felt to yield clear benefits to all, then the relation of conqueror and conquered has disappeared." The secondary plot of the book is a glorification of the League of Nations.

A Short History of the American People. By Robert G. Caldwell. Volume II, 1860-1921. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

A reading of this second volume of Professor Caldwell's work does not greatly alter the impression made by the first. Until the end of the period of Reconstruction, the narrative is a well-written summary along familiar lines. What follows is treated in a succession of episodic surveys which not only overlap chronologically, in one case going back ten years into the period covered by the previous volume, but which are at times so hurried and sweeping as to suggest superficiality. The account of the industrial revolution in the United States from 1860 to 1920, for example, is only in part completed in a later chapter entitled "Cross Currents in Industry and Politics"; the chapter on the Far West from 1860 to 1924 is a slight treatment of one of the most significant phases of our recent history, while the chapter devoted to the churches and religion

since 1850 barely scratches the surface of the subject. So much of the book as deals with the politics and diplomacy of the last quarter-century is better, enough better to make one wish that the other quarter-century which precedes it had been more adequately bridged.

The Legal Status of Agricultural Cooperation. By Edwin G. Nourse. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

This is not primarily a legal textbook. It is something much more useful—a study of the economic objectives of agricultural cooperation and the way in which they have been or may be properly recognized in legislation. The history of the movement in the United States is traced, the various laws governing it are examined, and some realistic conclusions are presented.

Industrial Prosperity and the Farmer. By Russell C. Engberg. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

That business cycles are not responsible to any considerable extent for the farmer's financial difficulties and that farmers should not attempt to adjust their production policies to changes in demand or costs predicated on business forecasts are the conclusions reached by Professor Engberg after a detailed statistical study.

Drama

"ANNA" (Lyceum Theater) provides an opportunity for Lou Tellegen to look handsome in black velvet suits and to exhibit oceans of old-fashioned artistic temperament and masculine irresponsibility. It allows Judith Anderson to bustle about in a similarly traditional manner, tidying the artist's room, ordering his life, and finally dragooning him into marriage. The fact that both actors work hard and do their duty by their respective roles does not result in making the play more than a worthy effort to keep a theater open and give good actors a job in a season of decline. F. K.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, Pauline Lord, Fay Bainter, Patricia Collinge, and Glenn Hunter do not make "She Stoops to Conquer" (Erlanger's Theater) a hilariously funny comedy, but perhaps that is the fault of Mr. Goldsmith and this flapper age rather than of the actors. Needless to say they give a gracious and finished performance. M. G.

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By LORD OLIVIER

I. TRUSTEESHIP

THE fashion of speaking of European Powers as "trustees" for the civilization of "backward peoples" has now become familiar. The common currency of the phrase dates from the Covenant of the League of Nations, though it had often previously been used of British rule in India. The Covenant gave the idea a formal reality. Written instruments were drawn up expressly purporting to be "mandates" of deeds of trust, appointing certain Powers among the victorious Allies to be "mandatory" (status well understood at law) for former German colonies and Turkish territories. The duties of the Trustee Power were defined in those instruments. The idea caught on, and our statesmen began to talk, metaphorically, of trusteeship for natives in our own unmandated colonies and protectorates also. The idea is a gracious one, the habit of so describing ourselves is congenial to self-respect. Sincerely conceived and applied it can be wholesome; its associations are more genteel than those of the Chamberlain formula of "undeveloped estates." But it covers pitfalls. The duties and implications of the self-attributed trusts are not expressly defined. There is no instrument, ■ there is a mandate. There is no court of chancery to interpret the trust and protect its beneficiaries as there is in the League's Commission on Mandates. It implies little more than an attitude which kindly and disinterested people (commonly spoken of as "idealists" when any practical issue arises) would desire that we should observe. Parliamentary vigilance, directed by public opinion, is all its safeguard. And what reason is there for confidence that these will operate more effectually now than they used to before we talked of trusteeship, and simply relied on what liberal-minded citizens, informed by an open press, understand ■ the common principles of decent human behavior in civilized Christian states? Exeter Hall having become the Strand Palace Hotel and most of our press being still of the Chamberlain-Kipling philosophy, the idea of trusteeship, with proper definition of principles and disinterested administration, no doubt goes some way toward providing a substitute for those weakened defenses of humanism.

Unfortunately, "trusteeship," without a trust deed or a court, is a word very easy to juggle with. The new departure of Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in regard to East Africa, his recent "White Paper" superseding the declaration of principles made by the Duke of Devonshire in 1923, after the tussle over forced labor and Indians' rights in Kenya, and his instructions to Sir E. Hilton Young's East African Commission, strikingly illustrate this facility.

The "Kenya White Paper" of 1923 declared that the Imperial Government must remain sole trustee for natives in our African territories, and that in the exercise of that trust the interests of the natives were to be "paramount." It is permissible to doubt whether that sincerely well-meant

phrase was not a little enthusiastic and injudicious. Imperialist real-politicians and East African pioneer colonists smiled quietly at it as transparent but harmless buncombe. Harmless, at any rate, so long as their friends might be in power at Westminster. The portent of a Labor Government startled them into activity. "Labor," they cried, "will restore Tanganyika to Germany! (Not likely—but the Conservatives will believe it.) It will establish native Soviets. Intrust us with East Africa!" Hence the commission. Outside of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland (which it has been assumed are to join the Happy Family of the South African Union), it was manifest that no African territory had been annexed by Great Britain, and, except missionaries and perhaps a few public officials, no European had ever entered any African territory in the paramount interests of the natives or was engaged in pursuing them, nor had the Government of any British East African territory been administered with that primary object. The imperially thinking public had, on the contrary, been persuaded that the purpose of these extensions of empire was to supply raw materials and tropical products for British manufactures and trade, and new homes for Englishmen. And their progress had been annually gauged by the amount of such exports produced through the energies of such Englishmen. All very gratifying, no doubt, but not suggesting much consciousness of the paramountcy of native interests.

The time has now come, Mr. Amery has recently told us, to associate with the Imperial Government in its trusteeship the immigrant residents in the territories. Now, as any solicitor would explain to us, a trustee, in the usual sense of the term, cannot have an unlimited personal interest in the trust property; nor can he delegate or divide his trust. He remains solely responsible. And, manifestly, the duties of Britain, under the Tanganyika mandate, cannot be so shared. Our Government solely is responsible to the authority (wherever that now resides) that created the mandate. Outside of mandated territory, however, any government is at liberty to interpret its self-assigned trusteeship just as it pleases. It is merely a metaphorical announcement of good intentions, the elasticity of whose interpretation adapts itself to the views of the minister and the mood of Parliament of the day. The term "trusteeship" is, in fact, in Mr. Amery's "White Paper," used equivocally in two distinct senses.

I have sometimes found myself thinking that we could afford to dispense with some of the propagation of the gospel of trusteeship in exchange for a revival of stricter insistence by public opinion, and in explicit instructions to governors that the policy of colonial government is to adhere to the principles which it observed in the Victorian age of our Empire, before the vogue of the theory of the exploitation of "undeveloped estates." In the West Indies and in West Africa the recognition of human rights which dictated the abolition of slavery established and maintained during most of the nineteenth century a wholesome tradition of the functions of British government in holding the balance evenly between white men and black. The troubles which arose between white plantocracies and Negroes in the West Indies after emancipation were only assuaged by the resolute policy of the Colonial Office in maintaining legal and civil equality and guarding against the possibility of oppression or injustice. The appreciation of the same prin-

ciples has now been extended over the whole of our enlarged West African empire.

In Kenya Colony there has flourished especially the doctrine that the white man's trusteeship for civilization must be exercised educationally through the indirect but simple method of getting the native to work on the white man's estate. This is called the "contact theory"; and there is much in it that, obviously, is sound enough. We are all in favor of contact and intercourse, which, in the West Indies, successfully and progressively maintain a European Christian civilization. But East African settlers were not introduced as trustees for natives, but to farm and plant and make money, and no one need be surprised if they have adopted somewhat too exclusively Lord Milner's belief that it is a providential arrangement that natives of simple needs are in Africa to work for civilized men and to be uplifted in doing so. Our own farmers are equally sure that the dung-yard is the best schoolroom for village boys. That theory dominated the government till Sir Robert Coryndon flanked it with the discovery of the "dual policy," announcing that the government must try to help natives also to civilize themselves in their own homesteads. Meanwhile, however, there had been imposed, agreeably to the theory of trusteeship and civilization by "contact," heavy rates of taxation on natives, the proceeds of which go mainly to making things easy for the European community and which Mr. Ormsby Gore's commission reported are the principal incentive to natives to work on estates, combined with a complete system of registration, identification, and passes for adult natives, to assist the enforcing of the contracts for periods of labor into which they are induced to enter.

[A second article, dealing with the administration of justice in Africa, will appear next week.]

"Gold" and "Silver" in Panama

By W. A. GASKIN

WHEREVER two or three Americans are gathered together in any region below the Mason and Dixon line the race question is present also. And down in the Canal Zone there is not only race discrimination but men are exploited economically on account of their color. Here are two classes of workers: "gold employees" and "silver employees." They are not two sorts of mine workers but two colors of men; "gold" means American, or white employees, and "silver" means black, or West Indian employees. The use of these two metals as symbols indicates which group is the superior.

For this state of affairs we have to thank the Isthmian Canal Commissioners, the men who introduced these terms on the Isthmus. They are responsible for the dissatisfaction that exists on the Isthmus today, especially in the realm of labor. And there will never be peace and harmony until the silver, or colored, employees are paid according to their skill and ability, rather than the color of their skin. It is generally felt that the Canal Zone represents the Southern States of America. The whole area is permeated with the color prejudice of the South.

In the post office at Cristobal white and colored are not

served at the same window. At one window there is a sign that reads "Gold Stamps," and at another a sign that reads "Silver Stamps." These signs have nothing to do with the articles of purchase; but they have reference to the color of the person who may purchase at a given window. In the commissaries the same condition exists. There is all the difference in the world between a white man who is on the gold roll and a colored man who is on the silver roll. The white man gets about three times as much as the colored man for doing similar work. A colored watchman is paid about \$45 a month. A white watchman gets about \$150 a month. The maximum pay for a colored man is \$80 monthly. Yet children of gold employees during the period of their school vacation are at times employed and are paid between \$75 and \$80 a month. The gold employees are entitled to a vacation every year, the silver employees are not. Colored teachers are actually discharged for about three months every year, and in many cases are not reemployed. Children of the gold employees can enter high school or trade school when they are through with the primary school; the children of silver employees have none of these privileges. The whole social and economic condition of the colored worker in the Canal Zone is one of inferiority.

About four years ago the silver employees, to combat these disabilities, formed the Silver Employees Association. The fighting force of this association will be appreciated when it is noted that of the eight thousand silver employees only six or seven hundred are members of the association. The men are not indifferent to their welfare. But they feel, perhaps rightly, that the association is only a begging institution. They dare not make demands, and they have not the right to strike.

The strike of eight years ago taught the silver employees a lesson never to be forgotten. Those who struck were promptly put off the Canal Zone. Naturally, they rushed to the terminal cities of Panama and Colon. But on the borders they were met by the Panaman authorities, who would not allow them to enter until they had paid the regular duty on their household goods. Many of those who paid were left penniless and could not afford to rent a room for themselves and their family. In the meantime the work in the Zone was held up. American women and children acted as strike-breakers. Panamans also went to the rescue; this was done not out of love for the Zone authorities but out of hatred for the Negro workers. The result of the strike was felt most in the sanitary department. The cities became fetid. At this point the Panaman Government helped to break the strike; decrees were issued forbidding the strikers to hold meetings; two men could not be seen together after six o'clock in the evening. There was nothing left for the men to do; they were caught on the run between two governments. And in about eight days the strike was called off. The Panaman strike-breakers were discharged to make room for those who returned, but wages were reduced to below the pre-strike level. The strike leader was put in jail and then deported. And this is the fate that awaits any one who attempts a strike against the successful operation of the Panama Canal.

There is small hope for these silver employees. Many of them have large families, but there are no high schools for the educational advancement of their children, and no trade schools for their economic training. The rapid increase in numbers of these West Indians has caused the Panaman Government to view the situation both with per-

plexity and hostility. Undoubtedly, this growing Negro population is economically dangerous to the Panaman Government. There was a time when Panama was indifferent to the influx of foreign labor. Her sons lived then an easy and carefree life. Today things have changed. Now that the Panamans have turned their attention to the economic situation in the republic, they have found that in their own home they must fight a foreign foe. And the fight promises to be a strenuous one; for the West Indian has proved himself the backbone of labor on the Isthmus in general and in the Canal Zone in particular.

The Panamans have formed the Panama Labor Union, admittedly hostile to West Indian labor, and they boast that they have political backing. They declare that according to the terms of the treaty with the United States they are entitled to the same consideration as an American. The "Chombos," as they call the West Indians, have come into the country and have not only worked for small wages but have prevented them from enjoying the privileges that are theirs by treaty rights. In this predicament they sought the aid of the metal workers' union, an American organization. But neither group has been able to prevail on the authorities at Balboa Heights to oust the West Indians.

Conditions in the jails and hospitals first drew attention to the "foreign evil." Panamans declare that these institutions are mostly filled with foreigners, especially from the West Indies. As no one who is not working for the Panama Canal is allowed to live on the Zone, all idlers and loafers are thrown upon the Panaman Government. In like manner, only those who are working for the Panama Canal are admitted to the hospitals operated by the Zone. Panama feels that it is not fair to her to have these people thrust upon her. When she grumbles, which is very often, the Zone authorities shrug their shoulders.

With the object of meeting this growing social and economic disadvantage, the famous immigration bill was introduced year before last in the National Assembly. The object of the bill was to exclude Turks, Chinese, Hindus, and Negroes from entering the republic. There has not been a public issue for the past fifteen years that has caused so much debate in the press and elsewhere. An attempt was made to give the bill economic significance, but the spirit displayed by the members of the National Assembly proved beyond a doubt that it was purely a race question. Those at whom the bill aimed protested vigorously. As the Negroes are in the majority it affected them more. They formed a central organization and laid plans to combat the situation. The Chinese, Turks, and Hindus protested also. The West Indians took up with the British Minister the advisability of an exodus to British Guiana, then calling for population. They boycotted the merchants and purchased goods by fair or foul means from the commissaries operated by the Canal Zone. The merchants felt the effects of the boycott, and the Chamber of Commerce intervened. Meanwhile, the bill passed its third reading and was sent to President Chiari, who vetoed it. He declared that it was unconstitutional because of its race discrimination. And he further said that it would be insulting to the sister republics, whose citizens are mostly Negroes. With the object of protecting Spanish-speaking Negroes, the bill was amended to read: "All Negroes whose native tongue is not the Spanish language will not be permitted to enter the republic." With this and a few other alterations the bill became law.

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CLOTH BOUND

Thus, it appears, on the Isthmus of Panama racial discrimination and economic exploitation go on side by side. There are the authorities in the Canal Zone, contemptuous of all other races. And there is Panama, youngest of republics, not ashamed to pass discriminatory laws.

Contributors to This Issue

EDNA FERBER, novelist and playwright, is the author of "So Big," "Showboat," and other volumes.

HENRY W. NEVINSON, famous English author and newspaper correspondent, has recently represented the *Manchester Guardian* at various international conferences.

ROBERTA HOLLOWAY is a California poet.

HERBERT L. MAY has made a study of opium in the Orient for the Foreign Policy Association.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

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W. A. GASKIN has lived in Panama for the past fifteen years, and has contributed articles to the *Panama American* and other papers.

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HAMBURG HAD A TASTE OF THE NEXT WAR when a phosgene tank exploded and low clouds of the deadly gas floated out across the harbor section of the city. Men and women stumbled and fell on the streets; children fainted; and out on the island of Wilhelmsburg cattle, chickens, and pigs fell dead in the fields. Leaves withered; grass turned brown. Fortunately, rain destroyed most of the gas, but eleven persons were killed, hundreds were sent to the hospitals, and thousands were temporarily driven from their homes. Cattle and chickens, children, and even the blades of grass will be treated as combatants in the next war, subject to destruction along with the fighting men. No rule of international law can teach poison gas to discriminate among its victims.

HOW SO MUCH POISON GAS came to be stored in a Hamburg factory ten years after the armistice is still a mystery. Henri Miraour, former chief of the Interallied Military Control Commission, says that after the large gas factories in Germany were destroyed, Dr. Stolzenberg, owner

of the Hamburg factory, was permitted to buy some of the surplus war stocks to sell for industrial purposes. But Dr. Stolzenberg has given no adequate explanation of his possession of so much. It is recalled that he was connected with a German enterprise which built a poison-gas factory at Trotsk in Russia; and the suspicion is natural that German reactionaries have again outwitted both the civilian authorities and the interallied commissioners. Fortunately, the May election shows that the German people have no sympathy with such malefactors. The new government will surely press the investigation to the limit. Any hesitation would be ammunition for the French bitter-enders.

FOUR ALSATIANS, including Georges Eugene Ricklin and Joseph Victor Rosse, who were recently elected to the French Chamber of Deputies, have been convicted on a charge of plotting against France, and when the verdict was read a jeering, hissing crowd of sympathizers swept across the courtroom to embrace the prisoners and praise their stand for Alsatian autonomy. In a larger sense the issue at stake was not whether the accused were autonomists—they never denied it—but whether French rule was oppressive, and the verdict means "Guilty." Ricklin and his fellows want for Alsace autonomy within the French state. They are, for the most part, Catholics, and they demand the right to think and speak and pray in their native tongue, which is a dialect of German. They resent the separation of church and state under French rule; and they resent the effort to change the language of their prayers and litanies. Is France free enough to permit them to speak their protest in their own language and in their own papers? Apparently not, although Ricklin's French lawyer cried amid tears: "I implore you not to judge France by this verdict." Apparently under Poincaré France is adopting the same oppressive tactics as, under Germany, kept the border provinces in ferment and the peace of Europe in peril. And the autonomist victory in the last election indicates that Poincaré's methods are tending to produce the same result.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT knows how to present a great trial. No dingy courtroom, but the grand hall of the former Nobles Club in Moscow, is the stage on which fifty-odd middle-class technicians of the Don coal-district are fighting, many of them for their lives, against charges of sedition and sabotage against the state. Walter Duranty has pictured the setting in vivid phrases in his dispatches to the *New York Times*:

There is an atrocious reality in the long bayonets of the guards, in Krylenko's [the Government prosecutor's] trigger eagerness for the chase, and in the pallid fatalism of the fifty-two prisoners.

He describes the pitiful self-condemning whimpers of the accused technician who first testified, confessing his guilt and signing away his life with every word. He describes the grim, excited satisfaction of the crowd as Krylenko shows the sordid intrigues and plots to which the accused was a party. He tells, on another day, of the contrast between the cringing technicians and Rabinovich, chief expert in charge of the Don coal-field, a sturdy figure, contemptu-

ously defiant of his accusers, sure of his own power. It is between him and the Government that the sparks are likely to fly, for he has been virtually the coal dictator of Russia for the past seven years.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THESE MEN are as sensational as the trial itself. Compiled in a vast document of 250,000 words, the indictments charge the existence of an active organization of disloyal engineers and managers directly affiliated with the former owners of the Don coal properties in other countries. Several German technicians are accused of having bribed Soviet experts to accept defective German machinery and of "conveying large sums of money from the French league of former proprietors to representatives of the sabotage organization." The accused men are charged with illegally transmitting reports on the coal operations to their former owners and with various other offenses, including espionage and counter-revolutionary political activities. To the main charge of "economic counter-revolution," twenty of the prisoners have pleaded guilty, ten more pleaded partial guilt, and the remainder pleaded not guilty.

FIVE WOMEN in New Jersey are doomed to die. They are suffering in the advanced stages of radium poisoning which they contracted while painting numerals on the dials of watches for the United States Radium Corporation at Orange, New Jersey. Six doctors have declared that they have but a short time to live; thirteen other women and one man who worked in the same factory are already dead. When these women first became ill the doctors were unable to diagnose their trouble. It was not until the disease became much worse that the women learned that it was radium poisoning contracted from the brushes which they pointed between their lips in painting the numerals. They then entered suit against the company. That was over a year ago. Since that time the corporation lawyers have done their utmost to delay and frustrate the cases of these women. They have even pleaded that the statute of limitations voids the cases automatically—notwithstanding the fact that the women did not know (within the two-year limit) that their sickness was caused by their work. For a time it seemed that the women would have to wait until next September for a hearing before the Court of Chancery before knowing whether or not they would have the right to sue. By that time one or all of the women may be dead. Most encouraging, therefore, is the opinion of Vice-Chancellor John H. Backes advising that action proceed forthwith in the regular trial courts. The tactics of company lawyers should not be permitted to obstruct a fair trial of these cases another day. As the *New York World* has remarked, "this is one of the most damnable travesties on justice that has ever come to our attention. It is an outrage that the company should keep these women from suing. . . . If ever a case called for prompt adjudication it is the case of five cripples who are fighting for a few miserable dollars to ease their last days on earth. If they are entitled to damages, they are entitled to them while they are alive. . . . There is no possible excuse for delay."

THE MOCK POLITICAL CONVENTIONS now being held in various colleges and universities have revealed an extraordinarily alert and intelligent attitude toward political issues on the part of the student representa-

tives. At Smith College, for example, 190 Democratic delegates from fifteen colleges in the East and Middle West condemned unanimously "all organizations directed against freedom of speech and religious tolerance, especially the K. K. K., the Key Men of America, and a certain element in the D. A. R." Other planks adopted at this mock Democratic convention called for the recognition of Russia, complete and immediate independence for the Philippines, and the abandonment of imperialism. A Democratic convention at Washington University, St. Louis, deplored our intervention in Nicaragua and opposed "the proposition that the United States Government must protect the property of its citizens in foreign countries." Again, a general convention at the University of Minnesota adopted a platform calling for "absolute, complete, and unconditional independence for Haiti, the Philippines, Cuba, Costa Rica, and the immediate withdrawal of troops from Nicaragua." It also proposed recognition of the present Russian Government and the "immediate and complete disarmament of all nations." With reference to domestic issues all three conventions opposed the protective tariff, while the Minnesota group advocated "State ownership of public utilities and the national ownership of natural resources, railroads, and super-power plants."

HOW FANTASTIC this interest of college students in live political issues seems to the practical politicians was indicated recently in Washington. A delegation of thirty students from twenty-one universities and colleges—including Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Vanderbilt, and Boston University—wished to present their opinion on the Nicaraguan problem to the President. This larger group delegated a committee of four to speak with the Chief Executive. Their letter of introduction, however, only carried them to the President's confidential secretary. The secretary, according to the *Washington and Lee University Semi-Weekly*, stormed at the undergraduates and informed them that they had no right to meddle in foreign affairs:

To intimate that something might be wrong with the President's foreign policy was no less than an insult. When one of the students produced a letter of protest against Mr. Coolidge's Nicaraguan policy, signed by a group of Mt. Holyoke students, there was another outburst. For students at a girl's college to tell the President of the United States how to conduct the foreign policy seemed folly indeed. They ought to know better than that.

Then the students saw eighteen honorable Senators; they were more sympathetic, but hardly more helpful. About Nicaragua, says the college paper, "most of them were fatalists. . . . 'We've our hand in Nicaragua; we can't turn back,' they said." But through these rebuffs, perhaps, the students received a powerful object lesson in American political practice.

TO SEND TO PRISON one of the few women who have attained high office in this country is not pleasant, but the conviction of Mrs. Florence Knapp, lately Secretary of State in New York, seems just. Undoubtedly the case is surrounded by politics; undoubtedly other officials have been doing the same sort of thing. But that is no reason why a woman as guilty as Mrs. Knapp should be allowed to escape. As a matter of fact, she was found guilty of purloining only the proceeds of one check. She could still be tried on about forty-five other counts. The State

has been merciful. It did not prosecute her for putting her eighty-year-old mother on the census pay rolls and paying her sums she never earned; nor did it seek to punish her for destroying the census records which were its property—one does not burn the evidences of one's guilt if one is innocent. Her every act after her exposure was that of a guilty person. So Mrs. Knapp must be added to the long list of high State officials, from Governors down, who have besmirched the honor of their States and their country. We can only hope that the "New Tammany" in New York City will prosecute mere male malefactors as rigorously.

IT IS THE FASHION TO make fun of Rotary, but we have seen an exhibit which makes us think better of these men who stretch themselves upon the wheel of cheerfulness. It is a list of books for boys compiled by the Boy's Reading Sub-Committee of the Rotary Club of Baltimore—a frightful name for a committee, but a delightful list. The job of selection was evidently done by someone who knows books very well, and who knows, furthermore, which are the best ones; for we find not only the classics here but the most recent productions of such authors for children as David Putnam and Charles Lindbergh, Will James and Alfred Ollivant, Charles J. Finger and Hendrik van Loon. Our only fear is lest a boy get hold of the pamphlet. "Let good books," says a sentence on the cover, "be the windows for the boy's outlooking soul." "Good books shape character, they counteract superstition and vulgarity, inspire honor, high ideals, and the love of right; they are comrades of the mind and heart." If this does not warn the boy off of books altogether it will make him the kind of Rotarian of whom it is the fashion to make fun. What a dilemma!

What Is News in Haiti?

WE of *The Nation* think what is going on under the American flag in Haiti important. The destiny of American democracy depends in large part upon the manner in which we meet such imperial problems. When the United States forces a constitution and treaty upon a tiny republic at the point of the pistol, takes over the treasury and cuts off the salaries of recalcitrant officials, refuses to make payments in accordance with decisions of the Haitian Supreme Court, and, finally, annoyed at the court's independence, insists upon a new constitution giving the Executive, and, through the Executive, the United States marines, more power over the judiciary—when such things happen, they seem to us to constitute news in the sense of being interesting and significant happenings.

But they have not seemed to be news to the managing editors of the newspapers of the country or to the press associations. Little news has been put on the wires from Haiti, and that little has not been played up prominently. The assumption has been that Haiti did not interest newspaper readers; and perhaps the assumption was correct. At any rate, it seems to us, the question has never had a fair trial, unless in the *New York Times*. The *Times* sent one of its ablest correspondents, Clarence K. Streit, to Haiti at the time of the Lindbergh flight, and kept him there long enough to acquire the knowledge for several of the best articles on Haiti which have appeared in any American

periodical. But most of the newspapers have not had correspondents in Haiti, and the news they have comes from a biased source. The Associated Press and the United Press correspondents in Haiti are both officers in the Marine Corps!

Two weeks ago *The Nation* printed an article by L. J. deBekker, *News Are Scarce in Haiti*, complaining of the news sent from Haiti and urging a Senatorial inquiry into conditions in that unhappy country. The *Editor and Publisher* has replied in a violent attack upon *The Nation* and Mr. deBekker. The *Editor and Publisher* has a right to attack that article. We have frequently criticized the newspapers for inaccuracy, and our own article was inaccurate. More than anyone else we regret that fact. But we think that the *Editor and Publisher* should have gone further in its investigation. The facts are not precisely as Mr. deBekker stated them. They are worse.

Mr. deBekker stated that the Associated Press was represented in Haiti by Captain Craige, U. S. M. C., former Marine Corps publicity man, and the United Press by H. P. Davis, author of "Black Democracy." He mixed his men, or his press associations. Captain Craige is the United Press correspondent; Mr. Davis was for many years representative of the Associated Press. Lately, as the *Editor and Publisher* points out, he has been replaced by Frank Evans. The *Editor and Publisher*, however, fails to add that Mr. Evans is an officer of the United States Marine Corps, chief of the Haitian gendarmerie, and, like Captain Craige, a former publicity man for that service!

It is, of course, difficult for a press association to find an unbiased correspondent in an out-of-the-way corner like Port au Prince; but does any editor in America think that the Haitians can possibly get anything like a fair break on the news when both of the chief correspondents in their country are officers of the occupying army, subject to discipline from their official superiors?

There has been news about Lindbergh and Will Beebe and archaeologists in Haiti, but almost no political news, and what there is is now subject to occasional censorship by President Borno. (Incidentally, Mr. Davis, the former Associated Press correspondent, assures us that his dispatches were never censored, either by Borno or by General Russell.) Mr. deBekker said that "no newspaper in America has been informed that Haiti has a new Court of Cassation [supreme court]," despite the importance of the story. The *Editor and Publisher* replies that both news associations sent out stories on the subject, the Associated Press on October 25, January 10, and March 31. That may be; but we have searched the files of five New York newspapers on the corresponding dates and not found a line on Haiti. Mr. deBekker should, of course, have inquired of the press services before making so sweeping a statement; but he knew that the press-clippings services had brought him no copies of the reports which the associations say they sent out. The fact is that Mr. Streit's stories in the *Times*, written after his return from Haiti and after the amendments had been put through, are the only adequate account we have seen in any American newspaper.

The *Editor and Publisher* has been a zealous fighter for an independent press. It wants, we are sure, unbiased news as much as we. But its editorial on Mr. deBekker's article was a partisan defense of the press associations and gave a distorted picture of the treatment of Haiti news by the press associations and the Marine Corps.

The President and the Farmers

TO his credit let it be written down that President Coolidge stuck manfully to his guns when it came to vetoing the second McNary-Haugen bill and that he made no compromise either to conciliate the farmer vote or to indicate how this bill could be altered so as to win his approval. On the contrary, he lashed out at it with a vigor and a vindictiveness that stamp this veto message as the most effective he has ever sent to Congress. It rings with indignation and spares no adjectives, much less anybody's feelings. He wrote as if with the intention of arousing all the proponents of the bill and winning for himself the enthusiastic support of those who oppose it. The message is just the kind a brave man would write who was seeking to campaign before the people on a vital issue—as Mr. Coolidge is not; it is emphatically not the kind that a skilful politician would pen when his party was faced with the loss of its agricultural voters. To many it will seem final proof that the President is not hoping to be drafted at the coming convention.

When that is said, however, the message once more reveals the President's confusion of thought on economic issues and his inability to offer any leadership whatever in the direction of a real solution of the agricultural problem. Precisely — last year, he declares that the problem of surplus farm crops "has long been a subject of deep concern to the entire nation," and then plaintively adds that "any economically sound, workable solution of it would command not only the approval but the profound gratitude of our people." That any responsibility rests upon him to find the solution, especially when he has just vetoed the one measure that the farmers with the best will in the world have been able to devise, does not occur to him. He is not only the head of the nation, he is also the head of the majority party, and his party has again and again promised immediate and adequate relief to the farmer—indeed he was specifically elected upon this platform in 1924. He does not seem to realize that long ago he might have convened an assembly of economists and of farm editors and leaders to draft a relief bill without the features of the McNary-Haugen bill which he criticizes. He merely wrings his hands and wails: Won't somebody *please* come and get the country out of this mess?

That the bill he vetoed is economically indefensible and perhaps unworkable we have never denied. *The Nation* has found it tolerable only because we felt that the farmer had a moral right to special aid from the Government as long as so many other groups were allowed to have their feet as well as their snouts in the treasury trough. More than that, the farmer has several just grievances in the way he was treated when the government took him over during the war, the prices that were then fixed for him, and the questionable way in which he was deflated when the war was over. Mr. Coolidge forgets that the farmer has a memory when he denounces the price-fixing proposed by the bill; the farmer remembers, if the President does not, that price-fixing in Washington was considered right and just during the war. He knows that the emergency is greater for him today than it was in 1917 or 1918. Why cannot the Government fix prices today? Was price-fixing morally as bad in 1917 as Mr. Coolidge says it is now? The situation in portions of

the West is worse now than it has ever been. There are thousands and thousands of farmers who have held on only because they have expected government help ere they sank. One more bad year and they will go down and will leave their farms, to swell the ranks of the unemployed in the cities. They have merely asked for bread; they get a veto.

Yes, and the man who denounces their bill as being full of "fallacious" and "dangerous" devices, intended to delude the farmer by "fantastic" promises, and to lead him into "a maze of ponderously futile bureaucratic paraphernalia" and "tyranny," offers once more the suggestion that the protective tariff on agricultural products be raised! What could surpass that for "ponderous futility"? The American farmer is trying to sell his surplus products abroad and the President urges higher tariffs against his competitors, when what is needed is the lowering of all tariffs, so that other nations may pay us with goods for more foodstuffs than they are buying now. Apparently Mr. Coolidge still sticks to the hoary old idea that when England or France buy cotton or wheat from us they pay with money.

Knock down the tariffs—here is the true and only immediate remedy for the farmer. It is not only that the farmer has to pay more for many of the things he uses because of the government-fixed higher prices on the goods of our protected manufacturers, but his own possible field of purchasers is narrowed every time any tariff schedule is put on. For the unanswerable fact is that nations can pay their debts, whether war debts or those of ordinary trade, only with the goods which we take in exchange. For years we have been hoping that the farmer would realize this elementary fact. If this veto helps to open his eyes it will have been extremely useful.

Meanwhile, the President has set off a tremendous charge of political dynamite and no man can guess what the result will be. Today it almost seems to insure the election of Governor Smith if he should be nominated. It must make it clear to the farmers that they are not to have equal standing, in the favors of the Republican Party, with the bankers and the manufacturers, or with the shipowners whose bill the President signed the same day that he vetoed that of the farmers. No fear of bureaucracy there, no protest against putting the government into business by helping shipowners to build new vessels by lending them funds at rates far below the market! Well, the Governor of Nebraska knows one way. We hope that the hundred thousand farmers for whom he calls will march on the Republican Convention and let its members know what they want and whom they will accept as a candidate. What they really should do is to bolt, to start anew the Progressive Party of 1924, which polled nearly five million votes, and then see to it that such a revived party makes tariff-for-revenue-only its cardinal principle. Beyond that, they ought at last to realize that the Republican Party, which has so long led them around by the nose, is owned body and soul by Big Business just as much as it was on the day when Theodore Roosevelt said that "the crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching and fundamental service from either."

Why Juries Fail

NO right guaranteed by the federal Constitution (and in general those of the States) is more fundamental or democratic than that of trial by jury. Since the Magna Charta was wrested from King John seven centuries ago the jury system has been almost the foundation of popular liberties, and yet this country is likely soon to be face to face with a tolerably definite movement to curtail this right. Indeed beginnings in that direction have already appeared, and though it might seem as if no such attempt would stand any chance of success in the United States, we must not forget that Mussolini's destruction of democracy in Italy has aroused only slight criticism in this country and has actually called forth unstinted praise from many of our noted "captains of industry."

It is especially unfortunate, therefore, that we should witness what popular opinion believes to be such failures to obtain justice as those in connection with the trials of Doheny, Sinclair, and Remus, for naturally every such evidence is useful ammunition for those who would attack the jury system. If those who still believe in trial by jury as a fundamental protection against oppression do not wish to be put on the defensive they ought, therefore, to scrutinize our existing methods, with a view to getting better results. Probably they will reach the conclusion that the principle of trial by jury is as sound as ever; that the trouble lies in the growing technicality of our laws, in the absurd legalism of our court procedure, and, perhaps most important of all, in the methods of choosing our juries.

So far as Remus is concerned, *The Nation* has often expressed the view that the frequent miscarriage of justice in murder cases in this country is due to the fact that most civilized persons are opposed to capital punishment even though they are not aware of it sufficiently consciously to ask for exemption from service on that ground. We predict that the abolition of capital punishment will end many of the failures of justice in murder cases, as well as do away with the blare of publicity which more and more is becoming an intolerable scandal. As to Doheny and Sinclair, it has been noted that juries in the District of Columbia have become notorious for their failure to convict in cases of conspiracy against the Government. It was even remarked by some cynics when the Government elected to try Doheny and Sinclair in Washington that such a decision proved that the Administration did not want them to be convicted. In an effort to explain what appears to be a peculiar psychology in the District of Columbia, Julius L. Peyser of the National University Law School in Washington suggested recently in the *New York World* that there was a feeling of resentment against the Government among the residents of the capital due to the fact that they were deprived of the suffrage. Our observation of Washington is that the residents are notoriously indifferent to the privilege of voting and fairly conscious that without it they have probably the most honestly and efficiently governed city of its size in the country. But though we have not observed that residents of the District are resentful against the Government, we do believe that they often hold it in trifling respect. They are too close to the wheels that go round to hold them in awe. We think, too, that Mr. Peyser touches a significant point when he notes that all government employees—the

substance of the citizenry—are exempt from jury duty in the District, the work falling on a small and indifferently equipped group of shopkeepers and artisans.

In fact the present system of exemptions from duty is not improbably a leading cause of the difficulties with juries all over the United States. As a rule doctors, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, journalists, transportation workers, and government employees enjoy a blanket exemption from jury duty merely by virtue of their occupation. We can see no reason for this, and it must be obvious that our juries are deprived of an important part of the education and intelligence of the community by such exemptions. To our mind a judge should be authorized to excuse any individual presenting an adequate personal excuse but there should be no exemption by occupation whatever. Neither should there be exemption from jury service because of sex. Women are as able and as obligated to serve as men.

It is a little staggering to find that practically all Americans, including those who complain loudly of the failures of the jury system, seek every possible loophole to avoid service themselves. Persons who put themselves to decided inconvenience to vote on election day will make every effort to evade the usually far more important job of serving on a jury. We believe that those persons who are so much concerned to "get out the vote" on election day would accomplish more if they would demand the abolition of occupational exemptions from jury duty and endeavor to "get out the intelligence" to serve on these bodies that hold the property and lives of all of us in their hands.

Fascist Blackmail

THE Fascist League of North America, Inc., conceived by Mussolini and operating under a constitution promulgated personally by him, carries on its propaganda wherever Italians live or work. Whether it employs fair means or foul depends upon the amount of opposition it meets. Recently its organizers have centered their attention on the mill-town of Milford, Massachusetts, where a small number of anti-Fascists are active among the Italian workers. So far the Fascist agents in Milford have thought it inadvisable to beat up or use other forms of violence against the opposition. Instead they have devised a form of pressure which they consider safer and quite effective as direct blackjacking.

Mussolini is threatening relatives in Italy of Italians in this country—citizens of the United States as well as those who are not naturalized—in order to make effective his decree of March 24, that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, unto the seventh generation.

Recent letters from Italy received by anti-Fascist Italians in Milford throw a sharp light on this practice. We print below translations of two such letters, of which we have the originals. They are merely samples: there are scores like them. We have suppressed the names of the recipients and senders in order to prevent reprisals. The letters follow:

Province of Apulia, February 29, 1928

DEAREST BROTHER:

After a long time, I am writing to tell you that we are well, and we hope that you are too. But unfortunately bad

reports have been received about you and so your family is being ruined—we are under surveillance and may at any time be sent to the islands. Moreover, it is said in our village that you are among those vagabonds who talk against our government, but you know what happens to those who speak badly of the government—they are put in prison, and so you are ruining not only yourself but also your family. We are all Fascists, and if you are an anti-Fascist we will pay the penalty for you. If you want to save your family, you must become a member of the Fascio. Dearest brother, listen to me, do what I tell you. That is the only means of saving your family. At the same time you must write directly to the Fascio of ——— and say that you will join the Fascists and that they are all liars who have said that you are an anti-Fascist. Will you write me this and let me apply for you to join at once? If you will not, your family will be ruined.

Your mother complains that you have not written to her and wants to know why. I will not add more. I send you greetings.
Your sister ———

Another letter, dated March 30, 1928, read:

MY DEAREST ———:

At last I have succeeded in finding an opportunity to write you, but I write with a great fear weighing upon my heart concerning you. I do not know whether our news of you is a lie, but I hope it is. How does it happen that you, who were so industrious and so intelligent, are now doing what you are doing? And so I implore you, not as a friend, but as a son, because you could be a son to me, I beg you to tell me if it is true that you have declared yourself to be a Socialist and joined forces with ———, who has a bad reputation. Do you not know that your brother has already been warned by the police, and people who know everything say that the police will some day go to your father's house, and your family will be ruined and every member placed under police surveillance. They add that if you ever return to this village you will be shot. Have pity for your father and his ten sons. He can hardly make a living, he has not even enough money to buy a cigarette when he wants it. If you want to save your family, you must say that you have been deceived but that you have always been a Fascist, and if they doubt it, they can write to Italy and ask if your family is Socialist or Fascist. Dear ———, you must understand that your home is stricken as if someone had died there, it is even worse, because a corpse is taken to the cemetery and buried, while this thing remains with us for who knows how long? I have not told your poor father about you because you know how at this season of the year money is scarce. And now, when the village is ruined, comes this Easter present to us from you. If your father knew, he would commit suicide, and to prevent this (for he must surely find out), I beg you to write at once that you are not a Socialist but a Fascist. I am afraid that you will not follow my advice but will let yourself be swayed by those about you there. If you do not hurry up and send the word that I ask you, you will receive the news that your family has either gone crazy or killed themselves. I believe that you understand what I mean.

Best regards from my husband and many greetings and embraces!
Your friend, ———

These letters are more than a record of insignificant personal misfortune. They reveal as well as tons of documents could do the methods and purposes of the Fascist machine. They offer a glimpse into the mind of Mussolini, and, indirectly, into the minds of the American plutocrats who visit him at Rome and come home uttering unctuous platitudes of admiration.

A Hint to Travelers

IF you are going to Europe this summer, and if you are one of those who seek out the haunts of authors, we suggest a slight change in the program which you have probably accepted without question from the tradition established by all your predecessors. We suggest that instead of restricting yourselves to Stratford-on-Avon, Burns's cottage, the Old Curiosity Shop, and the site of King Arthur's Round Table you come a little farther down in time. See those things by all means if you like, and when you are in Paris pay at least passing attention to the house of Victor Hugo, the tomb of Voltaire, and the stamping-ground of Villon behind the University; when you are in Germany do not be too superior to Weimar or Nuremberg, and if you venture into the Italian sun do not ignore the Forum, Pompeii, Dante's Florence, or Shakespeare's Verona. But other places call, and it is of them we speak.

In London there is a department store where Philip, the hero of a great modern novel, "Of Human Bondage," wore out his feet from day to day; there is also a restaurant where he met a girl named Mildred, and there is a hospital where he learned to be a doctor. These may be hard to find, but surely they are there; for Somerset Maugham was obviously writing a real book. And the pleasure of identifying such places might be appreciably greater than that to be had out of taking a full bus to Stratford or Winchester. Then there is the Bayswater Road down which the Forsytes rode to happiness or unhappiness; there is the world of Wells and Bennett; and there is the smarter world in which the heroes of the brightest, newest novels dance and doubt and drink. There have been novelists in Paris since Balzac and Hugo. André Gide has written "The Counterfeiters," for instance, and if you know it you will want to slip into the railway terminals, down the bourgeois avenues, and around the literary corners, in order to feel that you are treading where only three years or so ago trod Olivier, Bernard, and the Comte Robert de Passavant. Or drop back a bit and try the cafes where Verlaine sipped his absinthe and read his poems, detouring as you do so in search of the house where the poet of the bulbous brow first saw Arthur Rimbaud. Follow the pair to Brussels if you have time. Step over into Wassermann's Germany, and as you go look up at the Alps in an endeavor to determine which slope is distinguished by the presence of the most interesting building in modern fiction—the tuberculosis sanitarium where Hans Castorp, the hero of Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain," languished for seven years while he heard such talk between Settembrini and Naphta as two men never made before.

These places are already quite classic—the places made conventionally so by Shakespeare and Scott. It does not take time to make a masterpiece immortal, and imaginative readers of contemporary literature know this very well. It is as if Philip suffered from his club-foot and from his love of Mildred a hundred years ago, or a thousand; it is as if the magic mountain had heard those syllables before there were men to speak them. And if you object on your return that there was not much for you to see there—that it must have been all in Maugham's or Mann's imagination—after all, the same thing holds for the time-old poets and storytellers. Maybe the moral will be that you never needed to haunt the haunts of authors.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

I THINK it is a good thing that America gives out its cheers to German officers who were, ten years ago, our foemen in the field. But I think this rather striking fact deserves some mulling over. In 1918 every German was a villain of deep-dyed hue, and worst of all were those who flew in airplanes and dropped bombs upon big cities. Our own aviators were more careful and managed, through some magic or the holiness of their cause, never to kill or maim non-combatants. At the moment Baron Huenefeld and Captain Koehl are objects of our admiration. How did this all happen within ten years? No mighty change has occurred in the character and personality of our guests. We honor them now because they showed great courage in their flight to Labrador. But very probably they were equally courageous during the war.

It is my theory that Americans never did hate the Germans with any truly deep-seated venom. The passions of that period were fostered during some curious aberration. But, of course, another explanation is arguable. You may answer me by saying that our hate was genuine and the present hullabaloo is puffed up and rootless. I will not allow much merit to a third contention that we did very rightly and wisely to hate the Germans in 1918 and with equal justification love them now. That seems to me a silly notion.

And still I want to know whether hatred or admiration is more normal among the mass emotions. I would like to think that never again could millions be made to swallow tons and tons of atrocity stories and actually believe that fundamental human nature varied under different flags and that virtue began and ended at the boundary lines of allies. But I'm much afraid that it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility for us to go through the same old processes once more and drum up a bitterness against Germany or any other nation. Yet if dark days should ever come again let us remember this, that now in June, 1928, we are sane people. I have faith enough in mankind to believe that it is easier to keep a long cheer in the human heart than to carry around malignant hatred. If ever the world goes completely mad on any other occasion and the frenzy catches us, at least let us never forget that what we all do is part of a great insanity and something to be forgotten with the return of reason.

Unfortunately we learn few lessons from any war because of the grounds upon which we are inclined to extend forgiveness to our adversaries. I'm all for complete accord but on slightly different grounds than those which generally prevail. Our German friends go and stand at attention where the eternal light is burning. Over such an incident we all grow sentimental and seemingly we say, "All this is very fine because after all the men on both sides did what they thought was right and everybody was brave and noble."

But I don't think that there is, ever, after any war honor enough to cover all contenders. There is not honor enough to make a decent suit for any single nation. Even about a conflict as ancient as the Civil War I am not wholly reconstructed. I cannot sit by happily while handclasps go around and everybody says, "Maybe we were both right." I'm all for embrace and reconciliation between peoples who have been hostile, but the understanding which should draw

them close together is a common acceptance of the fact, "Maybe we were both wrong."

Indeed at the risk of seeming a shade intolerant I must express the opinion that the commotion about the German fliers in this country has gone a shade beyond reasonable hospitality and helpful friendly feeling. To be sure it has been for a long time forbidden for our German-American citizens to cheer about anything. But the present demonstration has gone to a point where it is not altogether a question of good-will toward Germans but ill-will toward former allies. I do not think the English elements in our population are super-sensitive if they get the notion that somewhere within the ticker tape was a brick for Britain.

That war guilt should be shared all the way around the circle is wholly in accord with my own opinions. But I am not yet prepared to accept Germany as a country whose record was as white as snow simply because two brave Germans flew in a plane to Labrador. Black hatred is by far the meanest of all human emotions but excessive sentimentality is not altogether to my liking either.

It was my firm intention never again to mention in print any phase of my recent dispute with the *New York World*. Controversies long drawn out are tiresome and nobody wants to leave himself open to the charge of suffering from a persecution complex. Moreover, I find that even my own bitternesses are of a transitory nature. Yet there is one point which I must mention and this is absolutely the final and five-star reference to the matter. In the symposium printed in *The Nation* one or two editors took the attitude that if I wished to criticize the *World* it would have been better taste for me to resign from its employ before I did so. This observation hops over the fact that during my long contractual relations with the newspaper I offered my resignation upon several occasions because of sharp disagreement. Not only did I offer my resignation, but on at least two occasions I urged with all my strength that it be accepted. And each time I received a formal notification that I would not be permitted to resign. It would have been silly and useless for me to have gone through that performance again.

Moreover, I created no precedent by criticizing the *World* in an outside publication. Two or three years ago Mr. Cain of the *World's* editorial staff took issue with its policy upon a public problem and expressed his dissent—also in *The Nation*. At that time the *World* took a very proper pride in the fact that many persons said it was a fine, free thing for a newspaper to permit an employee to make his disapproval of its own policies public. And again I wish to point out that during the play-jury frenzy the *World* took a slap at me in its leading editorial, although I was at that time the paper's dramatic critic. Not that I objected to that. I think it is interesting to carry on controversy within an organization. Still, I am somewhat irritated when poor taste is charged against an individual for hitting back.

If *The Nation* takes occasion to chide me in print I promise not to take it amiss. I even suggest that the editorial board might publicly reveal the fact that I am fearfully tardy with my copy.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Americans We Like Governor Byrd of Virginia

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

GOVERNOR HARRY F. BYRD has received an unusual amount of national publicity since he became chief

executive of Virginia in January, 1926. This has come to him because of his extraordinary success in reorganizing the State government on a business basis and in advancing the interests of the Old Dominion educationally, industrially, and in other ways. In all the publicity accorded him, however, surprisingly little has been said about one of the most noteworthy aspects of his career; namely, his willingness to buck the trusts, specifically the oil trust and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Byrd is in no sense a demagogue or a corporation-baiter. He is a wealthy man himself, the owner of 65,000 apple trees in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, the largest privately owned apple orchards east of the Mississippi. In addition he has done more to bring new industries to the State than any of his predecessors; indeed, he has been criticized by persons who feel that he places too much emphasis upon the acquisition of additional smokestacks. Certainly the system of taxation he has devised for the State is successfully designed to appeal to outside capital.

These facts and his own easy financial circumstances have not blinded him to the needs of those less fortunate than himself. Soon after he took office he became convinced that the oil companies were profiteering not only in Virginia but throughout the United States. On June 1, 1926, he accordingly addressed to President Coolidge a letter in which he pointed out that since February 12 of that year the wholesale price of gasoline in all parts of the country had been raised by about one-third, imposing an additional burden of some \$300,000,000 annually upon the consumers, and that other increases made at the same time in the price of crude oil, kerosene, and by-products would bring this amount to the appalling total of approximately half a billion dollars. Declaring that "the monopolistic control of the oil industry can hardly be denied," Mr. Byrd urged "a fearless and non-political investigation by the Federal Trade Commission so that the full facts can be given with respect to the increase in prices by the oil combinations, the recent mergers, and apparent price-fixing agreements." A few days later a resolution was adopted by the Senate directing the Trade Commission to make the inquiry requested by the Virginia executive. But the result of the investigation was foreshadowed when President Coolidge characteristically announced next day that while he saw no harm in having the commission look into the question, he did not believe it would uncover any abuses or bring about a reduction in prices. Nothing further was heard from the matter until December 12, 1927, when the conclusions of the investigators were transmitted to Congress. As was to be expected, a generous coat of whitewash was applied to the oil trust by

The Thirteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

the President's commission, and the public received no relief. Governor Byrd's effort to obtain a "fearless and non-political investigation" for the benefit of all the people thus ended in failure. But he was able, none the less, to curb the oil companies in Virginia. He transmitted to the 1928 session of the State Legislature a special message in which he asserted that Virginia was being discriminated against, in that her citizens were paying an average of two cents more a gallon than those of other States with similar conditions. He declared that Virginians were being overcharged to the extent of \$3,000,000 a year as a result of this "arbitrary action of the oil companies controlling both the wholesale and retail price of gasoline," and placed most of the blame on the Standard Oil. Mr. Byrd asked the General Assembly to pass a law authorizing the Governor to require the oil companies to furnish him their wholesale and retail prices on gasoline in Virginia and other States whenever he requested them to do so.

A bill embodying his recommendation was introduced, whereupon the oil trust at once began violent efforts to defeat it. Rarely if ever in the history of the State has a more active or more numerous lobby descended upon the Capitol. The measure was hotly debated, and its opponents exerted themselves to the utmost, but Governor Byrd's influence determined the issue, and it was finally passed. The bill makes it possible for him to bring the pressure of price publicity to bear whenever he feels that the cost of gasoline is being arbitrarily hoisted. To date the Governor has not used this authority. If he does, the companies, which contend that the act is unconstitutional, may refuse to comply with its provisions and take an appeal to the courts. Tennessee is the only other State which has adopted similar legislation. An act there providing for a State commission to fix the price of gasoline is now being tested before the United States Supreme Court.

Governor Byrd's fight on the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was waged in 1926 and received even less attention outside of Virginia than that on the oil trust. It grew out of an effort on the part of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Virginia, a subsidiary completely dominated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, to obtain increases in rates amounting to \$772,000 a year in gross revenues. The State Corporation Commission heard the evidence and allowed increases totaling only \$200,000. The Chesapeake and Potomac then announced that it would appeal the case and take advantage of a law placed on the statute-books before Governor Byrd took office, which strangely enough permitted a public utility to place in effect rates sought by it, pending a decision in the appellate court. The Governor felt that this law was unjust. He saw no reason why the people should pay such rates before the higher court had authorized them. True, the tele-

phone company was required under the act to give bond for a return of the excess payments in the event of a refusal by the court to approve the increased charges. The executive pointed out, however, that the statute would give the company in the present case the use of more than half a million dollars annually without payment of interest, that the case might be carried to the United States Supreme Court and be dragged out over a period of four or five years, and that at the end of that time if the higher rates were refused, a large percentage of the telephone subscribers would never receive the excess payments due them, since they would have moved elsewhere or died.

Governor Byrd accordingly delivered an ultimatum to the telephone company. He informed its officials that they would have to agree not to put the rates they desired into effect until authorized to do so by the appellate court, or he would call a special legislative session at once and amend the law before they had a chance to take advantage of its provisions. Representatives of the company hastened to Richmond and exerted all the pressure they could command, but the Governor was adamant. The telephone officials did a lot of squirming, hemming, and hawing, but he compelled them to meet his conditions. The special session of the assembly was not called and the telephone subscribers of the State were saved a large amount of money. The Virginia Supreme Court held some months later that the Chesapeake and Potomac was not entitled to any increases other than those allowed by the corporation commission. The company took no appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, thus ending the affair. When the General Assembly met last year, Governor Byrd brought about the repeal of the statute authorizing public utilities to charge higher rates before such rates are allowed by the appellate court.

At the 1928 session of the assembly, in addition to securing the passage of the "gasoline price report bill" the Governor was responsible to a considerable degree for placing control of all insurance rates, with the exception of those on life insurance, under the State Corporation Commission. This was done in accordance with the recommendation of a special commission of Virginians appointed by the executive, pursuant to a resolution of the legislature, to investigate insurance rates in the commonwealth. This commission found that the fire-insurance companies had been making "more than a reasonable profit," asserted that they had been discriminating against Virginia as to rates and in other ways, and urged that rates of the fire, liability, casualty, and workmen's compensation insurance companies be placed under the Corporation Commission. The Governor approved this recommendation, and the bill became a law, despite the opposition of a large insurance lobby.

Such are the salient facts in the story of Governor Byrd's dealings with profiteering companies. Equally creditable to him has been his firm stand against the crime of lynching, and the enactment this year at his urgent request of the Virginia anti-lynching bill, a measure without a counterpart in this country. There have been fewer lynchings in Virginia during the past generation than in almost any other Southern State, but Governor Byrd took the position in his 1928 message to the Assembly that "it is intolerable that there should be any." The anti-lynching bill was passed unanimously in the Senate and almost unanimously in the House. It makes lynching an offense against the State as a whole, subjects all participants in lynchings to charges of murder, and authorizes the Governor to have the Attorney

General aid in the prosecution and to spend any sum he (the Governor) sees fit in bringing the guilty parties to judgment. A provision that a community where a lynching occurs must pay \$2,500 to the heirs of the person lynched was stricken from the bill by the legislature.

Governor Byrd undoubtedly wields a more powerful influence than any of his predecessors. For example he made sixteen major recommendations to the 1928 legislature and every one was adopted substantially as made. His record with the two preceding legislatures was almost **■** good. Measures which a few years ago were very nearly laughed out of court by the Assemblymen were passed almost unanimously when he brought the weight of his personality and his talents as a practical politician to bear upon the lawmakers. Naturally he is not infallible, but his mistakes have been impressively few in number. The State has adopted the segregation plan of taxation, and Mr. Byrd's effort to have it written into the constitution is meeting with bitter opposition from many newspapers and citizens who hitherto have supported him wholeheartedly. His oft-reiterated claim that taxes have been lowered during his regime also is strenuously disputed. While most of the farmers have benefited, many urban dwellers clamor that the taxes levied against them are higher than ever before. It is a pity, too, that the Governor opposed discontinuance of appropriations to the Virginia Military Institute after a commission of competent and impartial Virginians had recommended it. But on the whole his administration has been successful. In two years he has turned a deficit in the State treasury of \$1,368,000 into a surplus of \$2,600,000.

Appropriations during the last two years to institutions of higher education for capital outlays are far in excess of those for any similar period in the history of the Old Dominion. The University of Virginia, indeed, receives a larger sum than the entire amount allotted to it by the State for capital outlays since its establishment by Thomas Jefferson. Appropriations to the public schools have also been greatly increased.

Governor Byrd's conception of the obligations of public office is undoubtedly above that of the average politician. When several Virginia newspapers suggested recently that he would make an excellent running-mate for Governor Alfred E. Smith on the Democratic ticket, he declared that he would not accept the nomination under any circumstances. "When elected Governor of Virginia, I pledged myself to give my undivided time to the performance of my duties," he said, "but to run for the Vice-Presidency would necessitate speaking tours which would interfere with my duties as Governor."

If I appear to lavish an excessive amount of praise upon Governor Byrd, I can only say that I have not always held him in such high esteem. I did not rejoice when he announced his candidacy for the governorship in 1925, for during his ten years in the State Senate he had been **■** consistent "machine" man. This did not seem to augur well for a progressive gubernatorial administration. I was taken by surprise when he launched his program of reform—and, incidentally, so was the machine.

Although Mr. Byrd comes of aristocratic Virginia lineage, and is a direct descendant of Colonel William Byrd II who founded Richmond in 1737 and built "Westover," one of the handsomest Colonial mansions in the State, he is the most unassuming of men. Describing himself as a "plain business man and farmer," he is unpretentious in manner

and attire. At his inauguration instead of wearing the orthodox stove-pipe hat, he appeared in a derby. As to his personal habits, he refuses all forms of alcohol and tobacco, and "cusses" only occasionally, but he is neither puritanical nor sanctimonious, and he is tolerant of the peccadilloes of others. He keeps in good physical trim in summer by taking a swim before breakfast in a Richmond lake, and in winter by hunting quail and wild turkey in the Virginia woods and fields. His smooth ruddy complexion and cherubic countenance make him appear even younger than his years. He will be forty-one on June 10.

Several times he has said that his only desire upon the completion of his term in 1930 is to return to his apple orchards in the Shenandoah Valley, but the State and nation cannot afford to lose his services. Governor Byrd has not yet reached his prime. Like his brother, Commander Richard E. Byrd, he possesses the high talent and unflinching courage to accomplish even greater things in the future than he has in the past. At a time when charlatans and corruptionists are playing so large a part in our public life, America can use Harry Byrd. His pippins and his winesaps can worry along without him.

Communism and Violence

By JEROME DAVIS

RUSSIA startled the world last November with her proposal for the complete abolition of military and naval forces in all countries. She proposed that "All weapons and military supplies, means for chemical warfare, and all other material forms of armament be destroyed. All warships, military, and aircraft be scrapped, and that military training be discontinued." And it was Russia again who argued with great force at Geneva in March that "since armed forces have no other reason but for the conduct of war" the only logical and consistent action for the delegates there assembled would be to indorse the principle of complete disarmament.

Of course, no such action was taken by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations. Instead, there was bitter criticism of the Soviet policy with Lord Cushendun, British representative in the Council of the League, leading the attack. Russia was accused of bad faith in her stand on disarmament, and of a demonstrated belief in violence.

If her critics had said that Russia has expected and prepared for violence, they would have been nearer the truth. For a series of events in Russia during the past year gives the key to this expectation and goes far to explain why the Soviet Government is extraordinarily concerned at the present time with the abolition of war—both by moral resolution and by practical method. To understand the Russian attitude let us review the record of the past year as it has appeared in Moscow.

Little more than a year ago the Soviet Embassy in Peking was invaded, the premises searched, and several wagon-loads of documents confiscated. At about the same time, the consulate in Shanghai was blockaded; and in England the premises of the Soviet Trade Delegation were raided, the secret code-book taken, and diplomatic relations severed. Following closely on this came the murder of Voikoff, the Soviet Ambassador, in Warsaw on June 7.

These events, according to Russian belief, are only the more obvious steps in a carefully planned and organized attack against Russia carried on by Great Britain through groups in Poland, Finland, and Rumania. The Russian authorities cite damaging evidence:

Toward the end of 1926 the Russian GPU (Secret Service) successfully frustrated a plot to murder Petrovski, chairman of the Central Committee of the Union, and later another against the chairman of the Council of People's

Commissars of the Ukraine, Tchubal. At the same time the head of the GPU at Leningrad was shot at and his assailant, the son of a colonel in the White army, was arrested.

In March, 1927, plots against the lives of Bucharin, the editor of *Pravda*; Rykov, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars; and Stalin, head of the Communist Party, were uncovered, and the assailant, Gurevich, of White Guard fame, was taken.

In May a group of former officers of the Kolchak army were arrested, and finally confessed to a connection with a Mr. White, head of the Consular Department of the British Mission in Moscow. They had planned to blow up the Kremlin and perhaps the Grand Theater during one of the meetings of the party.

At the end of May, 1927, a powder magazine was "fired" in Leningrad. The Russians believe that it was set off by the commander of the magazine who was in British pay.

On June 3 the GPU captured a bomb of French make but with a British case, intended, so it is claimed, for the headquarters of the GPU in Leningrad. On June 7 two bombs were hurled into the Communist Party club in Leningrad, wounding thirty people, some of them seriously.

Last November in Leningrad the Soviet police claim to have uncovered a spy nest of the British and Finnish governments. Twenty-five agents were arrested who finally confessed that they were securing secret information regarding the Baltic fleet and the military forces of Russia. The Russians give the details concerning fifteen other spies who were arrested and convicted. In each case, the Soviets proved to their own satisfaction that back of the criminal was English gold.

In addition to the cases already described, the Russian authorities have a mass of evidence which tends to incriminate the British directly. In the summer of 1925 Sidney G. Riley, formerly captain in the Royal Air Force and a member of the British Secret Service, was arrested crossing the Finnish-Soviet frontier disguised as a Russian merchant with a Soviet passport. He finally confessed that he had come to Russia on his own initiative to organize insurrections. Just before coming he claimed to have had a personal conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill. An interesting feature of his testimony was the statement that "the British Secret Service hands over everything from the material at its disposal which might be of interest to America to the American Secret Service."

Corroborative of the confession of Riley is that of another spy, Elvengreen, who participated actively in the White armies against Russia. Information reached Moscow in 1926 that the monarchists were sending a terrorist to Moscow to assassinate various members of the Government. Shortly afterwards Elvengreen arrived in Moscow with a Rumanian passport under the name of Pavel. He was arrested and confessed to terroristic deeds, among which were attempted assassinations of Chicherin and the Russian delegation to Genoa. He admitted relationships with Captain Riley and of receiving money from him.

Another exhibit involving England is a letter from the British Consul in Leningrad to the British Trade Mission in Moscow. The conclusion reads: "It is not an easy matter for me to obtain the information you require; for my Russian birds which I send out for such purposes run a very serious danger of being hanged or quartered by the GPU for espionage." The British now admit the authenticity of this letter, but assert that it was not intended seriously.

While in Moscow I attended the trial of Drujilovski who had confessed to fabricating Soviet documents and selling them to various consulates and embassies, especially the British and Bulgarian. The forgeries implicated Russia and the Communist International and were published all over the world. This document purported to show that the Communist International had sent \$340,000 to the American Communist Party. At the conclusion of the trial Drujilovski publicly confessed his guilt, begging only for the mercy of the court.

The Russians also have a large number of letters signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the "Ukrainian People's Republic," Tokarchevsky, from February, 1926, to June, 1927. The Ukrainian People's Republic is made up of officials who were in power prior to the time the Bolsheviks captured control of the Ukraine. They now maintain offices in Paris and Warsaw. One letter, dated July 23, 1926, shows that at that time they were receiving about \$5,000 a month from the British. Another dated February 21, 1927, ac-

knowledgeed the receipt of \$10,000 from the same source. I made copies of twelve of these letters and have photographed four of the most important. One of these, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Ukraine, in Paris, was addressed to the President of the Republic in Warsaw. It is dated February 2, 1927, and reads:

The English Government demands that the general staff of the Ukrainian People's Republic shall send its delegates to London for the purpose of solving the questions concerning the army of the Ukrainian People's Republic. . . . It is of interest that the British now insist that the army of the Ukrainian People's Republic shall be created out of insurgent forces in the territory of the Ukraine itself.

Even more recently, in May of this year, Russian and foreign engineers have been charged with economic sabotage in the Don coal basin. Bolshevik officialdom believes this also to be part of a foreign plot.

It is small wonder that in the light of all this evidence, irrespective of the genuine extent of England's activity in Russia, Mr. Rykov, president of the Council of People's Commissars, should say:

At the present moment the Conservative Government of Great Britain, after having broken off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, is carrying on a furious campaign against the latter in the whole world and preparing for new adventures against it. When our opponents use all means from corruption and bribery, the organization of conspiracies, or murder, provocations, arson, and the preparation of military attack, then it would be a crime on our part not to take decisive measures to protect the interests of the workers and the peasants.

Of course there is another side. The Communist International, quite apart from the Soviet Government, has sent financial help to English Communists. It is also true that the Russian Government has executed some spies with a hearing by the GPU only. Both facts are to be regretted. Enough has been established, however, to prove that England does not come into court with clean hands.

Florida Aftermath

By HENRY S. VILLARD

Miami, May 10

TO the feverish boom days of 1925 and the hectically unsettled conditions of 1926, Florida today presents a contrast at once refreshing and depressing. Like a mad, bad dream, the real-estate delirium has passed. Coolness and sanity remain. But the southern part of the State at least, which went considerably crazier than the rest, still suffers from the weakness of convalescence.

The first thing that strikes the returning traveler who has let the boom-end and the hurricane intervene between visits is the difference in transportation facilities. Those who remember the railway embargo of 1925, the blockade of Miami harbor by an overturned schooner, the shocking stretches of main highway, find that in this two-year period the Florida East Coast Railway has double-tracked its principal line, the Seaboard Air Line has been extended to Florida City, and the harbor at Miami has been widened and dredged. Most significant of all, the splendid new

links in the Federal Highway, the repaved Dixie, the cross-State Tamiami Trail, and a rapidly expanding network of other fine roads have put Florida into the van as a bidder for motorists.

The further one gets into Florida, the more one is impressed with the absence of ballyhoo. All the extravaganzas of picture cities, all the fantastic hokum of lot-selling and lot-buying, all the hypnotism of get-rich-quick—which used to transform the most unsuspecting tourist into a frenzied financier—has vanished like a soap-bubble. The relief of driving again without being importuned at every foot to make one's fortune in swamp-land is indescribable.

The clean, pleasant towns in the central portion, like Deland, Sanford, Orlando, and Sebring, have an aspect of quiet prosperity. They are firmly founded on the citrus-fruit and garden-truck industries, and never suffered any serious effect except to have their numerous orange orchards staked out into "town" lots. But approaching Miami

—the "Magic City" of the boom days—there are signs a plenty of unrealized grandeur.

Dead subdivisions line the highway, their pompous names half obliterated on crumbling stucco gates. Lonely, white-way lights stand guard over miles of cement sidewalks, where grass and palmetto take the place of homes that were to be. Street signs—where a "Ponce de Leon Boulevard" was planned to intersect an "Avenue Alcazar"—point forlornly skyward. Instead of billboards flamboyant with the name of some super-subdivision or dream development, the advertisements read virtuously of motor-cars or cigarettes, or—more reassuring still—of native dairies and agricultural products.

From Hollywood on, one is confronted with more tangible evidence of what might have been. Gaping structures, tragically uncompleted, are mute reminders of ambitious schemes for apartments, casinos, country clubs. The great Roosevelt Hotel in Miami, abandoned when almost ready for the window panes, is a grim landmark. Whole sections of outlying subdivisions are composed of unoccupied houses, through which one speeds on broad thoroughfares as if traversing a city in the grip of death. Traces of the hurricane are scarcely noticeable. With the exception of the Rose Mahoney, cast up on the Miami waterfront, and a few unrepaired buildings, there is little to tell of the havoc of September, 1926.

So much for outward appearances. Internally, the situation shows promise despite certain discouraging factors. First of all, the idea that Florida real-estate—whether a corner lot on Flagler Street or an acre of muck land in the Everglades—is a God-given opportunity for wealth and happiness has been forever dissipated. To hear a Miami realtor freely admit that there is no market for business lots two miles out on the Tamiami Trail, or that homesites in Poinsettia-by-the-Sea are no longer in demand, is a healthy sign in itself. To the frequent question, "Will Florida real-estate come back; and if so, when?" he simply smiles and answers cautiously that no one can venture to predict. "But," he adds, "people are going to come here in increasing numbers. Once they get sand in their shoes, they always return."

True Floridians apologize for the year 1925. "If everyone else hadn't gone crazy," said one veteran dealer, "we'd be downright ashamed of ourselves. As it was, we were just carried off our base by the excitement which caught Northerners and Southerners alike." They are emphatic in not wanting the boom to recur.

Having got rid of the gambling bug, Miamians are slowly realizing they must have some sort of industrial background to justify their skyscrapers and countless moderate-sized homes. Already, there is a beginning in the marketing of carbonated waters, fruit beverages, and food staples; but uncertainty, indecision, and lack of cooperation have prevented development of more substantial businesses. Until a real effort is made to encourage the manufacture of furniture, cigars, and local products in the form of souvenirs and small knick-knacks, the only sure source of income will be tourists.

The tourist crop the past winter was an excellent one from the standpoint of numbers. It was not a spending crop of tourists, but Miami Beach real-estate picked up to the extent of several transactions on an all-cash basis. Prices for ocean-front property were quoted at from \$500 to \$750 a foot, instead of \$1,000 to \$2,000 as in the boom

times. However, the shank of the tourist season is only six weeks long, and the summer doldrums are almost here.

Summer is the lean season for Miami. In 1925 shirt-sleeved crowds swarmed along the streets from June to October; restaurants, drug-stores, cafeterias—not to speak of the merchants and contractors—did a phenomenal business. Even in 1926, till the fall hurricane scattered destruction, there were almost as many people on the beach in July as there were in January. But in the summer of 1927 Florida touched her lowest point—and indications are that during the next few months the tide will ebb still further.

There were, last summer, desperate cases of unemployment. Many people were starving. A typical example is that of one man who obtained a day's work from the city each week, at a salary of \$2.35. On this he supported a family of three. A waiter in Miami Beach has tried ever since the hurricane to save enough money to buy a ticket north. Every time he got ahead of the game he would be thrown out of work, and his funds evaporated before he could locate another job. "I think I'll make it this time," he confided, "after the Shrine convention."

There is no doubt that Miami will be the cheapest place in the United States to live in during the summer of 1928. With the tourists gone from a tremendously overbuilt city one may rent beautifully equipped apartments for \$15 or \$20 a month. One of the most pretentious buildings on the beach, whose monthly rate two years ago was \$250, now rents the same suite for \$35. In 1926 one was lucky to get a double room in a private house for \$50 a week. Until next November one may rent a luxurious Spanish stucco home on the bayfront, completely furnished from table-linen to radio, for \$50 a month.

This summer will see other troubles in the real-estate field. Most of the contracts in the boom period of 1925 were made on a three-year basis, and many of the final payments will shortly come due. There are mortgages to be lifted on empty apartments which still have unpaid land contracts hanging over them. There are tall office buildings to run with dozens of vacant offices. One hears persistent rumors that Coral Gables—foremost subdivision of all—is very near the rocks. Not this year, nor for several years more, will Florida have swept her slate clean of the boom effects. Yet one cannot but share the Floridian's confidence in the fundamental integrity of his State. The inhabitants are seeking earnestly, conscientiously, to eradicate the stigma of foolish speculation. They have removed the evidence of one of the most disastrous storms that ever hit the American continent. They are going ahead in developing their natural resources while at the same time beckoning to the winter tourist. Certainly, no State can be down and out that is everywhere pushing the construction of magnificent highways—though a gasoline tax of five cents on the gallon has much to do with this.

The people of Florida have received enough setbacks to dismay the most indefatigable. There seems only one explanation why they remain undaunted, why they resolutely face bankruptcy and semi-starvation till tourist time rolls round again. They know they have that eternal, irrefutable, salubrious climate. They know it is impossible to be wholly despondent in that cheerful atmosphere. And they know, too, that the very persons getting out of Florida today are going to return tomorrow, for—they've all got sand in their shoes.

In the Driftway

IT was formerly customary to say, when a great injustice had been done to the name and fame of a man, that in succeeding generations he would be vindicated at "the bar of humanity." The Drifter used to reflect philosophically upon this High Court of Errors and Appeals as one of the compensations of a none too perfect world; but apparently there are more literal-minded persons. About a year ago he heard that the executive committee of the Warsaw Kehillah had initiated a movement to revoke *pro modo et forma* the ban of excommunication which had been laid upon Baruch Spinoza by the Amsterdam community in the seventeenth century. A little later he learned from the dispatches that a modern Athenian had similarly made an appeal to the Athenian Supreme Court to reverse the sentence of death which had been passed and executed upon Socrates almost twenty-five centuries ago!

* * * * *

THE Drifter decided to let these amenities pass without protest or comment. After all, he reflected, Spinoza and Socrates had actually lived in this world at one time, had actually suffered injustice, and even a belated gesture was better than nothing. It seems, however, that a concerted effort is now being made to secure a review of the judgment in the celebrated literary case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick* which, as all Dickensians will recall, was successfully prosecuted against the chairman of the Pickwick Club by his landlady in the year 1831, when she mulcted him in damages to the tune of £750 for a breach of promise. Briefs may or may not have been formally filed but Sir Gordon Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, solemnly reviewed the case for the *London Times*, and Supreme Court Justice Gibbs has now done the same on this side of the waters. Both eminent jurists agree that a grave injustice was done to Mr. Pickwick and one which could never happen under our present more enlightened legal systems.

* * * * *

THE Drifter feels that he can discuss the verdict without qualms since, as the case did not occur in real life, he cannot possibly be had up for contempt. He almost expected Justice Gibbs to add at the end, as is customary when a writ of error is allowed: "Judgment reversed. Costs to abide the event." His legal learning is none too great but he still has a few scraps, and so he wishes to ask: What becomes of the rule of "res adjudicata," not to mention "De minimis non curat lex"?

* * * * *

"OUR justice today," remarked Justice Gibbs obiter, "is much surer. There has been a complete revolution in legal thought, and modern methods are infinitely superior to those which prevailed in England a century ago." Well, it may be so, but the Drifter will be pardoned for harboring doubts. The blackmail of breach-of-promise suits still continues, and he recalls in the general field of justice such melancholy fiascos as the Sinclair verdict, the Gordon case, and recently the Straton-Smith case. In fact, he suspects that this turning from the miscarriages of justice in the real world to the case of Mr. Pickwick in a fictitious world is only another indication that our administration of justice still leaves much to be desired.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The General Reports

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am submitting an account of the occurrences in Belmont County on April 21 which resulted in the arrest of fifty-one women.

On Tuesday morning, April 17, the sheriff of Belmont County was informed that crowds were gathering at the "Mutton Hollow Mine," near Lansing, which was being worked by union miners under the Jacksonville agreement. The crowd, led by "save-the-union" leaders, became so menacing that it was believed the lives of the miners were in danger. The sheriff requested the aid of National Guard officers, and with them and a force of deputies went to the scene of the riot. The sheriff ordered the crowd to disperse, and was met with derision and refusal. Seven men and three women, who refused to leave, were arrested. The crowd gathered again that evening and was again dispersed, thirty-seven men being arrested.

Thursday evening a crowd of approximately 350 men, women, and children again gathered in the vicinity of the mine but were dispersed by the officers. Eggs and rocks were thrown, accompanied by much cursing and many threats. After a conference with the sheriff the women agreed to peaceful picketing and arrangements were made whereby they could picket in groups of three, the groups to be twenty-five feet apart.

On Saturday morning 125 women in one group attacked a union miner on his way to work in the presence of two deputy sheriffs, who were unable to quell the disturbance. Later, Sheriff Hardesty with his deputies proceeded to Lansing, near the mine, and arrested four men, leaders of these disorders, on a charge of rioting, and placed them in the Belmont County jail at St. Clairsville. As they were leaving the hall with the men the women made a determined but vain attempt to release the prisoners.

The arrests were followed by a mass meeting, during which it was decided to march on the county jail. The sheriff was advised that a mob of some 300 men and women were coming to St. Clairsville by truck and auto to release the leaders. He asked Colonel Caldwell to furnish soldiers to assist in guarding the jail. Colonel Caldwell assembled a detachment and proceeded to the jail. Later a crowd of 200 arrived at the edge of St. Clairsville; they were met by members of their party who had preceded them and informed that the jail was protected by soldiers. Over half of this gathering then dispersed; the remainder decided to continue the march. Some eighty persons, mostly women, proceeded toward the jail, a number dropping out en route, exactly fifty-one women remaining in the column. About half a block from the jail they were met by Colonel Caldwell and Captain Sears, who asked them their intention and were informed that they were going to the jail. Captain Sears then said that they would be arrested if they did not disperse. They stated that they had come to go in the jail and that they were going to do so, and Colonel Caldwell told them to go ahead. Upon entering the jail they were placed under arrest and charged with inciting riot.

Sheriff Hardesty stated that in any event it was his intention to arrest the women concerned for their participation in the previous riots. All fifty-one of the women were arraigned on Tuesday, April 24, and released on bond of \$200 in most cases. The women stated to officials that they had been dared into taking the action they did and would not be identified with further disorders. Since these arrests there has been no further trouble at the Mutton Hollow mine.

The Ohio National Guard constitutes the only police force of the State of Ohio. Its functions are to protect life and property in emergency. It has been preserving life by extending relief to starving children in various parts of Ohio. As the protection of life from violence is one of the purposes of law, the guard is liable to call for the purpose of upholding the law and preventing violence, disorder, and loss of life or property.

Columbus, Ohio, April 30

FRANK D. HENDERSON,
Adjutant General

A Good Suggestion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inasmuch as Walker and Hylan have announced themselves as candidates, may I suggest the name of Congressman La Guardia as the next mayor of Greater New York? He does not know the writer, nor does he or any one else know that I am writing this letter.

As a distinguished progressive and sincere fighter for the people, he would, doubtless, attract the independent voters of all parties together with the many Democrats who are thoroughly disgusted with the sham battles of the Walker Administration.

With the outlook of the Democratic Party being badly split at the next mayoralty election, and the fair assumption that the people of New York have had enough of the Walker and Hylan administrations, it should be a walk-in for La Guardia on a Republican ticket.

New York, May 10

A. M. BLATTMAN

As Others See Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My firm received the inclosed envelope, with the stamp surcharged "Let's Go! Citizens Military Training Camps"—an official government appeal to prepare oneself for the next war. In view of the peaceful words at Havana, would it not be more expedient for the United States to keep these martial calls from South American ears, where they must seem somewhat contradictory? Surely you do not wish us, in South America, to imitate you in war preparations, or is it your intention to collect allies from anywhere for the next war, thus following Great Britain's example in the last?

Bogota, Colombia, April 27

JOSE ANTONIO

Women in Medicine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No woman physician can fail to admire those who fought to be admitted to the profession, and to give thanks to them for their struggle. But I think that women who segregate themselves professionally in these days are harming themselves in that they fail to receive the benefit conferred by competition. I happen to be one of the few who are on hospital staffs in this city. We, as well as the men, have to show that we can work and produce something of value, and I firmly believe that any woman working with men who proves that she has more ability than her colleagues will receive the recognition she deserves. It is high time that women cease to feel injured and thwarted and to realize that they are not discriminated against by the men who count. If men are advanced ahead of women on hospital staffs it is because they are more valuable members than the women.

I have such faith in the ability of women that I wish they would show to the mere males that they are just as capable of

doing independent pieces of research. They will never become leaders in the profession if they think that they don't have to work for leadership exactly as hard as the men do. Incidentally, the feelings of some of the men who have worked to get women the recognition they now receive are being distinctly hurt when they hear women saying that they are being discriminated against because of their sex. And that is apt to hurt their cause rather than help it.

It is no easy task for anyone, male or female, to get anywhere in this town, and a woman who takes time off, as I have done, to bear children, has rather a more difficult task than the unencumbered, of whatever sex. However, if women have the backbone to do it, they can.

New York, April 3

LUCY PORTER SUTTON

Contributors to This Issue

VIRGINIUS DABNEY is editor of the Richmond [Virginia] *News Leader*.

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CARL SANDBURG is the author of "Cornhuskers," "Smoke and Steel," "Abraham Lincoln," and other books.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER, professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska, is the author of "The Religious Spirit of the American Indian," "Manito Masks," and other volumes.

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EGMONT ARENS is associate editor of *Creative Art* and has produced modern lamps which are now on exhibition at the Weyhe Gallery in New York.

International Relations Section

Government of Natives in Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

II. JUSTICE

IN a previous article* I spoke of the coercive taxation and registration of natives, who are punishable if they move about their own country without their identity paper or pass. Our future in Africa greatly depends on the judgment which such dealings by the white man with Africans, in the assumed interests of European civilization, produce in the African mind.

The native understands them better than he may sometimes appear to do, but he is obedient to law. He does not freely express to his masters what he thinks about them; but it is not difficult for sympathetic investigators to find out. He believes these things are done by the white man in the white man's interests and without regard to his own.

Africans do not desire that Europeans should act as trustees for their civilization. Rather they desire association and opportunity. They have accepted and, in some cases, asked for the protection and government of the British Crown. It would be a mistake to suppose that, even if they are savages and not, as increasing numbers now are, educated and civilized men, and if white men have machine-guns and can at present subdue them, it does not matter what they ask or desire. It is essential to realize what they do ask and desire and how they can be dealt with without inducing unhappy results. The African respects and believes in law and government. These are for him institutions of social necessity, and their authority is embodied in his chief or king, from whom he expects government, but demands justice.

It is not wise to tell an African you are exercising "trusteeship" (a conception he quite understands) "in his interests," when, for example, you are taking away land that belongs by his tribal law to some of his families, and giving it to white planters. He will only smile appreciatively at your artistry in palaver, smile still more if it appears that you suppose he believes you, and despise you if it dawns upon him that you really believe it yourself.

It is wiser simply to tell him that the English King wants the land for his white men, and says he must go elsewhere; and if you deal equitably with him in the exchange he will bear you no grudge. But if you deal unjustly you strain and destroy his loyalty and his belief in the King's justice, which is your only real hold on him, for he will not respect you merely because you are a public official. He is "impudent" because he believes unsophisticatedly in his own obvious rights, and is not in the least impressed by your interested assessment of them. He gives in to force, for violence has been his environment, and it is better to live than to die. He obeys law; but protests against its unjust usurpation. Slavery he understands—who better?—and forced labor—but he does not believe, with Plato's Sophist, that "the interest of the stronger" is justice. "Contact" is good for and acceptable to him; but

only on his own terms. (It is also in some respects very bad for him.) It is attractive to him to work for the white man when the latter pays him good money, which he wants in order to buy cows, or a wife, or desirable products of "white civilization" such as a bicycle or a gramophone.

But sensible pressure upon him to work for white men or to go on working after he has earned as much as he wants does not civilize him, but alienates him from civilization and disposition to industry. For two generations after emancipation in the West Indies this method of civilization was tried, with the result that except in small islands where there was complete white land monopoly and the Negro was helpless, Negro labor became the despair of the planters, and they had to import what the Negroes always called "slave-coolies." No Jamaica Negro would ever enter into a labor contract; no African regards such a contract as morally binding, any more than he does the masters and servants laws; he regards it as a form of slavery. The appreciation and observance of free contracts is an essential for civilized economic development, but it will not be taught by compulsion plainly exercised in the immediate pecuniary interests of an employer. The Negro values white civilization for what he can get from it, and if, as it can, it helps him to make his own work efficient in his own interests, he learns to value its modes of industry and becomes an improved and more efficient laborer when he wants to work at wages. The parrot-preaching that the native "ought" to "work" is one-third sound sense, one-third interested cant, and one-third sheer superstition—that labor is good in itself—which no African will ever believe, and would not even if he did not see that the white man himself illustrates, by his practice, Mr. W. B. Yeats's dictum that "idleness is the reward of toil." What is wrong with the native's industry is not that he is idle—for he is not—but that he is inefficient and amateurish.

"Trusteeship," sincerely conceived, may be helpful; but it is dangerously indefinite, and liable, as we see, to disastrously superficial interpretations. We shall do quite well enough in our African empire if we stand aloof from injustice and forbid, on any pretext whatever, interested oppression of black men in the interests of white men, or of "white civilization," as our pride and belief in the essentials of that civilization constrained us to do before we took part in the "scramble for Africa."

A Prison Autobiography

CARLOS MONTENEGRO, a young Cuban poet, has been in prison for nine years—since he was eighteen years old. His poems and stories have appeared in *Social*, *Carteles*, and other Havana papers, in José Vasconcelos's *La Antorcha* in Mexico City, and in many South American papers. A street brawl in which he killed a man brought him a sentence of life imprisonment before he had ever read a poem or dreamed that he could write one. A political-prisoner poet, Tallet, awoke in him in 1921 the artistic consciousness which has made his name familiar in Latin literary circles. Friends are now attempting to obtain a pardon for him; those interested may communicate with José Antonio Fernandez de Castro, editor of the

* Published in last week's issue of *The Nation*.

Literary Supplement of the *Diario de la Marina*, Havana, Cuba, from which we reprint a part of his "I: Autobiography of Prisoner No. 8962."

I am descended from the Montenegros of Valle-Inclán's "Romance de Lobos," a gang of noble brigands. But I do not attribute my crime to atavism. My father, a military man of the colonial period, protested against the shooting of Zenea—"whose whole brain," he used to say, "I saw spilled on the ground"—and in that way his career was ruined. When the republic was inaugurated he became a Cuban citizen. I was born in Spain. My father, who failed in business also, sailed for Argentina with the whole family, at the invitation of his brother, another wolf escaped from the pages of our "Pan-like" relative's "Romance." There, in spite of my youth, I began to observe at close range the vile face of Caliban, embodied in my uncle. (Some day I shall go to Argentina to write some stories about those days.)

I also became acquainted with the *gauchos*—the last of them!—whose memory has had a large influence on my life. Tall and bearded, naive and courageous and noble, they gathered around me while I taught them Cuban street songs. Through me the wind of the pampas spread old songs which my twelve-year-old voice and the guitars of the pampas—shades of Alcides de Marias!—disfigured so thoroughly that perhaps their authors, should they chance to go there, would not recognize them.

An anecdote: The anniversary of Argentine independence was being celebrated, and all the houses were bedecked with flags. My mother, far from her country, enjoyed herself by making an enormous Cuban flag which caused a sensation in the town, where it was unknown. Raised on the roof of our house, it overshadowed the tiny Argentine flags of the neighborhood. "Pebete," the mayor's son, raised an outcry that almost severed diplomatic relations between the fatherlands of José Martí and of Sarmiento. . . . I, being less diplomatic, deprived the young man of two front teeth, and his father, the mayor, had me arrested. I was one hour in jail, in the company of a drunken and lascivious lout, who scratched me all over, and, upon leaving, I was feted by the *gauchos* of the countryside, who gave me a gigantic horse and a set of *bolas* weighing ten pounds—a beautiful recompense.

We returned to Cuba, where no one knew us. We became poor. All that my father could obtain from Don Cesar Herrera, a friend in the good old times, was a job on one of his ships. So at the age of fourteen I was a bad kitchen assistant who dreamed God knows what dreams while he peeled potatoes. Endless voyages followed. No friends, for I opened myself to no one. The mines and factories of the United States, the Mexican *huastecas*, and the ships of the Atlantic and Pacific know that I not only learned to keep quiet before others but before myself, losing sensibility to the point of becoming an authentic sailor. Culture? The forecastle brand. Morals? Those of my environment.

Thus it was my misfortune to land in jail, where I found men as good or as evil as the rest, and books that I rented in exchange for cigarettes; books about the "audacious cavalier" and others as bold; I learned how to carve peach-stones, and the wardens of the moment gave me access to the prison library—a maximum concession. In spite of everything, I continued asleep. You cannot be a sailor for five years in vain. A fellow-prisoner, who was compiling a book of verses for his mother, asked me to write him a poem. After reading poems he had written, I found the task easy, and my verses went into the book which may, perhaps, be a consolation to my comrade's mother (he is now dying of tuberculosis in the prison sanitarium—I wonder if he also will be denied a pardon!). By writing bad verses, I at last met a man: Tallet. He awoke me.

I do not deny that I needed some sort of discipline, and that I found it in prison; but not in the regulations. Tallet was my discipline. . . .

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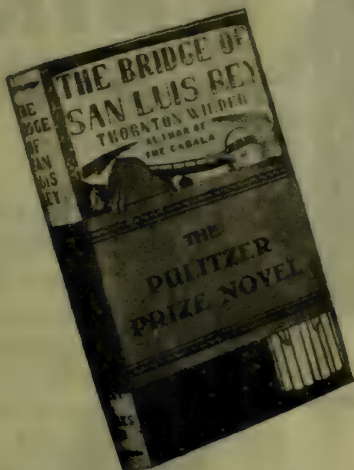
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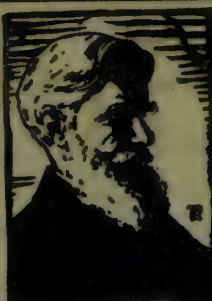
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Summer Book Section

Two Poems

By CARL SANDBURG

Early Hours

(To A. W. F.)

Since you packed your rubber bottom boots
And took the night train for northern Wisconsin
To hunt deer in the ten days allowed by law,
I have remembered your saying the hunters
Get up out of bed and dress for shooting,
For reading snow tracks, circling, waiting, firing,
At the hour of half-past four in the morning;
Now this has been in my mind sometimes
When after a long day's work and more than half a night
I opened the east window before going to bed
At half past three o'clock in the morning
And there were deer feet and horns of stars on the sky.
I listened to the chiming of a watch and said,
"A couple of hours and Jim'll kill a deer, maybe."
There are different kinds of early hours.

Different Kinds of Good-by

Good-by is a loose word, a yellow ribbon fluttering in the wind.

Good-by is a stiff word, a steel slide rule—a fixed automatic phone number.

A thousand people? And you must say good-by to all? One at a time?—yes, I guess you need a thousand different good-bys.

There is a good-by for the Johnsons and another for the Smiths and another for the Poindexters and the Van Rensselaers.

And there is the big grand good-by to the thousand all at once, the whole works.

The American Indian: Poet and Pragmatist

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER

A GREAT chapter in the history of mankind is closing, and with little note. The clocks of time turn in unvarying cycles, but their hours strike with events which fall once for all, and of which the significance is caught or lost only as the age be blind or seeing.

Once in the history of our planet two worlds met, an Old and a New, and the one with its swollen tides obliterated the other leaving no more than the flotsam and jetsam of a genius which, in the arc of the ages when the two dwelt apart, had erected its own characteristic habitation of life and limned its own distinctive image of the human spirit. One can read in the rocks beneath one's feet the tale of similarly catastrophic changes; a fauna flourishes; seas, teeming with a new life, arise and reduce the old to bones, bury the bones beneath its sediments, and write there the records of a new being, different and indifferent.

In the year 1500, to the men of the new civilization of Atlantic Europe the Western Hemisphere was the new, although measured by maturity of race its world was perhaps older than their own, while the period of its occupancy long ante-dated the neolithic origins of their ancestral homestead. In the year 1700 Europe had not yet recovered from the surprise of the first collision, from its sense of the transatlantic novelty; and in the fields of both terrain and thought the two worlds were still fighting blindly. In the year 1900 the conquest was completed, but America, fading into its long past, still remained undiscovered. Nor is it likely that there will ever be more than archaeological restorations of this lost world; for where barbarians conquer they efface.

Every type of man builds up that which we vaguely name a culture, meaning thereby a house of life outwardly

imaged in a civilization of some sort and inwardly and metaphysically revealed in a form or mind. Such patterns are our ways of accepting the universe, and their assemblage constitutes what we call humanity. Just as it is happening to us now, such a thing happened also in the older America; and it was the instinctive fascination of its recognition that caught and held the imagination of Europe, even if it failed of the European's comprehension.

Nothing in the old narratives is more interesting than the laborious efforts to describe the character of the American Indian. His virtues and vices are set in series of careful antitheticals, each overscored as if for fear of formal dishonesty—the real fact being one of essential puzzle on the part of the *scavan*, for the curious were mostly French. It is not "a vain curiosity nor an idle knowledge," writes Lafitau (1724), "which induces the *voyageurs* to give their 'Relations' to the public; for one should study manners in order to form manners, and one may find everywhere something from which advantage may be drawn. . . . Under appearances uncultivated and rude, you will find everywhere among these peoples a love of country graven in their hearts; a natural passion for glory, a greatness of soul not only under the test of peril but even in the midst of misfortune; an impenetrable reserve in their deliberations; and where the concern is the deed a despatch of death born with them and fortified by education."

There are other paragraphs in the same sense, earlier than Lafitau and later; and the interesting fact is that when seeking for a familiar analogy the writers turn so spontaneously to the Spartan or the Stoic, to the classical images of the disciplined body and the disciplined soul. The Indian seemed to them what they imagined Spartan

and Stoic should be, and they instinctively acknowledged in him the mold of a man at once self-aware and self-trained: a man who could keep his own silences, and whom no wheel could break. It is true that they were perplexed by his refusal to recognize the Christian virtues (he was cruel); by his lack of their refinements (he seemed gross); by the simplicity of his arts of life (out of all accord, as Lafitau remarks, with his address of mind and hand); and again by his want of curiosity and his unbelief in speech, for the Indian was inexpressive and taciturn. The great talkative European virtues simply were not found in the forests of a New France that was no France at all; and yet every missionary and every voyageur knew, however little he understood them, that there existed in the foresters certain disciplined virtues—"a grace and a courtesy," says the Sieur de Poutrincourt, "as familiarly theirs as are our own"—which made the term "savage," in any disrespectful sense, ridiculous. And this remains true down to our own hours.

Not that the clock has struck to a recognition that is much nearer. The reserve is still unpenetrated. We are still mainly dependent for our understanding of the Indian upon the impression he makes upon us, and we are still uncomfortably confident that he makes more of an impression upon us than do we upon him; we are the children, he is the reflective elder; and though he may be weakened with age until he is helpless in our hands, we know that his soul and his secrets are inviolably his own. Some things we may learn: the externals of his handicrafts; some things we may record: his rituals and their myths. But the soul of the man we may only faultily divine.

We can see in him an experience of the world and a pattern of life, constituting his form of what we call philosophy. Like every other philosophy it is both an expression and an art of living, combining man's recognition of a fate-assessing Nature with an open acceptance of Nature's mandate to man—his day and his life, under his own will. Only, perhaps more than in other philosophies, the art outbalances the expression, the act incorporates the image. For in Indian mode this at least is certain, that ideas play out into deeds or they are nothing, that human life is a role with an acted meaning, that speculation gives but the scenarios of conduct. The New World philosophy was activist before the pragmatists were born, and with a more imaginative reality than our pragmatisms have as yet achieved.

It is this pragmatic character of the Indian's philosophy of life that makes it so especially difficult to translate into words, perhaps above all into literary words, even after it has become in part understood. There is to be sure a great body of myth and tradition still preserved out of the vastly greater body that is forever lost. And there are directions of thought in this body of lore which define for it certain philosophical inclinations, of the types with which we are familiar from our own world. We can recognize, for example, that the Indian's conception of the world is insistently image-like, and that the image is indistinguishably composed of the visible and the invisible, the potent and the impotent, or as we say of the material and the spiritual; but we should go wrong if inferring therefrom that this world is phantasmal in being, for in fact it is intensely and realistically dramatic. The world is like an Indian dance for which the spectators are only an accident, a thing created not to be seen but to be done.

And from this recognition, if we will but give ourselves over to the spirit of it, we can proceed to another: that the whole movement of the world is one of *trying out* its own substance and its own possibilities. Every creation cycle, every tale of migration, every building-up of a great ritual, when read for its meaning, repeats this prime character of Indian thought. The world is experimental, following patterns that are often monstrous and illusory, struggling toward some unborn Sun, some Messianic awakening, for which all that anteriorly passes is but desperate quest. It is a thing that cannot be obtained without sacrifice—grim sacrifice—and the tale of the world is an heroic movement, on through groping centuries, in which gods and titans no less than men are called upon to suffer destruction in their hour, that their being may be transformed—with the hope, but never the certainty, that the new order may be better. Nowadays we are philosophizing out an "emergent evolution" theory of the Form of the Fact. Indian philosophy was built upon such a theory, from before our counted years.

So much for the world. What for the life of man? The inference is obvious. Man's life, too, must be framed for the setting. He is an actor or nothing—and the drama is heroic. Life is again a trying out, an ordeal. It is arranged in order that souls might be embodied and show of what spiritual stuff they are composed; and the two virtues are courage and fortitude, the will to face peril and the power to endure suffering. Nothing is more instructive than the Indian's respect for an old man. It is not the old man's wisdom nor his knowledge of tradition, although these may be prized, that first of all makes him worthy of veneration; it is just the fact that he has succeeded in living through to the last of them the series of changes that mark the arc of human possibility; he has completed the Life, where but few may complete it; and this alone is taken to be evidence of greatness of soul. Where few live through to the end, he who fulfils the pattern of life is himself an exemplar, himself "possessed" of some more than normal humanity.

Of course it was in war, conceived not as a peril but as a career normal to the man who would prove himself, that this attitude toward life finds its readiest illustration. It is not that war was equally momentous for all tribal groups, or that it was waged always for the one purpose; but it actually was dominantly momentous, and it actually was dominantly also a kind of crusade for human nature, or for the proving out of the man's powers. The Middle Ages in Europe developed something of the same conception, although there the ideal warrior received sanctions from other values—the Christian virtues, for example—than the testing of his own valor and prowess. With the Indian the primary thing was self-proof, and his supreme virtues became simply the duties of meeting suffering and death with an insouciant soul.

One illustration might be permitted, a fragment only from Lowie's illuminating record of Crow religion. The Sioux had killed a Crow father and his child. The mother went to Face-on-both-sides, saying: "You have a body and you are still here. I wish you would kill a Dakota for me; no one else can kill one; you are the one to do it." The war party was organized: Face-on-both-sides, his friend Wants-to-die, the Medicine leader, the old man Humped Wolf. When they were near the enemy, the old man said: "This is a fine day. Your mother must have

been waiting for you, thinking you were going to bring a Dakota scalp. When a woman gives birth, it takes her a long time and she does not know whether she will live or not. You have it easy; the camp is right there. Mount your horses and go; there is nothing to hold you back. When you get there you either will be killed or will kill an enemy. Let me know your heart." Wants-to-die said: "I am going to speak; listen. I have heard what this old man has said when he has spoken to his nephews and sons. He wanted to make men of his nephews and sons. I am going to excel them. Let us all mount our horses. When I am old, I shall die. I am ready to die at any time; I want to find out how it is to die. It is like going up over a divide." And he sang his war song:

Eternal are the heavens and the earth;
Old age is but an evil:
Charge!

It is Homeric, both in its simplicity and in its magnitude, only, unlike Homer, it belongs not to the morning but to the evening of a race; and one cannot but wonder whether, when the evening of our race actually falls, the philosophy to which men will then cleave may not be nearer to this Hesperian composure than to the roses of the Homeric dawn. Certainly, if there is still a philosophy of intelligence, it will be as simple and as unadorned.

Not that tenderness is wanting in Indian thought; it is often delicately present, even though it may be a tenderness without surrender of the biting principle. When Manabozho banishes his resurrected brother to Beyond-the-Sunset, there to be a Chieftain of the Dead, he commands him, as he goes thither, to plant beside the trail beautiful flowers in order that the souls of little children—for these also must die—may be guided along the path and thus easily find their way.

One need not comment upon such poetry. One can only recognize that it is a great treasure—discovered in its ruins, like the Parthenon, prized like the books of the Sibyl for the tierce that survives as greatly as for the whole that might have been preserved.

Piscator and the German Tradition

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Berlin, April 17

THE various productions of Erwin Piscator have furnished Berlin with its sensations for the present season. His enemies maintain that his vogue will die as soon as the novelty of his extremely unconventional methods wears off, and I am told that a distinguished Austrian journalist has just come to Berlin with the express purpose of waging war against him; but however that may be, there can be no question that he has been, for a year at least, the most-discussed figure in the theatrical world of Germany. A stormy petrel whose every production has scandalized those whom it did not delight, he has been denounced as a charlatan as well as acclaimed the leader of the one progressive theatrical movement in Berlin, and he has undoubtedly succeeded in making his productions in the Russian manner occupy the place left vacant by the virtual dis-

appearance of the native German expressionism. Even those who dislike him most talk volubly about him, and no one who professes the slightest interest in the stage misses any of the plays which he directs.

An enthusiastic Communist, Piscator confesses his intention to make each of his productions serve to some extent as revolutionary propaganda, and he has had a brief but conspicuous career. After directing various Labor Theaters, first in the provinces and then in Berlin, he joined the Volksbühne, where he produced Gorki's "A Night's Lodging" and then a new play called "Sturmflüge," in which, for the first time, he used the films which have since become one of the most conspicuous features of his method. His success here was great enough to cause Jessner to make him an assistant at the Staatstheater, but the two productions which he made there caused so much scandal (chiefly because he made one of the characters of Schiller's "Die Räuber" into Trotzky and one of the characters of Ehn Welk's "Storm over Gothland" into Lenin) that he either left or was asked to leave the Staatstheater last spring. This autumn he secured a rich patron and started out as an independent producer with a new play by Ernst Toller called "Hoppla, wir leben," which was followed by Alex Tolstoi's "Rasputin" and (directed by an assistant) a translation of Upton Sinclair's "Singing Jailbirds." Though the first two achieved considerable success, none of the three is now running, and my own impressions of his work are based upon three performances: "Konjunktur" (Lessing Theater), "Die Abenteuer des braven Soldaten Schwejk" (Theater am Nollendorfplatz), and "Der letzte Kaiser" (Theater am Nollendorfplatz), the last being directed by an assistant and generally considered a failure.

It is evident that Piscator regards the dramatist's script as no more than a scenario upon the working out of which the director may exercise his ingenuity, and though he uses every mechanical and electrical device that modern stagecraft has developed he uses them all not, as, for instance, Reinhardt used them, for the purpose of creating a sustained illusion, but in order continually to surprise the audience with unexpected and grotesque effects. A loud-speaker, fixed high up on the proscenium, interrupts now and again with raucous comments; from time to time screens, obscuring all or only part of the scene, descend and films, either photographed in the ordinary manner or exhibiting animated cartoons, are projected upon them; while at other times the whole stage moves in some way or other. In "Konjunktur" a huge constructivist setting representing an oil-field turns about to exhibit different aspects of itself to the audience, and in "Schwejk" a series of moving bands serve either to shift pieces of scenery back and forth or to act as tread-mills upon which the actors walk, while a cinema panorama moves in the opposite direction across the back of the stage. A Piscator production is, therefore, and in any event, by no means monotonous.

In none of the plays which I have seen is the content particularly novel ("Schwejk" presents the burlesque adventures of an amiable blunderer during the war, "Konjunktur" recounts a rather obvious fable to illustrate how oil is a danger to the peace of the world), and the objection which the holder of any orthodox system of aesthetics would be obliged to raise to the method in which they are presented is simply that Piscator never speaks the same artistic language for five minutes together. The film, for example, is a strictly realistic medium. It depends for its effect upon the

fact that when we see nothing but black-and-white, two-dimensional representations of familiar objects we are able to permit such representations to stand for reality, and after a time we quite forget that they are actually like reality only in some few respects. But when such a black-and-white picture is made to serve as a background for an actor, then the presence of a real person suffices to destroy completely the possibility of any illusion, and what may be said of the attempt to combine the cinema with the living actor may be said also of the attempt which Piscator makes to combine the conventions of the fable with the conventions of the drama or to build industrial settings which are not quite real and which follow no yet understandable artistic convention. No sustained illusion of any sort is produced.

To all such objections Piscator would doubtless answer, first, that he accepts no conventional system of aesthetics, and second that he does not intend to create an illusion, but that he uses the films less because they are realistic than because they can be used as a sort of shorthand to communicate an idea to the spectator even without producing an illusion. Such a relatively conservative artistic organization as the Moscow Art Theater has adapted certain radical devices and made them serve the ends of conventional art, as it did, for example, in the productions of "Carmen" and "Lysistrata" seen in New York; but Piscator's aim is not, as theirs was, merely to devise a fresh language but to create an entirely new kind of art (little related to any art of the past) whose aims, I must confess, I am at present capable of comprehending in only a very vague fashion. To those who predict the rapid collapse of his vogue when all his tricks have been played his admirers retort that as yet his tricks (if tricks they are) have shown no signs of being exhausted; and here at least they are entirely right, for whatever else Piscator's productions may or may not be, they are undoubtedly both lively and entertaining and their director shows more resource than any of the groups in New York who attempt similar things have ever shown. Perhaps he is only surprising, but at least he does actually surprise.

Throughout all the changes of taste and style the traditional consciousness of the German school of acting has been maintained, and though it is doubtless to some extent threatened by both the invasion of American plays and the vogue of Piscator it is still, to my mind, the most striking and admirable feature of the German theater. In America the actor is rather ambiguously regarded. He is primarily a person who exploits his personality, and being such, his status never ceases to be, in part at least, that of a bathing beauty or a mountebank. In Germany, on the other hand, the actor is regarded not as a public pet but as an artist. He is esteemed as a great writer or great musician is esteemed, and he is expected to justify this attitude toward him by practicing a genuine art. People here do not "go on the stage" simply because they happen to be pretty girls or "interesting looking" men. They study acting with the same seriousness that any other art is studied, and the result is not only that various great actors are produced but that the general level of competence is far higher than that in the United States. I have seen ten plays this season in Berlin and with the exception of "Broadway" and perhaps one other each was infinitely better played as a whole than any except one play out of a hundred in New York. Nor is this excellence con-

fined either to one generation of actors or to one school of players. It extends from such long famous performers as Lucie Höflich (creator of many of Hauptmann's roles), whom I saw in a magnificent performance of "Ghosts," and Werner Krausz, who appeared in Reinhardt's production of Hauptmann's new play, "Dorothea Angermann," down to the lesser-known performers in such a modern drawing-room comedy as "The Constant Wife" or such a modern, subduedly realistic tragedy as Duvernois and Birabeau's "The Eunuch." It is not only in the grand style that the Germans excel. They excel in whatever style, grand or small, which they happen to cultivate.

We in America are far too fond of trusting to nature to supply the deficiencies of art, and the system does not work. Our producers will employ an actor (if he can be found) when it is absolutely necessary to do so, but if, let us say, the role is that of a silly young girl, why, then, silly young girls being much commoner and much cheaper than actresses, a silly young girl is engaged in the hope that she will be herself upon the stage. In Germany they know that art is required for every role and they get, as a result, a consistent effect very rarely seen on our stage. I am perfectly well aware that there are limits to what art can do, and that in some very serious theaters these limits are overstepped in a way that was once very well satirized by a drawing published years ago in a Parisian comic paper. It depicted the plight of an ambitious young member of the Comédie Française who was being admonished thus by his manager: "You are too young yet to play anything except old men; after you have been here for thirty or forty years then, perhaps, you will be the *jeune premier*." Anyone who has ever seen the coquettish Sorrell disporting herself as a girl of seventeen has realized that there are limits to art, but I have seen no evidence in the German theater of the tendency to overstep them. Roles must be played by persons within whose physical reach they are, but those persons must be artists as well.

Nothing I have seen in the Berlin theater seems to me so worthy of study by American producers as this same unchanged tradition of great acting which is kept up even now, when, as most observers tell me, there are few new plays quite worthy of it. We have learned from Reinhardt most of the things which he as an individual had to teach us; I have myself neither seen nor heard of any modern German dramas that are better than those which we can find at home; but as players the Germans are far above us. Unfortunately, however, their skill is not something which a producer can buy the rights to or bring home in his trunk. It is not a fad or a fashion or a set of ideas but an art, and art, as quite a number of people have said in various languages, is long.

Literary Adventure

By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

He steered by the stars upon a rotting ship

And brought it—not safely perhaps—into a slick white harbor.

Now, with sea-draggled beard upon his lip,

And polite grief, or something, in his head, he seeks, mistrustfully, a barber.

Pressure

By MARY AUSTIN

In the middle street of my city,
In the broad street, men walk uprightly.
Their shoulders are thrown back,
Their bodies bulge smoothly forward
Making room for the little god
That lives in all men's middles
To show the way to the broad streets
And the cleared spaces.

But in my street,
Where my home is and my children play;
Where the blades sprung from dropped dung
Of the drayman's horses
And the house sparrows contending
For grains between the feet of the dray horses
Make a wild park for pleasure,
In that street all men go stooping,
As if a heavy hand pressed
Forever between their shoulders.
I, too, am bent over.

I remember I was young once
And thought I should always walk the broad streets
With my shoulders back.
But now the little god in me, pinched with my stooping,
Has forgotten his way about.
Think not that I have succumbed to any weakness.
I have gone down before the pressure,
Never to be outrun nor cast off,
The pressure of a heavy hand between my shoulders,
The Hand of Want.

Books

President Johnson

Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot. By Robert W. Winston. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

THE propaganda of partisan hatred may poison the public toward a statesman for a long time but ultimately unbiased history, unafraid of the truth, determines the final popular estimate. For sixty years the American people have been kept in ignorance of the character and invaluable public services of Andrew Johnson. He has been pictured as a drunkard when he was nothing of the sort; as a sour and ignorant person, permitting personal ambitions to interfere with the patriotic reconstruction plans of noble people, when he was fighting the battle of constitutional liberty against them. Slowly the truth comes dripping through. The fact that the Supreme Court has vindicated him on most of the contentions which made him anathema to the hypocrites and corruptionists who sought his impeachment and crucifixion has made an impression. Ultimately history will have to record that no President in our history thus far fought so gallant a battle for civil and constitutional liberty.

At length we have a full-length and intensely interesting and illuminating biography of Andrew Johnson. Judge Winston spent many years in scholarly research at his task. Out of the pages of his book steps a new Andrew Johnson who happens to be the only Andrew Johnson; and the rehabilitation

of the reputation of a courageous and effective champion of popular rights and civil liberty has begun. It will soon become too absurd to praise Lincoln's policies and in the same breath damn Johnson, who risked his official head in fighting to put them into operation. Even history has a sense of humor.

Judge Winston, a North Carolinian, has written with marked restraint, and wisely enough perhaps has refrained from editorial comments on the character and motives of Johnson's enemies, who were given a halo in the wretched days of the "bloody shirt" which has not yet faded out.

In treating of the bitter struggle between Lincoln's death and the inauguration of Grant the author has given us a stirring story. It was a period of revolution, and this revolution had its Terror. It was also a period of corruption in which not a few of our national "heroes" played a conspicuous part. The monstrous injustice of the fight upon Johnson sometimes aroused the elemental wrath of a strong man who had a keen sense of justice and despised a lie; and his occasional denunciations of his enemies greatly saddened Mr. Rhodes. Anyone familiar with the whole story is more impressed with Johnson's amazing restraint and patience. Judge Winston's explanation of the Jeremiah S. Black episode during the impeachment trial illustrates the point.

There was a side to Andrew Johnson which has been written down or ignored by most of the historians, and the author indicates it in his subtitle: "Plebeian." Johnson was one of the most courageous and consistent democrats in our history—using the word in the large and not the party sense. He was a Jeffersonian with Jacksonian courage, while lacking the trained mentality of the one and the cleverness of the other. There was not much science in Andrew Johnson's fighting methods. In the language of the ring he was a "slugger." He fought to hurt, not to escape being hurt; and the result was that he was often hurt, and had he been of a different temperament he might have saved himself much embarrassment. It is impossible to study the press attacks upon him in his time, and to note the attitude of the privilege-seekers in the business and financial world, without suspecting that his attitude toward social justice and privilege had more to do with the hatred of the powers of pillage than his Reconstruction policy. He foresaw and warned against the domination of a plutocracy such as we have today. That, more than anything else, was his unpardonable sin.

No one did more to open the Western lands to home-makers, and he fought through many years for his homestead law. He fought the putting of convict labor into competition with free labor. He championed the cause of the mechanics at a time when they were considered beneath the notice of dignified statesmen. Perhaps there was a suggestion of the inferiority complex in his frequent references in speeches to his lowly origin; but he never forgot the side of the barracks on which he was born. He was an enemy of intolerance in religion when it was dangerous to speak out; and he spoke out when it was necessary to have his pistol ready. His fight against Know-Nothingism in Tennessee was one of the most gallant and courageous in American history. His contempt for corruption was proverbial; and that was unfashionable in his day. Perhaps in our own. His polite refusal to accept a carriage and a superb span of horses from New York donors after he became President illustrates his fine sense of the proprieties; a sense much too fine for the appreciation of many of the better educated and more fashionable of his generation. The same present was later offered to President Grant—and he took it.

The drama of the four years in the Presidency is entertainingly done by Judge Winston; and he has done an excellent job of portrait painting too. Instead of being a crude, uncouth, rustic type as is popularly supposed, Johnson is here shown to have been a gentleman of impressive dignity, impeccable in his dress, and courtly in his manner.

The author has covered himself on all controversial points with ample citations of authority. He has written honestly,

with fidelity to the truth, at times dramatically, and always entertainingly, and has given us for the first time the Johnson of reality to displace the dishonest caricatures born of the vilification of cheap and crooked politicians who were unworthy to black his boots.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Brilliant Bread

The Road to Heaven. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

"THE Road to Heaven" is the story of Lamon Coe, the good American, vital, rustic, and twenty-nine, "a clay of undisturbed talents." His lean, attractive body perched on the high seat of a department-store truck, the glorious provincial makes a casual descent upon New York, the New York of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. There he stays with his rich cousin Abner, anemic, generous, the consummate literary ironist, the effete but great-hearted metropolitan who has "lost the fine art of taking himself seriously." Between Lamon, the sterling pioneer, and Abner, in whom the original pioneer virtues have degenerated into a corrosive intellectuality, is a deep and unspoken love. Lamon drifts without embarrassment into the rapids of artificial upper-class New York society. His Leatherstocking temperament calmly shoulders aside the host of unreal, gabbling figures and reaches out after its fit mate. Frankie de Lima, certainly one of the most lovable courtesans ever described in fiction, is healthy, generous, gay, and sensual, the good female American as Lamon is the good male. For a time their liaison is splendid enough to make Lamon forget the Middle Western farm for which his homesick soul is longing; and it is strong enough to defy the impotent jealousy of Lamon's other foil, the rich Costello Ryan, Park Avenue's spoiled darling. There is a complication of colorful, sophisticated, and amusing incident—and the *Graphic* denouement. It all happens at once: Abner, Lamon's benefactor, dies of pernicious anemia. The petulant Costello goes berserk and sets fire to Frankie, that lovely lady. Then he cuts his own throat. Lamon, deprived of the two people he loves best, is about to crumble away himself when the sweet country girl who has been held in reserve for some time steps forward and holds out her wholesome arms. Gently she leads him back along "the road to heaven," back to the farm. Man Friday has come to London, has thought little of it, and has returned to Benamuckee and the simple life.

To say that Thomas Beer has manufactured an almost fantastically brilliant novel out of this movie plot is merely another way of affirming that he is the best writer ever developed by the sagacious editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Examine the thematic basis of the story: battle, murder, and sudden death; the country boy comes to the city and goes to the top; he knows in his honest, shrewd heart that it is all vanity and that the good things are waiting for him on the broad prairie; his adventure with a prostitute proves that she is a fine woman and he a fine man but that good old homespun Bess is really the end of every man's desire; the country boy and the over-civilized city boy are brothers under their skin. The tale gains all its undeniable power from its splendid sentimentality, its romantic confrontation of the unspoiled West with the decaying East. Perhaps this way of putting it is really unfair to the author; for his effects are achieved with the utmost subtlety. He even contrives, with slightly unconvincing ingenuity, to link all his city people by a close chain of relationships in order to give the impression that any given stratum of the great metropolis is essentially provincial after all. And these city people themselves—such as the great Boscommon—are all derivative. They cry, often subconsciously, for the purity of the farm, the wonderful peace found along the road to heaven. It is great stuff—great *Saturday Evening Post* stuff. It is the first sophisticated apotheosis of the homely virtues in American literature.

But who would be so ruthless as to analyze this novel, which, though its basis is melodrama and its attractive power a func-

tion of sentimentality, is, nevertheless, so brilliantly written, so charmingly composed, so adept in understatement, so rich in irony and wit that any reasonably good-natured reader is forced to accord it the accolade of unqualified admiration? Here is hokum polished to almost unbearable radiance. It is not merely the best book Thomas Beer has given us; it makes the other "sophisticated" writers look feeble. Huxley, Gerhardt—any one of them would have taken 600 pages to produce the effects which are conveyed in Mr. Beer's sparse and economical 250. He has that wonderful secret—again a result of his training—of introducing half a dozen eccentric characters without thereby hardening the sentimental and idyllic note which is the *sine qua non*. He has that perfect irony which is devoid of abrasiveness. There is a catch in the throat behind every epigram, gold back of every glitter.

Possibly only one technical defect is discoverable in the entire volume. Mr. Beer's instinct for the theatrical is just a trifle hypertrophied. His people do not, in a sense, so much talk as have "lines." Every minor character, sharply, cleverly etched, is, in stage parlance, "a good bit." Mr. Beer works almost as if he had but three short acts to tell a fairly complex story in. The novel has too much "pace." His individual figures, delightful as they are, are done with a trim competency so perfect that they almost click. There can be too much precision; his prose hits the bull's eye too regularly. We begin to long vaguely for a Lucretian swerve which will allow room for an occasional error and the comfort of one or two fumbles.

Perhaps, after all, this is not a defect and it is ungracious to label it as such. The only decent thing to do is to be grateful for the beautiful skill which can put on so good a show as "The Road to Heaven." The *Saturday Evening Post* has been attacked violently by the serious-minded gentlemen who write for the liberal weeklies. A perusal of Mr. Beer's book should induce them to temper their scorn. Any literary tradition which can boast so clever a product is entitled to at least one hearty Rotarian cheer.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

With Pepper and Salt

Power Control. By H. S. Raushenbush and Harry W. Laidler. New Republic, Inc. \$1.

IF one of the suave ventriloquists of the National Electric Light Association speaks in your town—at the annual banquet, or the monthly meeting, or the weekly luncheon—it would be well to have a few readers of "Power Control" in the audience. It would be even better to have at least one public-spirited person present with a copy of this little volume in his pocket. The speaker is likely to inform you that, despite the well-advertised success of Ontario's Electric Power Commission, it is strange that Mr. W. S. Murray, "an eminent engineer," found that street lighting under private ownership in Buffalo cost 60 cents per capita and under public ownership in Toronto cost 67 cents per capita!

At this point someone should be able to rise in the audience and, quoting from page 30 of "Power Control," ask if Sir Adam Beck of the Ontario Commission did not demolish Mr. Murray's figures by pointing out that only about *one-half* the street lights in Buffalo were electric, whereas *all* the street lights in Toronto were electric? "Is it not true," the interrupter should continue, "that if Mr. Murray had used the proper figures he would have found that the total cost of street lighting per capita in Buffalo was \$1.15 and not 60 cents, or in other words, that Buffalo private lighting cost, not 6 cents *less* per capita, but 48 cents *more* than Toronto public lighting?"

This pocket-size book of 298 pages, crammed full of significant facts concerning the electric-power industry, is an effective antidote to the poison which is being administered diligently to the American people, through newspaper and magazine articles, paid advertisements and free speeches, by representatives of

our privately owned public utilities. If a million copies could be distributed and read, the poisonous effects of \$28,000,000 worth of advertising and "18,000 talks before civic bodies," sponsored by the National Electric Light Association in one year, might be nullified. If only 100,000 copies could be read by people who think and talk their own ideas, a great good would be accomplished.

There is an unusual pleasure in store for those who suppress a longing for detective stories and take up "Power Control" for the "serious reading" of the month instead of the latest, most depressing realistic novel or the latest, most superficial "outline" of scientific information. Here is a sprightly, vivacious treatment of a serious subject. The authors have skillfully combined education and entertainment.

It is not to be expected that the members of the Sinclair jury, who only read the sporting pages and the comic strips, will consume the product of Raushenbush and Laidler. But there is comfort in realizing also that these jurors will not read the power-trust advertisements or hear any of the 18,000 canned speeches. Also they will be deaf to editorial pleadings that we have less government in industry and more industries perverting government. The combatant groups struggling to possess the public mind will continue to be composed of those who want more people to make more profits for a few people and those who want more people to make more profits for themselves. The active groups, which are not very large, will continue to manufacture ideas for the use of the millions who habitually accept comfortable, easy ideas and reject disturbing, difficult ones.

Thus it is a most hopeful sign when idealists begin to produce a cheerful, sparkling, entertaining literature of protest. The powers-that-be may well worry if the glum realists and dour statisticians retire from the stage, and if the jesters, the cartoonists, and the amusing acrobats take their place as critics of the world-that-is. "Power Control" is full of facts and wisdom, and—praise be!—it is also full of wit and laughter.

DONALD R. RICHBERG

The Supremacy of Peter

The See of Peter. By James T. Shotwell and Louise Ropes Loomis. Columbia University Press. \$10.

THE Roman Catholic church is the one surviving institution that modern society has inherited from Roman imperial times. As the political authority of Rome and of its emperors declined in the third and fourth centuries, a new ecclesiastical dominion and a new princely figure in the person of the bishop of Rome arose to power in Western Europe. In an age when that sharp distinction between church and state which characterizes modern thinking was unknown, the papacy attained its prominence and ultimately claimed supremacy over all secular authorities. It imagined itself to be an establishment of heaven, just as in ancient times monarchs also were assumed to be representatives of the gods. Nowadays many people are skeptical about the divine right of kings or other political potentates, but no subject of the pope, even in this twentieth century, may with impunity question the divine authority of the papal sovereign, the successor of Peter, who is believed to have been appointed to this high office by Christ Himself. Professors Shotwell and Loomis attempt to exhibit in their book all pertinent passages from ancient literature bearing upon the rise and growth of the doctrine of Petrine supremacy down to the year 384.

The making of this type of volume involved some very delicate problems in selection, arrangement, and interpretation. A historical source-book, however important its subject matter, rarely proves to be delightful reading. By prefixing explanatory paragraphs to their selections the present compilers have endeavored to weave their excerpts into a continuous story, but even their best efforts produce only a patchwork quilt, more

or less regular in its design. In fact, they have pieced two quilts out of the materials at their disposal. In Book I they have assembled all passages referring to Peter's connection with the Roman episcopate, and in Book II, traversing once more the same period and resorting to the same general fund of documents, they trace the first four centuries in the history of the Roman bishopric. But one who may not wish to use the selections according to the grouping followed by the compilers may, with the assistance of the ample Index that is provided, make his own grouping. The volume is essentially a tool for the student working in the library or the classroom, and, as such, it certainly merits wide appreciation. The patience and scholarship exhibited in its production are most reassuring, although it seems unfortunate that the archaeological data have been so little used. Then, too, for an adequate understanding of the present papal institution one needs a much longer survey. While it is true that the doctrine of Petrine primacy was established by the end of the fourth century—even by the end of the second, in fact—some of the most significant developments in papal history, without which the real significance of the "See of Peter" cannot be appreciated, belong to later times when men of the stamp of Leo I, Gregory the Great, and Hildebrand sat upon the papal throne.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Our Burden

The White Man's Dilemma. By Nathaniel Pepper. The John Day Company. \$3.

IT is idle for white nations, or their governments, to talk peace and internationalism without confronting the problem of their relations with the colored populations of the backward countries upon which they have fastened their political and commercial controls. Mr. Pepper restates this many-sided problem with all its implications in a work which should command close attention from all serious students of politics. His own study is based not only on a complete mastery of the history of modern imperialism but on long personal experience in China and other backward lands. I have read no book so vital in its interpretation of this most determinant issue.

With the actual process by which a group of Western peoples have absorbed virtually the whole of Asia and Africa, as colonies, protectorates, mandates, or dependencies, intelligent observers are fairly familiar. The driving force has been mainly economic: the need to control sources of raw materials, markets for export surpluses, and areas of lucrative investments where rich natural resources can be worked for white men's profits in the abundant and submissive supplies of cheap native labor. Since governments must furnish the diplomatic and armed pressures required in the early stages of the process, and must eventually assume imperial control, the naked economic motive is qualified and camouflaged by political and humanitarian adjuncts. Mr. Pepper describes in brief incisive language the injection of these civilizing forces into primitive or backward countries, and the disturbing effects they produce upon the old established ways of living. He gives full credit to the improvements in health, sanitation, security of life, transport, and other elements of material well-being which the better forms of imperialism have effected in such countries as Egypt, India, the Philippines. But the real novelty and importance of Mr. Pepper's treatment consists in his presentation of the dilemma which is only just emerging in its full significance.

Western civilization rests on the industrial system. The working of this system demands increasing quantities of raw materials, which can only be got by bringing some "inducement, stimulus, or pressure" to bear upon backward peoples in countries where these hidden treasures lie. "Without coal, oil, iron, copper, tin, platinum, antimony, manganese, rubber, copra, cotton, silk, nitrates, indigo, potash, plant derivatives, and the

innumerable other materials that enter into its intricate processes, modern industry could not exist." In order to regularize the quantity of such supplies firm government is necessary. Mr. Pepper works out the simple moral in the case of America, showing how in recent years the latent imperialism of the Monroe Doctrine has been developed in the Caribbean policy, and how it has been superseded by more conventional forms of expansion in the Pacific. But it is to China that he turns for his fullest presentation of the dilemma. Imperialism signifies, from the standpoint of the imperial Powers, an ever-growing economic dependence upon the material and human resources of the subject countries. To obtain these resources they must penetrate these backward populations with Western rule and Western ways of life and thought. Among these civilizing influences are the ideas of materialism, democracy, Christianity. But each of these is a ferment and an agent of discontent among the natives. Education, foreign travel, the erection of white men's cities, with all their physical and moral accessories, break up the early native acquiescence in white contacts. Certain recent events, in particular the defeat of Russia by Japan and the post-war concessions to Turkey by the Allied Powers, have contributed to impair white prestige in Asia. In fact the World War itself, carried as it was into the most distant corners of the earth, was a huge show-up of Western civilization in its intellectual and moral claims. To the keen Asiatic, as even to the groping African mind, the lesson was brought home that force alone counted in dealing with foreigners.

Perhaps the most valuable chapters in this book are those dealing with the moral and emotional irritants of imperialism, the social boycotts, the personal humiliations, the open insolence toward natives, irrespective of their educational or other status, practiced by white residents in these countries. These are the "seeds of hatred" in China and India which are responsible for recent outbreaks of violence. This ferment will not cease; it will grow more intensive and more extensive. Concessions, such as are made recently to Chinese and Indian popular demands, only make matters worse. For these concessions come too late, and, coming in answer to boycotts and sporadic violence, are taken as a clear admission that force only pays.

What is to be done? Small countries may be permanently policed and kept down by white Powers. This is not possible in India or China without a waste of human and financial resources that would be intolerable. Must we, then, take our losses and get out? Mr. Pepper thinks this would be best and cheapest in the long run. But we have so committed ourselves economically and morally that a policy of scuttle, however disguised by fine phrasing, is hardly feasible. At any rate it could not come so long as powerful vested interests of finance and commerce are able to mold the national policy of their governments as they have done in the past.

J. A. HOBSON

Setbacks and Style

Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers. By Frances Newman. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

I THINK that the aspiring hostess who wishes to know the proper Parisian shops in which to buy towels to hang in her bathrooms, and who wishes to ornament her table with a dazzling array of pieces of silver and with the requisite number and variety of wine glasses, will get from this book a satisfaction almost equal to the difficulties she will encounter in picking the locks of each of the cunningly contrived little puzzles that are its sentences.

I think that all those readers who like to watch a stage on which the leading characters are wealthy and beautiful and sophisticated, and who like to watch these characters getting into yellow chiffon frocks and periwinkle blue frocks and golden

yellow frocks and coral colored frocks, and into cyclamen negligés to be worn in yacht cabins done in chintz and early maple, and into the "négligé like a Maréchal Niel rose" to be worn in a Duncan Phyfe cabin, and who like to watch a beautiful woman covering "every inch of her beautifully tended body with a delicately pink and delicately lilac powder," and who like to watch her stop on the way to the bridal bed in the car "which the Southeastern Railway's most important vice-president had lent to one of the Southeastern Railway's most important counsels," "to open a little box with a square lilac label, and to take out a little six-cornered glass bottle, and to lay the white lilac-perfumed point of its long glass stopper on her lips and her cheeks and her hair, and to slip it along her arms to the fingers that were beginning to quiver with a caressing pain, and then, to slip it down every inch of the beautifully tended body that was going back to Charlton Cunningham's side," will derive a thrill from perusing these pages that, in spite of their erudition and their obscurity and their dependent clauses, is not unlike the thrill to be derived from Michael Arlen and the better of the better magazine sex stories, but that is not remotely to be compared with the thrill that is to be derived from reading the book which Anatole France wrote at the suggestion of Mme Caillavet and which is to be found listed in a catalogue of his works between the titles that begin with Q and the titles that begin with S.

I think that any woman who was so beautiful that she made Mrs. Charlton Cunningham "remember the evening when she had looked at a beautifully historic profile against the tapestries of a long dining-room in the Palazza del Drago," and who made Mrs. Charlton Cunningham remember "that even a chartreuse which was almost as historic as the profile, and even the admiration of a Borghese, had not kept her from remembering her own delicately concave profile with dissatisfaction while she went on looking at the princess's head against the crimson brocade of a drawing-room," and who could agree so wittily and learnedly with an inquiring young man in the library "that Jehovah and Adam and Eve should not be portrayed with a round scar which the inquiring young man had called an omphalos," and who could surprise the young man by adding that neither should "the Helen and the Clytemnestra and the Castor and the Pollux whom Leonardo da Vinci portrayed at the moment when Leda was looking down at the four babies who had just left two unusually large swan's eggs lying broken at her white feet. . . ." I think that so beautiful and so learned and so witty and so tolerant a lady doubtless deserved to be one of the contributing causes which made "the victorious crape veil" which Evelyn Cunningham dropped over the memory of her husband not so victorious as it seemed.

But although Charlton Cunningham may have looked like "a very American grandson of the most beautiful youth Michelangelo Buonarroti found to paint on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," and although he may have lifted his right shoulder against the background of his Georgian bookcase as no other man outside of Vienna could lift it, I do not think that his remark that the labor leaders always talk as if Columbia herself would come down from the dome of the capitol to direct the railroads, or his habit of pronouncing words with beautifully separate syllables, wholly justified Isabel Ramsay in her opinion that he "said things which she thought even a Viennese dramatist might have been glad to borrow for a comedy of manners."

Charlton Cunningham seems to me like a young girl's not particularly individualized wish-fulfilment husband. His wealth and his friends' wealth and Isabel's learning seem to me like the silks and satins and golden crowns with which children play at making kings and queens. And the long and luscious and identically repeated descriptions in which beautifully tended bodies are made ready for a rite which is left to the imagination, seem to me like an Anglo-Saxon dream of a hot African heaven. But whether they seem these things to Miss Newman I do not know.

She has a marked satiric gift. She has an eye for color and an eye for social niceties and an eye for social slips. Her mind is richly stored with comparisons, and she enjoys shocking people who are rather easily shocked. But this book does not demonstrate, any more than "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" demonstrated, that she knows the difference between a novel and a bag of parlor tricks. And although the regulations of the New York building code in regard to setbacks are responsible for a new school of architecture, it does not demonstrate that the repetition of a once good joke can make a distinguished literary style.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

From Cleveland to Roosevelt

Adventures in American Diplomacy, 1896-1906. By Alfred I. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

IT was in the decade that followed the World's Fair that the United States reentered the stage of world politics. The early Presidents were acutely aware of European problems, as, indeed, the executives of a little Atlantic-coast republic had to be. But the nineteenth century for the United States was an era of relatively isolated self-development. In 1895 Grover Cleveland and Richard Olney startled the world with a new and threatening definition of the Monroe Doctrine. The Spanish War followed, and the active minds of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt set to work to clear up the affairs of the world. We annexed Hawaii and took Samoa and the Philippines; created the republics of Cuba and Panama; dug a revolutionary canal; sponsored the Open Door for China; participated in the Hague Peace Conferences, the Boxer punitive expedition to Peking, and the Algeiras Conference which tried to solve the Moroccan puzzle; chaperoned the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference; and told Russia and Rumania how to treat the Jews.

Those were exciting and adventurous years, and Mr. Dennis has had access to Roosevelt, Hay, Olney, and State Department papers hitherto private, and has thrown new light on old documents by study of the post-revolutionary publications of the German government. Some of the results are new to historians, and many to the lay public. Cleveland, as much as Olney, must bear responsibility for the absurd our-will-is-flat ultimatum to Great Britain. His massive mind had already pondered deeply and reached its conclusions regarding the jungle boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. Secretary Root was the author of the Platt Amendment for Cuba. Hay's open-door doctrine for China was really of British inspiration, though our Mr. Rockhill gave it its verbal form. Our government's sympathetic neutrality while Britain was crushing the Boers was the price paid for British support to the United States elsewhere. Roosevelt at one time was ready to go to war with Russia in alliance with Japan, and thought public opinion would support him. Mr. Dennis finds no evidence to support William Roscoe Thayer's emotional charge of a "German conspiracy" against the United States in the early years of the century. Indeed, Roosevelt, who constantly shifted ground, once told the German Ambassador that he did not think much of the English statesmen, and that the only man in Europe whom he understood and who understood him was the German Kaiser.

John Hay emerges from this culling of the documents as a lovable, nervous human figure. Like his incomparable understudy, Alvey A. Adee, he had that English bias which, almost universal among American "aristocrats," has become typical of State Department officials. He knew and liked and understood the British. Mr. Dennis, after thorough searching, finds no evidence of the "secret treaty" which some continental writers, and Roland G. Usher, have assumed, but the British had in Mr. Hay and Mr. Adee an instinctive sympathy worth a dozen bottles of treaty ink. Roosevelt appears as brilliant and impulsive, most of the time his own dangerous Secretary of State.

Mr. Dennis absolves Roosevelt from responsibility for the Panama Revolution; another interpreter might read a different meaning into the same facts. If Roosevelt had been served by more competent diplomatic agents, Mr. Dennis thinks, his inspirations might sometimes have been wiser; but men like Charlemagne Tower in Germany and McCormick in Russia left him at critical moments as abysmally ignorant of what was going on about them as they were themselves.

These are rich pickings, an important contribution to understanding of a pregnant decade. Mr. Dennis disarms the critic by his own confession that he has confined himself to the documents and left for others study of the reflection of the policies of diplomats in the press and in public debate. His scrupulous effort at Olympian impartiality is apparent on every page, but he slips at least once in accepting the old legend that Haiti had defaulted on her foreign debt before the United States intervened. He might well have included, too, some mention of Mr. Hay's mild effort to obtain for the United States a coaling-station on the coast of Fukien, a gentle step toward imitation of the general scramble to divide China. Occasionally he writes too particularly for the historian, but his revelation of the epistolary indiscretions of Roosevelt and Hay will make every reader look eagerly for his coming *Life of John Hay*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Van Gogh Again

Vincent Van Gogh. By J. Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. H. Reece. Payson and Clarke. \$3.

JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE'S "Van Gogh" is, of course, not an appreciation but a novel. The author writes: "This is the story of a man who lived from the year 1853 to the year 1890. . . . His name was Vincent van Gogh and he was what you call an artist, a description that may mean anything. In this case it means a drama, a queer, eventful history full of strange happenings. . . . The charm of our story, like that of any other, depends on its presentation."

With this in view one can speak nothing but praise of the book. The plot is clear, the character sharply drawn, the style concise if a little feverish, the elements of pathos, humor, and achievement cleverly mixed. Moreover, it has the flavor of reality, for the fictional character is not unlike the real one. He is an intense idealist, unable to understand that truth and his ideas are not necessary synonyms. He is attractively modest in particulars and proud in general. He is affectionate, generous, and slightly sentimental. He is uncouth, erratic, and bad tempered. In short, an artist, par excellence, as that type is imagined.

Yet to those who have read Van Gogh's letters Meier-Graefe's book will seem, I think, to dwell a bit too much on the sensational. Perhaps one of the strongest convictions one gets from the letters is of Van Gogh's fundamental normality. Now that we know him mad it is easy to read excitement in every action. But in reading his letters it is hard to mark the place where he differs from other earnest people. Certainly not in wanting to form a community, or in seeing God in art. Nor even in bad manners. To quote the author, Dr. Gachet said Cézanne himself could easily have been certified. What seems to have differentiated Van Gogh was an exceptional inability to localize his ideas. For instance, he knew that others disliked him, he wished them to feel otherwise, but he was unable to decide upon the particular causes for their dislike and to take the particular measures necessary to remove it.

Of course, one should not complain about what one has because of what one has not. If Meier-Graefe's sympathy is not refined it is generous, so that what one loses in delicacy one recovers in enthusiasm. And, because of this, and because of his ability as a writer, it is hardly doubtful that his character will become the traditional one.

WALTER GUTMAN

Indian Painting

Studies in Indian Painting. By Nanalal Chamanlal Mehta. Bombay: D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Company. Rs. 56.
The Life of Buddha on the Stūpa of Barabudur, According to the Lalitavistara-Text. Edited by N. J. Krom. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 17s. 6d.

MR. MEHTA'S collection of scattered studies in the painting of India deals with subject matter ranging from the seventh-century frescoes of Sittanavasal in southern India to eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century miniatures from Jaipur in Rajputana and Tehri-Garhwal in the Himalayas. Yet through the book, as through Indian painting itself, there is a unity; and he who reads it will find at the end that in an eclectic, informal, but effective fashion he has been both entertained and instructed in most of the important phases of this great subject.

For us in the West the greatest value of the book lies first in the splendid colored reproductions and second in the interpretation, which is competent, aesthetically and historically, sober, and vividly written. Those few who are intense students of the history of Indian painting will also welcome the publication of a few new miniatures by celebrated painters and the account of the long illustrated Vasanta Vilasa scroll providing us with secular examples of the "Gujarati" school that we had previously known only in Jaina manuscripts. Mr. Mehta has contributed to the science of his subject as well as to its interpretation.

The artistic quality of Mr. Mehta's illustrations is always high. The frescoes of Sittanavasal, with the minimum of line and color, produce results of the first order; the miniature of the Village Beauty, separated from the frescoes by a period of twelve hundred years, coming from another part of India, done with many colors and elaborate drawing, with landscape and architectural setting, is no less beautiful. The Deccani study of an elephant is one of the finest representations of that animal I have ever seen even in India—and no one has more feeling for the elephant and the cow than does a Hindu. There are striking portraits from the Jaipur school; admirably conceived and executed mythological scenes; a splendid pair of bullocks drawing a cart; an unusually effective study of contrasting types in A Pious Conclave; and many others that would bear mention. The publishers have been most generous in reproducing in color, making great effort to hit off the tones of the original, and accomplishing a great deal. If some of the pictures that are reproduced only in half-tone, such as Flirtation, Baba Maluka Das and His Nephew Rama Snehi, and others, had also been done in color they might have been as impressive as those that are.

Mr. Mehta's book must be accorded a place as a valuable adjunct to the historical surveys of Indian painting, by its easy manner of treatment adding life to accounts that are more constrained by academic formality.

From very early days in the history of their faith Buddhists have erected *stūpas* (memorial mounds) over sacred relics or in honor of some great event, and the veneration of these objects has often expressed itself by enriching them with edifying sculpture. The best known of these is the Great Stūpa at Sanchi in Central India, but the most elaborately conceived and constructed and the most profusely decorated with reliefs was erected at Barabudur in Java during the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, roughly a thousand years after Sanchi. Its countless sculptures have been found to illustrate a number of texts of the Mahayana division of Buddhism. Some years ago the Dutch government had this stūpa restored and in 1920 had published by Professor Krom and Major Van Erp a handsome descriptive work embodying their long and scholarly labors, consisting of one volume of text in about 800 pages and two large portfolios of 442 plates in collotype. It

was at once apparent that this highly important work would be more valuable to the world if the text were reproduced in an English translation, and this is being done. In the meantime it seemed worth while to publish separately the 130-page chapter dealing with the most important narrative illustrated by the sculptures, the life of the Buddha, which is carved in 120 consecutive scenes following the account in the Lalitavistara, the standard Mahayanist life of the Master.

The high quality of the sculptures at Barabudur cannot be questioned, although the reproductions in this small volume do not reveal that fact so clearly as do those in the original work. They give the Buddha story in stone, as far as the Lalitavistara carries it, with a degree of reverence and artistic effectiveness that must forever impress it upon the minds of those who study the text and the reliefs together.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Kit Carson and Sam Houston

Kit Carson. By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Sam Houston, Colossus in Buckskin. By George Creel. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$3.

THE first and for three-quarters of a century the only valuable book dealing with the Mountain Men of Western America was George Frederick Ruxton's "Life in the Far West," followed immediately by his "Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains." Ruxton was an English gentleman, an observant adventurer, and a gallant writer. His books are classics of their kind. After them appeared in 1925 the life of "Old Gabe" (James Bridger) by J. Cecil Alter. Now Stanley Vestal (Walter Stanley Campbell) has added "Kit Carson: The Happy Warrior of the Old West."

Like Ruxton, Stanley Vestal—as Rhodes scholar—studied the classics in England. Like Ruxton also, he went among the Indians of the West, now vastly changed from what they were when Ruxton and Carson dashed among them, yet with a wealth of memories harking back to those days. Kit Carson dueled for an Arapaho girl, then in Indian fashion married her. After she died he took a Cheyenne woman. As Indian agent he came to be known to the Utes and other tribesmen as "Father Kit." In setting about to write a biography of the largest natured, the most picturesque, and the most historically important individual among all the Mountain Men, Stanley Vestal thought it worth while not only to examine like a scholar all that had been written on his subject but to get in a human way the Indian side of the matter.

The result is a book of balance, perspective, and authority, free from both heroical cant and "bad man" parading. "It is more profitable to understand than to condemn," says Mr. Vestal, and when we are through with "Kit Carson" we understand not only Kit's toleration for "Pass whiskey," his indulgence in horse raiding, and his great proficiency in the art of scalping, but also his rare sense of justice, his fidelity and modesty, his endurance, his way of going about the prosaic business of butchering buffalo—and the etymology of "plew." The book is a happy blend of facts, out of which arises true romance, and of enlightened interpretation. The style is at once succinct and poetic.

Mr. Creel's is neither such a careful book, though documents are quoted often and at length, nor such a readable book. Yet it is above the level of syndicate biography. In Texas there are more anecdotes about Sam Houston than there are about Zeb Vance in the Carolinas. When young Sam first went out to live with the Indians he said that he had rather measure deer tracks than tape. When years later he once at a polite dinner took a spoonful of rice pudding too hot for his mouth, he spit it out into his plate, adding, "Many a damn fool would have swallowed that." When as president of the

The jolly windings

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by Isadora Duncan

THOSE who have lightly picked up the book expecting to relish scandal have left it with a feeling of reverence for the courage, the frankness, the sheer human greatness it reveals. "Full of spirit and color and unquenchable fire—a fascinating and enthralling volume."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Seventh edition, octavo, illustrated. \$5.00

Republic of Texas he was called upon to settle a county feud, he growled back: "Fight it out among yourselves and be damned to you." Only one of these anecdotes does Mr. Creel tell, and, somehow, he fails to realize the burly, theatrical, downright, immensely individualistic Houston. He does, however, realize the Houston that was master of men and of destiny.

No better proof of the lack of designing collusion between Jackson and Houston to acquire new slave territory has been written. The charge of such collusion has somehow survived. The account of Houston's opposition to secession rises to the dignity of tragedy. Sam Houston was a Colossus in buckskin, but the Chares to make him bestride the prairies of Texas and prefigure a buckskinned world has not yet chiseled.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Fiction Shorts

The Hotel. By Elizabeth Bowen. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

An unusual book about a group of English people on the Italian Riviera, sketched in a fragmentary and pointed manner. The conversations are pungent and always interesting in themselves, but they fail to build up the characters who remain vague and poorly realized. The book leaves one unsatisfied, with the feeling that an honest and clever style has been wasted on too slight material.

She Walks in Beauty. By Dawn Powell. Brentano's. \$2.50.

Here again we have youth in a small Ohio town portrayed in a meticulous and sympathetic fashion. As the blurb proudly intimates, it is a photographic picture of Middle Western life on the order of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, with an added dash of womanly sentimentality. In spite of the genuine insight into small-town types, the story as a whole has just been "set down," not created; it has neither point, integration, nor form.

In the Beginning. By Norman Douglas. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Douglas breaks his long silence with a languid sigh which should never have escaped his lips. This wearily playful satiric allegory with its pseudo-pagan tin gods and goddesses and mildly Gallic indelicacies should not have been printed. For the author of "South Wind" this is indeed a strange interlude. One hopes, at least, that it is but an interlude.

The Withered Root. By Rhys Davies. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

A first novel dealing with the religious experience of a young Welsh evangelist and his final tragic capitulation before the spectacle of religious hypocrisy and the call of his own starved sensuality. Mr. Davies has spoiled an occasionally very powerful tale by his sentimental handling of passion and the gratuitous death of his hero. The most interesting element in the novel for Americans is the depiction of the strange religious frenzy which appears ingrained in the Welsh character, a frenzy which has in it a dominant quality of cruelty and lust. Mr. Davies handles this material very effectively.

Armed with Madness. By Mary Butts. A. and C. Boni. \$2.

A slightly mad, elliptic novelette dealing with the mutual impacts of a set of young post-war English people who are sophisticated almost to the point of frenzy. Mary Butts is clearly a talented and almost blindingly clever writer. As in her previous novel, "Ashe of Rings," she continues to blunt the edges of her perceptions with a foolish and unconvincing fable dealing with magic rings, superstitions, amulets, and other paraphernalia impossible to stomach. There is something perverse in this medieval mumbo-jumbo. Miss Butts appears to have committed a cardinal sin: that of including material in a work of art merely because that material happens to interest her.

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Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat. By Ernest Bramah. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

The third instalment of the inimitable tales of a Chinese Chaucer. Is it possible, as the rumor runs, that there are those who have no relish for these sly Oriental suavities, these delicate evasions of language, this restrained Gongorism carried to the point of fine art? If such there be, there is no use telling them that this latest volume is more subtly humorous than even its masterly predecessors.

The Eternal Moment. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Six fantastic short stories all written previous to 1914. They represent Mr. Forster in an early mood of rather self-conscious Pan-and-Puckism and are remarkable only for the beautiful clarity of their style. The first tale, a Wellsian fantasy of the machine age, is a neat bit of inventiveness spoiled at the end by a vanilla humanism which Mr. Forster has happily outgrown.

The Key of Life. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This sentimental love story sounds as if it were composed on the author's day off. There is a young English girl who combines an oppressive moral purity with a disturbing "eagerness for life"; an irritating youthful archaeologist who talks as no scientist ever did; and a strong, strong Dutch-Englishman, full of silent sex and a maddening capacity for being equal to every emergency. The best thing in the book is the local color—the modern Thebes of the excavations—which is neatly handled as to make one sigh for the Brett Young of years ago who knew his Conrad and was frank about his limitations.

The Torches Flare. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A loose but very gracefully drawn picture of the better side of Greenwich Village, with an equally skilful portrait of an old Southern household: the two badly set within a framework of unconvincing plot. The story is notable for its able solution of a stock difficulty: it is told in the first person, the narrator plays an important role, and yet he manages to depict himself as neither a prig nor a fool. "The Torches Flare" has a certain quiet beauty and a gentle wit that is extremely rare: it should not pass unnoticed.

C. P. F.

Books in Brief

The Petty Papers. Some Unpublished Writings of Sir William Petty. Edited from the Bowood Papers by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes.

Known hitherto chiefly as an economist and statistician, Sir William emerges from these pages as one of the most versatile and interesting of seventeenth-century Englishmen. He was interested in everything from eugenics to Latin versification, and has left notes of acute observation upon all these matters.

State Security and the League of Nations. By Bruce Williams. Johns Hopkins Press.

These lectures are not quite as dull as the ordinary Albert Shaw lectures on diplomatic history. They constitute a workmanlike summary of League documents which, however, add little if anything to the existing literature in regard to the problems created by Article XVI of the Covenant and the temporarily defunct Geneva Protocol. The author believes that the underlying principle of the Geneva Protocol is a *sine qua non* of a general society of nations, but he scarcely mentions the grave dangers which will arise out of taking away the right of forceful self-help before establishing machinery for peacefully changing an unjust status quo.



G.B.S.

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To Each What She Deserves
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Publishers **BRENTANO'S** New York

Contemporary Thought of Japan and China. By Kyoson Tsuchida. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A Japanese philosopher here proves the capacity of his compatriots to naturalize the abstractest metaphysics and epistemology of German philosophers. Two brief chapters on Chinese philosophy give a sudden breath of living thinking.

NOTE: Hjalmar Schacht's "Stabilization of the Mark," reviewed in *The Nation* for May 16, is published in New York by the Adelphi Company, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

Art

The Prodigal Returns

MODERN art has come home again to America. That is the story written through all the exhibits of the new decorative art which have been attracting thousands daily to Macy's department store in New York. It was the concrete and steel of American engineers which inspired the Italian futurists and the French cubists to paint those abstract canvases on which whole new schools of art and decoration were to be founded. It was America's disregard of tradition and the results this produced in practical construction which set those artist-theorists to wondering about the validity of tradition in aesthetics. The pyramids were right and proper in ancient Egypt and expressed the kings who built them, and the Acropolis no doubt spoke from the heart of the Greeks, but—these theorists asked—why should we go on trying to make the pyramids or the Acropolis speak for Paris, or London, or Fifth Avenue, New York?

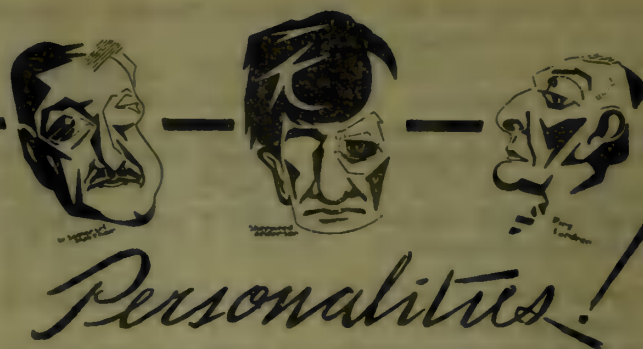
How, then, might art be made to express this age? American efficiency answered: "Be clean. Be simple. Be quick. Be right." So while everybody, especially Americans, laughed, the artists began to strip off externals, to seek essentials. They found form, structure, mass, and painted abstractions of them.

It was the Germans who discovered how perfectly those abstract forms were suited to decoration, and with German thoroughness they exploited the idea for all it was worth. The German decorator left nothing untouched; tables, chairs, beds, books, and candy boxes became a cubist's nightmare. It was not until the Austrians, experimenting further, took some of the awkwardness out of this modern decoration that the French saw its possibilities, gave it a smartness it had hitherto lacked, and, with the great International Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Art held in Paris in 1925, made it a fashion which New York finally could not ignore. Now we are just beginning to recall that it was ours in the first place.

One feels this as one wanders through Macy's International Exposition. All the contributions, whether from Scandinavia, from Italy, from Munich or Vienna or Paris, are very much in the American spirit. In fact, many things too familiar to Americans to be really looked at by them are here attractively set before us by artists of other countries, and by American artists, too. Now that we come to think of it, we have been enjoying for some time the materials on which this modern decoration is based, but we never saw them in their relation to "art." Skyscrapers, for instance, or sanitary tiles or the black glass tops on soda fountains, or the soft velvet sheen of aluminum, or the cleanness and simplicity and compactness of an up-to-date American business office.

Modern life is swift and complicated, and so clean and simple and compact things inevitably appeal to us as restful and right. In so far as modern designers succeed in embodying these qualities, the new art will become as irresistible to the American householder as vacuum cleaners and electric refrigerators and this-year's-model car.

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No. 3284

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THE AIR IS ALIVE with fliers bound on desperate errands of rescue or exploration or sheer adventure over wide seas and unknown, frozen stretches of land. The Southern Cross, carrying two Australians and two Americans, has winged its way 3,138 miles across the Pacific from Honolulu to the Fiji Islands, less than two days after making the long leap from San Francisco to Hawaii. A Boston girl, Amelia Earhart, with Wilmer Stultz, pilot, and "Slim" Gordon, mechanic, is flying toward London in a three-motored Fokker monoplane. And two French fliers, Captains Arrachart and Rignot, have left Le Bourget for "somewhere in India," hoping to break the long-distance record established by Chamberlin and Levine on their trip from New York to Germany last summer. All this is done in the name of sport, with just enough admixture of scientific interest to give the desperate hazard some color of common-sense. The route to Suva in Fiji was the most perilous of all—3,180 miles over the South Pacific with no possible landing-places but two small patches of coral rock protruding a few feet above the surface of the sea. The fliers scorned all suggestions that they take some safer course to Australia, such as one leading over the Samoan Islands, 2,500 miles from Honolulu. With extraordinary courage and skill they put to their credit the longest flight by man over water, landing with but one gallon of gasoline left in their tanks.

WHILE THESE MORE SPORTING ENTERPRISES are on the wing, a group of fliers are gathering at Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, prepared to scour the air above the frozen waste that has swallowed Nobile and his companions of the dirigible airship Italia. The icy North which has devoured so many explorers is not yet ready to admit its conquest. Two planes, piloted by Lieutenant Luetzow Holm and Captain Riiser-Larsen, both of Norway, are expected to fly from Kings Bay within the next few days; the rescue expedition of Captain Amundsen is being actively planned; and an Italian plane from Milan is about to fly to Spitzbergen to join the search. Meanwhile dogs and sledges and experienced Arctic hunters and Alpinists are preparing to grind slowly over the ice in an intensive search of the land areas on which the Italia may be stranded. The week's news of exploits in the air makes us draw a long breath and prepare for a summer of suspense and frequent disaster. Until man has more nearly conquered the air, we need not begin to worry lest life become too humdrum and secure.

ON THE EVE of the Republican convention the revolt against Mr. Hoover grows. His defeat in the West Virginia primaries is not to be explained either by any popularity of Senator Goff or by Mr. Hoover's lack of funds. It was a direct and unqualified defeat. The farm rebellion grows and is taken seriously by metropolitan editors who at first were ready to dismiss the whole affair with a sneer. Nor is the availability of Calvin Coolidge as clear as it was before the farm-bill veto, although many leaders are working underground for the renomination of the President. The difficulty is that outside of the White House there is no real challenger to Mr. Hoover save Governor Lowden, upon whom the Eastern opponents of the Secretary of Commerce are unwilling to combine. Meanwhile, from the West comes alarming news for the Republicans. Al Smith, so Republican correspondents report, is certain to carry Wisconsin and also Missouri. Both are Wet States; both have a large Roman Catholic vote. The Republican Party, which has so often declared that it alone is fit to rule, is divided and disheartened, faced with the prospect of nominating a man anathema to Republican agriculturists and far from acceptable to the liberal elements. For this in large measure the masterly inactivity of the White House is responsible. If Mr. Coolidge is finally called on to take the lead and refuses to do so, he is likely to see the waning of a great deal of his unearned party popularity.

THE HIGH RED WALLS OF PEKING, which have seen so many conquering armies—Tartars, Manchus, allied Europeans and Japanese—are looking down on the tramping files of weary but exultant soldiers from South China. Chang Tso-lin, chief of the Northerners and representative of the Old Guard in China, has retired to Manchuria; and the Nationalist armies have at last entered the city which for eight centuries has been China's capital. It is a moment of high hope for China, but also of grave responsibility. For the Nationalists, unified in their respect for the memory of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his "Three People's Principles," have within their own party the same disruptive elements that have kept

the Republic of China in turmoil for seventeen years. More than once when victory seemed in their grasp they have fallen into intra-party conflict. Even today there are plenty of cynical foreigners to predict that the three chief military leaders—the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang; the model governor of Shansi, Yen Hsi-shan; and the young Southerner, Chiang Kai-shek—will squabble for the spoils of Peking. But the victory is not theirs alone. It is a victory for thousands of nameless preachers of the Nationalist gospel, for T. V. Soong of Harvard and the others who have introduced a new order into Nationalist finances, for C. T. Wang of Yale and the men who with him have organized the railroads behind the Nationalist lines—a victory for Young China, for the earnest, educated new generation. Even Manchuria is longing for the coming of these new Nationalists. What will they do with their opportunity?

BEN BESS, A COLORED MAN, has just been released by the State of South Carolina, after serving thirteen years of a life sentence imposed for criminally assaulting a white woman. He was lucky, of course, to have escaped death at the hands of lynchers—the case seemed clear, the woman testified to his guilt. But recently on her deathbed she confessed that the man was innocent, and that the charge had been brought against him solely because he had refused to continue to rent some land to the woman and her husband. Ben Bess has been discharged, but he is destitute and has been robbed of thirteen years of his life. There being no law in South Carolina to reimburse him, that admirable newspaper the *Columbia State* is taking up subscriptions for Bess—a generous and praiseworthy act. In New Jersey Edward Purtell, who had been held without bail on the charge of murder and highway robbery since June, 1927, has been released from prison because the authorities are now convinced that he had nothing to do with the crime. The justice who discharged him said: "It is unfortunate that you were indicted for this crime, and that you now have no redress. It is sometimes necessary to make such a mistake to attain justice. I am very sorry such a thing happened." Unfortunately, justice is increasingly blind because of the lawlessness and weakness of police authorities. Too many of the States are still without laws compensating the victims of the blindfolded goddess, and they go without any compensation for the frightful wrongs done them.

THE FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION has listed among fifty minor stations which it proposes to put out of business on August 1 WEVD, the Eugene V. Debs Memorial Radio Station in New York City. Essentially a free-speech station, it has been giving its time and the use of its apparatus to liberal and radical organizations which have found it impossible to get a hearing through any of the other stations. In fact, WEVD is the only transmitting station which has allotted to the Socialist Party its rights under the federal radio law. To abolish it now is to strike a grave blow at free speech as well as at legitimate propaganda for unpopular causes—unless the commission makes arrangements with some other station to offer to these minority groups the opportunity to use the air which comes to all the more conventional. The law provides that licenses shall be issued on a basis of "public necessity." Whose necessity—the majority's only? We are tending in this radio field toward a dangerous monopoly, and the Radio Trust is becoming more and more closely identified with the

Power Trust. Has it not just been brought out at Washington that Mr. Aylesworth, the president of the National Broadcasting Company, controlled by the power companies, was formerly a propaganda chief for the National Electric Light Association? We urge all of our readers who are interested in this vital problem of getting facts and information from all points of view before the public to write to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF MASSACHUSETTS, Arthur K. Reading, now joins the list of high State officials who have been pronounced guilty of wrong-doing. In a forty-nine-page report a special committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has just declared that Mr. Reading "wilfully, wrongfully, and completely prostituted his official power and influence for the purpose of securing benefits to himself." The committee recommends that he be impeached by the Massachusetts Senate in that he has "brought the administration of justice in this Commonwealth into discredit and disrepute and defamed the dignity, integrity, and authority of the office of Attorney General." Specifically, Mr. Reading is charged with having taken a \$25,000 check from the Decimo Club of New York as the price of protecting it from prosecution, and deceiving his official associates, the public, and also a Deputy Attorney General of New York as to his relations to the club and his employment by it. In the case of the United L. A. W. Corporation also the committee finds that Mr. Reading took money improperly. Yet this is the same Attorney General who so ardently upheld the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti, who denounced their defenders as dangerous Reds, and swore by all that was holy that Massachusetts justice was incapable of being misled or doing wrong. Were Sacco and Vanzetti all he held them to be they could not have injured the State one one-hundredth part as much as he has by the sale of his office and authority. He is the dangerous anarchist and the traitor; he the guilty, they the innocent.

PRESIDENT GENERAL MRS. ALFRED BROSEAU of the Daughters of the American Revolution comes back from her presentation to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace to express surprise at the criticism launched against her organization and its blacklist. Especially does she disapprove of the remarks made by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who charged the D. A. R. with squandering "their national inheritance" and with wasting the precious patrimony of "our social securities, our spiritual faiths." Mrs. Brosseau is quoted in the *New York World* as proclaiming that "no divine has a right to criticize the D. A. R. from the pulpit." Not only must we refrain from speaking ill of war and militarism, from opposing capital punishment or child labor; the word has now gone forth that we must—or, at least, ministers of the gospel must—hold sacred the Daughters of the American Revolution themselves. This ruling alarms us. Only the other day a brand-new organization, the Sons and Daughters of the Blacklists, born of *The Nation's* recent Blacklist Party, received its papers of incorporation, duly signed by Judge Thomas C. J. Crain of New York. The society is incorporated:

To poke fun good-naturedly at all those individuals and organizations which are so fearful of the future of these United States that they prepare black or other colored lists and use other radical methods to destroy the rights of old-fashioned conservative Americans guaranteed

under the free-speech clauses of the federal and State constitutions.

Will Mrs. Brosseau presidentially decree the S. D. B. in contempt of the D. A. R.?

NEXT TO REDUCING the amount of candy eaten in this country (probably an impossibility) the best thing we can think of is to improve the conditions under which it is made, and this has been done for New York City, at least, by its Consumers' League. Last winter the League made an investigation, noted in our issue of March 28, which revealed the prevalence of dirty methods in New York factories and a tendency to overwork and underpay the workers, mostly women. Even in the busy season wages were found to be \$11.75 to \$13.75 a week. The Consumers' League did not simply publish these facts and then drop the subject, which is what usually happens after such inquiries. Neither did it seek a remedy through impossible or probably futile legislation. Instead it resorted to a "white list"—a means that has been effective in other industries. Fifty-seven firms out of about 200 approached have been put on the list. Only ten of these were originally up to the League standards; the others improved conditions in order to qualify, forty-one raising their beginning wage. The League exacts a minimum wage of \$14 a week and various hygienic and sanitary standards. Copies of the candy "white list" may be had by addressing the League at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

YELLOW FEVER KILLED 4,056 persons in the single city of New Orleans in 1878. In that year Hideyo Noguchi was a baby, just learning to walk, in Japan, and Japan's first Parliament had not yet met. But when Dr. Noguchi died the other day, yellow fever was an uncommon tropical disease and Dr. Noguchi was one of the leaders of a world republic of science. He came to the United States at 23, when Dr. Walter Reed and his heroic associates were subjecting themselves in Cuba to tests which, at the cost of the life of Dr. Reed's colleague, Dr. Jesse Lazear, proved conclusively that the disease was carried by a mosquito. The record of Dr. Noguchi's work is long—among other things he discovered a bacteria-free vaccine for smallpox and isolated the causative organism of infantile paralysis. Then he set himself to discovering a cure for yellow fever. We had learned by sanitation to keep the disease down; once the curse of every tropic port, it had been virtually wiped out of South America. But no cure was known. It had long been suspected that West Africa was its native home, and that the infection spread to America in the water-jars of the early slave ships. Dr. Noguchi, with a group of scientists from the Rockefeller Institute, went to West Africa to find out and, if possible, to develop a serum against the dread disease. They made progress; they found a species of monkey which contracted the disease when inoculated with virus from a human patient, and the solution seemed at hand. It is at hand; it will be found; but three of the leaders in the work will not be here to hail it. Dr. Adrian Stokes, Irish-born and trained, died of yellow fever in West Africa last September; Dr. Noguchi and his colleague, Dr. William Alexander Young, an American, died last month. European, Asiatic, North American—fighting on the African front against a plague that has done its worst in South America—they were prophets of a new era, soldiers of a new kind of international army.

ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH PYESHKOV, sixty years old, has returned to Russia. His reputation, made under the name of Maxim Gorki during the last thirty-six years of those sixty, has been earned not only by a succession of important short stories, novels, and plays but by a series almost as long of letters and miscellaneous writings concerned with the struggle of the Russian people to be happy and free. Few writers of such gifts have spent so much of their energy in social warfare, and few have emerged so handsomely. Few, certainly, have put the whole matter in better words than Gorki, who once declared

I would that everyone who wears a human countenance were really worthy to be called a man. All this life is senseless, tragic, and hateful in which the endless slaving labors of one man constantly go out to supply another with more bread and more spiritual substance than he can use.

"Gorki" means "the bitter one," and the author of "The Lower Depths" has amply lived up to his name. And why should he not have been bitter, considering that he gathered rubbish from the streets of Nizhni Novgorod when he was ten, left school after the third grade, served a cobbler's apprentice, errand-boy, draftsman's assistant, longshoreman on the Volga, and ship's dishwasher at a time when most boys are safe at home, and that he wandered in his formative years among the masses of the Don Province, the Ukraine, Bessarabia, Odessa, the Crimea, and the Caucasus? He knew Russia, and his books have been full of Russia—not the most savory Russia, either, but the Russia which it was necessary for the world to know. He is a great and humane realist, and we wish him the success of his brilliant career as he proceeds with his new novel, which is to deal with the liberated Russian peasant.

A REMARKABLY ABLE JOURNALIST and a singularly fine personality disappeared from earth with the death of Charles Edward Montague, who was for more than twenty-five years chief editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian*. A liberal of the old Manchester type, Mr. Montague believed the World War to be all that it pretended to be. When forty-seven years of age he dyed his gray hair black and enlisted as a private soldier, scorning rank or title. For eighteen months he served in the trenches, during which he was three times mentioned in dispatches for gallantry. He was, of course, far too intelligent to come out of the war else than disillusioned. His disappointment he set forth in 1922 in a remarkable volume, "Disenchantment." Yet his disenchantment did not carry him far enough to eschew war altogether, although he had been part of its horrible filth and obscenity. He came out of it still believing that war might be sacred; he had no sense of the inviolability of human life; he would not have refused again to disembowel his "enemy." But he did devote himself to writing against war. His latest novel "Right Off the Map" is a masterly picture of how wars come to pass and how people are shepherded into them by the "little groups of men" that are called governments. His chief literary success was his novel, "Rough Justice," which also dealt with some of the horrible sides of war. In this he said that Jesus was right, but, "I am for denying him, honest, this time, and fighting it out, and then, when we are out of this hole, we might see what could be done"—the philosophy that keeps the world in war's shambles. Yet Mr. Montague helped to make the world's finest daily the great moral leader that it was—save in World War time—and is.

Thank God for Congress!

THE first session of the Seventieth Congress plowed through an amazing amount of business, enacted important legislation, and performed a patriotic service of historic significance in exposing more of the malodorous mess of the Harding Administration.

The Republican Party had a safe majority of 35 votes in the House of Representatives, but the Senate was almost evenly balanced. When the session opened, indeed, the Democrats had one more vote than the Republicans, but at the close the Republicans stood one vote ahead, due to the higher death-rate among the Democratic Senators. Fortunately for the country, however, there is a group of independents within the Republican Party who refuse to follow the party whip, so that when the Democrats could be held in line for decency there was no danger of a routine party majority carrying the Senate.

It was the application for seats by Vare and Smith which opened the session. Each had an undoubted majority of the votes in his State; and corruption had undoubtedly been used to gain the nomination for both. It may be argued that it is a safer policy to permit the voters to elect corrupt men if they will than further to centralize the structure of the Republic; but the Senate was within its Constitutional right in refusing the men their seats, and the spirit behind their exclusion was obviously abhorrence of the methods by which they had won election.

Just as clearly, however, as in this the Senate was seeking decent government, the House followed the lead of the Old Guard in voting down two measures looking toward its own reform. One was the Norris Constitutional amendment to change the date for the convening of Congress and to abolish the "lame-duck" session which follows the election. That session is always a fertile soil for grab-bag legislation—men who know that the voters have repudiated them have no hesitation in repudiating the voters. Senator Norris's proposal passed the Senate for the fifth consecutive time; but the House, which had never before even brought the measure to a poll, failed to give it the necessary two-thirds vote. Similarly, despite the plain instructions of the Constitution the House failed to pass a reapportionment bill. Its membership is still based upon the 1910 census.

The Mississippi Flood Control Act and the Muscle Shoals Bill were, perhaps, the two outstanding achievements of the Seventieth Congress. The Flood Control Act passed the Senate unanimously. Oddly enough, it was a La Follette Progressive, Mr. Frear, who fought most vigorously for the economical modifications recommended by the President; and while the bill as passed was far less changed than most Coolidgeites believed, the modifications were undoubtedly an improvement. Too warm a Congressional heart opens the way for the pork-barrel boys.

Like the Farm Relief Bill, which the President vetoed, and the Muscle Shoals Bill, the Mississippi act was in a sense a healthy expression of a sectional awakening. The farmers—the South and the Middle West—are boldly, and properly, demanding that the Government be conducted in their behalf as well as in that of the industrial Northeast. The McMaster Resolution in favor of immediate downward revision of the tariff, which, surprisingly enough,

was carried by the Senate by a vote of 54 to 34, was another expression of the same insurgent spirit.

The battle royal of the session concerned the public utilities; and here both houses showed an encouraging degree of independence. For ten years the Power Trust has kept the waters of the Tennessee River useless and the government's war-time investment at the Shoals idle. The final passage of a bill satisfactory to both houses was the almost single-handed achievement of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. Year after year he has fought off private grabs; and one by one he has converted his colleagues to his own view that the power must be used in the public interest. The final bill was, of course, a compromise, but it was better than had seemed possible; it passed the Senate 43 to 34, and the House 211 to 146. It is not Congress's fault if the President permits it to die unsigned.

On the other hand, the Boulder Dam Bill, while it passed the House, was filibustered out of a vote in the Senate. Its ardent proponent, Senator Hiram Johnson, however, obtained a right of way for it at the next session, and the necessary votes are in sight. The reactionaries in the Senate did not dare come out flatly against Senator Walsh's proposal for an investigation of public-utilities financing and propaganda, but they succeeded in having the investigation taken out of the Senate's hands and turned over to the Federal Trade Commission, where they hoped it would expire unnoticed. The public, however, is awakening to the amazing activities of the utilities propaganda committees, and they are not likely again to be so effective in opposing Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

Congress's investigations speak for themselves. Let those who sneer at Senatorial inquisitions recall that without them Daugherty, Fall, and Denby might still be in office; Sinclair would still have Teapot Dome and Doheny Elk Hills; the gigantic corruption in Pennsylvania and Illinois would remain secret; Hearst might have fooled the country into accepting his forged "Mexican" documents at face value; there would not be the scant hope there is today of reforming the oil industry, nor any hope of civilizing soft coal. Men who sneer at such achievements expose their own inner natures. It might be better if we had a Department of Justice capable of doing the work; but in the era of Harding and Coolidge, Daugherty and Sargent, we say "Thank God for the Senate!"

There were other substantial achievements. Congress first squelched the Administration's million-dollar naval schedule, then neglected to pass even its revised quarter-million-dollar program. It refused to heed the President and retained the estate tax, though in most matters it docilely followed the great Andrew's lead. It passed a long-delayed German-American claims bill; but its record in foreign affairs was marred by its stampede when, faced with a false report of the murder of an American in Nicaragua, it refused to set a limit to executive usurpation of the war-making power in that unhappy country. It passed a much-needed measure for increased pay for night postal workers over the President's veto. Few Congresses show a longer record of conscientious hard work.

The "New Tammany"

Governor Al Smith saw nothing wrong in coming to New York the other day and having himself reinstated as sachem of Tammany Hall. He does not go back on his friends, or pretend to be above his origins. The frankness and sincerity which have made him a consistent Wet, both in his own actions and in his public stand, are still his when it comes to his old-time political associations. He probably realizes that he could not deny that he has always been an ardent Tammany man if he would. Nevertheless his accepting another term as sachem when he is about to be nominated for the Presidency shows no little courage. Grover Cleveland often had to defend himself because Tammany voted and worked for him, though he, being from Buffalo, was not a member of the Hall. Al Smith probably believes that as he will be attacked as a Tammany man whatever he does he may as well be frank. It has been Al's greatest asset that he was always downright and outspoken—until he became a candidate.

It is, however, unfortunate for the Governor that, at the very moment when his nomination seems assured, scandals have been revealed which have made it clear that if there appears to be a new Tammany it is only because no one has of late been delving authoritatively into what Tammany is doing. *The Nation* has never regarded Tammany as anything else than a society held together "by the cohesive power of public plunder." It does not recognize that there has been any essential change in Tammany's character. As we have said before, it is true that Tammany no longer gets its chief revenues from the petty gamblers, the prostitutes, the saloon-keepers, the cheap grafters, or the criminals whom it used to license to prey upon the community. Outwardly it is more respectable and it has made the city appear so. New York streets are vastly cleaner than in the early nineties before the reform administration of Mayor Strong; street-walkers have been banished, and the saloon is no more. But grafting goes on, as has appeared in the Street Cleaning Department, in the \$150,000,000 defective school-building scandal, and in the milk scandals. As we write a ninth employee of the Street Cleaning Department has been suspended; in the Bronx section of the city pay-roll thefts of \$26,790 in three months have been unearthed, and this is only the beginning. So alarmed is Mayor Walker—who was picked by Al Smith for his job—that he has called all his cabinet together and demanded that they eradicate the graft from their departments, without loss of time.

As for the Queens Borough sewer and paving scandals, where graft running into the millions of dollars has been uncovered and the Borough President been compelled to resign, much has been made of the fact that Governor Smith at once appointed a special investigating officer, and that the Queens organization is entirely different, bless your innocent heart, from its much more virtuous Manhattan sister. All of which is bunk. The Queens grafters were of the Tammany type and its staunch allies. They have always supported Smith and Walker, or any one else named by the Hall for high office. Nor is it possible to imagine that merely because nothing approximating the Queens scandals has as yet come out in Manhattan all is pure within. Let anybody read M. R. Werner's new history of Tammany Hall and then ask himself whether an organiza-

tion with such a fearful record is likely to turn over a new leaf merely because Al Smith became Governor and a more respectable person than Croker or Murphy head of the Hall.

New York abounds in petty court judges who ought themselves to be at the bar of justice. Its police force, tremendously augmented because of the traffic problems and the after-the-war Red scare, is anything but perfect. Not a week goes by that innocent persons are not viciously abused or shot down by the police. Their brutality is constantly attested by judges and other responsible authorities. The Court of Appeals has just freed another innocent man who spent six months or more in the "death-house" at Sing Sing because of a "confession" tortured out of him by the police. For these offenses—usually defended by Tammany's commissioners of police—no one is ever punished, not even the policeman who last week shot two innocent taxicab drivers believing that they were bandits.

As far as Tammany is concerned Governor Smith is out of luck. Everywhere out West there appears the most intense dislike of the idea of putting a Tammany Hall sachem into the White House—a sachem, moreover, who thus far has had nothing to say about the street-cleaning scandals, who never opens his lips when Tammany steals elections and alters the ballots in the good old Tammany fashion. Al Smith has been a fine Governor of New York, but that has not put him where he wishes to read the riot act to Tammany for its wrong-doing or is in a position to do so. As Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, has just pointed out, Governor Smith has vetoed most of the laws designed to make election frauds more difficult, has refused the request of the Citizens Union for an effective prosecution of the milk scandal, and has never found his voice to say anything about the third degree, the transit scandal, or the failure of the city administration to do anything with the housing problem except to put it into politics. Much as they admire his record at Albany, most independents will want some assurance as to his Tammany Hall connection before they help him into the White House.

Dictators and Investors

A FEW months ago two high officials of the Bank of France, M. Quesnay and M. Rist, arrived in New York for a brief visit, during which they carried on confidential discussions with Federal Reserve authorities and with certain leading Wall Street bankers. Although no statement was given out as to the object of their errand, it was an open secret that they sought the aid of American capital in an \$80,000,000 Rumanian loan proposed and negotiated by the Bank of France. The task of the Messrs. Quesnay and Rist was, indeed, not an easy one. For three years past, successive Rumanian governments have vainly tried to obtain an international loan for their politically and financially disorganized country; there was no financial center in Europe where official and unofficial mediators had not been unsuccessfully peddling Rumanian loan propositions. But investments which are financially unsafe may sometimes be politically attractive. The French Government, jealous of the ever-growing Italian influence in Rumania and desirous of strengthening French domination in the Balkans, evidently decided to rush to the help of France's Eastern ally and the Bank

of France proceeded to negotiate a stabilization loan for the Rumanian Government. Messrs. Quesnay and Rist discussed the necessary preliminaries with English, Dutch, and German bankers before coming to New York to persuade Wall Street to participate in the proposed \$80,000,000 issue to the extent of \$20,000,000.

No announcement has been made as to the result of their American visit. But no sooner had they concluded their negotiations than certain financial organs of the American press began to expound the advantages of investing in Rumanian bonds. Mr. C. W. Barron published two long articles in the *Wall Street Journal** voicing his enthusiastic approval of the probable Rumanian loan. One might reasonably expect that Mr. Barron, whose opinion is taken seriously by a host of investors, would offer a careful analysis of Rumania's conditions. The fact is that no Rumanian super-patriot, no Byzantine Rumanian journalist, has ever written a more unmeasured panegyric of Rumania. Mr. Barron said, for instance:

Everybody has a legal right to vote in Rumania, but half the peasants cannot yet read or write. Therefore, there is naturally less independence of action, and the government people have a greater influence in the elections than in a country where everybody can read and write. In Rumania leadership is more closely followed than in a more broadly educated democracy. . . . There is, of course, a political party in opposition, as there must always be in a democracy . . . and with this . . . the name of Ex-Prince Carol is sometimes allied in the public press. But he is really a political myth . . . and has no following. . . . In Rumania . . . every man is a soldier and every child will be more or less a reader, thinker, and a creator. . . . Rumania's record in democracy, by land division . . . is unmatched. . . .

These are strange words with which to describe one of the most harsh and corrupt and unstable governments in Europe. The opposition party, "which must always be in a democracy," actually represents the vast majority of the population, the peasants, and is at this moment on the verge of civil warfare against the Bratianu Government, which holds power only through its control of the finances and the army. Mr. Barron speaks of a "united Rumanian nation," ignoring the millions of Magyars, Germans, and Jews who have met the persecution of the Government with most bitter disaffection. Mr. Barron speaks of land division, but neglects to state that the land reform was directed against landowners belonging to national minorities. Bratianu's party, says Mr. Barron, "stands for law and order, property rights, and the maintenance of contracts." The Rumanian Government, in fact, stands for corruption and unconcealed bribery; it stands for pogroms and the violent persecution of the national minorities within the borders of Rumania; it stands for the property rights of prominent members of the Liberal Party at the expense of other individuals and of the nation itself.

This is not the first time that American capital has aided foreign dictatorships in strengthening their regime of oppression and violence. But such dictatorships have ordinarily been safe, at least from the investment point of view. Will the well-oiled publicity machine of Wall Street now attempt to persuade ignorant investors to buy the securities of a tottering Balkan country, which are unsafe today and may be worthless five years hence?

*Why Rumania? *Wall Street Journal*, April 14; Rumania's Finances, May 1.

A Famous Bookstore

IN the Old Corner Book Store at Washington and School Streets in Boston you could examine books at your heart's leisure. "I never can go into that famous Corner Book Store," Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read or at least to know about. The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or a sentence, in those momentary glances through the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten." The best bookstores, old and new, have been like this; you are not discouraged in your very aimless search by the helpfulness of any salesman. But this shop in Boston seems to have been particularly blessed by the hand of peace; and the reward, as is made clear in a little book published by the present owners on the occasion of the hundredth birthday of the establishment, has been success.

Dorothea Lawrance Mann, the author of this booklet, has a long and full history to recite, in the course of which many notable names crop up. Carter and Hendee, the founders of 1828, may be forgotten; but soon came William D. Ticknor and James T. Fields, who between them represent Boston publishing in the middle of the century, most interesting men in their own right. No one could imagine when Fields got his work done. He directed a large book-publishing business as well as a number of magazines, including the *Atlantic Monthly*, yet E. P. Whipple, the critic, recorded that "his place of business always seemed crowded with visitors. On some afternoons he could hardly have had half an hour to himself." He was at his best in entertaining authors—even our contemporaries could learn much about that amiable task from Dickens's host in America. Ticknor, who strictly speaking was the business member of the firm of Ticknor and Fields, also did well by his authors as a friend. Hawthorne thought he could not take a journey without his publisher for company; Miss Mann gives a pretty picture of him at Washington and School Streets:

The upper, left-hand corner, as one looked from the front entrance, was inclosed with green curtains. This was Mr. Field's nook, where the social spirits foregathered, and where the broad window seat was always full of manuscripts, new books, and letters. There was always a plentiful company here of the most brilliant men of the day, and there are many who regret that there was no Boswell among them to set down those conversations. In the opposite corner was the small counting-room over which Mr. Ticknor presided. Here Hawthorne liked to come and sit gazing passively on the world surrounding him, from his shadowy hiding-place. "Hawthorne's chair" was in a secluded niche where he could see and yet be out of sight, for he was quite invisible unless one stepped through the little gate into the counting-room. In this one chair Hawthorne always ensconced himself whenever he visited the "Corner," and he often spent whole hours there, resting his head upon his hand, quite happy in his environment.

The store moved to Bromfield Street early in the present century, but it is said to have taken its traditions and its sentiment along. We hope it did not leave behind it the tradition that authors are welcome in places where books are sold—even if they do nothing there but sit where they cannot be seen, and hold their heads in their hands.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

TO the city of New York I am completely loyal. Naturally this does not include the Bronx and Brooklyn.

Every summer I try to give up my citizenship and get naturalized in the open spaces. Once I got as far as my first papers, but then I flew back again to my old allegiance.

The country is all right for a visit on a sunny afternoon. In fact, it's more than all right. I look over lake and meadow in the sunlight, I observe the trees sparring with the wind, I see birds and butterflies, and remark profoundly: "Isn't it beautiful?"

Nothing ever comes of that. Everybody admits it and there is no chance for argument or discussion. The show goes on and, at the end of the second act, I again say: "Isn't it beautiful?" Then I remember that somebody has said the same thing before and I go back to silence. The country is a little too much like one of these big musical comedies—there is more beauty in it than fun.

The nights are not so good. To some eyes and ears they may have beauty, but as far as I am concerned there is no friendliness in either sights or sounds. Many things of a horrid nature can happen in the city, but most of them can be stopped by a policeman. That is, if you can find a policeman. The terrors of Connecticut twilight go beyond the province of the roundsman. When a man gets to my age he's looking for security rather than adventure. I suspect that everybody seeks that same goal from the beginning to the end. But first he hopes to find it by charging straight into the teeth of any monster which threatens him. The wisdom of fear and flight is known only to children and old men.

But you cannot use fight or flight against the terrors of the dark. Take the wind, for instance. During the day it is playful enough, but at night it grows sinister. I would rather ride out a gale in an open boat than listen to the wind from the pitch blackness of a country house. By wind I mean any cyclone of more than twenty miles an hour. A boat can put up a battle. It may nose into the tumult or ride before it, but the best a house can do is to stand its ground. Its role is like that of someone who enters a boxing bout bound by the strict promise not to hit back. The very best the house can earn against Knockout North Wind is a good draw. My house has never lost a decision in one hundred years, but at the same time it has never gained one. And it is not getting any younger, while each wind which goes against it is brand new and full of fight and fresh from the sticks.

The structure seems substantial, but so did Jack Dempsey up to the time he met Gene Tunney. And a beaten prize-fighter is better off than a conquered house. The fighter may scramble to his feet again after being knocked down. I doubt if my house could do that. If it does go down I might as well confess right now that I purpose to begin crawling out long before the count of ten is reached.

One of the things which bothers me is the law of averages. The people who sold me the house tried to build up my confidence by harping on the number of big storms through which their home had ridden. But if red turns up one hundred times upon a roulette wheel, black may still be the color to pop out the very next time.

Nor is the house just as I found it. A few partitions have gone down. I am so confirmed an aesthete that I chose to sacrifice mere stability for beauty. Some of the walls through which we cut may have had a vital function. There remains a mere shell of the dwelling which once stood on the little hill. It is trimmer now but I am not at all sure how many blows it can endure upon its empty stomach. And why did our ancestors always build their houses in such exposed places?

This is only a cottage but in wild weather it seems to put on new proportions. A moaning comes out of the old beams so prodigious that one might believe the little house to be a castle undergoing siege. Against the black skies of an approaching thunderstorm or hurricane the cottage appears to expose vulnerable flanks as high as those of Pisa's leaning tower. And this home will not be humble even though the heavens loose their fire. Almost it seems to say to the storm god: "Come on, big boy. Let's see what you can do."

My peace of mind would be improved if I could move the cottage beside the lake where the big hill might protect it and hide these defiant gestures. But though you may lead a house to water you cannot make it shrink. Even the kindness of the lake is now under some suspicion. The blacksmith says that it contains snapping turtles as big as the seat of a chair. He didn't say whose chair. It makes some difference whether he was referring to Jackie Coogan or Chief Justice Taft.

Of the temperament and diet of snapping turtles I am quite ignorant. Miss X, the lady of the lake, assures me they are mild by nature and never bite except when irritated. What irritates a turtle? Not satire, I hope, for we all know that upon occasion he will be mocked. Readily enough I agree not to provoke a combat by overt physical attack. If the turtles will let me alone I'll not bite them. But I cannot guard against accidents. Some of the larger ones look very much like rocks. With all the good-will in the world it would be possible to step upon one. A sensitive turtle might consider that an attack and never understand my good intentions. I might even kick one. I lashed out with a leg while swimming. And it is in just such cases that the psychology of the snapping turtle becomes vital to me. Is he slow to anger? Does he count ten before making up his mind what to do in case of an affront? And then what does he do?

There seems to be no way to solve this except by laboratory experiment. The next time I see a turtle in the lake I must swim out and taunt him until I can determine his precise boiling-point. Unless I am mistaken all this would come under the head of original research. No other scientist, as far as I know, has ever written a paragraph on just what you may or may not say to a snapping turtle. One or two decencies are so obvious that only a churl would transgress. I shall certainly not bring up the subject of terrapin in talking to a turtle or make any mention whatsoever of Henry L. Mencken, Governor Ritchie, Johns Hopkins, or anything else which might conceivably turn the conversation around in the direction of the Free State of Maryland where, from earliest times, the turtle has been sore oppressed.

HEYWOOD BROUN

What Is This Talk About Utopia?

By H. L. MENCKEN

AS a native and citizen of the Maryland Free State I am, of course, a subject of the United States—but that is about as far as it goes. For the Republic as a whole, I confess, I have very little affection: it amuses and delights me, but never touches me. If the Huns of Japan should launch themselves upon the Pacific Coast tomorrow and begin burning down the chiropractic hospitals and movie cathedrals of Los Angeles, the news would strike me as interesting but not poignant, for I have no investments in that appalling region, and few friends. (San Francisco, to be sure, is something else again, but the Japs are well aware of the fact: they would not burn it.) And if the Huns of the Motherland, assisted by the usual horde of chromatic allies, should take New York, or even Baltimore, it would not perturb me greatly, for the English scheme of things, when all is said and done, is far closer to the Maryland scheme than the American scheme. I was, no doubt, a patriot as a boy, just as I was a teetotaler; I remember glowing, or at all events yelling, when Dewey sank the tin fleet of the Spanish Huns in 1898. But since Good Friday of 1917 such thrills have missed me. It is difficult, indeed, for a man not born a Puritan to glow over the obscene, or even to yell. Moreover, the doctrine was promulgated in those gallant days that, as an American not of British blood and allegiance, I had lost certain of my constitutional rights. I let them go without repining, and sent a flock of duties after them.

Today, whenever my thoughts stray to such lofty and occult matters, I think of myself as a Marylander, not as an Americano. My forebears for three generations lie buried in the Free State, and I was born there myself, and have lived there all my life. I like to dwell upon the fact, and am proud of it. So far as I have been able to find out, no man has ever been jailed in Maryland for his opinions—that is, in my time. Even during the late struggle for human freedom, with the rest of the country handed over bodily to the blacklegs of the Department of Justice, a reasonable liberty survived there. It survives to this day, and even tends to increase. The present Governor of the State (he has served for nine years, and has three more to go) is an enlightened and civilized man, and as far from the Fullers as he is from the McCrays. There is no Webster Thayer on the State bench, and there never has been. The mayor of Baltimore is an honest Moose, and favors fewer laws and lower taxes. Even the State Legislature, though it is ignorant and corrupt, is less ignorant and corrupt than any other State Legislature that I know of, and immensely less so than Congress. There is no State Volstead Act in the *Sáorstat*. There is no Comstock society. There is no Methodist Board of Morals. The Klan survives only in a few mountain counties, and even there its only recorded tar party landed its whole local membership, along with the wives thereof, in the House of Correction. In the entire United States there are but five great newspapers that are liberal, wet, sinful, and intelligent; two of them are in Baltimore.

I could go on thus for columns; maybe even for acres. But the sad, alas, must go with the sweet. The Maryland

Free State, by its own misguided generosity, lies adjacent to the District of Columbia, and in the District of Columbia is the city of Washington, and in the city of Washington are gigantic factories for making chains. These chains rattle, ever and anon, over the boundary. They are fastened upon the legs and arms of free Marylanders. Hordes of mercenaries wearing government badges tote them; it is a facile matter to cross the imaginary line. But the free man, despite the chains, manages somehow to remain a free man. He hopes, and he resists. The two federal courts in Baltimore spend more and more of their time rescuing prohibition gunmen from the clutches of the State courts; on some blest tomorrow that benign evasion of the Fourteenth Amendment will break down, and there will be an old-time Maryland hanging, with fireworks in the cool of the evening. I must know thousands of Marylanders, old and young, rich and poor, virtuous and damned. I can recall but two who would honestly deplore that hanging. One is a bootlegger who is also a Quaker. The other is an elderly evangelist who professes to believe every word of the Bible, including the warning against witches, and who alleges that God once appeared to him personally, surrounded by glaring headlights.

This proximity of Washington, the citadel of scoundrels, only makes life in the Free State sweeter to the born and incurable Marylander. It throws up into tremendous relief the difference between the new *mores* of the United States and the traditional *mores* of Maryland. It makes him intensely conscious of his citizenship, and fills him with a vast satisfaction. He is an American legally, but not, thank God, by his own free act. Duties go with his predicament, and he discharges them, but where they end he stops. No heat of 100 per cent Americanism is in him. He harbors no great, brave urge to snout out, jail, and burn a Sacco and Vanzetti. He observes the local Anita Whitneys at their depressing business without feeling any lust to clap them behind the bars. He views the Klan and the I. W. W. with equal indifference, so long as they keep to rhetoric. There is no law in Maryland against red flags or red oratory. Birth-controllers are free of the air. Even during the war Socialists whooped from their soap-boxes, and went unscathed. Hearst reporters have been jailed in Baltimore for photographing, against his will, a gunman on trial for his life, but on the public street even Hearst reporters are safe, and the cops protect them in their ancient rights. I proceed to marvels: the American Legion, in the Free State, is polite, modest, intelligent, and soldierly. Its grand dragons are men who actually served in the war, and it has made but one attempt to blow up the Bill of Rights. That attempt ended in swift and ignominious disaster, and since then it has been tamer than a tabby cat.

In all this gabble of Maryland notions of the true and the good, of course, I allude to the notions entertained by those Marylanders whose IQ's run well above the middle line. The nether brethren exist there, too, but it is not the Maryland tradition to pay too much heed to them. If, assembled in the legislature, they enact laws designed to

convert Sunday into a day of woe and mourning, there is happily no disposition, save in a few remote and malarious counties, to enforce those laws. The city of Baltimore, as a body corporate, breaks them deliberately and officially, and the grand jury winks at the crime. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton tried Baltimore, and gave it up. The Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was sent in to launch prohibition, and the price of sound Scotch has been falling ever since. The town wowzers lead the dreary lives of town clowns. Evangelical pastors roar in tin tabernacles behind the railroad tracks, but there is not one of them whose public influence or dignity matches that of an imperial wizard of the Elks.

Do I limn Utopia? Well, why not? Utopia, like virtue, is a concept shot through with relativity. To men in jail, I daresay, the radio is a boon. To men doomed to be Americans the existence of such an asylum as the Free State ought to be comforting. How the more enlightened and self-respecting citizens of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Mississippi, and California can sleep at night is more than I can make out. I always feel vaguely uneasy when my literary apostolate takes me into their ghastly States, as I feel uneasy when I have to go to Washington, or to Pater-

son, New Jersey, or down in a coal mine. What would follow if the Ohio *Polizei* got a sniff of my baggage? How would it fare, in Mississippi, with one who has publicly argued that Aframericans accused of felony should be tried before being hanged? It is a solace, I assure you, to reflect that numerous swift and swell trains are still running, and that the tariff even from California is less than the cost of trephining a skull, broken by agents of what the heroic open-shoppers out there call the law.

When I cross the line I feel safer and happier. The low moan of Methodist divines comes from the swamps of the Chesapeake littoral, but it is only a moan, not a bark of "Attention!" Even coming from New York, that great city, I notice a change of air. The cops grow polite, and hold their cavalry charges for cases of foreign invasion. The Governor writes his own state papers, disdaining the aid of the reverend clergy. When a still blows up, no one is alarmed. The very Babbits walk lightly, with eager eyes upon their betters. It could be better, to be sure—but remember what country it is in!

[This is the third of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.]

The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I. The Scene

Moscow, May 10

THE twelve-hundred-mile stretch which lies between Berlin and Moscow is spiritually far wider than the ocean. Warsaw sprawls in the midst of the flat, dreary plain (in May still covered with snow), but except for that drab city it is one vast emptiness, and once one has traversed it one finds oneself in a world whose strangeness serves at once to emphasize how much America and the rest of Europe are all of one piece. Doubtless this has always been so to a considerable extent. Moscow, as the old platitude had it, is the beginning of Asia, with thoughts and manners and habits which belong rather to the East than to the West; but the rise of communism has rather emphasized than diminished the sense which one gets of life organized upon a different plan from that which we are accustomed to in New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin. Lives, passions, and purposes no less than institutions have fallen into new patterns. Things are done in unfamiliar ways, efforts are directed toward unfamiliar ends, and all phenomena carry with them unfamiliar implications.

At the present moment the theater flourishes there as it flourishes nowhere else except, perhaps, in New York; but it is a thing apart and not like the theater of every other Western capital, merely a section of one great World Theater which exchanges plays and methods almost as quickly as the peoples whom it entertains exchange fashions in dress or new variations of the fox-trot. Today, for example, one might, if one liked, follow a pleasant, unimportant little play like Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" from New York to Berlin and then on to Vienna, and one might do much the same thing with half a dozen other plays in three or four different languages; but one would

find none of them in Moscow. There are some twenty-five major theaters there besides innumerable minor ones, and they are all always full; but with the exception of one or two classics still occasionally played, two old dramas by O'Neill, and the American melodrama "Spread Eagle" (chosen of course because of its anti-capitalistic propaganda) I could discover no evidence that the native theater was aware that the World Theater of Western Europe existed. Nor is this fact without implications deeper than might at first sight appear. It means, first, that the Russian theater as an institution belongs to an entirely different department of social life from that with which the theaters in other countries align themselves, and, second, that it is busy with entirely different materials.

With us the theater may occasionally detach itself from the influence of its milieu and become the expression of a purely artistic impulse, but in general it is a part of what we call the amusement world, and it is, for the most part, conditioned by the tastes of a leisure class in search of diversion, so that while it occasionally approaches that pure art which is the highest form of luxury a cultivated leisure class can indulge, it is far more often something whose nature is determined by the fact that its chief function is to fill the two and a half hours which lie between the end of dinner and the beginning of the fashionable hour for "parties." In Moscow, on the other hand, the leisure class, in actuality as well as in theory, simply does not exist, and with its disappearance have disappeared also all the institutions which cater to its needs. Twice a week the foreigners gather to dance at the Grand Hotel; at the Hotel d'Europe a few Nepmen sit in one corner of the dining-room (carefully marked off from the rest where those Russians who are not, like them, pariahs may have food at one-half the price) and keep up a dreary pretense at bibulous flirtation; but, speaking broadly, there is no such

thing as a "night life" in Moscow. Darkness falls upon the city as upon a provincial village. There are no dance halls, no night clubs, no cafes. Of the whole complex of institutions to which the European theater belongs the theater alone has survived and it has survived only because, detaching itself from them, it has allied itself with institutions having a place in a new society which is passionate, energetic, and eager but which has cultivated no taste for the polite amusements of merely sophisticated leisure.

Not a single private theater exists in Moscow. About half of the major ones (including the opera, the Art Theater, and its various studios) are controlled by the central government; the rest, either by the Moscow Soviet or the various trade unions; and this passage into the hands of the ruling masses is no mere form, but something which has determined the whole character of their work. Even Stanislavski, who, of course, frankly belongs to the old order and does not profess to be anything but "bourgeois" in his tastes, has survived as head of the Art Theater only by yielding; and most of his new productions reflect, both in subject matter and in point of view, the character of the new audiences before which he plays. At the opera (the most conservative of all, since the repertory is still very nearly what it was before the Revolution) one might expect to find a pure survival, and if one turns from the stage where "Boris Godunov" is being sung to sweep one's eye around the gorgeous interior until it rests upon the Imperial box where nothing has been changed except that the double-headed eagle of the Romanoffs has been replaced by the sickle and hammer of the Soviets, one might almost believe that one was in the old Russia. But one glance at the audience is enough to reveal how completely the masses have taken possession of even this conservative sanctum. Though they have consented to let it remain for the moment what it has always been because they have not yet discovered into what they wish to transform it, they have possessed it nevertheless. Even here the audience is that same proletarian mass, variously nondescript in dress but strangely, almost terrifyingly, united in its passions and purposes, which one sees everywhere else and which is here enjoying old things, but enjoying them in its own new way. And if one goes instead to one of the new theaters like that of the M. G. S. P. U. (Moscow Trade Unions) one will discover, played before the same audience, dramas of daily life enacted with a literal, almost childish, naturalism like nothing to be found anywhere else on earth. In the revolutionary theater as in the revolutionary society there is much that is beautiful but there is nothing that is pretty.

Nowhere is anything which approaches what we call pure art to be found except as a survival from the past. At the Vactangov Studio I saw an exquisitely absurd performance of that charming bit of foolery "The Princess Turandot" which Gemier, with what seems to me ridiculous perversity, has just chosen as the play to represent Russia at the forthcoming Theatrical Tournament in Paris. At the Little Theater I saw a magnificent and grotesquely terrible performance of the old "Death of Ivan the Terrible," enacted by one of the best of the contemporary actors. But such things are, as I say, mere survivals and I was unable to discover a single play written since the Revolution which did not deal directly with either the Revolution itself or its effects. There are chronicles of the civil war like "1917," there are exciting melodramas based on single incidents in this same civil war like "The

Armored Train," there are satires on the bourgeoisie like Meyerhold's "Mandate," and, above all, there are innumerable sociological dramas dealing with the problems of the readjustment to the new society which arise in shop and factory. But there is no evidence of any desire to deal with the subjects which constitute the chief preoccupation of the European theater. In no single play does love between the sexes play an important role, even when it appears, as it does only occasionally, as a minor element; and this fact will serve, perhaps, to show how different the themes are. The extremists maintain that the new drama should concern itself exclusively with social forces and disregard entirely the individual as such, but one discovers very rapidly that even those plays which are described as "individualistic" are such only in the sense that they deal with the problem of an individual in a communistic society, and not at all in the sense in which we commonly use the term to describe those works which are concerned with individual souls living in a vacuum. In Moscow today a new play without social implications is absolutely unthinkable.

As a result of these facts the social and artistic values of the contemporary drama are inextricably mixed, and it would be quite impossible to describe one without the other. In theory and practice alike, art as a detached and self-justifying activity is allowed no place in communist society. The more naive enthusiasts regard it simply as an instrument of education and propaganda, while the subtler understand how it may perform social functions of a less immediately obvious sort; but no one thinks of discussing it except in social terms. The methods of presentation are many and they are often both new and effective, but the subject matter, whether it be treated with the sober, rather old-fashioned realism of the Little Theater or the grotesque extravagance of Meyerhold, is essentially the same, and the intention of the playwrights is nearer to that of nineteenth-century playwrights like Hauptmann and Sudermann than it is to that of any other body of Western European drama with which it could be compared.

Considered as a social phenomenon—and it is impossible to consider it otherwise—it is, however, in one respect at least, very different from that represented by the earlier drama of social forces. The movement in which Hauptmann was the most typical figure never sent its roots very deep into the masses with which it wished to deal. It remained primarily an affair of the intellectuals; and the majority of the proletarians of its time infinitely preferred the conventional romance and melodrama of the old-fashioned theater to the discussion of its problems which the new dramatists were providing. In Russia, however, the familiar paradox, a proletarian art which proletarians cannot be persuaded to enjoy, has completely disappeared. The working masses do go from shop and factory to the theaters where the problems of their own daily life are discussed, and they do by choice concern themselves with the art which concerns itself with them. People may disagree as to what the theater ought to be, but there can be no disagreement concerning one actual fact: the theater in Russia has been "socialized" with a vengeance.

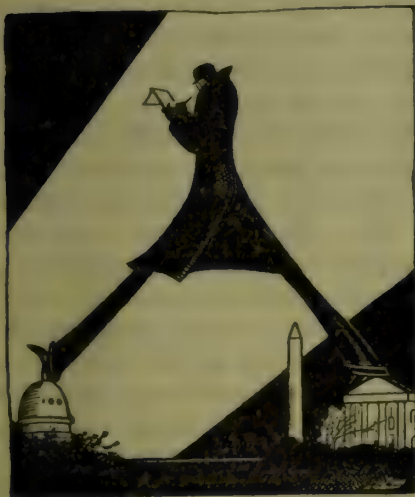
In my next article I shall discuss some of the individual plays as well as the more strictly artistic results of the condition here described, but it is impossible intelligently to discuss the Russian theater of today without first making clear how completely it differs, as an institution, from the theater of Western Europe as we know it.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
June 2



ing squadron composed of sons of Presidents—young T. R., young Taft, and the not-so-young Jimmy Garfield. Yet with all these advantages, he lost two of the battles and scored only a partial victory in the third, in which his opponent was a dead man, none too popular while alive. In Ohio he was pitted against the late Senator Frank B. Willis, whose Presidential aspirations certainly were never treated seriously by the majority of Buckeye voters. Hoover had the organization backing in nearly all the big Ohio cities, where Willis's bone-dry propensities made him unpopular. When Willis died in the midst of the campaign, it was too late to substitute another name in his place on the ballot. Yet the dead man managed to hold 20 of the 51 Ohio delegates against the live Secretary of Commerce. In Indiana, Hoover was opposed by that monumental mountebank, Jim Watson. Jim's prestige is at such low ebb—because so many of his trusted lieutenants have been sent to the penitentiary—that in the last election he escaped defeat for the Senate at the hands of a nobody by the slenderest of margins. Hundreds of thousands of Hoosiers were itching for an opportunity to rebuke Jim. In addition, the Hoover campaign was bolstered by the guidance of one of Watson's erstwhile henchmen, the celebrated George Lockwood, who gained everlasting fame by sending Blair Coan to Montana to frame Senator Wheeler. In spite of all this, so feeble was the enthusiasm aroused for Hoover that he lost the State by some 25,000 votes. The Hoover workers called this "an excellent showing."

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NOW comes the West Virginia primary. Hoover's opponent there was another nonentity, Senator Guy Despard Goff, former assistant to Harry M. Daugherty. Goff, though born in West Virginia, has lived there less than Hoover has in the United States. Even in that fraternity of solemn humbugs, the Senatorial Old Guard, the audacity of the insignificant Goff seeking the Presidency provoked smiles. Nevertheless, Goff carried the primary handsomely. The Hooverites explained it by charging that

lavish sums of money had been spent in Goff's behalf. Perhaps this was true, but there was no evidence of poverty on the Hoover side. Even the vendors of Southern delegates, lined up for Hoover at bargain rates through the shrewd bidding of Rush Holland, another former assistant to Harry Daugherty, are beginning to grow restive. They are resentful at the suggestion that they have been "bought and paid for" and are therefore bound to support Hoover at the Kansas City convention. Testimony before the Senate campaign-fund committee disclosed that Mr. Holland's modest \$10,000 outlay for Southern delegates had been augmented by promises of additional payments, aggregating some thousands of dollars. Despite the expenditure of \$11,800 for Hoover in Mississippi, an alarming anti-Hoover movement has been gaining headway. Perry Howard, the Mississippi Republican boss and paymaster for the Hoover forces in that State, is not so sure now that he will vote his delegates for Hoover. Similar sentiments were voiced before the Senate committee by Ben J. Davis, Republican National Committeeman in Georgia, who handled the Hoover funds in that State.

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BUT how to get rid of Hoover—that's the problem. Strong, silent Cal is offered as the alternative. But doubt is beginning to arise whether, seeking a third term, he would be much stronger as a candidate than Hoover. In 1924, when he was at the pinnacle of his popularity, Cal, it is now recalled, was a minority choice in several Western States. And that was before he had vetoed two McNary-Haugen bills. Even the devoted Fess, it is reported, is beginning to doubt Cal's availability.

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OF all the chuckleheaded ballyhoo conducted in Hoover's behalf first prize must be awarded to the effort now being made to have it appear that he is of German descent. Letters are beginning to appear in the newspapers from persons who say they have looked up the Hoover family tree and discovered that he is not English at all; that his forefathers came from Germany; and that his real name is "Hofer" or "Huber." This is obviously to counteract the effect of Hoover's being called "Sir 'erbert 'oover of Downing Street" and to soften the alleged antipathy toward him on the part of the German voters. Let them beware! The first thing they know their candidate will be proscribed by the hundred-percenters and blacklisted by the D. A. R. It is bad enough to have him assailed as a British hyphenate, but the consequences may be disastrous when his enemies begin calling him a Hun.

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CONGRESS has adjourned. The session was memorable for the activity of the most insolent and powerful lobby ever assembled in Washington to defeat legislation. The power lobby succeeded in beating Senator Walsh's proposal for a Senate investigation of the public utilities. By

having that inquiry shunted to the Federal Trade Commission, it afforded a complacent daily press an excuse for ignoring or glossing over the scandalous disclosures which have followed. Aided by the partisans of a narrow sectionalism, it succeeded, through an eleventh-hour filibuster in the Senate, in defeating the Boulder Dam project, despite the presence of sufficient votes to pass it. Its battle against government operation of Muscle Shoals was less successful, the bill passing both houses, but at this writing the power interests have not abandoned hope of a Presidential veto. The Norris amendment, to abolish lame-duck sessions, was lost through the opposition of a reactionary Republican minority in the House; and again the House decided to defy the Constitution by refusing to provide for reapportionment of Congressional districts. The passage of the McNary-Haugen Bill—which President Coolidge so savagely vetoed—may be attributed more to political hopes and fears than to any genuine concern over the plight of the farmer. In short, the progressive minority in each house fought its usual losing battle, and the majority displayed its customary cowardice, while the White House carefully looked after the interests of a few large industrial and financial groups, as was to be expected.

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UP to the very end the sacred Andrew, Secretary of the Treasury, continues to rejoice in the conspiracy of silence by which the newspapers shield him from unkind

facts. In one of the most burning indictments ever drawn against a great public official, Senator Walsh, reporting in behalf of the Teapot Dome Committee, charged Mr. Mellon with having concealed important facts from a Senate Committee engaged in exposing a crime, and with having failed, over a long period of years, to make any effort to collect the income taxes due from the profits of the most notorious swindle of modern times. When Secretary Mellon appeared before the committee and admitted that Will Hays had offered him \$50,000 of the Continental Trading Co. Liberty bonds in 1923, to be passed on to the Republican National Committee in the guise of a donation, and attempted to defend his four-year silence about the transaction, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*—to name but two—seized upon an innocent compliment by Senator Walsh and made it appear as a blanket vindication of the Secretary's conduct. When Senator Walsh's real verdict was rendered in his report to the Senate, did those newspapers hasten to correct the false impression which they had conveyed? In the editions of those papers reaching Washington, not a solitary mention of the Secretary's name appeared in their accounts of the Walsh report! Nor was he mentioned in the *New York Times* story. Readers of those newspapers must turn to the report itself to read the blistering judgment pronounced upon the sacred Secretary's conduct. And yet the Unofficial Spokesman has been accused of unfairness toward the daily press!

The Tailor and the Scientific Method

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

LABOR conventions have usually, in my experience invariably, nothing to do with the economics of industry. They are political gatherings in which the ins and the outs frame one another for factional purposes under democratic pretenses. For the reporter of such conventions the news is determined by the proper correlation between the impurity of political motives with what can be reasonably told.

In this sense the eighth biennial convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, held in Cincinnati during the week of May 14, was not a labor convention at all. As a labor reporter I consider it a failure. For all the world it might have been, barring differences in occupational psychology, a sectional meeting of the American Economic Association dealing with the economics of the men's clothing industry in its relation to free labor. The only difference is that tailors are more noisy than professors and care more for industrial freedom than professors care for academic freedom.

This difference between the usual political labor convention and the economic proceedings of the Amalgamated is due wholly, it seems to me, to the constantly growing leadership of Sidney Hillman. I am exceedingly tired of the intellectual indoor sport of throwing bouquets at Mr. Hillman. But the man's industrial philosophy—a complex of intelligence, knowledge, shrewdness, and the sort of genuine integrity which renders it dangerous to scoundrels—dominated the convention week so completely that failure to describe its leverage would omit the heart of the story.

It was at this Cincinnati convention that Hillman's industrial outlook reached and demonstrated its maturity.

His industrial philosophy is so largely functional that it seems more like a trick than an attitude. The trick lies in his appreciation that intelligence in social politics must be permanently militant. In these days of delusive collaboration schemes between capital and labor in a social atmosphere in which every force pulls increasingly in favor of capital, it is significant to appreciate the creative intelligence behind the Amalgamated program. Hillman does not give a rap for the manufacturer. He does not, in fact, believe in the employer's rights, for the simple reason that at bottom he considers them not rights but privileges. At any rate, he appreciates that he is not being paid a salary out of union dues to protect the boss. Since the last convention, the Amalgamated has conducted more strikes than any other trade union in America. The convention received with enthusiasm the report of a major strike at the Adler firm in Milwaukee. But Hillman does protect the rights of the employer just to the degree, yet fully to the degree, to which the employer under the present economic system legitimately affects the industry in which the workers make their living.

During the last two years, he told the convention, the union has in three instances given financial assistance to manufacturers exposed to the danger of liquidation. These three firms together employed more than one thousand workers. At least two of these firms would have had to go out of business were it not for the aid of the union. Other

firms were confronted with market and management problems which the Amalgamated found it necessary to help them solve. The Amalgamated is constantly engaged in reducing costs for the sole purpose of increasing wages. Conversely, this realistic attitude prevents the administration from registering such "victories" as John L. Lewis's Jacksonville agreement which victoriously helped to smash the United Mine Workers of America. It is an open secret that the Amalgamated might have had the forty-hour week in the last Chicago agreement. But due to conditions in the national men's clothing market, it could have existed only on paper. "We want no theoretical forty-hour week," Hillman said. "Whatever we accept must be real. Otherwise we don't take it. This time all we wanted was the recognition on the part of the manufacturers of our title to the forty-hour week. And we got a mixed committee to study its feasibility."

Since the 1926 convention in Montreal the union has carefully extended its various cooperative and subsidiary enterprises. About half the time of the convention was taken up with the reports of their administration and with resolutions for their further encouragement. The 1928 Chicago agreement raised the contribution of the employers to the Unemployment Insurance Fund from 1½ per cent of their weekly pay roll to 3 per cent, while the contribution of the workers remained stationary at 1½ per cent of their weekly wage. This raises unemployment insurance in the Chicago clothing market to almost half of the wage losses due to unemployment. The 1928 Rochester agreement also introduced unemployment insurance in which, however, the employers contribute 1½ per cent while the workers do not start their share until next May. "The industry must carry the burden of unemployment. We will not permit the manufacturers to share their responsibilities to the workers with the Charity Organization Society," Hillman said. The union is making every effort to introduce unemployment insurance in every market. The convention also indorsed a life-insurance plan which Dr. Leo Wolman, head of the union's research department, has developed. This plan is intimately connected with the unemployment-insurance fund, and is to be obligatory, so as to avoid the absurd ineffectiveness of the voluntary life-insurance company of the American Federation of Labor.

The convention indorsed various other cooperative and subsidiary ventures of the union. President Adolph Held of the Amalgamated Bank of New York and President Walter T. Fisher of the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago reported on the progress of these two institutions, whose resources are close to \$11,000,000 and \$9,000,000 respectively. The Amalgamated Bank of New York has introduced a small-loan service which recently has been copied by the National City Bank. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Credit Union of New York, also a small-loan organization, took the initiative which finally led to the building of the cooperative apartments in New York City at \$11 per room, the most skilfully financed and the most successful housing venture of this kind in the United States.

The results of the arbitration machinery were explained by the usual galaxy of distinguished impartial chairmen. In between, more popular addresses were given by B. C. Vladeck of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Arturo Giovannitti, and Judge Jacob Panken of New York. All along the business of the convention in the form of resolutions was

carried on. There were no left-wing issues in this convention and so there were no left controversial resolutions. The left wing was liquidated at the Montreal convention of 1926. Factionalism is a persistent cancer in the other needle trades, especially in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, because there are genuine grievances. But the Amalgamated is holding the field it has conquered, though it has still a great deal of ground left to cover. It must not be forgotten that there are approximately 200,000 men's clothing workers, including shirtmakers, in the United States and Canada, of whom the Amalgamated has less than one-half enrolled as dues-paying members. The New York market, due to the pressure of the small contractor and the general disorganization of the industry, though improving slightly, is still in a miserable condition. Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo, and St. Louis are hot-beds of the open shop in the men's clothing industry. But the organization is so obviously and militantly facing these problems that factionalism can make little dent in the membership. Hillman, indeed, is so little afraid of opposition that as soon as the statement on the report of the General Executive Board was presented to the convention he invited not merely discussion but all opposition to come out into the open. There was none. The only disturbing factor was the race issue, between Jews and Italians. It crystallized, thinly disguised, around the last election quarrel in the Buffalo Joint Board. The issue was stifled by both the Jewish and the Italian leaders, but there is no doubt that it is a growing problem in an organization of which an ever-increasing proportion is Italian, while the leadership is largely Jewish.

At this convention it was also obvious that the growing realistic policy of the Amalgamated since 1920 has allocated to the various leaders the degree of power which is commensurate with their temperament. Joseph Schlossberg, always more of a prophet than a priest, is still the "conscience" of the union. Abraham Beckerman and Abraham Miller of New York are on the General Executive Board by virtue of their power in New York. Sidney Rissman, Frank Rosenblum, and Leo Krzycki are able administrative lieutenants and organizers. One or two members of the board are gradually eliminating themselves with the growing complexity of the organization. Others will stay on as representatives of racial groups, Italian, Bohemian, and Polish. But the real power has undoubtedly drifted to the big three, Sidney Hillman, Hyman Blumberg, and Samuel Levin. Blumberg, the best tailor in America, can tell you how an added stitch to one operation in a shop employing three thousand workers will affect price levels and wage rates. Born and brought up in the streets of Baltimore, his boldness is of that disciplined recklessness which makes him the natural leader of organization campaigns and strike-ridden districts. Sam Levin, whose powerful body and inarticulate but hard intelligence move like a slow motion picture, is really responsible for the 100 per cent organization of the Chicago market, which is the backbone of the union. An unofficial leader, but of enormous significance to the organization, is Dr. Leo Wolman, who has his finger in every agreement, in every innovation, for the simple reason that his technical equipment as an economic adviser is probably the most clean-cut and competent in the country.

The convention was a rousing success for the administration. Yet the week left rather an uncertain impression. I dare say it deposited some new doubts in the mind

of Sidney Hillman. One cannot help feeling that the rank and file of the delegates swallowed things without sufficiently digesting them. There had been too much self-satisfaction in the convention, too many noisy and unintelligent demonstrations with rattles and whistles. Hillman is a practical politician to the point of genuine statesmanship. He is shrewd to the point of wisdom. He really wants the rank and file to be educated to every step because only in such education lies permanent gain. He is afraid to be too far ahead.

Hillman also wants to believe, and hence fools himself into believing, that the Amalgamated has a mission to perform in American labor. He is quite wrong. The Amalgamated cannot teach our dominant labor movement anything because our dominant labor movement is spiritually too bankrupt to learn anything. The culture of big business is constantly forging ahead in American life and gradually emasculating the old trade-union movement. The one criticism one can make of the Amalgamated, a criticism which certainly is not the fault of its leadership, is that its intelligence is a sport phenomenon in our industrial life and that as such it will remain in the vanguard without being a guide.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is stumped. As a bureau of information and advice he is generally resourceful and loquacious—at least loquacious. He is able to advise persons in which phase of the moon to plant radishes, whether one should marry in June or October, and if Sauterne, Ming Green, Coffee, or Pyrenees Blue will be the prevailing shade in men's underwear during the coming summer. But now the Drifter is stumped. From a correspondent in San Antonio, Texas, comes the following appeal:

Along the lunatic fringe of your readers there are undoubtedly some maddened "hobby-riders" who are obsessed with the desire to inoculate other innocent citizens with the virus of their disease. I offer myself as a victim. I am looking for a hobby, something with sufficient interest to draw me from my desk at least two afternoons a week.

The readiest answer would be golf. My business associates close their desks and run off for the afternoon to chase the little white ball "o'er hill and dale," as the poet says. They fill my ears at luncheon with ante- and post-mortems on their game, and I really should be in a position to make them suffer as they make me suffer. Unfortunately, all strenuous sport is taboo. This also eliminates riding, tennis, swimming, and baseball, but leaves croquet, which does not appeal. I outgrew marbles, tops, second-hand stamps years ago. Hiking is difficult in my section of the country as shade trees are scarce and autos plentiful. Walking in our local parks, while pleasant and restful, soon palls. Bridge is interesting but too confining.

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NOW what, the Drifter asks his readers, is the answer? His correspondent says that he wants a hobby and indicates that he inclines toward a sport. Yet he seems to rule out the best of them as too strenuous for his physique. If he must abjure tennis and swimming, presumably he could not consider handball either. But how about bowling and, if not bowling, then billiards? And if none of them, then ping-pong? If these sound too conventional, and the

Drifter's correspondent is willing to go outside the realm of sport, then one might recommend to him China painting, Spanish lessons, saxophone playing, or lion taming. Not that the Drifter has ever tried any of them, but if he had his life to live over again he would certainly be a saxophone player by vocation and—if his existence grew wearisome—he would take up lion taming on the side. He may add that he knew a navy officer who adopted knitting as a pastime when he retired from the service after a concluding experience in mine sweeping. Perhaps the transition from sweeping to knitting seemed like a natural bit of domestic evolution.

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AS a matter of fact the Drifter balks at the idea of a hobby that would regularly involve, as his correspondent suggests, two afternoons a week. The Drifter's own pet hobby, of course, is drifting, and that is not done on schedule. Besides it is unwise to suggest drifting to a man with an office in San Antonio to which he wants to cling. The Drifter has never been in San Antonio, but he fears his first drift might land him in Galveston and his second aboard a ship going almost anywhere east of Suez or west of the Milky Way.

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FOR the benefit of the readers of his screed in the issue of May 16 the Drifter passes on the information that the Governor of Porto Rico has vetoed the bill to legalize cock-fighting. So that amusement is closed to the gentleman from San Antonio even if he wanted to emigrate in order to embrace it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The White Serf in Georgia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You seem to regard the American Negro as a poor, downtrodden, mistreated person. I do not wish to go into the condition of the Negro of the past, whom your ancestors caught and sold to mine, but I wish to submit to you my experience as a typical Georgia farmer in dealing with a typical Negro.

In the year 1919 I hired a more than averagely intelligent and industrious Negro named Robert Robertson. I paid him \$25 a month in cash. I allowed him a private patch of one acre and the use of my farm animals free of charge. I gave him Saturday afternoon off. I furnished him a three-room ceiled home with waterworks. He kept a cow at my expense and enjoyed plenty of milk and butter. His chickens, a source of revenue as well as a food supply, roamed at will over my farm. Fuel was his for the taking.

He stood no risk and at the end of the year he had supported his family of six and saved \$300; I, who had stood much greater risk and should have made more, lost more. The peach curculio ruined my peaches, the hog cholera killed my hogs, and the boll weevil got my cotton. I lost \$2,000. Other pests which the Southern farmer faces are the corn caterpillar, the pod weevil, the Mexican bean weevil, and the Hessian fly, not to mention the weather. And no tariff protects him.

I treated Robert kindly. I dared not ruffle his composure. The peonage law permitted him to quit me whenever he chose, whether it were in the midst of my crop, or whether he owed me money. He did leave me and the farm at the end of the year, and moved to town in order to spend his money. He refused to send his children to the school, built for the Negroes by my father before the day of public schools, because of a twenty-five-

cent fee for supplies asked by the teacher. He attended church regularly, however, in the church, also built by my father.

I, too, have left the farm, in order to make a living. It seems to me that the white man rather than the Negro is oppressed in the South when he follows the occupation of the South—agriculture. Instead of uplifting the Negro, you are tending to make a serf of the Southern white man.

Atlanta, Georgia, May 2

GEORGE H. SLAPPEY

The Natives of Liberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Buell's article on Liberia, in your issue of May 2, refers to the natives of the country as "naked savages," and implies that they had to be kept subjugated by the civilized Liberian Government, whose welfare was of major importance.

As a matter of fact, Liberia possesses two of the most interesting ethnic groups on the continent of Africa. The Krus are skilful sailors who have made themselves indispensable to the trading vessels that touch on the West Coast. They were one of the few tribes who were never enslaved. The Mandingoes were smelting and tempering iron centuries before Europe, and it is only recently that the quality of their product has been surpassed. Their treatment of leather may not yet be surpassed, nor do Western dyes outlast their own in that hot and moist climate. Their leaders are well versed in the Koran and in Arabic lore and African tradition. Peoples possessed of such a civilization and culture can scarcely be called "naked savages."

The crux of the matter lies in what happens to these natives, not, as Mr. Buell seemed to imply, in what happens to the independence of the Liberian Government, interesting in that is. The lives of the million or million and a half sturdy, intelligent, and acclimated natives, with a culture all their own, is of more importance than the lives of the ten thousand "Liberians," the descendants of the immigrants, with a faint Western culture.

The million or million and a half natives have not had self-government for fifty years. They have been supervised by the ruling clique of the 10,000 Liberians. But they had been protected in a measure by the very weakness of the Liberians, and were as a matter of fact benefited in many ways by this supervision. The coming of Firestone may mean another story. If he carries his project through, he has a power, which the Liberian Government did not have, either to make the natives suffer or to advance their interests. What he does industrially may be infinitely more important to the natives than what the Liberian Government did politically.

The natives had some protection against the government of the alien Liberians. They have almost none, except his enlightened self-interest, against the foreign Firestone. Therein lies the peril. Arbitrary power, though benevolent, is dangerous. Every English-speaking country has heretofore had some protection against arbitrary power. The natives of Liberia should have some protection, and protection by an agency as powerful as Firestone himself. Else he will be prosecutor, judge, and jury for a million natives from whom he is seeking to extract profits. He will be a modern example of the type of the old chartered companies or of Leopold II, though he will probably not abuse his power as did these agencies. Can and should not our State Department, which is protecting him, at least promise the million natives (through the Liberian Government, if necessary) that their interests will be protected first, and that Firestone's profits will come second? Some agency should do this. What other could?

It does not matter much if the cost of collecting import duties is ten times as great in Liberia as in adjoining British territories. The Liberians get advantages out of the arrangement. But it does matter that the natives of Liberia are not

protected, as are the natives of adjoining British territories, against the terrors that can accompany an invading social revolution.

Washington, D. C., May 10

ROBINSON NEWCOMB

Liberal in St. Louis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Another Liberal," writing from Baltimore, says he knows of only two liberal newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Baltimore Sun*. Apparently he deliberately omits the *New York World*, since he is discussing the Broun incident, but his failure to mention the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* shows that his experience with journalism is not wide. If it were, he would be likely not to mention the *Sun* except in a qualified way, since its liberalism is limited. There are some liberal causes it apparently does not savor. Compare the *Sun* and the *Post-Dispatch* on such things, for example, as the Supreme Court decision in the Charlotte Anita Whitney case, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, or in any matter involving great economic issues, like valuation of public utilities, activities of the power trust, and so on. I believe the *Sun* would suffer by the comparison. St. Louis is far from the Atlantic seaboard, but the *Post-Dispatch* is saying things that will soon be heard even above the clamor made by the self-sufficient East. I mean no slur to the *Sun*. It is a splendid newspaper and I wish America had more like it, but it should be considered in the light of the greater freedom and greater independence of the *Post-Dispatch*.

St. Louis, Missouri, May 28

STILL ANOTHER

The United Press and the Utilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Washington correspondent suggests that the newspapers have been neglecting the public-utilities stories. You will be interested to note that our messages from editors indicate a real interest in the story. As you know, the United Press supplies news as news. It is quite obviously not the province of a press association to "crusade" either for or against. Our field is reporting and distribution of news. The United Press has been reporting fully the utilities story, carrying 1,000 or more words constantly per day on its afternoon wires and a large volume again at night. We have given a consecutive picture of the work of the utilities agents in the schools and colleges and shall continue conscientiously to present the facts of the hearings as they develop.

I am taking the liberty of writing you this since the rather broad statement about Washington correspondents might be misconstrued by some of your readers as covering the activities of press-association reporters too. Speaking for the United Press, I can assure you that our men are engaged in covering news as it breaks in Washington, without fear or bias.

Washington, D. C., May 25

CARL D. GROAT

For Bryan's Biography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned would be grateful for letters or other documents suitable as biographical material for a Life of William Jennings Bryan. Any such material loaned will be returned. Photographs or information regarding theses or other serious studies of the career of the Great Commoner would be welcomed by me at 422 West Twenty-second Street, New York.

New York, May 30

PAXTON HIBBEN

Books, Music, Plays

Going Somewhere

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Traveling standing still, I took
Years to do a piece
Of one Pacific Island. Now,
Everywhere I look—
As if I stood on top the Pole,
And saw, surrounding how
The horizon was traveling
While I was standing still—
The world goes round and round, and I
Am pure content to be
Its tiny axis toward a sky
That points and centers, spinning by,
In an earth that is, with me,
From root's depth, into tree,
By tiny atoms back and forth,
Shaken, a round-trip out of earth,
To earth's depth as before.
I could not travel more.

One circle out of earth and back
Takes seventy years at least.
The other goes with mental speed
Around to the level east.
The atom of my mind can look
While it is being taken
Upon an arc the plumed trees took,
Shaken, and unshaken.
So the two circles. Momentary,
The horizontal one;
And the tall circle, too, the airy
Flight to the flowing sun,
Converge on this, my standing still,
My traveling through space,
Going somewhere, until
I arrive at no place.

The Protestant Terror

Pressure Politics. The Story of the Anti-Saloon League. By Peter Odegard. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

THIS is an extraordinary book. For the first time the history of the Anti-Saloon League in all its phases has been written from the documents, with citation of chapter and verse, names, places, and circumstances in proof of every important fact set down. Whether viewed as an account of the most elaborate piece of propaganda that any nation has ever known, or as an exposure of the far-reaching political activities of the American Protestant churches, or as a record of political scheming, intimidation, misrepresentation, and blackguardly tactics used in behalf of a so-called moral reform, the story is amazing, and the more so because Mr. Odegard, in telling it, seems at times to lean over backwards in his effort to do exact justice to the league and its representatives.

Only a few of the more important points brought out in a book which, like this one, is literally crammed with details can be alluded to in a review of any reasonable length. The story begins with the formation at Oberlin College, in 1874, of a society devoted to the complete suppression of the "traffic in and

the use of intoxicating liquors," and destined to become, after a few years of rapid changes, the Anti-Saloon League that the present generation knows. When, in 1895, the Anti-Saloon League was formed, what had come to be known as the "Ohio idea" was made the basis of its organization. "Stated briefly," says Mr. Odegard, "the pillars upon which the structure rests are: (1) A paid professional staff of officers and workers giving their entire time to league activities; (2) a financial system based upon monthly subscriptions; (3) an active political agitation directed toward the defeat of wet and the election of dry candidates; (4) concentration upon the liquor question—refusal to be sidetracked by other issues." By vesting authority in the board of directors and executive committee, the voice of the people who paid the money, and who were supposed to be benefited by the proposed reform, was virtually eliminated.

From the beginning the churches were "the backbone of the organization," the league itself being formed, as Mr. Odegard remarks on the authority of its official organ, "to give church people an effective political organization to fight the liquor traffic." As hardly more than two-fifths of the population of the United States, during the period of the league's greatest activity, could be regarded as church adherents, and as Catholics and Jews, representing between them about one-half of the total church membership of the country, have with few exceptions held aloof, the sectarian backing of the league may well be pondered by those who affect to be in national prohibition, the crowning achievement of league exertions, an expression of the conviction of a majority of the nation, or who single out the Catholics as the only church that is supposed to take a hand in politics. The one redeeming feature of the case at this point is that the churches were at first in no hurry to join hands with the league, and that official cooperation of church councils has "generally failed."

Once a few had been convinced, the next step was to persuade the mass. For persuasion the league adopted, at one time or another, about every device, short of bribery and physical violence, that political parties have resorted to in turning democracy to their ends. It flooded the country with literature exposing the ways of the liquor interests and grossly exaggerating the iniquities of the saloon. "If there be such a thing as blackwashing, this is what the league did to the saloon. . . . To have admitted that there was one decent saloon would have seemed like giving the whole case away." Even the so-called Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania, in Washington's time, was and still is grotesquely misrepresented as a rebellion of the "liquor traffic" against the law. Reports from dry districts were edited by cutting out whatever failed to connect prosperity with prohibition, "the relation of drink to insanity, tuberculosis, mortality, crime, divorce, and school attendance was iterated and reiterated," the menace of the drunken Negro in the South was appropriately emphasized, and endless sob-stories were circulated for the benefit of impressionable youths and adolescent adults.

By the time the World War came on the agitation for national prohibition was in full cry, but the war opened vast new fields to the crusaders, and the league made the most of its opportunities with the efficient aid of the federal government and the general moral and intellectual paralysis brought on by the embattled one-hundred-percenters. There is no space to recount here the story of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, the saintly performances of William H. Anderson and the lordly strut of Wayne B. Wheeler, or the eventual yielding of the Supreme Court to the obvious demands of a well-worked-up public opinion. The work of Protestant terrorization had run and been glorified, and even the Sovereign Pontiff himself exercised less effective control over the minds and consciences of the faithful than the league, with its ring leadership, its secret funds, its contempt for corrupt practices acts, and its past-mastership of political intrigue, exercised over men and

women who in most other relations of life insisted upon regarding themselves as intelligent. Had Mr. Odegard been able to bring his absorbing tale down to the present moment, he would have been able to add that all the Presidential candidates in this year 1928 have vied with one another in side-stepping the prohibition issue, and that the question will not bulk large in the proceedings of the nominating conventions or the formal declarations of party platforms if the party leaders can prevent it. About the only thing, apparently, for which the prohibition bosses cannot, with full hearts, give thanks to Almighty God is that Mr. Odegard should have been permitted to write and publish this notable book.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

My Outfit

Me and Henry and the Artillery. By William Hazlett Upson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

TEN years and two months ago, for reasons I have never since been able adequately to explain to myself or to anybody else, I enlisted to make the world safe for democracy. I was sent, with forty-five other recruits, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and after due process of questionnaires, ended in Headquarters Company of the Thirteenth Field Artillery.

Now comes this book, written by Private William Upson of Battery D, Thirteenth Field Artillery (I never knew him—I knew only the two hundred and ten men in Headquarters Company), and I stay up half the night to read it. It is not a particularly good book, not so good as "Chevrons," not nearly so good as "Three Soldiers," which remains, so far as I know, the only piece of genuine literature in this or any other country the World War has brought forth. (Yes, I have read "The Story of a Squad" and "Men in War.") But it is about my branch of the service, my outfit, my telephone detail even—it brings what Aristotle calls the pleasure of recognition once again.

I do not know why the human mind, in all ages, recurs so persistently to this experience of war. "Forsan et haec olim. . ." And veterans' recollections are of all things of course the most inevitable and the most familiar. I feel that I have had a reasonably full and exciting life since the war, I remember that my army days, up to the armistice, did not seem pleasant to me at the time I was going through them. But the period remains almost the most cherished and the most valued episode of my life—if I disparage it, it is my anti-imperialist conscience that speaks, and not my memories. This is sad, but it is true. And there were several million other similar soldiers in the A. E. F. those years.

Perhaps those several millions is the real key to the problem—all in uniform, all interchangeable, humanity reduced to its most elementary units at last. And the sense of danger, of responsibility and irresponsibility, the excitement of the finality of death. But there was more. I look through this book and try to capture its essence. I find a little of it in the speeches:

"I suppose," said the captain, "we ought to turn him over to the M. P.'s as a straggler."

"If you ask me," said Baird, "I'd say that we are too busy to be going out of our way to assist those damn M. P.'s."

"Fair enough," said the captain, and they walked on.

And again:

"What did that bird say he was going to do?" asked Henry [when the lieutenant retired out of danger of shells].

"Make a reconnaissance."

"That's a good one, all right," said Henry. "I'll have to remember that word."

The quality evaporates when it is copied here out of its context, but perhaps the clue remains. Was it the sense of braggadocio—that sense of always playing a part (never one instant

forgotten—not jammed into box-cars, not squatting down among the flies with slum, not sighting through glasses at a church-steeple, not grooming a kicking horse at night)—of playing a part on a wide stage, and with a perfectly impersonal force for antagonist—the nearest modern unbelieving man can come to his duel with the high gods? For I, for one, certainly never believed in the righteousness of our cause, and I got the same kick out of the army that everybody else did—no more, no less—I was there to see, that was all.

The impersonal force, of course, was the fear of death—a perfectly impersonal and unpredictable hazard so far as any individual soldier was concerned. There was not much use taking precautions against it—if it was going to get you it would. In peace times only the poet walks constantly through the valley of the shadow of death—this presence, at once so paralyzing, and so overshadowing above all minor annoyances, was with us all during the war.

Man, according to the psychoanalysts, has the death-wish as deeply in his bones as the life-wish. He came out of inert matter, and to inert matter, by his roundabout road, he is always homesick to return. Modern war is not a psychological phenomenon—it is a matter of economic organization. But it could not play its tune without the psychological keys to play on: man's combativeness, his love of adventure—of battle, murder, and sudden death. And those ancient and fundamental loves, I realize reading this book and remembering the war again, can only be otherwise satisfied when peace is accepted as as fatal as war time, and all life is lived in friendly acknowledgment of its end.

ROBERT WOLF

British Coal

The British Coal Dilemma. By Isador Lubin and Helen Everett. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE great strikes of 1926 gave dramatic prominence to the problem of British industry which is perhaps insoluble. Britain's industrial and commercial supremacy in the nineteenth century was built on coal. Even after that supremacy had passed, the prosperity Britain enjoyed up to the Great War was closely dependent on her output and marketing of coal. But trouble was already threatening. Other industrial countries were developing coal measures nearer the surface and cheaper to work.

Oil was pushing rapidly into the places of industrial and transport power; hydro-electric energy was making countries like Sweden and Switzerland independent of coal fuel. The war and the post-war struggles accelerated these new economies, and Britain must in any case have been seriously damaged in her export and bunker markets. It might have been expected that, as this prospect opened out, the leaders of the coal industry would have set themselves strenuously to the task of improving the technique and organization of their trades, which were lamentably inefficient. But the coal-owners, sluggish by tradition, conservative in temper, had only one notion of dealing with what they regarded as a temporary crisis, viz., reduction of wages and lengthening of hours. The story of the obstinate but futile resistance of the miners, the vacillating policy of the government, with its commissions and its subsidies, is told in accurate detail by the writers of this able book. But the main purpose of Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett is to exhibit the larger significance of the British coal situation as an economic and psychological dilemma. Every intelligent, disinterested engineer recognizes the absurdity of keeping 2,500 separate collieries, with as many separate managements, at different levels of physical efficiency, engaged in cutthroat competition for markets. Concentrative organization and combination are the only roads to safety. But here the pride of wasteful independence, the distrust of cooperation, and, above all,

the resentment at state control and interference block the way. We have here a vivid and acute presentation of the tangle of human follies which prevent any sane solution.

The writers discuss temperately and with clear understanding the question of nationalization which arouses so much prejudice in the mind of ordinary business men. They are evidently favorable to some such bold measure of public organization ■ is proposed by the Labor Party in the hope of ■ Power and Transport Department, and discuss with much acumen the various ways of avoiding the defects of bureaucracy and of political influence in business administration. It is an exceedingly well-informed and well-written treatise upon a subject of vital importance in the economic field.

J. A. HOBSON

The Great Tradition

The Years Between. I. The Mysterious Cavalier. II. Martyr to the Queen. By Paul Feval and M. Lassez. Translated from the French by Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. \$5.

IT was no fault of Dumas that the historical romance acquired an evil title and fell on sickly days in the nineties and was taken over by the agreeable and puny capacities of writers like Stevenson and Stanley Weyman and then of late years fell on even sicklier days in the gaudy hands of Rafael Sabatini. At last it became the sort of thing given as ■ birthday present by great-aunts to growing boys and commanded no kind of respect from the austere critic. It became the cloak-and-sword romance wherein an excessively heroic cavalier went about in ■ flappy cloak and pinked villains with an incredible monotony. Historic characters spouted a cascading fount of supposedly medieval language and a trivial plot was draped in rainbow prose. No one ever acted or thought as any one *ever* acted or thought in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. The nobles all talked as if they were strutting poets and peasants always had a fund of wit.

Unfortunately enough most readers judged Dumas by "The Three Musketeers," wherein they cared only for the giddy attitudes of the four inseparables and overlooked the portrait of Richelieu and the extraordinary talent which showed characters feeling and acting according to the morals of their own day and made real and lovable three blood-thirsty ruffians. These readers never got as far ■ the Valois Romances nor did they even penetrate to the profound and haunting sadness hanging like ■ poetic dream over the lives of the pure and the true sacrificed to the lust and cruelty of the ignoble great. For there is nothing boyish or immature of tinsel about "Marguerite de Valois" or "La Dame de Monsereau" or "The Forty Five." Apart from the mere thrill and surface brilliance of historical duels and colored pageantry they show as no other novelist has ever shown the brief course of love and passion and the terrible and heart-breaking suddenness of death to the brave and the young. They have as much to do with later historical romances with happy endings and schoolboy heroics as Wagner's "Die Walküre" has to do with Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

It is, therefore, ■ matter of supreme satisfaction that one may announce the publication of "The Years Between," undertaken with the consent of the Dumas heirs. In his own day there were the accredited collaborators who tried in their own way to continue or rival the work of the master and with deplorable creations. There have been endless and shameless imitators; but there has never been so successful and so genuine an imitation as the work of M. Feval and M. Lassez, who fill the gap of twenty years between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" with the reappearance of D'Artagnan and Richelieu and the Duchess of Chevreuse and Anne of Austria, and with the added delight of Cyrano de Bergerac. A mysterious cavalier serves as the excuse for the tale, but

as in all Dumas the lives of the great fill the breath-taking scene and the dialogue sparkles like ■ silver river. The authors have worked with a special reverence; and thereby they have served a master rather than a usurer. No one can be Dumas except the great Dumas; and yet they have come close enough to fill the heart with joy and set it pounding like hoof-beats down ■ road at midnight.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Ecce Homo

Napoleon the Man. By R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company. \$5.

H EARKEN unto the new Gospel, oh, ye simple and ye who are free from guile. From a saintly mother's womb untimely ripped, the new Messiah was born to set men free. In earliest infancy he manifested a naive and self-sacrificing spirit. In his youth his wisdom astonished the priests of the temple such ■ Raynal and Mirabeau. He grew up strong in the love of good and in the hate of evil. Enemies and devils beset him on all sides—Paoli, Danton, Robespierre, Carnot, George III—but they were wicked or stupid men who could not contaminate the soul that burned with the love of liberty. Nay, verily, he but heaped coals of fire upon their undeserving heads. Magdalens, too, there were to tempt him and sometimes, alas, he yielded, but only to rise cleansed and nobler in spirit. Thus he lived his life for the Revolution and the Rights of Man. Talleyrand was his Judas. Elba was his Gethsemane. St. Helena was his Calvary. But in 1840 came the Resurrection of the Man [*sic!*], and in 1918 the policy of the Man triumphed in Europe.

Unbelievers will say that even the Synoptics of the new Passion were conscious artificers of ■ new hagiolatry; and scoffers will maintain that in this particular Bible of Bonapartism there is much besides that is apocryphal. Infidels will claim that there is a significant omission, an error, a misstatement, or ■ misinterpretation on almost every page. They are but "enemies" or "hands which oppress," mere minions of "King Mob" or the "Glittering Beings," Pharisees and sinners. Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on!

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

The Analysis of Children

Introduction to the Technic of Child Analysis. By Anna Freud. Translation supervised by L. Pierce Clark. Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company. \$1.50.

I N 1922 ■ young man of nineteen, then visiting Vienna with his father, was urged to visit Freud in gratitude for what the professor had done for him. The university student was amazed to discover that he was the boy whose phobia has become famous and whose analysis has become a classic under the title "The Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy." The young man's early experience and malady had passed from recollection into the limbo of his unconscious. It is only another instance of the amnesia that covers this early period to which Professor Freud has called attention and upon which his significant contributions are based.

Frau Melanie Klein has made valuable contributions in this field and Dr. Eichorn has applied his knowledge in the juvenile courts of Vienna. But the first book on the subject of child analysis has been written by Anna Freud, the professor's daughter, with true Freudian clarity, simplicity, and profundity. This small volume contains four lectures read before the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. It is therefore technical in the sense that it covers the whole field of psychoanalytic technique, but

at the same time it will be of inestimable value to parents, educators, psychologists, and psychoanalysts.

Anna Freud describes ten cases in which she deemed it necessary to use analysis; she suggests a criterion for its use, comparing her method with that of Frau Klein of Berlin and with that used in adult analysis. The "Dresseur" period, preparatory to the actual analysis, aims to create the conditions necessary for an adult analysis, namely: (1) Insight into one's illness; (2) confidence in the analysis or the analyst; and (3) a desire to use this method as a therapy from inner motives instead of outer ones.

The second theme, the method of child analysis with relation to the four fundamental psychoanalytic aids—conscious memory to give the history of the case, dream interpretation, free association, and the transference-situation—occupies the remainder of the book. The child's dreams are not as simple as those cited in "The Interpretation of Dreams." The method of verbal association creates difficulties but the child makes amends by rich day-fantasies and drawings.

The transference-situation about which the analysis hinges, with all the social and family implications which it necessarily involves, is discussed from both a practical and a theoretical viewpoint. Whereas the adult gives up the old object of his fantasy, his parents, and builds a new one around the analyst, the child considers the parents an organic part of itself. The analytic situation is therefore a reality. Child-analysis involves the education of the child simultaneously with the analysis, and the education of the parents simultaneously with that of the child. Where the environment is inflexible it becomes a problem of changing a sick neurotic child into a rebellious one—which may have its advantages for the sickness but not for the social organization.

The numerous instances of children's dreams, their reactions to the analysis, the actual problems which Anna Freud met and the explanation of the way she solved them, and the discussion of the theoretical problems concerning education from the point of view of the child, society, and the home all clarify and enliven this little book and make it delightful reading. It is a genuinely important contribution to our efforts in child study.

ROSETTA HURWITZ

Books in Brief

Mind and Body. By Hans Driesch. The Dial Press. \$3.

Not the least interesting pages of this volume comprise the bibliography of Professor Driesch's 110 articles and books, prepared by his translator, Theodore Besterman. It will help readers of this first American edition of "Leib und Seele" to appreciate that its author's researches justify in a sense his right to speculate, if not his right to say that "behaviorism as a mechanistic theory is pure dogmatism." Professor Driesch attempts a refutation of the theory of psychophysical parallelism. He is more successful in this undertaking, through long acquaintance with the problem, than he can expect to be in another end to which this volume is dedicated: "to bring American psychology, well developed along experimental lines, upon a truly philosophical platform." Here he is not so well acquainted with the problem.

Ozark Fantasia. By Charles J. Finger. Compiled and Edited by Charles Morrow Wilson. Fayetteville, Arkansas: The Golden Horseman Press. \$2.50.

The editor of *All's Well*, which is the successor to *Reedy's Mirror*, appears in this miscellany as a man with a warm, appreciative mind fed not merely from local Arkansas springs but from a river of experience which has swept him round the world. A far traveler and an author of many books about travelers and rogues, he has settled down in the Ozarks to look at the hills, receive distinguished visitors, and describe them, medi-

tate, moralize, and amuse himself. Mr. Finger emerges a various and likable man, if not a very critical one.

The New Reformation. By Michael Pupin. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Seven narratives reporting the realities of human experience, passing in consideration "from physical to spiritual realities." Professor Pupin admits that "abstract philosophical discussions are foreign to the thoughts which guide these narratives." And oh! the increasing truth of this as one passes from the physical to the spiritual!

Letters of Richard Wagner. Selected and Edited by Wilhelm Altmann. Translated from the German by M. M. Bozmann. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. \$10.

Wagner's "Mein Leben" is notoriously unreliable; and it has been available only in a version censored by his family and terminated at the year 1864. His letters are more revealing; but the only collection available until now stops at 1850. The present collection is intended to remedy these defects, and to have Wagner tell, with as much honesty as he is capable of, his story of his life, particularly of his development as a creative artist. Even this collection includes letters which have been tampered with by the Wagner family; and the editor recommends a revision of the texts according to the original manuscripts, which he has not attempted.

Our Ancient Liberties. By Leon Whipple. H. W. Wilson Company. \$1.50.

What were the liberties of our forefathers to which we so often appeal? Where did they come from, and what were they worth in practice? Mr. Whipple considers realistically the English origins and American contributions to civil liberties and then examines in some detail the intent and practical meaning of the amendments to the federal Constitution which make up our American Bill of Rights. The Puritans come off somewhat less black than Mr. H. L. Mencken customarily paints them. The book is well written and genuinely illuminating. It is philosophically more satisfactory than the author's larger case record published under the title "The Story of Civil Liberties in the United States," which we have previously reviewed. Judge Julian W. Mack contributes a thoughtful introduction which embodies Judge Brandeis's already famous exposition and defense of civil liberty in the case of *Whitney vs. California*.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Third Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles. The Macmillan Company. Five volumes. \$37.50.

The second edition of this work, for the most part, corrected errors of plan and scope. In the present edition there has necessarily been much revision and replacement of old material; and with new articles to give the results of recent investigation and thought on matters old as well as new, the work is complete and representative of contemporary knowledge and opinion about music, and another feather in the much-adorned cap of English musicology.

Gravestones of Early New England. By Harriette Merrifield Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$12.50.

A thorough study, with many illustrations, of the subject which "Old Mortality" once made interesting for the readers of Sir Walter.

The Appreciation of Music. By Roy Dickinson Welch. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

This book belongs among the good ones of its kind. But its kind is not the best for its purpose. As compared with the spoken word which explains and names things as they are heard, the written word throws the burden of correlation upon the listener who is presumed not to have the experience and knowledge needed for such correlation. The ideal book, therefore, would consist of a certain number of compositions with

detailed annotations. This book, however, contents itself with enough quotation to illustrate certain definitions and remarks, which, in turn, it applies to compositions that can be heard by means of reproducing instruments, and the effect of which is less to facilitate experience than to name it, since many of the remarks can be correlated with details of the compositions only after these details have been grasped by the listener himself.

Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree. By Harold Kellock. The Century Company. \$2.

A gracefully written biography of Mason Locke Weems, who one hundred years ago was "doing" the lives of national heroes and saving the morals of a new nation with pious tracts. Mr. Kellock has sufficiently little respect for Weems's "antic moralities," but he has worked with a sort of affection for the eccentric yet ingenious old man; and his book, like Weems's themselves for that matter, makes very good reading.

Music

The Bach Festival

FOR the twenty-second Festival of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, held on May 11 and 12, the chorus of three hundred townsfolk gave their usual deeply felt and dramatic performance of the colossal Mass in B-Minor. To supplement this annual event, Dr. J. Fred. Wolle this year presented a group of chorales and cantatas calculated to show Bach at the height of his powers, ranging from the Magnificat, composed for Bach's first Christmas in his final post as cantor at Leipzig, to the chorale prelude which was his last composition.

The two days of this unique festival are a plunge into the stream of life-force in its broadest and deepest flow. To a person whose muscle tone is poor the force will be almost overwhelming. In other moods, when one can breast the stream and be carried sweepingly on with it, the end of the last concert drops one back into a world that seems static, fixed, hard. Those who have gone to Bethlehem during many Mays find increasingly in this music a contact with the primal energy of the universe: the staid chapel of Lehigh University houses for this occasion a festival of Mithras, the god of light.

This sense of a tremendous power, of an undiminishing sun-momentum, is enhanced by looking back beyond the works sung at Bethlehem in 1928 to the more than fifty larger choral compositions which the choir has sung and sung again in previous years. And then picture the circumstances in which this music was written! As cantor at Leipzig, Bach taught music (and Latin) at two schools, directed the music at the two chief churches, supervised the music and the maintenance and repair of the organs at two others, and provided music for important weddings and funerals. His relations with the local court and the townspeople called for the continuous production of instrumental and secular works; for his pupils and family he produced endless compositions for the clavier. It is not surprising that by the time Bach came to Leipzig his first wife, who had borne him seven children, had given way in exhaustion to a second, who was to bear him thirteen more.

The Magnificat, sung this year at Bethlehem, dates, as I have said, from Bach's first year at Leipzig. To celebrate his appointment as cantor, Bach signalized every important church holiday during that year with a new choral work of large proportions. His biographer assigns eighteen major sacred works to that period, including the St. John passion music. Let me complete this recital by citing the fact that this astounding man wrote five complete "year books" of church cantatas for all the Sundays and holidays—over 260 of them while at Leipzig.

I am not trying to paint a picture of the Bach Nobody Knows; nor to make a contrast with these more degenerate days.

But it seems worth while to remind ourselves, in trying to fathom the power of Bach's work, that it was part of the rich and full life of a man adjusted to the world, to affairs, to the family. Here is no Adlerian organ inferiority, no neurotic escape from life by a man unable to cope with his environment. I do not maintain that every father of twenty children is destined to be a great composer; but I do say that music so pulsating with life-force would be less likely to come from those maladjustments sometimes felt to be the almost necessary concomitants of genius.

Nor does it, to my mind, weaken this view that the choruses which Bach composed in December in honor of a newly ennobled princeling became in May the sacred cantata, "Freue dich, erlöste Schar," just sung at Bethlehem. And if the Magnificat is modeled closely upon one by Bach's predecessor in office as cantor, we have said no more than that Shakespeare's "As You Like It" resembles suspiciously Lodge's "Rosalynde." The firmly grounded Bach could absorb another's work into himself without self-consciousness.

It must have been an unusual pleasure for Dr. Wolle to present as soloists this year two young women fresh from the accolade of the Metropolitan Opera House, both of whom grew out of the environment in which the Bach Choir flourishes, and one of whom had for some years sung in the choir. One need hardly say that Miss Flexer and Miss Lerch sang sympathetically; their voices were flexible and fresh. Mr. Tittmann, who has been bass soloist for some years, still thinks that because this is church music it should be sung solemnly and heavily. I must say on his behalf that the unfortunate English translations which Dr. Wolle uses disguise effectively the drama of the narrative, which was unquestionably very real to Bach, with the naive but vigorous realism of some medieval wood-carving or primitive. Thus, in one of the bass solos the words are: "Ich will nun lassen und alles lassen was Dir, mein Gott, zuwider ist." The soft accompaniment is punctuated by three trumpet blasts at the word "lassen," which should be hissed powerfully at the devil. This is admittedly difficult with the English rendering: "I'm now detesting, myself divesting of all things which my God offend."

It is pleasant to carry away as a final memory of this year's festival Bach's last composition, a poignant chorale prelude hummed softly by the body of the choir against the sopranos giving forth the old hymn around which it was woven. Rolland pictured almost such an end for his Jean-Christophe. The words of the hymn had begun: "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein." Bach, on his death-bed, old and blind, dictated the prelude to his son-in-law—but to new words: "Vor Deinen Thron tret' ich hiemit." Surely the life-force surged powerfully in this man.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Drama

YOUR Aunt Edith from Ulsterville will just adore "Skidding" (Bijou Theater). It's so wholesome and pure. The Pasadena Drama League gave it first prize; and why not? It includes Father, the honest judge ("a fool, but a game one"); Mother, who stirs up home-made bread and has a tart tongue; Aunt Milly (who says "I'd have given the world to have a child of my own"); Grandpa, who makes the wedding shoes with his own hands; Estelle, who wants to go into politics, and Wayne, the handsome rich young man who tells Estelle that the home is the place for his woman; the girl whose husband never takes her out, and her sister, whose husband never wants to stay home; and an impudent young brother straight out of a comic strip. The odd part of it is that despite the torrent of mother love, father love, puppy love, sister hate, and the floods of kissing of all virtuous kinds, the play is really amusing.

L. S. G.

Rejected by New York producers, Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" has been done by the Community Players in Pasadena, California, and with distinction. "Lazarus" is a dramatic miracle play on a vast scale, and like "The Great God Brown" makes use of masks. Powerfully set against the background of the New Testament and the Roman empire, the play is resonant throughout with the heroic laughter of Lazarus, returned from "death," who understands and accepts the universal scheme and says "yes" to life.

P. G. S.

The irrepressible, irresistible "Grand Street Follies" (Booth Theater) is here with us again. This time it is Trader Horn who is led about to review the foibles of the year, and he is a no more enchanted spectator than the hard-boiled New Yorkers who accompany him. When he is told that the gold-domed building before him is the New York World, he comments "Oh, that very liberal newspaper—the paper which gave Heywood Brown to *The Nation*!" And then on he goes to see among other things "Coquette" transformed into a musical comedy; "Porgy" and "The Doctor's Dilemma" happily combined in a farce; "Strange Interlude," a timely travesty on politics; and, sporting about the steps of the Forty-second Street Library with Moissi as Romeo (played by Albert Carroll) and Mae West as Juliet (played by Dorothy Sands), "Romeo and Juliet" retaining the best features of Shakespeare and Reinhardt!

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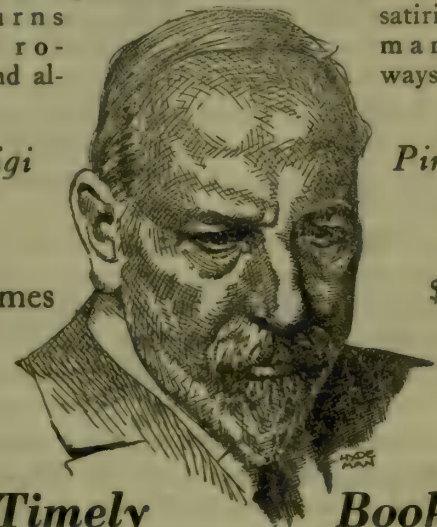
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International Relations Section

Poland and Lithuania

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON December 10, 1927, Marshal Pilsudski and Professor Waldemar, dictators of Poland and Lithuania, met in the council-room of the League of Nations to compose the differences of their countries. The League had invited them to come to Geneva as the result of the fear felt throughout Europe that Poland was about to occupy Lithuania.

Ten years after the termination of hostilities on the Eastern front, Poland and Lithuania still maintained a state of war. Barbed wire and No Man's Land separated the two countries. For several miles near the boundary the railway tracks were torn up and the telegraph wires were severed. The Berlin-Riga-Petrograd train had to be detoured in order to avoid Lithuania. Lithuania had become a traffic obstruction. Finally the Great Powers, impatient of the filibustering of the two countries, demanded a speedy and radical change of policy.

The Quai d'Orsay hinted that the cordiality of Franco-Polish relations would be seriously jeopardized by Poland's failure to reestablish normal relations with Lithuania—the sooner the better. At the same time Downing Street intimated to its protegee, Lithuania, that it expected an end to the so-called war. The game had gone too far and the European balance was in danger of being upset.

Seated at the conference table of the League Secretariat's building on the Quai de Wilson in Geneva, Marshal Pilsudski abruptly turned to Professor Waldemar: "Do you want war or peace?" "Peace!" "Then I shall telegraph to Warsaw to have the bells rung and the Te Deum sung in the churches."

As a result of this dramatic conversation Poland pledged herself unequivocally to recognize Lithuania's sovereignty and Lithuania obligated herself to keep the peace. Returning to Warsaw, Marshal Pilsudski was received with great jubilation. This was considered a triumph for Polish diplomacy. Trade and industry were suffering on account of the unsettled international conditions. Foreign capitalists were reserved and the population was war weary. Besides, Poland could not lose by concluding peace with her northern neighbor. Vilna, the object of the quarrel, was in Polish hands and the return to normal conditions seemed to imply Lithuania's recognition of the accomplished fact.

In order not to disturb the harmony of the conversation, Vilna's name had not even been mentioned. The two prime ministers merely agreed to appoint two commissions, meeting on neutral territory, to discuss the questions involved.

The commissions met in Königsberg, East Prussia, and the beginning of their work was not inauspicious. Representatives of the Great Powers were working incessantly to stimulate a more friendly sentiment between the opposing parties. Jonkheer Beelarts van Blokland, *rapporteur* of the Polish-Lithuanian conflict at the Council of the League, was in constant touch with the two deliberating commissions. The League, anxious to add new achievements to its record, regarded the settlement of the dispute as a test of its strength.

On April 2 the commissions terminated their negotiations. Unfortunately the pressure of the Great Powers and the moderating influence of the League had been of no avail. The deliberations were conducted in an atmosphere surcharged with recriminations. Responsibilities were dodged and shifted. Most of the time was spent in the expression of withering criticism of the policy of the other country. The official communiqué of the Lithuanian Foreign Office, published in the newspapers of Kovno, tells the story of a great diplomatic failure:

The Polish delegation submitted three proposals concerning the resumption of the local railway, postal, and telegraph services. It proposed, furthermore, to settle the problem of the river Memel according to the convention ratified by the commission headed by Norman H. Davis.

The Lithuanian delegation proposed that the question of indemnity and security resulting from the coup d'état of Vilna should be included in the agenda. The Polish delegation expressed its willingness to accept this proposal and to negotiate a Treaty of Security with Lithuania.

Lithuania had to reject the other Polish proposals inasmuch as their acceptance would have implied the recognition of the occupation of the Vilna territory.

Concerning the passage of persons and goods between Kovno and Warsaw the Polish delegation recommended the establishment of a so-called "neighborly regime" which would dispense with visas and frontier passes. The Lithuanian delegation was not in a position to accept this proposal which would have been equivalent with its renouncing all control over Lithuania's commerce with the occupied territory.

In connection with the proposed Treaty of Security the Lithuanian commission suggested the demilitarization of the occupied territory or of a wide belt along the line of demarcation.

Finally, the bi-national commission agreed to propose the appointment of three other commissions. The main commission, which will deal with questions relating to security and indemnity, is meeting in Königsberg, East Prussia. The economic commission is meeting in Warsaw, and the commission on communications is deliberating in Berlin. In case of serious disagreement in one of the commissions a plenary meeting will be arranged in Königsberg. At the end of the communiqué the Lithuanian Foreign Office remarks that "it is expected that the negotiations will last a considerable time."

Commenting on the result of the Königsberg conference, Professor Waldemar remarked:

The opening of the frontier and the reestablishment of a direct rail, postal, and telegraph service would affect vitally our diplomatic aims. The problem is all the more difficult of solution because both Lithuania and Poland maintain that the population of Vilna consists largely of their own nationals. Until this question is settled the frontier regulations concerning the passage of persons cannot be changed. . . . At present, since nobody is allowed to pass the frontier, there is no need for a railway, postal, and telegraph service.

While it is certain that in the Vilna question it was Poland which, with the connivance of the League of Nations, started the trouble it is equally certain that there could be nothing more unwise than Lithuania's insistence that she will maintain the present state of war until Vilna is ceded back to her. The situation is not much better than

it was before the December meeting of the League of Nations. A state of war still prevails on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier. Lithuania is hermetically closed to the west with the railway lines torn up on the south and the telegraph service still severed.

The dictator of Lithuania, Professor Waldemaras, is mainly responsible for the impasse in Polish-Lithuanian relations. He and Antona Smetona, President of Lithuania, seized power in December, 1926, and set up a military dictatorship on a program opposed to the allegedly pro-Polish policy of the government then in power. He would betray the cardinal point of his program if he were to inaugurate a less irreconcilable policy. Thanks to Waldemaras and his henchmen, Lithuania has replaced Poland as the nuisance of Europe.

Bulgaria Today

By STOYAN OMARTCHEVSKY

Translated by Theodore Geshkoff

BULGARIA was recently rocked by a terrific earthquake, and, for the first time since the Turkish atrocities more than half a century ago, the Bulgarian people drew upon themselves universal sympathy. The material damages resulting from the earthquake are enormous. According to an official estimation, about 300,000 people in my own constituency are without shelter, and property worth about \$20,000,000 was destroyed. This represents a crushing burden which the Bulgarian National Assembly has attempted to meet by adding 20 per cent to all the direct taxes. But this is not enough. Foreign aid, especially, American aid for the earthquake sufferers is needed.

"Every evil for good," says a Bulgarian proverb. And there is at least one bright spot in the dark scene of that disaster. The Jugoslavs, the Bulgarians' nearest neighbors and kinsmen, with whom relations have not been cordial, were the first to express sympathy with the earthquake victims and to send help from outside. This gives ground for hope that the hideous memories of 1885 and of 1913 and of the World War will be wiped out and brotherhood between the Serbians and the Bulgarians will prevail. It is well known that an understanding between the Serbians and the Bulgarians is a condition precedent for peace in the Balkans.

The Bulgarians want peace; they are horrified and tired of wars. The foreign policy of Bulgaria since the World War has been directed to establishing friendly relations with all other nations, great and small, and especially with Bulgaria's neighbors. The Bulgarian Government—whatever party it has represented—has aimed, through diplomatic and legal channels, to obtain certain alleviations of the unbearable burden imposed by the peace treaty. It is essential for the life of Bulgaria that the war indemnity, the so-called reparations, be wiped out or at least postponed.

But what is the political situation in Bulgaria? The Cabinet of Alexander Stambulisky, in which I held the portfolio of Minister of Education, governed Bulgaria from October 6, 1919, to June 9, 1923. It came into power by strictly constitutional and parliamentary means after the general election in August, 1919, when our Peasant Party (*Zemledelskia Sauze*) obtained a majority of seats in the

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National Assembly. It was, however, overthrown by a mid-night military coup and the country was thus plunged into a bloody civil war. What has happened in Bulgaria since the coup is too well known. Premier Stambulsky and four of his colleagues were done away with; the rest of the Peasant Ministers, including myself, were held a long time in prison and then were brought before the District Court of Sofia, charged with high treason. The court, of course, acquitted us; and the Court of Cassation, the highest Bulgarian court, later affirmed the acquittal. Thus the Bulgarian courts proved their independence. Yet the presiding judge of the Sofia District Court, Mr. Peter Popoff, soon after our acquittal, was dismissed from office on account of old age, the Bulgarian law permitting dismissal of a judge after he attains the age of sixty.

The avowed purpose of those who overthrew the Stambulsky Government was to annihilate the Peasant Party. All their efforts, however, were in vain. The general election held in November, 1923, after the ruthless suppression of two popular risings, gave to the Peasant Party, which had previously been proclaimed dead, 30 seats (out of the total membership of 245) in the National Assembly; in the previous National Assembly the Peasant Party controlled 212 seats and in the present Assembly it holds 47 seats. Attempts have lately been made to split and demoralize the rank and file of the party, but these attempts, too, will fail.

We, the colleagues and followers of the late Stambulsky, cherish malice toward none, to employ the expression of Abraham Lincoln. Tsanko Bakaloff Tserkovsky, the father of the Bulgarian National Peasant Party, died in March, 1925, after a long stay in prison and after trial and acquittal for treason. His last words addressed to the Peasant Party were to the effect that "no one should even think of revenge."

Our opponents at home have always pointed to our mistakes. They have never given us credit for our achievements. But it is well known that we averted a violent social revolution just after the World War; that we re-established Bulgaria's prestige abroad; that we obtained a reduction of the war indemnity imposed on the Bulgarian people by the treaty of peace; that during our Peasant regime Bulgaria enjoyed, comparatively speaking, peace and prosperity; and that we gave to the country the best popular government it ever had.

In conclusion, I have only to add that as long as the Bulgarian National Peasant Party is persecuted and kept down by force of arms there will be no internal peace in Bulgaria.

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FIVE MEN IN WASHINGTON are of the opinion that evidence obtained by wire-tapping may be used in a federal court even though wire-tapping itself is a crime. That is, the United States government may encourage and make use of one kind of crime to help suppress another. Although these five men happen to be members of the United States Supreme Court, we think that several million times five of their countrymen will regard the opinion as deplorable law and disgraceful ethics. In fact four other men, also justices of the Supreme Court, say that the opinion is not law at all, so that even from the purely legal standpoint there are virtually as many minds on one side as the other. And the minority four, Justices Brandeis, Butler, Holmes, and Stone, present far the better-reasoned argument. The case came to the Supreme Court on appeal from the State of Washington—where tapping a telephone wire is a crime—in a prohibition prosecution. The defendants set up that their Constitutional rights against “unreasonable searches and seizures” had been violated, but Chief Justice Taft and four of his associates overruled this claim. They admitted that it applied to intercepting a letter in the mails, but not to the interception of a message on a telephone wire.

JUSTICE BRANDEIS, however, pointed out the absurdity of this differentiation, while Justice Holmes disclosed the moral obliquity of the majority decision, saying:

I think it is less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part.

For those who agree with me no distinction can be taken between the government as prosecutor and the government as judge. If the existing code does not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business it does not permit the judge to allow such iniquities to succeed. . . . And if all that I have said so far be accepted it makes no difference that in this case wire-tapping is made a crime by the law of the State, not by the law of the United States.

It is true that a State cannot make rules of evidence for courts of the United States, but the State has authority over the conduct in question, and I hardly think that the United States would appear to greater advantage when paying for an odious crime against State law than when inciting to the disregard of its own.

The most creditable part of Mr. Taft's opinion was his suggestion that Congress might legislate to bar evidence obtained by wire-tapping. We hope that it will, and are glad to see that the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company says that his organization will continue to resist and discountenance the practice. The heaviest load which prohibition has to carry is the shocking lawlessness that has been employed to enforce it.

THE FAILURE OF THE NAVY BILL to pass in the Senate was one of the most encouraging events of recent years. The big-navy men, backed by the President in one of his big-navy moods, undertook to call for an expenditure of close to a billion dollars in five years. At first the program seemed likely to succeed. The House Committee on Naval Affairs, led by the late Representative Butler, was thoroughly jingo, and freely abused everyone who dared to come before it and protest against this outrageous waste of public funds. But the answer of the people was to bury the committee under an avalanche of protests, which compelled its members to cut the plan to a three-year, quarter-million-dollar program for fifteen cruisers and one new airplane carrier. In the last hours of the session the bill was lost in a mass of unfinished business and no new construction was authorized. The most extraordinary thing about the whole episode, and the most encouraging, was the spontaneity of the protests. It was apparently the historic American hostility to great standing armaments aroused again.

TALK OF PEACE is everywhere in the air. From England we learn by private letters of the extraordinary interest taken in the Kellogg peace proposals, which are regarded much more seriously in that country than over here. They have been widely debated, both in and out of Parliament, and the trend of opinion has been distinctly favorable, even in the House of Lords. As one reads the American press from day to day one is struck by the constant discussion of the peace question, and the growing organizing of the country against the militarism which has been one of our dreadful heritages from the war. In Athens, Georgia, the other day, was held a State conference on the cause and cure of war—the first of forty-eight similar conferences to meet before the opening of the next Con-

gress. Hundreds of delegates attended; representatives of large organizations having local bodies throughout the State, college professors and business men as well as large numbers of women, all came together to discuss the outlawry of war, the World Court, and the multilateral treaty. For one week in all the leading dailies of Georgia preparation for peace was featured news. It is pleasant to record that some colored women, representing the inter-racial group, attended and were made welcome.

AS A SORT OF LOUD-SPEAKER for little nations with a grievance the League of Nations is a success. As a machinery for settling bitter international disputes it serves chiefly as an electric fan, cooling heated disputants and blowing off some of the vapor. The recent session of its Council afforded a whole series of examples of its talents and shortcomings. For five years Hungary and Rumania have been making faces at each other over the question of compensation for the Hungarian "optants"—the Magyar landlords who retained both their Hungarian citizenship and their Transylvanian landholdings when that province was transferred by treaty to Rumania. They object to the Rumanian law dividing up the great estates. The League has proposed solution after solution—every one of which either Rumania or Hungary has turned down. Again the League has failed to solve the problem, and now invites the disputants to settle it face to face. On the other hand the League machinery has aired the question before all Europe and given both sides a chance to calm down.

IT IS WHEN ONE OF THE PARTIES to a dispute is clearly stronger that matters are worst. Poland by sheer brute force defied the League seven years ago and seized Vilna; she is still in possession, and strong enough to retain possession. So Austen Chamberlain and the other high priests of the League direct their reproaches against intransigent little Lithuania. Similarly in the question of the arms seized on the Hungarian frontier. They were shipped, in plain violation of the Treaty of the Trianon, by Italy, which is not reprimanded or even mentioned, to Hungary, which gets off with a mild slap on the wrist in the form of a not-guilty-but-don't-do-it-again verdict. If the Little Entente, which fears an armed Hungary, had been stronger, the rebuke would, we suspect, have been sharper.

BUT IF ITALY GOES SCOT-FREE at Geneva, she is not popular among her neighbors. France resents her vague talk of treaty revision, and suspects her of forming an anti-French bloc in the Balkans, with Hungary as its nucleus. Berlin has had anti-Fascist riots, though they were milder than the outbreaks in Yugoslavia. There the signing of the Nettuno pact, which permits Italians to own land in the Dalmatian coastal plain, set fire to the smoldering anti-Italian resentment in a dozen cities. Mobs sacked Italian shops and demonstrated in the streets against Mussolini's empire. The Yugoslav Government hastened to apologize and to take stern measures of repression, and Mussolini has accepted the apologies, but the riots are evidence of the intense popular feeling. In Albania, meanwhile, the butchering of the new Italian empire goes on apace. Ahmed Bey, the puppet dictator of Albania, who has signed treaties riveting Italy's military, financial, and economic control of his country, is to be made king—apparently a sort of Fascist decoration in recognition of services rendered.

ON THE RETREAT FROM PEKING Chang Tso-lin's special train was bombed. It was at the point where the Chinese railroad crosses the Japanese South Manchurian Railway that the train was blown up, and the accuracy with which the plotters picked out Chang's special car and train from the midst of a fleet of special trains, together with the power of the bomb, which destroyed several coaches, convinces some observers that Japanese rather than Chinese were responsible for the attack. No direct evidence to convict anyone has been produced, however; for two weeks even the facts of Chang's condition have been lost in a cloud of rumors. Governor Wu of Heilungkiang, one of his ablest and most ruthless subordinates, was killed; and the rumor is that Chang's own death is being concealed until his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, and his chief of staff, Yang Yu-ting, can get back to Manchuria. At any rate the ex-bandit who almost became emperor ceases to be a factor in Chinese politics. It remains to be seen whether his followers can provide Manchuria with an equally strong administration and can hold out against Japanese encroachment, and whether the rival Nationalist generals can compose their differences and organize the territory they have won. For the moment all the old eighteen provinces yield at least nominal allegiance to the National Government.

THE SLEEPING-CAR PORTERS form another of those labor groups which stand as living proof that the popular picture of Coolidge prosperity is a highly colored and overdrawn chromo. Working nearly 400 hours a month for \$72.50, the porters depend on gratuities from the traveling public to bring the starvation wage paid by the Pullman Company up to a bare subsistence level. Through their organization, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids, they have appealed their case to every possible government board and have asked for conferences with their employers, which the Pullman Company has flatly refused to grant. In a final effort to get its case before some public body, the Brotherhood recently ordered a general strike of all Pullman porters and maids. Unfortunately this order failed to produce the hoped-for effect of inducing President Coolidge to declare that an emergency existed and, under the powers given him by the Watson-Parker railroad-mediation law, to appoint a board of arbitration which would have the authority to summon both parties before it. No emergency was declared, and the Brotherhood, upon advice from President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, postponed the strike.

OBVIOUSLY IT IS A DIFFICULT time for the porters to make their first fight. In spite of wretched wages, long hours, and physical discomforts, the men are hard to organize. They are migratory workers dressed in uniform. The union has done a remarkable job in drawing a large proportion of them into its ranks; but it would be a desperate matter to carry them through a strike in the face of widespread unemployment and the tactics of industrial terrorism used by the company. President Green urged the porters to begin "a campaign of education and public enlightenment regarding the justice of your cause and the seriousness of your grievances." We wish the union success in its effort. Certainly no labor fight was ever more directly the public's business than this one. The public pays the Pullman Company a high rate for accommodations; and then in addition it is expected to pay a large share of the

wages of the employees directly. Let the sleeping-car public go on strike!

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA is Congress's home town, and as such ought to get the benefit of the most advanced legislative ideas. But events do not seem always to work that way. Accident compensation for workers has become so well established in this country since it was first tried in 1911 that failure to provide it now puts those responsible on the defensive. Yet somehow the District of Columbia has been neglected. For seven years the American Association for Labor Legislation worked to get protection for the 144,000 persons affected, without success until May 14, last, when the Blaine bill was passed. It is on the same lines as the longshoremen's-compensation act which went through last year. Forty-three States have enacted workmen's-compensation laws. Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, North and South Carolina still lag behind the procession, but the campaign is making progress there. No State, having once tried the new way, has returned to the old, dilatory, and expensive method of damage suits.

WHEN A PITTSBURGH GRAND JURY indicts the Superintendent of Police, three police inspectors, two police magistrates, twelve police lieutenants, five Republican ward chairmen, and two State assemblymen, along with 142 others, as involved in a gigantic "rum ring" directing the liquor business of Andrew Mellon's city, it looks serious. Gifford Pinchot, who has insisted through thick and thin that while prohibition never had been enforced it could be if the enforcement officers took their job seriously, must appreciate this indorsement of his position. But, while the bail bonds are said to total \$835,000, the gentlemen are not yet in jail, nor is Pittsburgh any drier than Kansas City. The alliance between liquor and politics goes so deep that sophisticated newspaper readers, while assuming the truth of the indictments, will with equal cynicism expect the police officials and Republican politicians to go free. Time was when the great reform cry was to get the saloon out of politics; but the bootleggers have amply filled the place vacated by the saloonkeepers, and supply as good a source of revenue for the ward politicians. Naturally the political leaders of both parties are united in their determination to keep the liquor issue out of the campaign. Honest discussion of the issue might force a real effort at enforcement—of which the political Wets and the political Drys are equally afraid.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT has won a distinct victory in the settlement out of court which the United States Radium Corporation has made with five former women employees who are believed to be dying in consequence of work in the company's factory in Orange, New Jersey. The women, who absorbed poison by the practice of moistening in their mouths the brushes with which they painted radium on watch faces, brought suit against the company some time ago, stating that they had not been warned against the dangers of their method of work. The suits came to trial and the company's lawyers staved off settlement by the usual tricks of the law, but after the New York *World* brought out the fact that the women might die while justice was dallying, federal Judge William Clark led a widely supported move for a settlement out of court, and the corporation soon agreed to pay each woman \$10,000 in cash and a yearly pen-

sion of \$600, besides providing expert medical treatment. The outcome is a credit to Judge Clark and the *World* and a victory for humanity over legalism, but it is only partial justice. No community has done its duty by its workers so long as it tolerates industrial methods which drive or induce them to risk their lives and health, no matter how generous it may be in its alms and funerals.

WHILE SOME NEWSPAPER READERS have been occupied with the doings of the dozens of aviators who in one place and another are risking their necks, others have got more kick out of the experiences of the old German cabman who amused two hemispheres by his drive from Berlin to Paris behind his faithful horse Gramus. Whether Gustav Hartmann took himself seriously as a "good-will ambassador," or was merely seeking pleasant diversion, his reception in Paris was another effervescence of the genius for spontaneous play which still survives in the French capital. Of course it was the students of the Latin Quarter who made the occasion. While the Quai d'Orsay remained coldly indifferent, the students met Hartmann with a squadron of horse-drawn cabs, gathered from who knows what ancient stables, and if they did not give him the key to the city they at least obtained for him the freedom of the streets (even when automobile traffic had to be halted). Premier Poincaré, who has unctuously welcomed hundreds of nonentities, did not have the *savoir vivre* to receive the sixty-nine-year-old cabman when he arrived in town in his blue overcoat and white stovepipe hat (Mayor Walker of New York would have been better inspired), but it is barely possible that the common laughter with which thousands of persons of varying speech and race followed Hartmann's drive to Paris may be as effective in disclosing the absurdity of war as all the solemn pacts which the politicians in silk hats propose, with their hand on their revolver pockets.

YALE'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION to her students consists in teaching them: I. What the term education means, and II. That they are not possessed of such a thing." Such is the rather harsh indictment of the Yale educational machine made by the Student Council in its report on Yale pedagogy. The outstanding criticism is that Yale, like other institutions of higher learning, has failed to adjust her curriculum to the "unprecedented body of knowledge" of the modern age, and has become, as a result, far too departmentalized. The freshman is confronted with a great array of courses, each separate and distinct from the others, and scant effort is made to help him orient himself. He is simply set loose in the sea of Yale culture, with certain technical and at times unintelligent "group requirements" as guides. At the end of four years he finds that he has a wide smattering of knowledge in numerous fields; he has taken some work in science, history, Latin, some modern foreign language, and literature, and still more work in other subjects; but it is the rare student who has a really comprehensive understanding in any particular field of knowledge. The report recommends, therefore, that the university provide orientation or survey courses in the natural and social sciences to help the student find his main interest; and that capable students should be freed from petty requirements and be allowed to concentrate in their chosen field. In this way, these students argue, original thinking can be developed; under the old plan it is penalized.

The Case of Andrew Mellon

WHOM the Republican Convention nominates lies, clearly, in the hands of Andrew Mellon. Hooverites and anti-Hoover allies agree that he holds the scales. He is the czar of the party, with power beyond that of any other single man. And opportunely, just at the moment of the convention, comes Senator Walsh's report upon the Continental Trading Company's dealings, and upon Secretary Mellon's strange actions in regard to them.

Senator Walsh does not lash out at the Secretary of the Treasury with the scorn with which he lambastes Stewart and Osler and Blackmer, Sinclair and Hays and Fall. But he recites the cold facts, and the cold facts, analyzed and considered, are damning enough. Senator Walsh, we understand, expected that the press would pick up his recital of Secretary Mellon's action or lack of action, and was disappointed that it received such scant publicity. But there seems to be something sacrosanct in the person of the Pittsburgh millionaire, and the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" has again gone unscathed.

Yet it is important, particularly so at a time when Mr. Mellon is naming the candidate, shaping the platform, and dictating the policy of the Republican Party, that the people of the United States should understand how their Secretary of the Treasury acted when faced with what Senator Walsh has called "the most stupendous piece of thievery known to our annals or perhaps to those of any other country."

The facts are these: In November, 1923, Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent to Mr. Mellon, who is reputed to be the third richest man in the United States, a package containing \$50,000 in Liberty bonds. Subsequently Mr. Hays called on Mr. Mellon, told him that he had received close to \$300,000 in bonds from Harry F. Sinclair, and asked Mr. Mellon to accept the \$50,000 as a loan and in return to lend a similar sum to the Republican National Committee. This was, to be sure, an extraordinary proposition, but Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hays agree in their recollection of it. Mr. Mellon kept the bonds for about ten days, then sent them by messenger to Mr. Hays, and a few days later—on December 6, 1923—sent Mr. Hays his personal check for \$50,000 as a contribution to the campaign deficit of 1920.

Now there is a certain chronology to be observed. In April, 1922, Teapot Dome had been leased to Harry Sinclair by Senator Fall. That same month Senator La Follette introduced the resolution calling for investigation of the oil leases, but hearings did not begin for seventeen months. Meanwhile Fall had resigned as Secretary of the Interior, and become attorney for the Sinclair and Doheny companies. The hearings opened on October 22, 1923, but the sensational testimony began on November 30, when Fall's neighbors reported his sudden prosperity just prior to the execution of the oil leases. This came out in the precise period between Mellon's receipt of the Sinclair bonds from Hays and his own contribution to the campaign deficit. Yet, according to Mr. Mellon, he either did not notice these facts or they did not arouse his curiosity.

It was in January that the great scandal broke. On

December 26 Fall, pleading inability to attend because of illness, sent a letter to the committee saying that he had received \$100,000 as a loan from E. B. McLean, publisher of the *Washington Post*. On January 3 McLean, by wire and through his attorney, confirmed the lie. (Incidentally, at just this time McLean, Fall, and Bascom Slemp, who is now one of the Hoover lieutenants at Kansas City, were conferring in Palm Beach.) On January 11 McLean and Fall admitted to Senator Walsh that they had lied. The storm broke; on January 29 the President was directed to start suit to cancel the oil leases, and in mid-February he named Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomerene as special counsel for that purpose.

Roberts and Pomerene had an uphill task. We know more now than we knew then. Bit by bit the pieces of a patchwork quilt of conspiracy and corruption have been discovered and stitched together. Roberts and Pomerene had before them what Senator Walsh had uncovered; they dug for themselves; they obtained, for a time, the cooperation of Treasury secret-service agents. It was Secretary Mellon's own agents who in 1924 pored over the records of the Continental Trading Company in the Dominion Bank in New York City and discovered the strange circumstances of its brief but profitable existence. There are still portions of this story which are not clear, but this much has, after four years of inquiry, evasion, and reinvestigation, come out: that a corporation called the Continental Trading Company was created overnight for the purpose of a single transaction; that it realized a profit of \$3,000,000 in one day's existence, then quietly passed out; that this immense profit was divided into four parts, and Liberty bonds to a total of \$750,000 each were handed to Harry M. Blackmer and James E. O'Neil, who had in January, 1924, fled to France; to Robert W. Stewart, who at the same time left for South America; and to Harry F. Sinclair; and that the \$230,500—or more—of these bonds which Sinclair paid to Fall were part of his packet, as were the \$270,000 turned over by Sinclair to help Hays meet the Republican Party deficit.

Yet throughout the period in which Roberts and Pomerene, and, later, Senator Walsh and his committee were painstakingly digging out and piecing together this evidence not a peep or a suggestion ever came to help them from Andrew W. Mellon. He knew that Fall had made the lease to Sinclair; he knew, at least in the later years, of the Continental Trading Company; he knew that Sinclair had handed Will Hays hundreds of thousands of dollars in Liberty bonds. But until the chance discovery in March, 1928, of a penciled notation, "Andy," among the papers of the late John T. Pratt, Secretary Mellon remained as silent as a clam. Only when Senator Walsh sent him a copy of that memorandum did Mr. Mellon come forward and tell the story of Will Hays and the Sinclair bonds, which would have provided the key to the whole mystery four years earlier.

To quote the language of Senator Walsh's report to the United States Senate:

Secretary Mellon was unaware of the fact that the bonds tendered him came from the Continental, but he

knew they were contributed by Sinclair, for Hays told him so, and he had information, apparently from some other source, that Sinclair had made a huge contribution in bonds toward liquidating the debt of the [Republican National] committee, understood by Mellon to have been in an amount approximating \$300,000. No other contributor gave anything like such sum and the limit to which Mellon himself cared to go or was asked to go was \$50,000, though, according to common repute, he is one of the wealthiest men in America.

In this connection it should be recalled that the great concession of Sinclair, charged to have been corruptly secured, was at the time actually under investigation. No explanation was offered by the Secretary as to why he did not communicate to government counsel the invaluable information in his possession concerning Sinclair's extraordinary generosity to the committee, for use in the suit instituted a few months thereafter to annul the lease of the Teapot Dome, and which was brought to trial a year later, nor why he did not acquaint the committee, charged with the duty devolving upon it by Senate Resolution 101 of ascertaining what disposition had been made of the Continental bonds, with the obviously pertinent fact that a short time after they were by it acquired through transactions in which Sinclair had prominently figured, he [Sinclair] had turned over to Hays bonds of the same issue aggregating, as the Secretary understood, in the neighborhood of \$300,000.

It will be borne in mind that the Treasury itself prosecuted for government counsel, under their direction, the inquiry which opened the books of the Dominion Bank and revealed the purchase of the bonds by it for the Continental and the distribution of them from time to time in four parcels, each containing an equal amount and going, presumably, to Sinclair, Stewart, Blackmer, and O'Neil, respectively, as in fact, as later established, they did go.

Though Secretary Mellon had no definite information that the bonds Hays got from Sinclair were Continental bonds, the slightest attention to facts presumably within his knowledge would have made such an inference all but irresistible, even if he were not prompted by the official duty of collecting the income tax, obviously due from the Continental, to make searching inquiry into what had become of its bonds. . . .

The transactions from which the Continental realized profits in excess of \$3,000,000 became known to the representatives of the government some time prior to January, 1925. The secret-service agents of the government having access to the books of the Dominion Bank had knowledge of the account of the Continental Trading Company and of the distribution of its assets. No explanation has been offered for the failure of the Treasury for nearly three years to exact payment of the tax due from it. A suit brought against the distributees would have brought out all the essential facts developed by the committee, affording, as it would, an opportunity to examine under oath the participants in the unsavory affair, including Blackmer and O'Neil, before they fled beyond seas. Before the hearings had progressed very far the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury was called to the probability that a tax was due from the Continental Trading Company and to the likelihood that it had made no return.

Here we come again to the strange incompetence, to put the best possible face upon the matter, of Andrew Mellon. His own secret-service agents discovered the evidence of the Continental profit back in 1924. Yet for four years, so far as the record discloses, no Treasury official moved to collect anything in unpaid taxes. On February 6, 1928, Senator Walsh wrote to Mr. Mellon asking whether any

tax had been collected upon the \$3,000,000 profit of the Continental company. On February 10 Mr. Mellon replied that none had been received, but, he added, his agents were "following closely" the investigations and court proceedings!

Within two months after Senator Walsh's inquiry the Treasury gathered in taxes, interest, and penalties, as a result of the Senatorial investigation, the sum of \$2,005,007.28. But for Senator Walsh that sum would never have been received. Andrew Mellon, responsible Secretary of the Treasury, left the initiative throughout to the Senator from Montana. Yet there are those who complain of Senatorial inquiries; some say they are expensive. The cost of the recent Senate investigation was \$14,165; as a result of its work, and despite the negligence of the man who dominates the Republican Party today, the government has already collected \$2,000,000; it has just called upon Blackmer to pay more than \$8,000,000 more; and surtaxes on the profits of the Continental are still due from those who made the \$3,000,000 profit on its brief organization. Senator Walsh has earned his salary indeed; but what about the Secretary of the Treasury?

There are those to whom this story will seem like raking up dead leaves. But it is important if it reveals the character of the demigod of the Republicans. Does anyone believe that Andrew Mellon, the wisest politician of them all, never thought of those Sinclair bonds in the days when the Teapot Dome scandal was the talk of every breakfast, lunch, and dinner-table in Washington? He admitted on the witness-stand that he had discussed the Teapot Dome business with Will Hays at the time of the hearings. Is one to assume that he and Will Hays were discussing how best they could serve their country, how they could bring malefactors to justice, how they could put an end to corruption? It is more likely that Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, and Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, smiled at the earnest, plodding Senators who seemed to have lost the trail. Neither Andrew Mellon nor any other of the bosses at Kansas City ever raised a little finger to stop the grafters, or peeped in protest against the wholesale corruption which reached into the President's Cabinet itself.

If one cesspool has been drained, if the oil lands are back in government hands, if the fear of God and the Senate has been put into the heads of a few captains of industry, and some portion of their ill-gotten gains been recovered by the government, the people owe thanks not to Andrew Mellon, not to his equally impassive Cabinet colleague Herbert Hoover, not to the gang who are bargaining and trading votes and seats at the convention, but to the little group of progressive Senators, Republican and Democratic, who have stood firm in the face of every sort of discouragement and by infinite, painstaking toil have done the work which Andrew Mellon and other government officials should have done. It was the elder La Follette who started the Teapot Dome investigation; it was the steady, painstaking work of Senator Walsh which dug out the facts; it was the support in the Senate of men like Wheeler of Montana, Norris of Nebraska, and Brookhart and Ladd and Nye, chairmen of Senate committees, which forced the facts upon public attention. The bulk of the Democrats, even in the Senate, still seem awed by the giant figure of Andrew Mellon; and the Republicans adore him. It is high time that the public woke up.

Chains F. O. B.

WHEN United States marines were sent back into Nicaragua late in 1926 it was predicted by the knowing that they would be followed shortly by a loan. For in our Caribbean relations loans and marines go together. A big, husky marine feels superfluous without a defenseless (and frequently indefensible) loan to protect, while a loan which goes to Central America without a marine escort finds its reputation practically ruined in its home town. To be sure there were some foreign hussies in the way of loans to which the marines might have made up even in 1926, but representatives from the United States had been missing since 1924, when Nicaragua paid off the last of its thirteen-year indebtedness to Brown Brothers and J. and W. Seligman, regaining thereby a measure of control of its government bank and railway system.

So the marines were a bit lonely when they got back to Nicaragua late in 1926. But not for long. The next spring, sure enough, a loan put in an appearance, wearing a Wall Street brocaded silk, rolling its blue eyes in a way that absolutely compelled protection, and bearing introductory letters from the Guaranty Trust Company and Nicaragua's old friends J. and W. Seligman. But the new loan was a tiny thing, merely \$1,000,000, and (lest the folks at home be alarmed) it was expressly provided that the visit was to be for one year only. The program seems to have been carried out, too, so that a few weeks ago the minister in the United States from the Kellogg-Diaz regime in Nicaragua was able to announce unctuously that his country didn't owe a cent to Wall Street and that the frequently heard cry of financial imperialism in connection with the policy of the United States was the fancy of a disordered brain.

He didn't speak any too soon. Had he delayed a few days longer his words would have tripped over a dispatch from Washington, telling of negotiations for a new loan, this time for \$12,000,000 and on no such flying visit as a year. For since our marines were sent back to Nicaragua late in 1926 Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg have got us in there very deep indeed. Acting as their representative, Henry L. Stimson a year ago pledged the assistance of the armed forces of the United States in the job of disarming such part of the Liberal army as refused his bribe of \$10 per rifle to surrender. Where Mr. Stimson got this authority nobody knows. In fact the Department of State denied the agreement until publication of the correspondence made that too difficult a feat even for the nimble excuse-makers of the foreign service. Nor does anybody know where Mr. Coolidge got his authority for an agreement with Puppet President Diaz (likewise kept secret until it was forced out a year later) that the national elections should be carried out under the direction of the United States, without any meddling by the Nicaraguan Congress. But all this has taken place. We are conducting a war in Nicaragua, and although Congress is supposed to have the sole power to declare such a state it has not had the courage to halt Presidential interference, but has weakly acquiesced on the ground that otherwise our "prestige" would suffer.

Nobody can see the end of our adventure in Nicaragua at the moment. The oft-announced plan of Washington to conduct the elections next autumn and then withdraw is pooh-poohed even by Colonel Clifford D. Ham who has just

resigned after sixteen years in Nicaragua as Collector General of Customs (for Wall Street bankers). The marines should not be withdrawn after the elections, said Colonel Ham, when interviewed in Balboa on June 7, or Nicaragua would have the worst revolution in its history.

And so a \$12,000,000 loan is under discussion. But how much of this will go toward the development of Nicaragua commercially or culturally? How much of it will be for productive purposes, which Herbert Hoover (much to the annoyance of Secretary Kellogg) recently declared to be the only justification for foreign lendings? Well, \$6,089,000 is earmarked for the consolidation of debts now outstanding, while, in the language of a Washington dispatch to the *New York Times*, "approximately \$6,000,000 would be used in payment of claims arising from the revolution, organization of the National Guard, construction of public works, and the expenses of the election." Thus half of the loan would go for ancient dead horse and most of the other half for horse deceased since the return of the marines in 1926. The "claims arising from the revolution"—estimated at \$2,000,000—are almost entirely due to our interference, as otherwise the Diaz regime would never have come into existence, or lasted a month if it had, and the election is entirely our plaything. How much of the \$6,000,000 will remain for "public works" may be left to the imagination.

Who says our country has lost its thrift? Not so long as it proposes to make weaker nations pay it for depriving them of their independence; not if it can clamp a new set of chains on Nicaragua, shipping them F. O. B.

The Control of the Press

EVERY day brings fresh evidence of the international movement toward consolidation of newspaper ownership. In Great Britain whenever a paper is offered for sale it is at once offered to the Berry brothers, or to Lord Rothermere, or to Lord Beaverbrook. Last month Lord Rothermere bought the *Derby Telegraph*, and its weekly, the *Reporter*, while the Berry brothers purchased the *Express*, and its weekly, the *Mercury*. Even more striking was the recent sale of the Aberdeen newspapers, the *Press and Journal*, the only morning newspaper published in the entire north of Scotland, and the *Evening Express*, and the *Weekly Journal* to the Berry brothers. As the first two are virtually the only important newspapers in the upper part of Scotland, this gives the Berrys almost complete control of public opinion in that portion of the United Kingdom. The only competition is a Labor evening newspaper. Curiously enough, the sale of these Aberdeen papers was made to the Berrys, although Lord Rothermere's offer was \$1.50 per share higher. The Rothermere interests do not concede the validity of this sale at a lower price than they offered, and the matter may be taken to the courts. Politically, of course, it makes no difference which of the groups wins, for both are, like Lord Beaverbrook, Conservative.

How long will it be before 80 or 90 per cent of the British dailies are owned by one of these two groups? They must be near the first figure now. Meanwhile, the Liberal press of Great Britain is getting weaker, as was shown by the recent disappearance of that valuable daily, the *Westminster Gazette*, so long and so ably edited by J. Alfred Spender. In announcing its amalgamation with the *Daily*

News, the management said that it hoped to achieve a circulation of a million readers. This, it declared, was essential to the proper well-being and influence of a daily journal in London—which tells the story of the way British newspapers, like the *American*, fight for more readers in order to gain more advertising in order to meet the constantly rising costs of production. It also explains the difficulty of starting a new daily in London, and why it is that the Labor Party, with millions of voters, has only one struggling daily journal to uphold its cause.

In this country Frank E. Gannett by his purchase of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* has added a fourteenth daily to his holdings. Only a few months ago he purchased the *Hartford Times*, which has the largest circulation of any daily in New England outside of Boston. In purchasing the *Democrat and Chronicle* Mr. Gannett has obtained control of what was, during the Cleveland days, the most influential daily, politically, in New York outside of New York City. Long the organ of E. Prentiss Bailey, it maintained extremely high standards of editorial writing and news reporting. In Mr. Gannett's hands it will be a member of a distinctly liberal group of newspapers. No one, we think, will suggest that Mr. Gannett is extending his newspaper holdings for the purpose of controlling public opinion, either for personal prestige or for political power, but the fact remains that such chains are growing every day, and that the press of the country tends to concentrate in the hands of a comparatively small number of men. With amalgamations and discontinuances taking place every day, and the difficulties of starting new newspapers almost insuperable, even for the very rich, it is hard to see how this tendency can be overcome.

In Germany similar developments are recorded. Alfred Hugenberg, business man and politician, owns the leading news service, the leading moving-picture company, one of the leading advertising agencies, and a long string of newspapers. Mr. Hugenberg was chairman of the board of directors of the Krupp Works during the war; he entered journalism in 1920 because the great industrial magnates of the country had become alarmed at the growing power of the Socialist and Democratic press. He already owns dozens of newspapers outright, and supplies no fewer than 1,600 newspapers with telegraphic news and even with editorial matter which some of the weaker papers are glad to print in the absence of adequate local editorial writers. In five fields he has won in eight years a most alarming influence: movies, advertising and propaganda, national and international telegraphic service, the press of the capital, and that of the provinces. He thus controls the news, and controls opinion, and he can specify whose picture shall be shown in thousands of movies, and whose shall be excluded. It is, of course, not true that all of these sixteen hundred newspapers take news only from Hugenberg; there is another competitive news service. But his indirect control of many of these newspapers is not to be questioned. Many have had to mortgage their plants to Hugenberg, buy their supplies from affiliated companies, and get their advertisements from him. Nor does his control end with the daily press; he has taken over several of the largest magazine publishing concerns in Germany. Is it any wonder that this "strong, silent man," who keeps himself in the background, is looked upon as a grave menace to the development of the country from the liberal point of view? Fortunately the last German election, with its trend to the Socialists and

Democrats, shows that there is still independent thinking in that country, and that Mr. Hugenberg is not yet its press Kaiser. Perhaps everywhere concentration of newspaper ownership will be followed by a decline in its political influence. But the immediate peril remains.

Fraxinus Sambucifolia

THESE is an American tree which stands straight and dark in swampy places, a tree with several American and European cousins better known than it and more anciently respected. It is *Fraxinus sambucifolia*, the black ash, and it is in many respects less admirable than the great white ash whose ungainly gray branches contain the tough, light wood of our ax-helves; nor do legends sleep under it such as dignify that same white cousin whose ancestor was the sacred tree of the Norsemen, vast Yggdrasill of the earth-encircling roots; nor, so far as we know, was it ever the subject of beliefs by primitive man relating to lightning and the paths of serpents. But it is a tree of good standing, nevertheless, and it has its uses—noble or not, according to one's point of view.

It chiefly provides something for human beings to sit on. There is an old man in almost any community of New England who knows where it grows, and who as he walks the wetter paths keeps a sharp eye out for specimens that he can cut and carry home. One day he chops a black ash down, lops off the branches which he will not use, and wanders home with the straight, dark shaft on his shoulder. He throws it on his wood-pile, waits a month if he likes, and then one day goes out with an ax and begins to pound it systematically, up and down and around and around. He is loosening the grain, which in this remarkable trunk grows in concentric cylinders quite separable from one another if a man knows how to pound them. As the first layer of thin, indestructible fiber yields itself to his hands he tears it along in strips, winds those strips around his wrist, ties them with pieces of cord, and stores them on a shelf indoors. Thence on a rainy day he will take them down, and begin to mend a chair. For it is the bottom of a chair that will be made out of his ashen ribbons, dampened until they are pliable and plaited until they become the simplest of resilient cushions.

The chair is brought him by a summer resident, a lady perhaps who has been rummaging in the attic of her converted homestead and who has found three or four hickory skeletons cast there long ago. She has heard of the old man—something of an artist he is, though he does not know it—and has driven in her car to ask him what he can do with the skeleton. He will put flesh on it if he can take his time. He takes the time. He waits for a day when he can do nothing else; he clears the floor of the kitchen; he litters it again with curling strips of gray-tan wood which the cats and the dogs play with as they disappear into the seat of a simple chair; and in the fall when the lady drives up again she finds a trim, plain piece of furniture for her pains. "How much, Mr. Bailey?" "Two dollars, I guess, though they tell me it's worth more some places. And if you ever tried to do it you would think it was worth that much. But there it is." And off she goes. And if she ever comes back with the chair it will be to another man; for this one will be long outlived by the black ash he wove.



Once upon a time there were a lot of people who, wherever they went, dragged along two toys. One was called the King and the other was called the Official.



But one day the people got tired of dragging along a silly toy which was of no earthly use and they got rid of the King.



Then they continued their way with their second toy, called the Official, and when they looked back, behold, it had grown a hundred times larger than ever the King had been.

Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*

A Fairy Story

It Seems to Heywood Broun

I DO not understand why anybody deplores the injection of the religious issue into the coming Presidential campaign. Deplore it or not, the issue is in and will remain there. And a good thing too!

Some people speak of this factor as if it meant a discussion of creeds and dogma from every stump. That is not quite it. The voters will have to decide in November whether church and state are to be truly separate. This is not an anti-Catholic argument, for whatever the past or future of that church may be it seems to me that the Protestant denominations are far more active in the field of direct action than is the older organization. Indeed, the Evangelical Protestant churches have gone to the length of demanding the veto privilege in regard to the candidate in both parties.

Clarence True Wilson, speaking through the Board of Temperance and Public Morals, has stated the issue very frankly. Referring to Governor Smith he says: "The Dry organizations have solemnly committed themselves to war upon such a candidacy. Political parties owe something to such vast constituencies. No party has a right to crowd organizations which are essentially religious and benevolent into a position where they must and will stand in opposition to a party candidate."

But that right does exist and must be exercised. Without such "crowding" the two-party system of the United States becomes perfectly meaningless. Obviously "vast constituencies" which believe in the usefulness of national prohibition have a right and a duty to vote against any candidate who seems to them a Wet. But the Dry organizations are attempting something much more far-reaching than that. Their present effort is to prevent any vote at all upon the issue.

Senator Borah has been vociferous in asking that the Republican Party come out strongly and frankly for enforcement without any straddle whatsoever. But that will serve to clarify the situation only in event that the Democrats are equally positive in taking the other position. If both parties declare in favor of enforcement in about the same phrases the voter will be left to decide which group is lying.

The question is broader than prohibition. We are told that the whole structure of American government is tottering because of lax enforcement. This may be so, but it is even more easy to undermine our institutions by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity. The members of these bodies constitute a minority, but through bi-partisan activities and pressure politics it has been possible for them to terrorize both parties. Their concern has been largely confined to the liquor issue, but the same system may be used in regard to the tariff, the League of Nations, or any other public problem.

To be sure, it would not be fair to blame all evasion upon the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League, but it stands today as the greatest single factor against truthfulness in public life. In the last Presidential election not one lone issue was clearly drawn between the two major parties and at the present time the electoral machinery of the United States makes chaos a distinct possibility in the event of

third-party movements. When no issues are at stake an election becomes farcical and no reasonable censure may be visited upon those voters who stay at home or take a fishing trip.

Both sides in the quarrel ought to be fair-minded enough to admit that prohibition is an issue. To many observers the contending forces seem evenly matched. Possibly the country as a whole is Dry, but at the very least the minority is considerable. Some of the Anti-Saloon Leaguers take the attitude that the question has already been settled and must not be voted on again. This is not in accord with democratic practice. There is nothing in American tradition which holds that one victory gives permanent possession.

Of course, the Constitution makes the repeal of any amendment extremely difficult. That flaw in structure has been attended to by the practice of nullification. The word is used to frighten all those who would change things as they are, but it has an honorable history for all that. Whether you like it or not the American practice has always been to let unpopular laws or Constitutional provisions die by attrition rather than by the sharp knife of repeal. If there is a large group of persons who desire to express themselves in regard to prohibition that right should not be denied by a vast filibuster conducted through a well-organized religious minority.

Such conduct is unpatriotic as well as shortsighted. Lovers of Volsteadism ought to welcome a showdown. If the country is Dry in its demands nothing can strengthen enforcement more than an election with the issue fairly drawn. A smashing victory for a Dry Republican against a Wet Democrat would double the price of bootleg gin even in the city of New York. A landslide could mean the end of speak-easies. But whatever the result the American practice at one time was to meet issues by voting on them. If the Drys have their way in Kansas City, as seems likely at the moment, they should encourage the nomination of Smith at Houston instead of fighting against it. Certainly the clamor for revision of the Volstead Act can never be stilled by arranging to have both candidates pledged to support it.

I feel that the voters ought to show the Evangelical churches that they can not only be crowded but squelched if the occasion arises. By a somewhat ironical twist of circumstances the division of church and state can be best brought about in the year 1928 by electing a Catholic. Of course, this means fighting fire with fire. The Catholic church does play politics in this country, but for the most part it functions in municipal elections. It is far less powerful in national affairs than the Methodists and the Baptists. This condition may not exist forever. The Catholic church might conceivably perfect in time some organization like the Anti-Saloon League. But we can meet that issue when we come to it. The intelligent voter, like a chess player, should always see a few moves ahead. It seems to me that he should vote for Smith now for the sake of freedom and keep in mind the fact that in 1932 it may be highly expedient to swat him by electing some good Unitarian.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Kansas City Gossip

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Kansas City, June 12

THE hour has come. The Republican Party, whose leaders declare that it alone is fit to govern, is taking seats in the convention hall utterly confused, utterly bogged, realizing only that this so-called "representative body, representing the will and the choice of the millions of Republican voters," is entirely in the hands of the richest man in Pennsylvania and his aid, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Will somebody please page Al Smith and ask him to look at this spectacle? It was he who on Washington's birthday, last, declared that we have no plutocracy and that we are not governed by plutocrats.

But while the delegates sit dumbly, waiting for the oracles to speak, the joke of it all is that the oracles have no more sense of policy or program than the delegates themselves. They appear just as befuddled. At this writing no one believes that they have brought any message from the Sphinx in the White House. Those familiar with the psychology of Mr. Coolidge believe that he will not speak again until after the first ballot, if then. Aside from this handicap, the Old Guard leaders are trying to head off the one man for whom there is a genuine public demand—who is also the man who will make the worst run if chosen. As to the farmer revolt, one hears the most amazingly conflicting evidence, but it seems certain that Hoover will win by default if in no other way.

The Allied leadership remains stupid beyond belief. It might have been organized two months ago. Now they are desperately trying to stop what could easily have been checked then. Mellon's confusion, too, is due to inability to fix on a leader as an alternative to Hoover—it is an open secret that he would not dislike to be that alternative himself. There are trustworthy observers here who really believe that Coolidge would like to be nominated in order then to decline with a magnificent gesture of Spartan self-denial.

The only thing that stands out clearly at this moment is the implacable hostility of the Coolidge Administration to Governor Lowden. It would seem as if, were Coolidge complimented by a vote or the nomination, he might then let the nomination go to the man who speaks for 60 per cent of the elected Congressmen and Senators of the party so far as the McNary-Haugen bill is concerned. No one sees any sign that Lowden will ever be welcome to the Administration.

So the first of these quadrennial political circuses begins. Another chapter in the great game of fooling the American people is being written. Once more the pretense is made that this is a conclave of intelligent American citizens, meeting to counsel together solemnly as to the best man to lead the Republican cohorts to victory, and to decide how the doctrine of Abraham Lincoln shall be amplified, modified, or expanded. Of all the conventions I have attended this seems to me by far the greatest exhibition of cowardice, hypocrisy, and stupidity. If anybody still believes that the ordinary politician has horse-sense and an understanding of what the people want, let him hire an airplane and fly here. He will be convinced within an hour that the supply of gray matter to the political individual is

far below the average to be found in any village of the hills or plains. To go to the several headquarters, especially to hear those two self-seeking Americans, Curtis of Kansas, and Watson of Indiana, orating to the visitors to whom they are trying to sell themselves, is to realize that the Presidency has sunk low indeed and might by right be next aspired to by the barkers of any country sideshow. To see Jim Watson preening himself like a vain peacock without its beautiful feathers is to tempt one to use Henry Mencken's favorite word, obscenity. More than half of this man's political intimates in Indiana are in jail or ought to be there. By the grace of God he is safe so far, but for him boldly to offer himself for the Presidency is a flaming insult to the office.

There seems to be something demoralizing in this atmosphere. The delegates are without real enthusiasm or zest. In the elevators one hears them bewailing the absence of excitement and wondering what the trouble is. Even Governor Lowden seems to be demoralized. He has not only made the mistake of allowing the leadership of the Allied campaign against Hoover to be taken over by L. L. Emmerson, the very Emmerson who cost him the nomination eight years ago by buying some of the Missouri delegates. He has also got in wrong with the press here by refusing to say where he stands on the question of prohibition. At first he said that he did not hear the question. Finally he declared it to be an improper one. The correspondents stood their ground, and the fact that he was a candidate did not prevent his getting a severe drubbing from the men who, accustomed as they are to making their living by reporting the deeds of political cowards, were aghast at this refusal of Mr. Lowden to state his view on one of the foremost issues of the campaign. He is very brave when it comes to telling where he stands on farm relief, but on other issues he is just like Al Smith and Herbert Hoover and is unwilling to take the voters into his confidence until he has the nomination in his pocket.

Yet Mr. Lowden remains the best of the candidates from the strictly party point of view, especially if the party desires to win next fall. The people here do not realize it, but the party is now reaping the results of seven years of Coolidge leadership with its inability to take any public position until compelled to and its inability to create or develop leaders. The only message that seems to have come from Mr. Coolidge is his undying opposition to the McNary-Haugen bill. People arriving here who have been recently at the White House say that they have been urged to come to prevent any indorsement of that doctrine.

Finally there remains the curious fact that the fate of the party rests in the hands of two utterly unemotional men, without dramatic instinct or the desire to play a dramatic role. They have really not sought, neither Coolidge nor Mellon, to be placed in this position. They do not know how to handle it bravely and boldly like great political generals. They have simply drifted into it, and if the outcome is Hoover they will be anything but happy. And this is the one hundred and fifty-third year of American independence.

The Liberal Revival in England

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, May 20

THESE is substantial agreement among the wise men of politics that a general election in Britain, which must in accordance with law take place before the close of 1929, will actually occur in the spring of next year, probably after the launching of a budget with electoral appeal. The three party organizations are busily girding themselves for battle, raising funds, forming programs, arranging speaking campaigns. So far as finance is concerned, the Conservatives always have plenty, the Liberal Party is amply served from the notorious "Lloyd George fund," the Labor Party alone is in a serious quandary. For though they can work at less cost than other parties, and can command more gratuitous aid, the sum they need is large, and the trade-union funds upon which they can usually rely are depleted by the losses of the general strike and large calls for unemployment. None the less, it is certain that three-cornered contests will take place in nearly all the towns and in all save those purely agricultural constituencies in which the Labor Party has virtually no footing.

It may, I think, be taken as certain that the Government's majority will be virtually annihilated, unless some dramatically new situation should arise to save them. Their administration has been uniformly unsuccessful. Their handling of the coal crisis, their attack upon the political fund of the trade unions, their failure to cope with depressed trade and unemployment have exasperated the working classes without enhancing their prestige with business men. Their wealthy supporters chafe under high taxation, and the inability of the Government to satisfy the eager demands of their protectionist followers deprives them of the one enthusiasm which really counts in a party that does not even profess a coherent policy. Without lifting a finger to help, they have trusted in an automatic recovery of pre-war prosperity which has not come, and they must pay the price of this infatuation.

The recent course of by-elections has been almost uniformly disastrous for them. They have lost a number of seats to Labor, several even to Liberals, while in nearly every instance where they saved their seats their majority has dwindled. But though their original majority in Parliament, after the 1924 election, has been somewhat diminished, its huge size has enabled them easily to escape defeat in the House and to defy public opinion in the country. Of the 615 seats, they occupied no fewer than 413, as compared with 150 for Labor and 39 for the discredited Liberals. Their present majority is nearly 190, which presents a heavy task to the broken progressive forces of the electorate. Though Labor leaders express sanguine views in public as to a sweeping victory, they know quite well the limitations of its possibility. To get a small working majority they would need to win 150 seats. However well they did in the towns and industrial country areas, they could not hope to make anything like this number of gains, and their rural policy has made no real impression in agricultural England. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely

that Labor will be in a position to form a government next year independent of Liberal support.

The belief, sedulously cultivated in Labor quarters, that the Liberal Party was doomed to early extinction as a political force is without foundation. By common consent they are greatly under-represented in the present House of Commons. In 1924 they were caught in a feeble state, with bitter personal animosity among the leaders, and no constructive policy capable of enthusing their followers. The reconciliation recently achieved between the Lloyd George faction and the adherents of the late Lord Oxford, better known as Asquithites, doubtless leaves some unhealed sores, but the unity it has established has invigorated the rank and file of the party in the constituencies. Even apart from the fame and wizardry of Lloyd George, still unimpaired among the masses, the party is well equipped in intellectual and moral leadership.

But far more important than leaders and an ample fund is the injection of new principles and policies accomplished by the brains and energy of a little group of politicians, intellectuals, and enlightened business men, loosely styled the New Liberals. The moving minds in this work are Mr. J. Maynard Keynes, Mr. W. T. Layton, editor of the *Economist*; Mr. Henderson of the *London Nation*, Sir Josiah Stamp, Mr. Ramsay Muir, historian, and two or three Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturers like Mr. E. D. Simon and Mr. B. S. Rowntree. The fruits of some two years of intensive inquiry into the economic situation have been garnered in a closely reasoned and well-documented report on "Britain's Industrial Future," which may be said to mark a new era of Liberalism. Primarily addressing themselves to the solution of our grave economic problems by non-political reforms in technique, organization, and finance, the reformers found themselves inevitably drawn into an abandonment of the older laissez-faire doctrines and policies associated with nineteenth-century Liberalism and a bold recognition of the many services which a modern progressive state must play in social-economic reconstruction. While its exponents disclaim the name and purpose of socialism, in the sense of national ownership and operation, the spirit of socialism none the less informs the body of their proposals. The repudiation of individualism stands out most strongly in the broad and expanding interpretation of what they term a "public concern," that is, "a form of organization which departs in one way or another from the principles of unrestricted private profit, and is operated or regulated in the public interest."

Some of these public concerns are of course owned and administered by the state or the municipality, or by publicly appointed boards or commissions removed from direct political control; others, such as building and provident societies and the great cooperative organization, carry close restrictions on their profit-making powers. There are also important groups of undertakings, including railways, tramways, gas, water, and electricity, where statutory regulations control profits and prices, though the capital re-

mains in private hands. Taken in all, these publicly owned or regulated concerns are estimated to comprise "at least two-thirds of what could be called the large-scale undertakings of the country" measured in terms of capital, though a smaller proportion if measured in terms of employment. The New Liberals look to enlarging the number of public concerns, not by nationalization in the ordinary sense of the term but by encouraging concentration and organization of industries under managements in which all the factors of production shall be duly represented, and the consumers' interests adequately safeguarded. So far as this involves governmental action, it shall be kept as far as possible out of "politics." The old theory that competition is essential for efficiency and as the only security for the consumer is displaced by a frank acceptance of cartelization and other modes of combination needed to secure economies of manufacture and of marketing.

The problem how to prevent monopolies from pursuing a selfish profiteering career to the detriment of their employees and the consuming public receives close attention; and a policy of wages and price regulation is developed with a considerable variety of expedients. But the New Liberalism, though allotting a large industrial sphere to private capitalist enterprises, does not leave any business to unmitigated free contract. There runs throughout their creed the recognition of industry as an organic social process, making and distributing wealth in accordance with human welfare, and therefore requiring some social government of industry as a whole. The extension of Trade Boards, Whitley Councils, and the other machinery already existing for securing industrial peace and effective cooperation between capital and labor in the several trades should form the nucleus of this industrial government, resting as far as possible upon voluntary action of capital and labor in the several fields. Though certain statutory powers are contemplated, to give effectiveness to what is in origin and general character a set of voluntary cooperative controls, our Liberals are very chary of compulsory state interventions.

It is characteristic of this venture that, recognizing as they do the need of some central national control, which they visualize in a representative Council of Industry and an Economic General Staff, they should assign no mandatory powers to either body. Inquiry, reports, publicity, recommendations are to be their functions. And yet it is evident that they cannot and do not rely upon education, information, reason, and good-will alone to secure peace, prosperity, and progress for industry. The good government of this industrial system demands, as they conceive it, an intelligent regulation of the flow of new capital and labor, an improvement of wage and other conditions of employment in conformity with human efficiency, a limitation of profits, and in most businesses a fixed rate of interest and a distribution of surplus gains in accordance with "social utility." To insist that such controls, regulations, interferences with the operations of industry are not socialism is perhaps to open up an undesirable logomachy.

For our immediate purpose it is sufficient to speculate upon the early political significance of this attempt of Liberalism to develop a constructive economic policy, which to dispassionate observers would seem to go far to meet the reasonable demands both of trade unionists and the more moderate Socialists who constitute the vast majority of the members of our Labor Party. Though these bold

proposals can hardly be said to have been digested by the rank and file of the Liberal Party, they have received a nearly unanimous indorsement of the party organization. Not only tacticians like Lloyd George and constructive radicals like Sir Herbert Samuel but some members of the old Manchester school, like Sir John Simon, have adopted the new gospel. Its more enthusiastic exponents regard it as a basis for a Liberal revival which may enable their party to displace Labor in a large number of its industrial strongholds. Reduced to simpler terms, and expressed in appealing slogans, there seems little doubt that this constructive Liberalism will win many seats next year, and may restore Liberals to a fairly strong position in the House. But can it help to displace Conservative Government by a progressive one? Unless Liberals can come to some working arrangement with Labor, a Liberal revival may actually play into the hands of reaction. For the New Liberals think to win back to their fold many voters who have recently gone over to Labor, as well as to rally round their flag the uncommitted moderates who, disgusted with the governmental failure, are unwilling to go over to undiluted Labor. It is evident that success in this appeal would help the Conservatives in a three-cornered fight, dividing their opponents into two more equalized minorities. This is so obvious that reasonable men in both progressive parties are anxious for some arrangement, cooperation, or even coalition between Liberals and Labor. But this is easier said than done. Both in the party headquarters and in the constituencies, bitter feelings prevail.

Labor leaders scout the possibility of working with Lloyd George, and denounce the insecurity of this sudden conversion of Liberals to socialism under another name. They are angry at the attempt to steal their thunder and tone down its pitch. Labor is naturally annoyed at Liberalism refusing to stay dead, and insists that the resurrected body is but an empty ghost. At any rate, there seems no present prospect of an amicable arrangement. Past relations have been such that, even if leaders favored cooperation for tactical reasons, they would be warned off by their fears of left-wing intransigence. For relations are already strained between Labor ex-Ministers and the I. L. P., with its attempt to impose "Socialism in Our Time" upon the party leaders. Though organized communism is insignificant in size and influence, there is a good deal of latent near-communism in the Clyde, South Wales, and in other industrial centers. Add to this that among Labor leaders there is a good deal of jealousy and fear of the personal capacity and political skill of the Liberal chieftains. So Labor still obstinately adheres to the notion of working for an independent majority in Parliament.

Whether this temper will hold against the teaching of experience at the polls remains to be seen. Should Liberals and Labor gain enough seats between them to give them a united majority, and the choice again lies between cooperation and the continuance of unstable reactionary government, there will, I think, be a strong disposition toward joint action upon considered terms. After all, opportunism and compromise are in our blood and our traditions, and at a time when circumstances so urgently demand bold constructive policies, it would seem nothing less than criminal for parties genuinely committed to so much common ground in social-economic reform, foreign policy, and finance to refuse to march together until that common ground has been exhausted.

The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

II. The Plays

Moscow, May 17

THE stranger seeking an introduction to the contemporary drama in Russia could hardly do better than to see first of all "The Armored Train," now being frequently given at the Moscow Art Theater. Doubtless certain other productions, like that of "The Humming of the Rails" at the M. G. S. P. U., or of "Mandate" at Meyerhold's, are more completely characteristic of the newer tendencies, for the Art Theater still holds to many traditions of the past; but for that very reason it affords a better introduction for those who are anxious, not merely to experience the shock of strange things, but to understand the spirit of the new drama. In "The Armored Train" the themes with which this new drama is busy are treated in a familiar form—realistic melodrama of a very high order—and it furnishes therefore a very excellent bridge over which the comprehension may pass from the old to the new.

The action is laid at the time of the Civil War and the play is packed with varied, picturesque, and exciting incidents. There is, for example, one scene, really a one-act play by itself, in which the wife of a Communist agitator watches from a window while her husband is pursued and shot by a spy; and another, full of grim humor, in which an American soldier captured by the Bolsheviki saves his life by shouting "Viva Lenin!" at the appropriate moment. But complicated as the action is, the outline of the plot is simple enough: an armored train carrying a small detachment of White Guards is to speed across Siberia and a band of "partisans" (Red peasant guerrillas) is determined that it shall not. They could, of course, derail it, but the whole action as well as the whole ideological significance depends upon the fact that the Reds, with their passionate desire for machines which they can use, wish above all else that the engine shall come unharmed into their own hands. The scene of the climax is an embankment over which the train must pass during the night. Since the traffic rules provide that an engine shall come to a halt if it runs over anyone, the leader of the band suggests that one of its members shall put himself upon the rails. The others will hide; they will shoot the engineer when he stops; and so, at the cost of only one of their lives, they will have an opportunity to capture the train. Several men leap eagerly to the track, but at the first sound of a far-away whistle they get off again. Then one volunteer places himself across the rails, but he cannot lie quietly and, while his companions watch him with horrified fascination, he half-rises by reflex action again and again only to force himself back by an effort of will. The whistle sounds nearer, and as the moment approaches he calls out to his companions to end his torture with a bullet. Then, when but a few seconds remain, a Chinese dashes up the embankment, pushes the half-crazed man away, and substitutes himself. The first roar of the train is heard. Shrieking

incomprehensible things to himself in his strange language, he writhes in agony and finally, with a supreme effort of will, lies prone on the rails. As the headlight of the oncoming train sweeps across the stage, the curtains drop from the sides, and though of course one has seen nothing of the train except the glare of its lights, the illusion is so perfectly maintained that the audience covers its face with its hands and shudders as it seems to feel the cut of the wheels through its collective body. Read in cold description the scene will probably suggest the old-fashioned American melodrama, but the actual effect is entirely different. The reality of the characters, together with the perfection of the motivation, raises the incident above the melodrama, and the acting, more passionately convincing than that which any but Russians can achieve, carries complete conviction.

Like most contemporary Russian plays "The Armored Train" is extremely long (it runs from 7:30 until 11:30), but of the dozen or more productions which I saw in Moscow it is the one which is most obviously suitable for transplantation to New York, for the reason, already suggested, that its form is familiar. In substance, however, it is completely typical of the newer drama, since it reflects, in its own more or less conventional way, the dominant interests of the movement. It reflects, that is to say, first, that passionate patriotic interest in the events of the Revolution which one finds everywhere in Moscow, and second, that almost idolatrous regard for the machine which colors with a sort of romanticism almost every contemporary Russian work of art. In Moscow people seem never to grow tired of reliving the events of their famous Ten Days or of celebrating in one way or another their half-mystic faith in the mechanisms of transportation and production. Perhaps a stranger who had not yet caught the atmosphere of the scene would miss the real meaning of "The Armored Train" by failing to perceive just where its spiritual center lies; but the play reaches its happy end, not when any individual triumphs or when any problem is settled, but when, in the last scene, the precious engine itself is brought into the shop which the Communists have just seized and stands there as a symbol of the passage of a mechanism into their hands.

The *theatrical methods* of Moscow are extremely varied, nearly always interesting, and apparently almost equally popular. I could not observe that audiences showed any decided preference for either the realism of the Art Theater, the simple naturalism of the trade-union theaters, or the mannerism of Meyerhold. But the concern of every theater and every audience is with essentially the same things. Underneath all the varieties of treatment lies a pattern which is fundamentally almost unvaried. The subject is usually either patriotic or sociological and the solution is commonly reached either when the red flag is raised ("The Breaking," "1917," "Liubova Yarovaya," "The Red Poppy") or when some piece of machinery begins to function ("Cement," "The Armored Train," "The Humming of the Rails"). How communism triumphed and how Com-

munist Russia will be industrialized—these are the two subjects which seem to interest the audiences almost to the exclusion of all others, and it is patriotism, either militant or industrial, which furnishes the motives in nearly every new play.

Artists and audiences alike are rather contemptuous of what they regard as the trivial preoccupations of most other European drama. At Tairov's Theater they give, for instance, O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" because it implies a social protest, but his play-reader told me almost pityingly that as for "Strange Interlude," they had lost interest in that sort of psychologizing long ago; and the remark is typical of an attitude which leads them to be passionately interested in certain things and absolutely indifferent to others. Within the self-imposed limitations of subject matter there is, however, very considerable variety. "The Breaking," for example, treats the revolt on board the Aurora very effectively in a manner similar to that of "The Armored Train," and the extremely popular "Liubova Yarovaya" chooses a provincial town occupied alternately by the Reds and Whites as the scene of what appeared to me a rather forced action pointing to the simple moral that loyalty to the Communist cause must take precedence over all other loyalties. In it a woman very much in love with her husband discovers that he has gone over to the Whites. Patriotism triumphs over affection, she betrays his hiding-place to the Bolsheviks, and to show the unwavering character of her own devotion to the cause she stands motionless, a red flag in her hand, while he is executed before her eyes.

If such plays are typical of the slightly savage intensity of partisan feeling which still burns strongly even now, when the Revolution is accomplished and when (as it appears to a superficial observer) the stable Communist government has begun to tolerate and even absorb those elements which are not definitely communistic in their sentiments, "The Humming of the Rails" will stand as a type of the many sociological dramas which deal with the peace-time problems of the new society. Presented in a theater controlled by the Moscow trade unions and acted by men who, for the most part, have become professionals only since the Revolution, it is a simple, straightforward, and artlessly effective picture of life in a machine-shop. The stage is no stage at all, since it is merely a large room, three or four times as deep as it is long, fitted up to resemble a real machine-shop as literally as possible and furnished with real riveters (making a very real clatter) and real oxo-hydrogen blow-torches. When the play begins the men are at work repairing a locomotive. As the action proceeds, trouble develops between the new workman-manager and the technicians left over from the old regime. In the shop the director must fight against sabotage inspired by these technicians, while at home he must put up with the complaints of a wife who grumbles that they are no better off than they were before he rose to a managership, and of a mother-in-law who mutters darkly that "God does not love atheists." To cap the climax he is arrested by Communist officials on a trumped-up charge (these trade-union plays often reflect in some such manner the friction existing between worker and bureaucrat), but the difficulties are smoothed out one by one, the shop begins again to function, and as the curtains fall the locomotive, once more in running order, is wheeled forward toward the audience as a mute symbol of a problem solved. Simple in its ideology, naively literal in its methods, and

directly didactic in its intention, the play would mean little outside of Russia, and its interest is certainly not primarily aesthetic. Yet to one who sees it in its natural setting, performed before the audience out of which it has grown naturally and irresistibly, it is somehow both significant and arresting.

Most Europeans are anxious to forget *their* war and to get away from *their* machines. Implicitly they confess that the first accomplished nothing capable of sustaining an enthusiasm and that somehow they have been cheated out of the benefits which they once hoped to reap from the magic of mechanical power. But the Russian, on the other hand, is sure that out of the World War and its sequel there came something of permanent value for him, and he is sure also that when he gets the machine he will know how to use it. These two convictions account more than anything else for the distinctive character of his social atmosphere and of the drama which is part of it. He is absorbed in everyday life because he believes that he has solved the problem of making it adequate to all the needs of man. He looks back with pleasure upon the Revolution because he believes that it made the Golden Age possible, and he looks affectionately at the machine because he is sure that with its help he can realize that possibility. Europe looks at him with the air of an old man who has heard of too many religions to believe in the heaven promised by a new one, but the Russian is not at all interested in the skepticism of Europe. He wants all the machines and all the science that the rest of the world can give him, but he will make his philosophy for himself.

New Bedford Carries On

By PAUL BLANSHARD

AFTER an eight-weeks' strike the 30,000 workers of New Bedford's cotton mills show no signs of weakening. Most of the mills are closed and the number of strike-breakers is negligible. The strike, however, is gradually changing character. It began as a quiet demonstration of the workers against a 10 per cent wage-cut, and in the first weeks of the walkout New Bedford was remarkably calm. Newspapers, preachers, and merchants supported the strikers, and the police were friendly. It seemed that for once community pressure might force a quick victory in a textile strike.

Today all signs point to the old type of finish fight with bitterness constantly increasing. The police are no longer friendly to the left-wing contingent and several arrests have been made for disturbing the peace. William T. Murdoch, left-wing leader, has been sentenced to ninety days in the House of Correction, but he is still out on bail. Many strikers have been arrested for yelling or singing.

When is singing a crime? Apparently the New Bedford courts have ruled that singing on the picket-line is permissible until it degenerates into shouting invectives. Judge Milliken of the Third District Court only smiled when he heard the strikers' song repeated before him:

A-hunting we will go; a-hunting we will go.
We'll catch the scab and put him in a bag
And never let him go.

A-fishing we will go; a-fishing we will go.
We'll catch the boss and put him in the moss
And never let him go.

But Judge Milliken has not smiled at the Portuguese strikers arraigned before him. On June 6 he sentenced a striker, Alfred Teixeira, to thirty days in the House of Correction because he shouted "scab" at alleged strike-breakers, although it was Teixeira's first offense and he had not touched anyone. Of the twenty-six "radicals" arrested up to June 9, several have received sentences of six months in prison. The police have not officially prohibited singing but in practice singing has been stopped.

In fairness to the New Bedford police it should be said that they have an excellent technical case against the left-wing leaders who entered the strike after it had been called and organized an independent union which they call the New Bedford Textile Workers Union. These leaders were reckless and provocative in a situation which offered no violent opposition to the strikers. The mills were closed, the companies had not hired professional strike-breakers or thugs, and the police—at the beginning of the strike—were scrupulously fair. Picketing and singing in large groups near the mills was allowed, and in some cases strikers were permitted to gather in crowds on the sidewalks near the mills. But the left-wing leaders by their tactics have created a tension and animosity which the situation did not call for. Now the police have foolishly played into their hands by arresting them.

Small skirmishes between the left-wing minority and the New Bedford police should not be allowed to divert public attention from the major issue of this strike. The mill-owners, who had made substantial profits for many years, on April 16, without discussion or arbitration, cut the wages of their workers 10 per cent. That brings the average wage of New Bedford workers to a sum slightly above \$17 a week. Manufacturers claim that they were forced to cut wages by competitors whose wages were even lower. The claim is without foundation, since New Bedford is a fine-goods center not competing with the South; less than 8 per cent of all the fine-goods looms in the country are located in the South.

At the beginning of the strike the manufacturers were reckless enough to claim that their mills paid 22 per cent higher wages than other fine-goods mills in New England, but they refused point-blank to disclose their wage figures. The New Bedford *Times* accepted the mill-owners' challenge and sent a reporter four hundred miles through New England mill-towns to compare the wage scales in fourteen fine-goods centers. The newspaper's report on comparative wages dealt the final blow to the manufacturers' case. It showed that "almost every class of labor in New Bedford's fine-goods mills was paid lower wages than the average, even before the wage cut."

From organized labor's point of view victory in the New Bedford strike is exceptionally important because it might bring a renaissance of textile unionism in New England. Workers in the fine-goods mills of Fall River who voted to accept a 10 per cent wage-cut through a blunder in the arrangement of the strike ballot are anxiously awaiting the outcome in New Bedford. A victory in New Bedford would be followed almost certainly by a restoration of the old scale in competing mills of Fall River, while a defeat for the workers of New Bedford would be followed by cuts throughout the fine-goods centers of the North.

The strategic position of the strikers is excellent; only the shortage of relief funds can defeat them. The main body of the strikers have cast in their lot with the United Textile Workers affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Their membership in the recognized national union of the trade will undoubtedly strengthen their bargaining power. The community, although hostile to the left-wing minority, is still overwhelmingly sympathetic with the main group of strikers. Among the strikers is a dependable group of British craftsmen of unusual intelligence and training who have brought from Manchester a strong labor loyalty. They are the most skilled workers in American cotton mills today and if necessary they could keep the mills closed all summer, no matter how many unskilled strike-breakers were imported. Moreover, in the production of New Bedford's finished products the importation of incompetent strike-breakers would be a hazardous and costly blunder. It is not surprising that the strikers are confident of victory and that some of the manufacturers have already confessed regret for their rash challenge.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter nominates for the next Pulitzer Prize the Unknown Author of the Baltimore *Sun's* story of Jacob Grant Eckert's ride to Gettysburg, published in its issue of May 31.

* * * * *

"JACOB GRANT ECKERT," the story began, in contempt of the newspaper rule that the whole story must be told in the first sentence, "was only six months old when his father, John Eckert, was the conductor of the train on the Hanover Branch Railway which took a President to Gettysburg to deliver a memorial address." The President was Abraham Lincoln, and the address began "Fourscore and seven years ago." When the trip was over Mr. Lincoln greeted the conductor and handed him a large silver watch. Threescore and five years later Jacob Eckert, forty-seven years in the employ of the successor to the Hanover Branch Railway, was celebrating his birthday at the circus in Hanover when he was called to the telephone. Another President was to deliver another Gettysburg address, and the railroad wanted Jacob Eckert's son to act as conductor on the special train.

* * * * *

THEY wrote to Mr. Coolidge that the son of the man who had conducted Lincoln's train would conduct the Coolidge train, and they told Mr. Eckert that they had written. Interviewed the next day, Mr. Eckert would not admit that he had hoped for another silver watch, but he did admit that he had expected that Silent Cal would at least shake his hand. But—the Drifter leaves the rest of the story to the Unknown Author:

"I didn't see the President," said Mr. Eckert. "I didn't even go back to his car. I thought it was my place not to until I was sent for. I expected to be sent for, but I wasn't. Well, it's all right with me, because we didn't have a single little hitch the whole way. And the dining-car steward let me off the bet."

"What bet?" he was asked.

"Well, you see, I told the dining-car steward that the President knew that my father had run Lincoln's train to

Gettysburg and that the President would speak to me. And the dining-car steward said: 'Listen, Captain, I know him. He won't speak to you. He comes in and eats and I says: "I hope you enjoyed your dinner, sir"; and he just walks on by and Mrs. Coolidge says: "Yes, it was fine." No, he won't speak to you, Captain Eckert.'

"So, I said: 'I'll bet the best cigar you got he speaks to me.'"

"'Done,'" said the dining-car steward.

"Well, when the ride was over I went in to buy the cigar for him. But he said: 'No, Captain, I was betting on a sure thing.' So he bought me a cigar.

"They say that he was feeling pretty bad today and didn't speak to anybody. It's a great honor, anyhow, to have been conductor of the train that took a President to Gettysburg."

* * * * *

THE *Sun* deserves at least a prizelet for digging out of its own files its own story of the Gettysburg ceremonies of November 19, 1863. A full column, in fine type, was devoted to excerpts from what it described as an "exceedingly elaborate and ornate production, embellished with many classical allusions and brilliant rhetorical passages." Then, in the last paragraph, came this footnote:

At the conclusion of Mr. Everett's address the dedicatory ceremony was performed by President Lincoln. A dirge followed.

* * * * *

IF the Unknown Author does not win the Pulitzer Prize from the board of editor-judges he may console himself with the reflection that the judgment of contemporary journalists is no more infallible today than it was when the *Sun* gave a column to Edward Everett and left Abraham Lincoln's words for a second-day mail story.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Charity for the Well-to-do?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Presumably you have noted the increasing tuition charges in most universities. Cornell has recently moved up to the \$400 level. This policy of charity for the well-to-do appears to me to deserve attention.

These increasing charges are defended as merely covering the actual cost of education. There are, however, few or no great schools in the country that would not be rolling in surplus revenue if only they would resolutely decline to waste their resources on incapable or unwilling students. They make the choice, and the alternative is a level of expensiveness which closes the endowment benefactions against those who need them and leaves them available only to those who do not need them. It would be interesting to offer from ten to thirty million dollars to any great university that would first prove that it was not wasting what revenues it already has!

The policy of charging for education according to its cost—pay-if-you-can and go-without-if-you-cannot—amounts to a frank renunciation of the very principle on which all the endowments rest. The endowments come to be restricted to providing sub-cost education primarily to the well-to-do. Even if the stratification of wealth is good, the stratification of opportunity is not.

Ithaca, New York, May 30

H. J. DAVENPORT,
Professor of economics, Cornell University

Mr. Mencken and Mr. Broun

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Mencken and the *New York World* are entitled to determine for themselves the amount of "reasonable politeness and prudence" with which they may espouse an issue involving the official murder of two innocent men. But it wasn't Mr. Broun's "excessive earnestness" which helped defeat the efforts to save Sacco and Vanzetti, as Mr. Mencken suggests in *The Nation*. It was the "reasonable politeness and prudence" of such men as Mencken that helped weaken the tide of anguished world protest that was stirred last August. There are times when there are more important considerations than good taste. There are moments when it takes guts to ignore the pullings of what Mr. Mencken would call politeness and prudence. Mr. Broun had the simple, unadorned courage of his indignation. And he did not truckle. In the fog of confusion which the respectability of Lowell, Fuller, Grant, and Stratton threw around the proceedings, Broun's voice was heard clearly. He called lynching by its proper name. He stripped the frock-coats and silk hats from statesmen, judges, and college presidents and showed them for what they were—murderers.

A hand was swiftly clapped over Mr. Broun's mouth—but not before he had made articulate, in burning words, the real issues at stake.

Boston, May 30

CREIGHTON HILL

Oil Rights and Human Rights

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The diplomacy of our State Department is undoubtedly a dollar diplomacy. Recently I asked Mr. Kellogg, Secretary of State, to remonstrate against the ill-treatment of minority populations in Rumania. It has been our honored traditional policy to protest religious persecutions in any part of the world. We did this against Turkey's treatment of the Armenians, against Russia's treatment of Jews, and there is the famous letter of Secretary Hay, written in 1902, in behalf of persecuted Jews in Rumania.

To my surprise, in reply to my request, Mr. Kellogg stated that it was not within the province of the Department of State to interfere with the internal or domestic conditions of any foreign Powers, let alone Rumania. Subsequently, the Secretary of State tempered his judgment in that regard and said that the United States was always deeply interested in the treatment of religious minorities in European countries and that within the limits of diplomatic usage it would be pleased to use its good offices whenever necessary. Apparently in the case of Rumania these good offices have not been used—at least where human lives were involved as a result of pogroms and atrocities of all sorts.

Contrast the attitude of the same State Department in 1924, when the Rumanian Government attempted to enact legislation tending to nationalize its oil supplies. This was resented by the American oil companies which had evidently invested in Rumania. Synchronously with the announcement of the plan of the Rumanian authorities, with reference to their oil wells, our State Department reminded the Rumanian Government that her war loans were about to be called. That was enough for Rumania. Rest assured that the oil wells were not nationalized. American dollars were protected. Thus the State Department brought pressure in most vigorous terms, and in language even the Rumanians understood, by the use of the war-loan obligations. But there dollars were involved. Human suffering and travail are different.

Washington, D. C., May 25

EMANUEL CELLER,
Member, United States House of Representatives

Books

Cliff Dwellers, New Mexico

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

Climbers of cliffs are an enchanted race,
They trust, they trespass, and they leave no trace.
They give back to the earth each thing they took
They give all back, manos and shepherd's crook.

Ladders that knew the upstretched reaching hand
And idols are together under sand,
Arrow and bowl and blanket on the loom
Have disappeared from every hollowed room.

Time smooths the cliffs in secrecy of how
Such trust in them earth chose to disavow.
These tiered, sun-healed incisions on a ledge
Give silent proof earth makes no one a pledge.

Home Intrudes

By CHI-CHEN WANG

I

The barren twigs stand in straggled profusion
against the window-framed sky;
It is my neighbor's garden peeping over the walls
that seclude my home in Tsinan!
Motionless I sit in this alien room
with my eyes fixed on the mirage;
For the same realities that bind me
will break the fragile mirror.

II

In the spring I wandered free of old care,
I had no thoughts of returning.
Surely my joy, surely my desire
was to flutter over strange lands.
But summer came and the intrusive lotus pond
brought back the chrysanthemum patch,
And when the year grew cold I wept bitterly
for the pot of yellow plum.

Shaw Tells the World

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.
By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. \$3.

WHETHER this book is a fair statement of the socialist position, whether it is sound economics and political good sense, may be matter for argument. I think it is all that, with some minor reservations and disagreements. Of this I am certain: it is sound literature. Considered as writing, as an example of the art of exposition, it is the finest thing on its subject and pertinent subjects since Morris's "News from Nowhere," and in content, of course, it is far richer and more modern. It is clearer than any of the German authorities from Marx down (I know them only in English translation), clear as the lens of a telescope. The manner is persuasive, urbane, civilized, and, as we should expect, salted with humor. Much serious matter is conveyed with a smile; a closely organized page of argument is relieved by just the right touch of

fooling. Shaw's words are as simple as the subject will allow. He uses very little of the lingo of socialism which we borrowed from Germany; if "economic determinism" appears at all, I overlooked it. And there is nothing of the soap-box harangue which makes many socialist writers, Upton Sinclair, for example, unendurably wearisome and drives one to join the Calvin Coolidge Club forthwith. (To make the attitude of this review clear I will say that I have been a socialist for twenty years.)

Since exposition and argument are very largely a matter of definition of terms, a late chapter, the excellent one on Current Confusions, might well be read first as a sort of dictionary. It may be especially recommended to writers for the capitalist (grrrr!) press, many of whom, as the late William D. Haywood said, do not know the difference between anarchism and arnica. Shaw's own vocabulary is fresh and vivacious. Old economic propositions that one has heard a hundred times until they have become lifeless are revived as if by a transfusion of blood. And the whole discourse twinkles with the happy device of making an imaginary woman the audience and woman the generic third person. It is usually "he's" who do and think. Here a capitalist invests *her* money; *she* earns an extra loaf of bread; *she* finds her rent raised. There is the delightful implication that men are too stupid to be worth talking to: Shaw says that politically American men are "futile gossips."

So much for the manner. Before we come to the heart of the matter, a word or two of objection and be done with it. Shaw on Pasteur and on medical matters generally is foolish. It is too bad that he goes into a question which is not closely related to his main thesis and so adds one more example in support of Mencken's assertion that a man cannot be a socialist without being cracked in some other way. Like many another arrogant Briton, Shaw thinks he knows a lot about America, and openly admits it in his Foreword for American Readers. Then he commits himself to this amazing proposition: "They [the Americans] shut up the saloons, and found immediately [*sic*] that they could shut up a good many of the prisons as well."

The heart of the argument which beats on every page is that socialism means equality of income. Any future state or political program or ism, however admirable, which is not based on equality of income is not socialism. All economic and social evils are rooted in inequality of income, and from those root-evils spring most of the remediable sufferings of humanity. Mankind, a nation first and then perhaps all the world, is to become a vast joint-stock company in which everybody is shareholder, everybody draws his dividend, and every able-bodied person does his share of the necessary work. Since all useful work is of social value and one kind cannot be done without another on which it depends—the engineer of a bridge and the mason working on the pier cannot do a stroke one without the other—then all work must be declared equally useful and be equally rewarded. The worst crime is idleness, which means that one person lives by the labor of another or others. Parasitism is the primary social disease, resulting in two kinds of waste: the loss of the potential ability of the parasite to contribute to the total national income and the waste of health and life due to poverty. And there is the further waste of haphazard lack of organization, of a million jobs crying out to be done and a million people without jobs.

Work instead of being a burden to many and a stranger to some can be a pleasure, a normal healthy activity, and the more pleasant it is, the merrier it goes, the more efficient it becomes. Those now engaged in interesting occupations know that already. As things are, it is the honorable and swell thing to have an income which enables one to loaf or at least to engage in some alleged work which does not contribute to the national income, the essential wealth which we consume every day. In a socialist state such an idea would be abhorrent; an industrial slacker

would be more contemptible or pitiable than a slacker in time of war and would be rounded up by the police and sent to a hospital to have his brain examined. (I suppose under socialism there will be good doctors; Shaw does not like the kind we have now.)

The way to the realization of the socialist state is the gradual nationalization of the land and of all the great basic industries. This can be accomplished only when most people want such a change and are ready to elect and organize a government to bring it about and manage the total national property. Socialism means the complete abolition of private ownership in the things on which our common life depends. That is, the fundamental, productive, wealth-making materials—wealth-making when labor is applied to them. *Pace!* The state is not going to own your watch or your typewriter, but it will own the typewriter factory and the watch factory and the gold mine from which the gold in the watch came and the iron mine and the coal mine from which came the steel in the typewriter. *When people want this change*—that is important. Shaw is a Fabian and amusingly points out that it was gentlemen with a classical education and not proletarians who invented that word. Revolutions by violence accomplish nothing or very little; the class struggle gets nowhere; a majority of intelligent people of all kinds, including Madam the Intelligent Woman, must will socialism and drill for it. It must be a growth from what is now, a fulfilment of the visible and ever-developing present. Already many things are communized—roads, bridges, the post office, and other public services. Already the confiscation of wealth is accepted as a matter of course in taxes. And nobody in his senses, properly educated, would object to giving up his privileges if he knew that he was to have a fair deal along with everybody else and knew that the future of his children would be secure.

That is the heart of the argument. There are other organs and limbs to this articulate and organic book. Indeed, it is more than a socialist argument. It is a study of human nature, of human society. What is money? What is wealth? What is "spare money"? What is a savings-bank account? What is a national debt? How does a stock exchange work? What are rent, interest, taxes? All that is hard economics, here admirably clarified with little of the conventional dialect of the textbooks. But, more important, what is education, what are social distinctions, what really are common honesty, decency, human dignity? What is liberty? These concern the soul of man after his stomach has been filled and his back covered.

The peroration alone is worth the price of admission (since this book has much to say of prices); it is a beautiful essay. Shaw calls this work his last will and testament and says that it took six years to write and cost more labor than his plays. I am glad that he took the time off from what he modestly calls his "lucrative talent," and hope that he may add codicils to his will in the form of more essays on socialism and life and at least six more plays.

JOHN MACY

The Mothers of Man

The Mothers. A Study of the Origins of Sentiments and Institutions. By Robert Briffault. The Macmillan Company. Three volumes. \$27.

THE most ambitious compendium to date, this book of Briffault's, of woman's share in culture. For the three massive volumes comprise 2,091 pages, the bibliography 196 pages, and the index 120 pages. In a sense, to review such a book is like reviewing Frazer or the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Well, to begin with, the mass of the book is not by any means proportionate to its bulk; conservatively, the same message could be carried, without loss of substance or force, by one volume of some 500 pages. With scant charity for so much labor I might say, perhaps, that had the author taken more

time he could have reduced the size of his study to about one-third of its present dizzy length.

What is it all about? A vindication of woman's role in society, to be sure, but not destined for a place of honor in feminists' archives. For, after telling his story in which the feminine principle looms supreme, the author at the end commits himself to a judicious, but, I fear, somewhat conservative estimate of woman's intellectual ability.

Before going any further let me say that Briffault's book is far from light-weight. The study is genuinely erudite, it bristles with relevant citations, and the author's critical acumen places him in a class far above that of his brother in voluminousness, Sir James G. Frazer.

Briffault's thesis is simple: the cornerstone of all social organization rests in the mating instinct. He does not come to this conclusion directly. On the way he takes time to slay sundry threatening ghosts. Quite in line with latest anthropological wisdom, he argues against heredity and for history, against nature and for nurture, as the rationale of culture. Nor will the Nordics find much solace in his fair even though guarded treatment of the racial tangle. The tripod on which rests man's unique position in the animal kingdom is this: prolonged infancy (shades of John Fiske!), slow development, and the reduction of the determination of natural heredity. Briffault takes pains to argue—perhaps with a zeal carrying him somewhat beyond the facts—that the sexual act is not the seed out of which society springs. Sex, as such, is among many animals associated with cruelty and the infliction of suffering (at times Briffault seems to forget that suffering does not necessarily exclude joy). Even among primitive men sex love is practically unknown (at this many an anthropologist will demur). The mating instinct, on the other hand, is everywhere and always associated with affection and tenderness. In it lies the source of all kindly emotions which, infinitely elaborated and ramified, blossom forth in altruism, humaneness, social solidarity. At first the sex and mating instincts are, if anything, in conflict with each other; and it is only later in human history that sex itself becomes suffused with cultural values, elevated to the status of a noble and spiritual emotion, embellished and glorified as romanticism.

Love is born not between male and female but between the mother and her brood. The rest is accretion, elaboration, transfer.

While developing his principal thesis, the author contributes, in part critically, in part constructively, to a number of vexed and difficult problems. He disposes rather effectively of the opinion widely held among scientists that anthropoids are monogamous. He argues with force against the still popular notion of the evil effects of inbreeding. He contributes a theory of the origin of exogamy: it was "invented" to preserve the integrity of the primitive maternal group, the daughters remaining, the sons departing and marrying other daughters of other mothers, elsewhere. Need we add that there is also a theory of totemism? The totem was originally the food animal of the clan, the rest developed by and by (here Briffault was anticipated by Haddon, the English anthropologist).

Useful strictures are made upon the glibness with which anthropologizing writers have made use of the theory of marriage by capture. Here Briffault is almost certainly in the right. Marriage by capture exists and, here and there, has survived in various disguised forms; but it never was general nor could it possibly have been responsible for all the survivals accredited to it.

Probably Briffault is also right in holding that the final change in the position of the sexes, in a sense adverse to woman, took place during the period of higher historic agriculture and that the position of woman as primarily an object of sex was consequent upon her losing social status and economic significance.

What saved the author from producing a dogmatic, hope-

lessly one-sided work was his commendable fairness and a critical acumen which prevented him from elevating his thesis into a sole pillar of social determination. But withal he has gone too far. Something will have to be credited to the sex impulse as such—not as sadistic a principle as the author would have us believe; the finer emotions of the male (a human being, after all) may also have contributed to the humanization of man; and even human gregariousness—scoffed at by Briffault—cannot be wholly overlooked as an active cause in a truly unprejudiced study of the origins of human sentiments and institutions.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

John Selden

Table Talk of John Selden. Edited for the Selden Society by Sir Frederick Pollock. London: Quaritch.

ALTHOUGH it does make clear a few phrases obscure in earlier editions of the "Table Talk" by readings from a Lincoln's Inn MS hitherto uncollated, this neat volume seems a cruel waste of effort because it reprints what was not greatly in need of reprinting. No doubt students of the history of law find it valuable, but it is a very queer enthusiasm indeed that can say: "There is hardly so rich a treasure-house of worldly wisdom in the English language as Selden's 'Table Talk.'" Really it is a book rich only in its quantity of commonplace observations on religion, state, money, women, poetry, war—all set out in language remarkable for the complete absence of the verbal magic peculiar to Selden's contemporaries. Hear the great closet-lawyer on a matter of "weight and high consequence": "Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, a third plain. But every man has a doublet. Every man has his religion; we differ about the trimming." There speaks a generous feeling, the same that animates "Abie's Irish Rose"; but how in the name of Jonson, Donne, Milton, Browne, and James I's body of learned translators can it speak so badly? And that is far from being the worst thing in "Table Talk"; indeed it is nearly the best. Selden's dinners must have been very good.

But no matter how unattractive now his wit, wisdom, style, Selden's life deserves a more Stracheyed treatment than it has received. He lived in good lively times and he knew all the right people. When Cavalier and Puritan were at each other's throats, Selden inclined to the Parliamentarians while remaining friends with Royalists because he had enough worldly wisdom always to entertain a high tenderness for his own freedom and skin. He liked to write in his books: "Liberty above all else." In his day he had a colossal reputation for learning, yet, as Lord Clarendon says, "His humanity, courtesy, and affability was such that he could have been thought to have been bred in the best court, but that his good nature, charity, delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding. . . . If he had some infirmities, with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellences in the other scale." Here was a fine figure of a scholar, an England's ornament, who would flash his mind's light upon Syrian mythology, tithes, the Arundel marbles, dueling, titles of honor, the freedom of the seas, the nativity of Christ, while waging ceaseless war, in Parliament and out of it, against the idea of the divine right of kings. Not that he loved democracy; for him the many were no more divinely right than Charles I.

From a humble station of life in Sussex he stepped to Oxford, then to the Inns of Court, into jail, into Parliament, and at last into the shoes and wealth of the sometime Earl of Kent, marrying secretly, as it was said, the widowed Countess. We wish to believe that the Selden Society, having done so much better than well for the dust and ashes of its hero, is even now at work on a properly pious full-length picture of his personality.

H. K. DICK

An Editor on a Holiday

American Inquisitors: A Commentary on Dayton and Chicago. By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

WHEN an imaginative man makes a life work of any pursuit, the tendency is for him to consider it a fine art. However, as the professions are filled by unimaginative men, as a rule, it is left to such a talented amateur as a Brillat-Savarin to concoct a "Handbook of Gastronomy," and to such one as De Quincey to produce "Murder as a Fine Art." Now, a great many of the limitations and excellencies of Mr. Walter Lippmann may be conveniently expressed by saying that he is gradually coming to regard politics as a fine art (in a certain American city this also includes murder). If a fine discrimination and restraint is necessary to the distinguished practice of any art, he has been helped no less by his temperament than by the nature of his job. In editorial writing there is really no such thing as pure thought, or pure truth, but only applied thought and applied truth. The necessity to persuade, to secure action, is the standing limitation. Often it acts as a fortunate guard against the excesses of theory, and it is this which gives Mr. Lippmann's writing its caution and hard common sense, and its limpid and easy style.

There must come a time, however, when an editor must long to cast off his inhibitions. In "American Inquisitors" Mr. Lippmann has accomplished not only this but created another example of fine art of the startling mixture of charlatanry and sincerity which is represented by the anti-evolution laws on the one hand and the anti-truth-in-American-history laws on the other. It so happened that he was invited to give the Barbour-Page foundation lectures in the University of Virginia last year which now make the present book. There was an opportunity not only to get away but to make the trip an intellectual junket. Mr. Lippmann has a strong sense of the amenities, and, perhaps, it told him that his going to talk in a Southern university made the time a happy one to reason with both the fundamentalists and modernists in biology and history. He took Bryan at Dayton and Mayor Thompson at Chicago as his protagonists. In the confessed role of devil's advocate, he proceeded to show that discounting their very obvious imbecilities the theories of democracy made it possible to make a very good case for them, indeed!

The intermittent Socratic dialogue which Mr. Lippmann chose as the form of his remarks was very happy. In the persons of Socrates, Jefferson, and Bryan he could allow himself to romp without hesitation. The paradoxes click like subway turnstiles. Is this the perverse Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton or the sober Mr. Walter Lippmann speaking? Every now and then, like a quick change artist in vaudeville, he emerges from behind the scenes to comment in his own person. When the Florida Legislature, which is one of the most hopeless in the country, some years ago adopted a resolution against the teaching of evolution in the schools, it indulged the sophistry of declaring that it was motivated by the desire to maintain the separation of Church and State according to original Jeffersonian principles! I do not know if Mr. Lippmann is acquainted with this resolution, but it is the most precious of all his cachexies. The intellectual display is in a very unusual manner, indeed, but, alas, the passions engendered in the conflict of fundamentalism and modernism are too ugly to yield upon a demonstration of verbal contradictions.

The confusion is emphasized by the fact that in the prevailing holiday mood the Socratic characters are made to poke fun at Mr. H. L. Mencken. It is difficult to understand this except upon the supposition that it has now become a popular sport. The latter has often supported the right of fundamentalism to restrict the freedom of teaching in the elementary schools. It has roused his ire only when it has undertaken to

interfere with higher education. It is this distinction which is behind most of Mr. Lippmann's satanism.

Let him be solemnly warned: Many a man who has begun by playing the part of devil's advocate has ended by becoming one!

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Heat Without Light

Antheil, and the Treatise on Harmony, with Supplementary Notes. By Ezra Pound. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$2.

MR. POUND'S method is like the one which he describes as Wagner's, "which is not dissimilar from that of the Foire de Neuilly, i.e., you confuse the spectator by smacking as many of his senses as possible at every possible moment; this prevents his noting anything with unusual lucidity, but you may fluster or excite him to the point of making him receptive; i.e., you may slip over an emotion, or you may sell him a rubber doll or a new cake of glass-mender during the hurly-burly." In his book, too, there is a ceaseless hurly-burly of irrelevancies, pedantries, esoteric sarcasms, and prose affectations, the while essential things are not lucidly or adequately stated but only alluded to as though they had been so stated. It conveys the impression of a book intended for those who already understand, or, one might say, for those with whom Mr. Pound has a private understanding. Chief among these is George Antheil, with whom Mr. Pound carries on a mutually satisfying conversation for a time. Others will conclude, from what little they can understand, that even this was not worth the trouble they gave themselves over the book.

"The element most grossly omitted from treatises on harmony up to the present is the element of TIME. The question of the time-interval that must elapse between one sound and another if the two sounds are to produce a pleasing consonance or an *interesting* relation, has been avoided." One can answer that this is an element of the finished musical speech that must be left to the composer and the critic, while the treatise on harmony deals with musical grammar, with the sequences of related sounds irrespective of pattern. And, in fact, Mr. Pound tells us no more than anyone else. No one will be the wiser for this: "A SOUND OF ANY PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, MAY BE FOLLOWED BY A SOUND OF ANY OTHER PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, PROVIDING THE TIME-INTERVAL BETWEEN THEM IS PROPERLY GAUGED; and this is true for ANY SERIES OF SOUNDS, CHORDS, OR ARPEGGIOS." On the contrary, some will be the less wise. It is, for example, only theoretically true that for the ordinary time-intervals of music ANY two chords may follow each other and make sense.

It appears that Mr. Pound's real dissatisfaction is with actual musical practice. He objects to music whose *harmony* is conceived vertically as being music without lateral, rhythmic movement; by which he seems to mean music the durations of whose sounds are not fixed; by which again he seems to mean music which can be played in more than one tempo or with variations in the chosen tempo. But these identities and the distinctions they imply are not correct. There is no music without lateral, rhythmic movement and fixed durations, and yet none that cannot be played in more than one tempo or with variations in the chosen tempo. For the fixed durations are only proportional durations within any tempo¹; and the proportions may be emphasized by slight distortion. Nor can any music be played without such distortion except by a mechanical instrument. And this, in fact, is what Mr. Pound wants: rhythmic

¹ That Mozart insisted upon fixed durations is, then, true but not proved by metronome indications in Pound's copy of "The Marriage of Figaro." And as far as I can discover there is no metronome in Mozart's day; and these must be the tempos of some editor, and probably different from those of another editor. This is worth noting in connection with the Foire de Neuilly method, e.g., the references to Raphael Socius (1556), Manchetto of Padua (fourteenth century), Prosdocimus de Beldemandis (ditto), etc.

patterns (which I believe are what he means by the term mechanisms) reiterated by mechanical pianos or, best of all, by machines. At this point one is tempted to imitate the inimitable Mr. Pound: "What, mon élève, is the element grossly omitted from the music of machinery . . ."

at this point Mr. Pound

looks up brightly . . .

"and to be found in the pea soup of Wagner, the heavy mist of Debussy, and even the diaphanous dust clouds of the post-Debussians . . .?"² Mr. Pound continues to regard me brightly . . . and blankly. No answer is offered me.

The answer, mon contradicteur, is:

"The element most grossly omitted from the music of machinery is MUSICAL SOUND. The sounds that are necessary to make a rhythmic pattern interesting and significant are omitted."

That is probably not all I have to say in this review.

B. H. HAGGIN

Blood and Blows

Woman in Flight. By Fritz Reck-Malleczewen. Translated by Jennie Covan. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

"WOMAN in Flight" is a skilfully concocted melodrama put together out of the powerful ingredients of sex, speed, and terror. Elfie, a shy, rather dazzled little girl, a foreigner in Berlin, marries into the prosperous middle-class family of the district attorney. Their pet poodle, taken on their modest honeymoon, has its back broken by a bicyclist, and Elfie's husband, an artist, the district attorney's brother, being not quite adequate to this or any other task, Elfie herself is forced to kill it with a stick. From then on the action moves with amazing rapidity and almost perfect logic. They take the train home; Robbie, the husband, is to go on to Munich to get commissions for portraits. A man flirts with Elfie in the compartment, Robbie slaps his face, is himself humiliatingly beaten before the eyes of his young wife, and with his clothes torn, and his face scratched, is forced to spend the time between trains in the washroom instead of in the fashionable restaurant where his brother has planned to take the couple that night. Afterward Elfie goes to dinner with the brother, and in her somewhat hysterical condition of nerves is by him got drunk and seduced. In the morning, being threatened with blackmail by the landlady, she tries to raise money at a pawnshop, is insulted by the old woman who keeps the shop, and, still in a state of hysteria, throws herself upon the old woman and chokes her, as she thinks, to death. Follows flight and terror through the city, in excellent narrative, and finally desperation and brazenness when it appears that the husband is sure to learn. At this point the book goes off, and Elfie flees to South America with a wholly improbable narcotic smuggler posing as a military attaché of the Argentine embassy. Horror piles upon horror, she is saved from white slavers for the almost worse fate of a rescue home, and finally confesses her murder, is brought back to Germany, stands up at her trial to give evidence, and learns that the old pawnbroker woman has never died. Or possibly the woman did die, and the police, to protect the district attorney from testifying, have brought forth a substitute. On this point the text is not unequivocal. At any rate, Elfie's life is quite thoroughly wrecked, her husband, her reputation, even her chance to make expiation, are gone, her face is scarred by a blow from a cane in the rescue home, and there is nothing left for her but to wander out through the night into a providential snowfall and her last rest on the frozen Bodensee, in the manner that so many German movies have made all too familiar. Aside from this and some other sentimentalities, however,

² There is no music for which a formula cannot be found that will make it appear ridiculous, not even Antheil's.

and the incredibleness of some of the South American scenes, the book is written surprisingly well. The author is obsessed with the dirt, the drabness, the madness of post-war and especially German capitalist civilization, and his conveyance of this feeling is the most interesting achievement of the book. The translation is apparently very good—at least its literary quality is excellent, and well adapted to the material. Incidentally the book would make a good scenario for Murnau's or King Vidor's next venture in Hollywood.

ROBERT WOLF

Books in Brieft

The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State. By Charles C. Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Marshall elaborates in this book the same general thesis which he expounded in his famous attack upon Governor Smith of New York in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1927. Leaving at one side the supernatural claims of the Roman church, he devotes himself to demonstrating, by a legal study of certain ecclesiastical documents, that allegiance to the church, and especially to the Pope as its recognized head, is opposed to the political allegiance which a modern state such as the United States requires of its citizens. He admits that, in the case of the United States, the repugnancy between the two systems is at present theoretical, but it is prevented from becoming practical, apparently, by the disparity in numbers between Catholics and non-Catholics. To the extent to which this numerical disparity disappears, or, what comes to the same thing, to the extent to which Catholic political influence increases, loyalty to the church would compel Catholics to demand such amendment of the Constitution as would adapt it to the requirements of their faith. Beyond his examination of a number of Papal encyclicals and other documents, English translations of which are given in an appendix, Mr. Marshall also discusses the "twilight zones" of marriage, politics, and education as affected by the attitude of the church. One should not expect a book on such a subject by a Protestant lawyer to be free from bias, and what Mr. Marshall has written reads very much like an expanded legal brief in the case of the people against the Catholic church, but those who are already convinced that a theoretical conflict between the two jurisdictions is pretty certain to become in due time a practical one will welcome the book as a storehouse of legal arguments on their side.

Words and Poetry. By George H. Rylands. Payson and Clarke. \$3.

A splendidly unconventional study of the psychological qualities of poetic diction, together with a fascinating exposition of the problem of Shakespearean style—this latter subject a rich field still almost untouched, as Mr. Rylands astonishingly proves. In the field of scientific poetic criticism this is the finest volume since Professor Lowes's triumphant "Road to Xanadu." Mr. Rylands's observations on Shakespeare, all too tentatively and modestly put, have a quality of definite illumination: they are an excellent vindication of his plea that critics of poetry should exchange "wonder for curiosity."

Mirrors of the Year. Edited by H. W. Stokes. Frederick A. Stokes and Company. \$4.

This is neither a year-book nor an almanac, nor does it pretend to be. It is a rather useless assortment of articles, thrown together with little rhyme and less reason. Many of them appeared previously in periodicals and newspapers. Herbert Asbury on Journalism in 1927-1928 is not unamusing; Louis Bromfield waxes indignant about the state of book reviewing; William Lyon Phelps lists some of the year's best sellers; Louis Seibold straddles all the fences in an article on politics; someone writes on business and prosperity without ever becoming aware of the year's increment of unemployed. The book warrants no serious attention, and is rarely even diverting.



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What's Wrong with the Democratic Party

The Foreign Policy of James G. Blaine. By Alice Felt Tyler. The University of Minnesota Press. \$3.50.

Now for the first time is the diplomacy of the plumed knight made the subject of a volume. Mrs. Tyler has carefully used the inedited as well as the printed material available on her theme in the United States. In the main she has done her work well. The manner in which Blaine uncannily forecasted certain features of our foreign policy is suggestively delineated. The section devoted to the Berlin Conference of 1889 on Samoa, which utilizes inedited material from our Department of State, is perhaps the most original feature of the book. Students of American diplomacy would have found this instructive study more illuminating if the author had garnered comments on Blaine's Pan-American policy by publicists of South America.

The Brontë Sisters. By Ernest Dimnet. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Readers of this admirable literary biography, now first translated from the French original which appeared in 1910, will echo the judgment of Andrew Lang—"The best book on the Brontës." Into the doubts, the perplexities, the spiritual frustrations of this tragic Yorkshire family the Abbé Dimnet penetrates with a sympathetic understanding born of his own intimate connection with hundreds of lives intrusted to his religious care. He presents a unified and convincing picture where Clement Shorter gave us an encyclopedic chronicle and Augustine Birrell an engaging *jeu d'esprit*. If the Abbé Dimnet may be reproached at all it is for an occasional excess of sympathy for Charlotte, whose angular unpleasantness of character is not entirely to be ascribed to the roughening influence of the Yorkshire moors.

The Borderland in the Civil War. By Edward Conrad Smith. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Professor Smith's borderland comprises the southern halves of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, Virginia west of the Alleghanies, and most of Kentucky and Missouri. Maryland and Delaware, commonly counted as border States, are not included because they differ from the others "in nearly every particular except a common hesitancy about entering the war." Within the area which he has chosen, and which seems to him to constitute a third "section" in the struggle for union, Professor Smith examines the character of the population, the agricultural and industrial situation as affected particularly by the opening of railway communication with the North and the consequent abandonment of New Orleans as the sole trade outlet, the influence of a large nonslaveholding element, and the political agitations which attended the efforts of the Lincoln Administration to hold the region in the Union. Both the political and the economic significance of the election of 1860 seem to him to have been largely overlooked in the borderland, and even after secession the people did not at once perceive upon which side of the line their real interests lay. In this period of hesitation, Lincoln's tactful course contrasted rather sharply with the policy of some of the Union leaders and commanders. The book is a commendable contribution to a phase of Civil War history which has been too little studied.

The Post-War Mind of Germany and Other European Studies. By C. H. Herford. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

The bulk of this volume is made up of five essays on various phases of comparative literature; but they appear unimportant beside the single title essay describing the mentality of post-war Germany. Professor Herford begins by abstracting from the fabric of pre-war Germany three qualities which he considers to have lain at the basis of her eminence: organization, technology, and "culture." It is with the latter of these that he is mainly concerned. He first traces the influence of "the stabilizing forces," Troeltsch and Weber, who represent for him that grandiose synthetic tendency which, formerly applied largely to philosophy, was in the work of these two men, ex-

tended to the fields of economics and sociology. The author optimistically regards the doctrines of Weber as an implicit attack on capitalism. The major part of the essay is concerned, however, not with these quieter scholarly influences but with a description of the post-war revolutionary culture which manifested itself in a fierce attack on Bismarckism and the complete abandonment of Chamberlain's race theories. The revolt against social and industrial mechanism is traced in the stoic pessimism of Spengler, the sociologic expressionism of Toller, Werfel, and Kaiser, the idealism of Keyserling, the manifestos of the *Jugendbewegung*, the growth of the movement for popular education, and the increased interest in the problem of the humanization of industry. Professor Herford is unwilling to recognize the possibility that all these idealistic tendencies may be but the silver lining. He does not care to concern himself with an analysis of the new economic imperialism, the furious interest taken by Germany in the philosophy of Ford, the emergence of the cartel policy, and other factors which might, if carefully examined, induce a frame of mind rather less optimistic.

A Handbook of Children's Literature. By Emelyn E. Gardner and Eloise Ramsey. Scott, Foresman and Company. \$2.

For those parents and teachers who are seeking to provide their children with reading material that is really appropriate to their ages at the same time that it is of literary merit, this book is invaluable. Starting with the premise that the children's own preferences are the best guide to what is actually most enjoyable, and that the high critical standards usually applied to adult literature should function here, the authors develop richly diversified bibliographies and a course of study.

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International Relations Section

For the Imprisoned of the Revolution

By I. STEINBERG

IT is with a deep feeling of sorrow that I present the case of the revolutionists imprisoned or exiled in Russia. It may, perhaps, be questioned whether this is the time to raise such a question, when world-reaction is preparing openly and brutally to attack the Soviet Union. My answer is that socialism must always be ready to examine and review its record in matters of conscience.

I will speak here only of the Left Social Revolutionaries and the Maximalists. Their situation is especially tragic. The moderate Socialists of Russia are under the protection of the Second International. The Anarchists and the Syndicalists are protected by the international Anarchist movement. But the Left Social-Revolutionaries and the Maximalists, who participated in the October Revolution and in the building of the Soviet Republic, are without protection from any political international organization. Without wishing to appeal to the sentimentality of foreigners, I want to picture the conditions under which these men and women have been existing. A description of a few of the leaders will serve to reveal the situation.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA. Her name is known to the whole world. In 1906 she was sentenced to death on account of a plot in which she participated against a tyrant who had terrorized the peasants in the province of Tambov. The Cossacks subjected her to unspeakable tortures, and she became as a result the symbol of freedom to the subjugated masses of Russia. At the same time a storm of sympathy in her behalf throughout Europe and America brought about a commutation of her sentence to life imprisonment in Siberia. There Spiridonova remained until 1917. The March Revolution brought her freedom, whereupon she threw herself immediately into the fight of the peasants and workers against war, against the Kerensky regime, and for the Socialist revolution. The October Revolution placed her at the head of the peasant movement. As president of the Peasants' Congress she united the city workers and peasants in a close coalition. In the middle of 1918 she became involved in a conflict of principle with Bolshevik policies. From that time on, except during two short intervals, she has remained in captivity, either in prison or in exile in Turkestan.

IRINA KACHOVSKAIA. During the reign of the Czar, Kachovskaia was imprisoned in a Siberian penitentiary, where she remained until the Revolution of 1917. Believing in a strictly Socialist regime, she led a brilliant fight against the coalition policy of Kerensky. As a member of the central committee of the Left Social Revolutionary Party she devoted herself wholeheartedly to the defense of Soviet Russia and assisted in the work of building up and developing the land. She could not, however, join with Bolshevism in the policy of "retreat" which began with the ratification of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. She then turned her energies against German imperialism. At the head of a fighting organization, she made the preparations for the

assassination of Marshal Eichhorn. After the assassination she was imprisoned in Kiev and subjected to torture and a brutal third degree. A German court martial sentenced her to death. The Kaiser was expected to confirm the decision, but just at that time the monarchy collapsed, and Kachovskaia was freed during the Revolution in the Ukraine. When she returned to Moscow in 1919 she found that Soviet Russia was being threatened by General Denikin. She immediately sought to arrange for Denikin's assassination but while preparing this she was arrested by the Cheka. The prosecutor said to her: "You will be given your liberty for the express purpose of carrying out your plot, on condition that you promise that if you return alive you will at once report to the prison authorities." The plot did not succeed, and she returned to Moscow seriously ill. Later she was again arrested. Since that time—April, 1921—she has not been able to regain her freedom. As in the case of Spiridonova, all efforts to have her permitted to leave Russia have failed.

VLADIMIR TRUTOVSKY. Exiled twice to Siberia under the Czar, he was one of the founders of the Left Social Revolutionary Party and the author of several books expounding the theories and principles of that group. In the first Soviet Government he was Peoples' Commissar, but since November, 1918, he has been persecuted incessantly. After he had served three years in the penitentiary, an effort was made to increase the length of the sentence. As a protest he endeavored to kill himself by fire. He was then banished to Turkestan for three years. He was freed in 1926 and took up residence in a small town where he had been authorized to live. But he was again arrested and found himself on September 14, 1926, in the company of other Socialists, in the prison of Charkov. On the evening before the visit of the second German workers' delegation he was taken from the prison to the Cheka. When the delegation made inquiries next day regarding the condition of political prisoners, they were told that there were none in the Charkov prison. Trutovsky signed a protest against this deception of the workers' delegation, an act which resulted in several years of exile in the East.

ILIA MAJOROV. A Left Social Revolutionist and a peasant from the government of Kasanj, Majorov was a representative of the Peoples' Commissariat for Agriculture during the first period of the October Revolution. To him belongs the honor of drafting the famous law concerning the socialization of the land. This law, which rejected every vestige of private ownership of property and the exploitation of man by man, was enthusiastically adopted by the Congress of the Soviets. But Majorov opposed the new policy of the Bolshevik Government after 1918 and, as a consequence, has, since 1919, been held either in prison or in exile.

I. IVANOV. A proletarian of Leningrad, he was sentenced in 1921 as a Left Social Revolutionary to five years in prison. "Five years' imprisonment as punishment for a proclamation which denounced the new elections of the Soviets"—so ran the sentence. A month before the expiration of his term in prison he wrote: "Who knows whether I shall soon win my freedom, for it is customary for a person to be exiled after imprisonment, and to be imprisoned after exile. It is, however, necessary that I be set free. Since the recent death of my father, my elderly mother and two little sisters

have been in the direst need. And as for myself, I must regain my health and once more accustom myself to life." Upon his release from prison Ivanov was exiled as he had feared.

Enough of examples. One could mention the names of Boris Kamkov, Alexandra Ismailovich, Nestroiev, and of hundreds of Left Social Revolutionists and Maximalists, who are living in the black night of Siberia or in the tropic heat of Central Asia. They have not been dealt with in this manner because of any definite action against any particular government. At the end of 1925 an appeal was published from the prisoners in the penitentiary at Tobolsk. Among the 126 Socialists and Anarchists who signed it only 21 had been sentenced by tribunals, and of that number only two for participation in armed conflicts. All the others were jailed by the Cheka merely for membership in Socialist or Anarchist organizations. For such a "crime" 115 of the prisoners have already served a total of 360 years in the penitentiary and 16 years in banishment. Of these 115, none were imprisoned during the period of the civil war; 29 went to jail in 1922, 53 in 1923, and the rest in 1924 and 1925.

Since the appeal from Tobolsk, the situation has not changed. The tenth anniversary celebration last fall brought no amnesty for the political prisoners—many of them men and women who had helped to bring about the October Revolution in 1917.

[This article represents the point of view of a Left Social-Revolutionary who was Minister of Justice in Russia after the November Revolution and who resigned when the Bolshevik Government signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. He and the group he represents are rigid opponents of any compromise with the capitalist system; they opposed the peace with Germany, the New Economic Policy, and every step the Bolsheviks have taken away from a strict application of socialist-communist principles. For this reason their position is one of peculiar isolation. Their support of the Soviet system has cut them off from the Social Democrats, while their opposition to the policies of the Communist regime resulted in the imprisonment of many of their leaders in Russia. These persons are suffering from serious want. A committee has been formed in New York to supply them with funds for food and clothing and books. Contributions can be sent to the Maria Spiridonova Committee, W. Beliaeff, Secretary, 60 East 196th Street, New York City. —EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Chinese Protest

THE following translation of the protest sent to the Japanese Government after the Tsinan affair has recently been received from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government of China:

HIS EXCELLENCY BARON TANAKA,
MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
TOKIO, JAPAN

The dispatch of troops to Shantung by Japan violates China's territorial sovereignty. The Nationalist Government has twice protested against this action and also declared that should unfortunate consequences result therefrom the Japanese Government would have to bear the responsibility, etc. To my greatest surprise, the Japanese soldiers in Tsinan, on May 3, morning, without any reason whatsoever, committed the most provocative acts and fired ruthlessly at our soldiers and people.

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Thereupon, the Nationalist Commander in Chief ordered his troops to keep away from the neighborhood of the region occupied by the Japanese soldiers and, at the same time, instructed high military officers to hasten to the Japanese Headquarters to arrange measures for the prevention of a possible clash. Our representatives were repeatedly insulted, and no result was reached. The Japanese troops swept the neighborhood with machine-gun fire and repeatedly directed their big guns at buildings of the Government and of the people. A group of Japanese soldiers was sent to attack the office of the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs for Shantung; after having cut off the ears and nose of Mr. Tsai Kung-shih, the Commissioner, the soldiers murdered him and all the members of the staff then present in cold blood. The temporary office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs was also fired on and searched by organized Japanese soldiery. Countless Chinese soldiers and citizens were murdered. The Japanese troops invaded the region occupied by Nationalist soldiers and compelled them to disarm; the Nationalist soldiers refrained from opposing them. At 11 p. m., May 3, while our High Military Authorities were negotiating with Kuroda, the Japanese Chief-of-Staff, for best steps that could be taken, the Japanese soldiers fired with their big guns five times, and Japanese soldiers were also sent to destroy our wireless station. On May 4, although there was not one single Chinese soldier anywhere near the neighborhood of the region occupied by the Japanese troops, the firing was continued by the latter. Upon to the present, communication and business in the whole city are at a standstill. Condemnable actions like these are not only trampling underfoot completely China's sovereign rights but are also absolutely impermissible by human justice. Now, therefore, the Nationalist Government again has to lodge with the Japanese Government the strongest protest and has to request the Japanese Government to instruct by telegraph their troops at Tsinan to stop forthwith their firing and to withdraw at once. All the questions relating to the violation of international law and treaty stipulations, as a result of stationing of Japanese troops in Shantung, shall be settled through proper procedure. The Nationalist Government wish also now to declare that they reserve the right to present all necessary demands. It is presumed that the Japanese Government are unwilling to assume an outrageous, intolerable, and hostile position against the whole Chinese race, which position is also against the dictates of justice and humanity.

HWANG FU,
Minister for Foreign Affairs

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN A. HOBSON, British economist, is the author of "The Conditions of Industrial Peace."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, who is sending *The Nation* a series of articles on the theater in Europe, is at present in Vienna.

PAUL BLANSHARD is field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN is a New York poet.

CHI-CHEN WANG's abridged translation of "The Dream of the Red Chamber," China's greatest novel, will appear in the autumn.

JOHN MACY is author of "The Story of the World's Literature."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is an anthropologist, author of "History and Prospects of the Social Sciences."

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WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor with Morris Ernst of "To the Pure," a forthcoming book on the obscenity laws.

ROBERT WOLF is the author of "Springboard."

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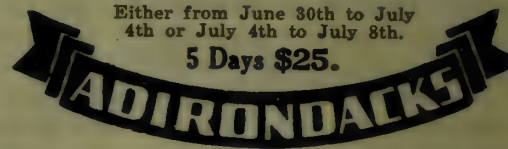
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The Nation

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NO, GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts was not nominated for Vice-President at Kansas City. It is true that there was a determined movement to win the office for him. History was to repeat itself. Another Calvin Coolidge was to come from Massachusetts; another stern, unbending defender of justice and the courts was to step out of the Bay State into the national arena. Two men interposed—Sacco and Vanzetti. The group of Republican leaders who assembled to select a candidate for Vice-President included Mr. Mellon, Mrs. McCormick, Senator Borah, and eight or nine others. The claims of Governor Fuller were put forward. One of the Senators present listened and then said emphatically: "We'll not put the Sacco-Vanzetti issue into *this* campaign." Whereupon all consideration of Mr. Fuller's name was dropped. Later, a young man who has Senatorial ambitions put Governor Fuller in nomination; his plea fell on deaf ears; only the Massachusetts delegation clapped; the Governor of Massachusetts polled not a single vote. The very men whose death at his hands was to give him a national career made that advancement impossible. More than that, the story is that when Governor Fuller was notified that he had been passed over and that the leaders were considering ex-Governor Cox, he said: "If it can't be Fuller it won't be Cox." So the latter's name was also dropped. Though dead, yet shall they live.

My country owes me nothing. . . . It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service, and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.

THUS HERBERT HOOVER in his telegram of gratitude to Senator Moses, chairman of the Republican National Convention. What could prove better that the candidate has already acquired the familiar spread-eagleism of the ordinary American politician? Somebody ought at least to tell Mr. Hoover that there is a man named J. Ramsay MacDonald of obscure parentage, born without heritage save ability and honesty; yet he, without influential friends, looked forward with such unbounded hope that he became Prime Minister of Great Britain. Next somebody should tell Herbert Hoover the story of the harness-maker who became the first President of the German Republic, having been born of humblest parentage, with no such inheritance as was Mr. Hoover's. Next somebody should ask Mr. Hoover to turn to Italy and gaze upon one Mussolini, who was certainly not born with a golden spoon in his mouth, but forced his way upward. Next his attention should be invited to one Georges Clemenceau in France and even to one Napoleon Bonaparte, who is reported in various histories to have worked his way up from obscurity to the foremost place in France without money and without influential friends. No country but America which offers opportunity? Faugh, Mr. Hoover! That is buncombe. You know vastly better.

GOVERNOR RITCHIE'S WITHDRAWAL in favor of Governor Smith makes almost inevitable the Governor's nomination at Houston. So the Democratic Party insists upon entering the Presidential campaign with a man who will draw fire at once on three counts. Let no one underestimate the part that the Governor's membership in Tammany Hall will play in the campaign. The Hall is anathema among thinking Americans and they have no desire to place one of its sachems in the White House. As to whether his "wetness" will help or hurt the Governor, remains to be seen. As Senator Moses declared to the Kansas City convention, the Republican Party is ready for the Governor and will force the fighting on the Tammany issue. Now that it has usurped the place of the Prohibition Party with its bone-dry plank, the party of Hoover will, of course, also attack Governor Smith's opposition to prohibition with all the hypocrisy of which it is capable—and that is saying a good deal. As for Governor Ritchie's appeal to Democrats to get behind Al Smith and to form a solid front, that is well meant, but impossible. There are thousands upon thousands of Democrats who cannot be dragooned or importuned into voting for Governor Smith at any cost.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS are usually canny judges of public interest, but we doubt if they guessed wisely on Kansas City. Could any human being read through the endless columns about the heat, the booze, the farmers, the platforms, the women, the vice-presidential booms, the po-

litical bargaining that filled the papers from coast to coast? The *New York Times* gave the convention six pages on Monday, nine on Tuesday, ten on Wednesday, nine on Thursday, and twelve on Friday of the Kansas City week; and the *Herald Tribune* filled sixty columns, enough for a book, on the morning after the perspiring delegates went through the well-anticipated motions of nominating Herbert Hoover. Yet this is a country in which less than half the eligible voters take the trouble to go to the polls, and a year in which both party nominations were sure bets long before the first ballot was cast. The editor of the tabloid *Daily News*, which boasts the largest circulation in America, knew his public when he gave Hoover and the convention just three pages out of sixty-four.

MR. COOLIDGE'S PRIVATE WAR in Nicaragua, for which United States marines are paying with their lives and United States citizens with their pocket-books, is to have its fighting line increased by another 1,000 men. These, with the 4,000 marines already in the republic, will make a total force of 5,000 supporting one faction in a political quarrel which is none of our business. There had been no damages to American property before we invaded the republic; much less was there any danger to American lives. Since our invasion a score of marines have been killed and nobody knows how many disabled by disease. But though the cost has been severe to us, it has been still heavier to the Nicaraguans. Clifford D. Ham, who has just relinquished the post of Collector of Customs (for Wall Street bankers), estimates that 1,500 to 2,000 Nicaraguans have lost their lives in the revolution, practically instigated and supported by our Department of State. This represents one-third of 1 per cent of the population, equivalent to 350,000 persons in the United States. Mr. Ham puts the money cost to Nicaragua, including damage to crops and property of various sorts, at \$20,000,000. No light responsibility, Mr. Coolidge!

WHAT GOES ON IN THE VATICAN is hidden from the outside world. But enough of the Mexican church-and-state situation has leaked out to make the main currents clear. Two years ago the Catholic church in Mexico went on strike. It refused to accept laws which made it definitely subservient to the state. For a time not only the priests but the Catholic populace struck. There was to be a boycott, a refusal to do business. Then the old habits again asserted themselves; people bought and sold as usual. Only babies were not baptized, confessions were not heard. Some of the more ardent Catholics met secretly; a few even entered armed revolt against the government. Catholics in the United States were stirred to sympathy with their suffering brethren in Mexico. Some bishops fled at once; others were violently deported. The vigor of the government lost it some sympathy abroad, but on the whole it suffered less than the church. And today most of the hierarchy in the United States, and part of the Mexican hierarchy, is ready to make terms with the Calles Government. A recent meeting of Mexican bishops at San Antonio showed a majority in favor of a compromise. But there are bitter-enders, and the bitterest bitter-enders, men who have been out of Mexico in these two changing years, are in Rome today, seeking to persuade the Pope not to ratify the understanding reached by their titular leader, Archbishop Ruis, with the Mexican President. The Vati-

can moves slowly, but it moves, and it is aware that the church is losing ground in Mexico today. Intelligent Catholics are also aware that Calles, precisely because he has been so intensely anti-Catholic, is in a better political position to make concessions to the church than Obregon will be when he takes office in the autumn.

IT IS NO SECRET that Ambassador Morrow has helped to bring the moderate wing of the Mexican Catholics and the Mexican Government together. Nor do we doubt that Mr. Morrow had something to do with the spectacular good-will flight of Major Carranza to Washington and with the last-minute luncheon given to the Mexican aviator by the President just before his departure for Wisconsin. Mr. Morrow seems to have a genius for advertising good-will. His ham-and-egg breakfasts with President Calles and Lindbergh and Will Rogers in Mexico were early examples, and Major Carranza's flight is even better. For one of the most important things that can be done to better Mexican-American relations is to get into the consciousness of the American people the real capacity of the Mexicans. Artists know the quality of modern Mexican art, but the proportion of artists in the United States is low; and the fact that Mexico has a first-class aviator will do more to build up Yankee respect for Mexico than a dozen Diego Riveras.

PARKER GILBERT, Agent General for Reparation Payments, in his interim report of June 7, again announces that Germany has loyally, and faithfully, and promptly met all the payments demanded of her during the period under consideration. In the twelve months ending August 31, it will have deposited to the Agent General's account 1,750,000,000 marks, the total amount of the fourth annuity. In paying tribute to Germany's scrupulous observance of the terms of her agreement Mr. Gilbert merely repeats what he has taken occasion to say in all of his reports. More important is his declaration that Germany will be able to meet the maximum payment demanded, 2,500,000,000 marks, which begins on August 31, next, for this has been much disputed up to this time. The Germans themselves, and many English experts, have said it was not humanly possible for the Reich to do this. Curiously enough, Mr. Gilbert's assertion is not contradicted by the Berlin press, which up to this time has been declaring that the maximum payments were impossible. Instead it limits itself to dissenting from Mr. Gilbert's suggestion that the railroads could stand higher rates. On the other hand, in an able article in the *New Republic*, Frank Simonds insists that Germany has been able to pay reparations and finance her purchases abroad only by borrowing. He even goes so far as to say: "The fact is that Germany can pay nothing," and he insists that the Allies know it, and that they are merely hoping that Germany will consent to settle their entire claim against it by one great issue of bonds, with her industry, her annual budget, and her railways as the support thereof.

THERE IS PLENTY OF FREE SPEECH in Fall River, Massachusetts, for everyone who is popular with Chief of Police Martin Feeney. Communist leaders of the Textile Mills Committee who are attempting to start a strike in Fall River's cotton mills are not highly esteemed by Chief Feeney, so he forbade them to hold a meeting in the city on June 6 on the ground that they were "radical reds" coming

to "incite trouble." Even if Chief Feeney has never read the Constitution of the United States he should know something about the rulings of Massachusetts courts in such cases. The Superior Court of Massachusetts has recently overruled a chief of police in a case which presents exactly the same problem. In July, 1926, the chief of police of Lawrence, Massachusetts, arrested Fred E. Beal, now of the Textile Mills Committee, for holding an open-air meeting in that city without a permit, but the Civil Liberties Union appealed the case to the Superior Court and won. The arrogance of a Massachusetts police chief in violating the law immediately after the courts had ruled against such a usurpation is another instance of the contempt for law so common among our legal guardians.

SEATTLE HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHERS have lately received two pointers. Pointer one is that high-school teachers should be content with their wages, however low. Pointer two is that they must not organize to better their condition. This little lesson they have learned in their struggle to remain organized as Local 200 of the American Federation of Teachers, of which about half of the 500 teachers were members. After the formation of the union the Seattle School Board passed a rule whereby thereafter, before employing a teacher, they would require him to sign a pledge of non-affiliation with the American Federation of Teachers both before employment and during the term of the contract. Superior Judge Howard M. Findlay upheld this ruling of the school board, citing a decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in a similar case which held that "the board has the absolute right to decline to employ or to reemploy any applicant for any reason whatever or for no reason at all." To the Seattle teachers this seemed to be discrimination against their union and a restriction of their rights under the Constitution. They argued that since such eminent educators as John Dewey of Columbia and Dean Joseph Hart of Wisconsin recognized the federation and approved of its activities, it could hardly be immoral or anti-social. Although the teachers have decided to resign from the union for the present—to keep their jobs—they plan an appeal to higher courts.

OUTBOARD-MOTOR-BOAT RACING seems to have taken its place among the more exciting sporting events. No longer does the old Evinrude, looking like an outmoded coffee grinder, propel the flat-bottomed family rowboat around the lake at about three and a half miles an hour. Times have changed, and outboard motors, like Ford cars, have acquired speed and dash; and in so doing they have become a fad. In a recent "outboard Marathon" between Boston and New York thirty boats took part and the winning three made the distance—265 miles—in about fourteen hours. At the international motor-boat meet in Germany the outboard races have attracted much attention. One of the leading competitors was Helen Henschel of Flushing, New York, while another woman, Frau Krueger, won in her class. To see these tiny craft—some ordinary V-bottom boats, some cut on sea-sled lines—bucking the waves of the open ocean is to realize that new possibilities for dangerous exploits are at hand. Now that Amelia Earhart and her companions have landed safely in their sea-plane off the coast of Wales, we may expect any day to hear that Helen Henschel has set out from Hamburg for New York in her outboard motor-boat.

Emmeline Pankhurst

EMMELINE PANKHURST is dead. For most of us she may be said to have died many years ago, for it was in 1914 that Mrs. Pankhurst dropped the fight for freedom and human equality to join the extreme war party in England in its excess of blind and savage patriotic fury. She abandoned her cause and later other men and women won it for her. And then she committed a second spiritual suicide by joining the Conservative Party. It is difficult not to believe that these were the acts of a zealot whose reason the fires of bitterness and indignation had gradually consumed. Those of us who, before the war, saw or knew Mrs. Pankhurst will wish to forget the years of her decline. Whether we feared her or admired her, we shall always remember her as one of the most valiant, persuasive, indomitable personalities ever encountered. She was a great leader and a great fighter.

In commenting upon Mrs. Pankhurst's life the New York *Herald Tribune* remarks that the suffrage campaign "involved some of the most extraordinary performances ever recorded in the annals of agitation, of fanaticism, and of crime, including arson, destruction of priceless property, and more than one murderous assault, together with innumerable acts which were simply spectacular and sometimes ludicrous." This is not the place to discuss the merits of militancy and the use of force. It is sufficient to say that the suffragettes used the time-honored tactics of rebels and warriors the world over, mitigating them and modifying them to reduce suffering and prevent bloodshed. It is interesting to contrast this picture of Mrs. Pankhurst and her methods with the description given by Henry W. Nevins in "More Changes More Chances." Of Mrs. Pankhurst he says:

Emmeline Pankhurst possessed above all the indefinable gift of "personality." The record of her life was written upon her face in lines of patience, resolution, and courage. (I think she was imprisoned fourteen or fifteen times, and ten times she underwent the pain of the hunger-and-thirst strike in protest against the Government's callous duplicity.) In speaking, her voice could move an immense audience by its quiet passion and subdued pathos, never approaching the sentimental, which always lay so dangerously close to the women's demand.

As for the quality of courage among the militants, Mr. Nevins remarks:

The danger now is that the younger generation of women will forget the heroic devotion of the women who fought to win political freedom for them. No woman who did not live through the midst of that struggle can ever realize what it meant to sensitive, highly educated, and naturally polite women to suffer what the militant suffragists then suffered—the physical suffering inflicted by the brutality of the police and Liberal stewards at public meetings, by the crowds in the streets and the wardresses in the prisons, by the torment of the hunger strike and by the abomination of forcible feeding. But worse still for such women to bear were the foul insults heaped upon them by filthy-minded men. . . . Scarcely less degraded were the Members of Parliament who taunted them from the doors of St. Stephen's when they strove to present manifestos to the Prime Minister, and the consecrated clergy who mocked them from safe coverts behind the Abbey railings.

Herbert Hoover Wins

BY default Mr. Hoover won the nomination at Kansas City—by default of a single courageous opponent, and because Calvin Coolidge left the convention in doubt until the last as to whether he would or would not run. So we have Hoover of California and Curtis of Kansas as the new leaders of the Republican Party, and they are off to as unpromising a start as any Republican candidates have faced in decades, standing upon a platform which for platitudinous stuffiness and downright hypocrisy far excels the ordinary political fustian. Mr. Hoover himself, of course, represents personally a much finer type than Harding or Coolidge. He has had unusual experiences in life and has demonstrated rare administrative ability. That there was a considerable public demand for his nomination, based upon his services in Belgium and at home during the war, and his humanitarian efforts to feed and clothe the starving, whether Jews, Russians, Austrians, Germans, or Armenians, we gladly admit. Did Mr. Hoover live up to the ideal man which many worthy people have in mind as being Herbert Hoover, we, too, should be inclined to hail his nomination as a notable event in our politics. We, too, held the highest opinion of him when he returned from Europe in 1919. We, too, recognize without reservation his very considerable administrative achievements as Secretary of Commerce.

But there we must stop. We have seen him deteriorate since 1919 into the most ordinary of opinion-changing, favor-seeking, pussy-footing politician, jettisoning one after another all the views he held in 1919, as it seemed advantageous to do so, and finally shutting up altogether. Now he has gratefully accepted the nomination from the reactionary wing of the Republicans with whom he said in 1920 he would have "nothing to do," upon a platform which does violence to every opinion he held when he called on the American people to elect a Democratic Congress in 1918; when he carried the Michigan primary as a Democrat; when he and thirty-one other prominent Republicans urged every Republican voter who favored the League of Nations to vote for Warren Harding as the surest way of achieving America's entry into the League. He who in 1919 was heartily opposed to prohibition is now to stand on the driest plank which Mr. Borah could fashion, adopted by a convention opened by Senator Fess, a paid agent of the Anti-Saloon League.

We know, of course, that hypocrisy and the changing of political beliefs are about as characteristic of almost all our latter-day politicians as their eating, drinking, and sleeping. But we are disgusted and disappointed by the apostasy of Herbert Hoover, because he seemed in Belgium to typify American idealism; because he was held up to us as a man morally and materially far superior to the ordinary politician, as one who was not a politician but a master mind, admirably fitted for the Presidency, certain to give us just what we need, a government without politicians or politics. And then we see him supported by the same Bill Vare who was excluded from the Senate for excellent reasons; by all the survivors of Harding's "Ohio gang" who are not dead or in jail; by that unctuous but besmirched moralist, Will H. Hays; by George Lock-

wood and Blair Coan (the latter suborned perjury to discredit Senator Wheeler). We hear people saying that that is not Mr. Hoover's fault; that he cannot order people not to work for him. But the point is that some of these men have been paid for out of the not less than \$500,000 which it cost to nominate him. The Hoover of 1920 would certainly have refused to permit such men to be in the remotest degree associated with his campaign. The Hoover of 1920 would have been ashamed to stand on a platform which commits this country to a program of crass materialism, of dollar diplomacy, of downright imperialism, of special privilege.

Nor are we moved by the familiar insistence that Mr. Hoover had to be practical in order to win. That excuse has done duty to cover the rascalities of men in office for generations past. The circumstance that when good men stoop to unworthy acts and unworthy associations they are excused by facile apologists on the ground that otherwise they cannot win does more to encourage men in office to do wrong than almost any other influence. We decline to be swayed in our judgment of Mr. Hoover by a specious argument like this, any more than we were kept by it from criticizing Mr. Wilson or Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Lodge for similar compromises.

Beyond the fact that Mr. Hoover, if elected, may bring about some important administrative reorganization, we see little to choose between him and Charles Curtis or James Watson. They now stand, bound together by the platform, for exactly the same things. No more than Senator Watson has Herbert Hoover ever opened his mouth to denounce the corruption which took place under his own unseeing eyes as he sat in the Harding Cabinet. Never has this moral leader, this godly Quaker, been able to express the slightest regret that, while he was a prominent part of it, the name of the American government has been dragged in the mire. Others may support this man upon this platform with this record if they choose. We shall not. We should deem ourselves recreant to everything that we hold dear in American life if we did so. We should break with all of the sixty-three years of political independence and idealism avowed and upheld by us and our editorial predecessors. We are sick and tired of political turncoats.

As for Charles Curtis, he is eminently fitted to be Mr. Hoover's companion on the ticket. From the superficial politician's point of view it was doubtless a shrewd move. He is personally popular, far more so than Mr. Hoover, and he will undoubtedly campaign well in the Middle Western States, where he is at home, while Mr. Hoover may be bound to the radio wherever he may be. But Mr. Curtis has nothing of genuine leadership. He is a wheel-horse, a party hack, a regular of the regulars, who deliberately cast in his lot with the machine of the late Speaker Cannon when he entered Congress. Never in his life has he shown a spark of independence. He is for things as they are, as long as the party lasts and he is at hand to benefit; but at least he is steady and consistent, and one knows where to place him. It seems to us as if no man could receive nomination for the second highest office in the nation without some deep emotion, some realization of what such a

trust means. His speech of acceptance carries its own message.

Behind Mr. Hoover stands the Republican Party, and that fact alone ought to estop any liberal from voting for the Secretary of Commerce—even if he were everything that his greatest admirers assert that he is. It remains the party of privilege, of Big Business, of predatory wealth. It has not changed a hair of its head since the day when Theodore Roosevelt declared of it that "it is utterly hopeless to expect any sincerity or devotion to any principle of any concern to the people as a whole from a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey." Since that was written the party has in addition become rotten with corruption. It is still the party of Fall, of Harry Daugherty, of Denby, of Bill Vare, of Bascom Slemp, of Mellon. It is the party which through the protective tariff robs the masses of the American people to create vast fortunes for those whom it favors, who in turn fill its campaign chests. Let no one be so innocent as to believe that if Herbert Hoover is elected he can by the waving of a magic wand make over his party and inject into its veins a virus to give it health, to sanitize it, to produce within it fidelity to its trust and to common decency. The answer is in the proceedings at Kansas City. No confession of guilt was heard there, no ringing words of regret for the betrayal of the country, no straightforward apology or promise that great masters of capital shall not again enter the Cabinet room to purchase its members with cold cash. Senator Borah declared that his party must face this question honestly, frankly, and fearlessly, or merit defeat and the contempt of the country. It did nothing at all beyond inserting an expression that it deprecated wrongdoing and that it favored the punishment of all guilty. What callous brazenness! Everyone recalls that the party made no effort to punish the guilty until it was compelled to do so by a few patriots.

No, Presidents do not make over their parties though they may momentarily improve them, for Presidents come and Presidents go, while the party goes on. In this case the fact is that the Republican Party is merely the weapon and the refuge of the masters of privilege. They will allow no man to head it who in the long run will not do their will. It is said that some of them are not enthusiastic about the choice of Hoover. Let them take heart if he is elected, for Smoot and Mellon and David Reed and Moses and Deneen and a host of others are there to control the situation. Why should they fear Mr. Hoover? If he has not sold his soul he has certainly put up and disposed to the highest bidder all those principles and beliefs with which he returned enthused, yes, inflamed, from Paris.

Eight years ago *The Nation* declared that it was through with both of the old parties; that they were corrupt and contemptible; that we could not expect from either a genuine service to the bulk of the American people. We have not changed our views. If there was reason to demand a new party in 1920 there are many more reasons today, for during the years that have elapsed the great forces of entrenched capital have been marching on, gaining in vigor and strength and in their control of the resources which rightfully belong to the whole people. We ask no peace with them and we want none. We shall renew our stand for a new and clean peoples' party and we should continue to demand it if we stood alone. Of that there is no danger.

A Quiet Murder

The inner door was opened and Thomas Leach, a tall, handsome man, forty-five years old, who wore slippers and was somewhat rumpled and distraught, appeared behind the grill. He lived in the house with his sister, Emma Leach, fifty-five years old. . . .

"I'm sorry," said Leach courteously, when his callers had identified themselves, "but you can't come in. The truth is"—his voice sinking to a confidential note—"there are spirits here and it wouldn't be safe."

"If you refuse us admittance," said Detective Casey, "we shall go up the steps and force the front door; there's something wrong here."

Leach immediately swung open the iron grill and stood aside for the policemen to enter.

"It is just as well," he said, resignedly. "I was compelled to kill my sister last night."

He told them that her body was in her room on the third floor, and they followed him up the carpeted stairs, through the high-ceiling halls in which were niches for statuary. At their heels trotted a Spitz dog, which seemed overjoyed to have visitors. They found Miss Leach's body in the room to which her brother led them. . . .

There were tapings on the wall of his room, the significance of which he sought to interpret but could not, though obviously they were portents of evil. He thought it was about two o'clock in the morning that he resolved to save his sister at all costs. He was wearing his slippers, which enabled him to walk quietly, and he stole upstairs to his sister's room. He made no noise as he mounted the stairs, he said, but there was the sound of soft footfalls on the carpet and the air stirred as something walked up the stairs beside him. He saw that he had not a moment to waste.

He entered his sister's room and turned on the lights. As she sat up, he said, he plunged his knife, which he carried open in his hand, into her breast. He stabbed her again and again.

THE Leach murder case, we suspect, will not be a national sensation. It was a very quiet thing, as the lives of the two persons involved were quiet. Thomas and Emma Leach lived obscurely in their brownstone Brooklyn house. The case is intensely interesting nevertheless. Or it has been made so through the reporting of Robert B. Peck. For the quotation above is not from a thriller by S. S. Van Dine but from the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Whether it all happened exactly like this or whether Mr. Peck threw in a few details does not matter—except that we should like to believe that he was simply reporting, and that only through the arrangement of his facts did he achieve a little masterpiece. We cling to our faith that facts are the most exciting things, either in history or in fiction, and so we hope that Mr. Peck did not invent the niches in the hall for statuary, or the Spitz dog who frisked even about policemen as long as they brought the sunlight with them, or the soft footfalls on the carpet and the disturbance of the air above the stairs, or the knife that suddenly went in and in. These are items, of course, which would be expected in a professional thriller of the subtler sort. Indeed they are better than that—they are, we suggest, the creations of circumstance in a world as real as front doors and at the same time as unreal as much that goes on behind front doors, or at any rate behind the brows of quiet men.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THIS promises to be the silliest Presidential campaign in many seasons. Assuming that the fight will be between Smith and Hoover, not 10 per cent of the voting will be upon the actual issues—if any. Hoover will be attacked on the ground that he was once a Democrat and is spiritually an Englishman. Industrial cities will be flooded by speakers hinting darkly that but for Hoover Ireland might have complete independence.

We have heard, of course, from Heflin of rooms in Washington already decorated in the Cardinal's colors and I know some voters who intend to support the Republican ticket because they feel that Mrs. Smith lacks the proper background to grace diplomatic dinners.

Senator Moses of New Hampshire deserves credit for stating very frankly the underlying philosophy of an American election. In closing his keynote speech at Kansas City he said:

We enter this campaign in no posture of defense. We come upon the field aggressively militant. We intend to carry this fight to the enemy. And we challenge them to bring forth their strongest champion. Whether he emerge from another spectacle like the 103-round battle of the Madison Bear Garden, or whether he come from an overpowered convention held spellbound by the glare of the Tammany Tiger, we are ready for him. Bring him on and we will bury him. We welcome him with hospitable hands to a bloody grave. And we care not whether his name be Brown, Jones, Robinson, or Smith.

In other words, Senator Moses was saying in effect: "The man and the issues do not matter. Democrats and Republicans engage in conflict for the Presidency every four years simply because it is the custom. Now let's have a long cheer for Herbert Hoover with nine rahs on the end and after that we'll sing the 'Undertaker Song.' Everybody get into this, boys. Make this go."

This is hardly a distortion of the essential quality of the Permanent Chairman's speech. By changing a very few phrases it could readily be employed by a fighter's manager just before his charge went into the ring to battle for the heavyweight championship. And quite easily it can be adapted to the purposes of a football coach intent upon rousing the team between the halves.

Indeed, it was generally understood that the function of Moses was to lead the delegates out of the wilderness of defeatism. He was supposed to bring confidence back to a convention filled with flagging spirits. I am rather surprised that he did not borrow and amend Bill Roper's famous Princeton slogan and tell the assembled Republicans, "A party that won't be beaten, can't be beaten."

In justice to the gentleman from New Hampshire, it must be pointed out that he got down immediately to the issue, the one issue which really matters. "Lick the other fellow" is the only plank in any platform which interests the machine. And to the credit of Moses it should be said that he finished up his job in seven and one-half minutes. American politics are really very simple when all the fuss and feathers get stripped away.

But this brings up the point, "Why hold conventions?"

All the newspaper prognosticators announced days in advance that the nomination was solely in the hands of Mr. Mellon. Vare managed to achieve the first page by publicly anticipating the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury, but it hardly seems likely that he had anything to do with shaping the ultimate course of Mellon. Why, then, was it necessary for so many men and women to go all the way to Kansas City, which is neither cool nor beautiful? And there had to be bands and photographers and endless correspondents and special writers. If these deliberations in the large hall were actually of no real importance our boasted American efficiency gets off rather badly.

Since it is generally believed upon excellent evidence that all vital decisions are made in small backrooms it would seem the part of wisdom to make this rendezvous a permanent place of meeting. Any hotel proprietor in New York or Washington would be glad to reserve such a chamber for the master minds and even fill it full of smoke to aid deliberations. There could be a microphone at hand with the power shut off until the proper moment. In any given half hour Butler, Borah, Smoot, Hilles, and Mellon should have been able to agree upon a selection. Then, after a short announcement by Graham MacNamee, one member of the mighty could step forward and say to the waiting millions of the radio public: "We have discovered that your choice is Herbert Hoover."

This system would save a terrific amount of wear and tear, time and pulp paper. It would also prevent Simeon D. Fess from making speeches. The Senator from Ohio seems to believe that the voting public is not quite bright. And possibly he is not mistaken. Still this keynoter went just a little further than is the custom when he cited as Republican achievements the development of radio and Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris. He forgot to mention the mild winter and quite neglected to apologize for the late spring which we endured under the Coolidge Administration.

But of all my hates among Republican politicians Senator Borah comes first of all. He is, of course, no fool like Fess, and in his time he has been and still remains the darling of many liberals. Not one of them, I trust, will ever try to lean very much weight on Borah's shoulder, for the man furnishes but slippery support. Like March, only his entrance into a public question is leonine. Or rather, more after the manner of a timid half-back, he charges toward the line of a scrimmage only to slacken down to a walk when any tackler makes a threatening gesture. Borah has been present at the beginning of every progressive movement in American politics and he has invariably been absent at the finish.

Concerning prohibition he is fierce enough at the moment, but the Wets need not fear him whenever the issue is sharply drawn. Not even Borah can go on forever in the ridiculous contention that lax enforcement is the first successful nullification of a Constitutional provision. He has never had the courage to take any effective steps whatsoever for the preservation of all amendments. He, too, is just a politician; a Fess with a sombrero.

HEYWOOD BROWN

The Elephant Performs at Kansas City

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Kansas City, June 16

DREARIEST and dullest of conventions—that is what we who journeyed here have witnessed. What the newspaper readers have been told about it in the East, I can only guess—probably that it was a great deliberative assembly animated by boundless enthusiasm. Why not? Before me lies a sober article from the first page of the *Kansas City Times* headed Hoover Din a Record, and it is explained that only the Roosevelt demonstration of 1912 exceeded it. In the face of that what may not be printed in New York City? The facts are that the convention was as sordid and stupid as it was dull; that after the twenty-four-minute outburst for Mr. Hoover, the enthusiasm for him waned so rapidly that there was only a faint round or two of applause when Mr. Curtis eloquently and enthusiastically referred to his running mate in his speech of acceptance as “that able and experienced Secretary at the head of our ticket”; that while others applauded, the bulk of the delegates from Wisconsin, New York, Pennsylvania, and other States remained silent; that the convention was ■ bankrupt of ideas as it was of leadership, and that with one or two exceptions the “oratory” was at the lowest possible mark. Never, surely, did a keynote speech get ■ little applause ■ did that of Senator Fess, not even Senator Harding’s in Chicago in 1916. It fired the hearts of the delegates about ■ much as the appearance of an iceberg cheers the captain and officers of a North Atlantic liner. It reeked with incredible banalities and verbiages that mean exactly nothing. There were times when the whole affair bordered on the ridiculous, as when that great Republican mountain, Secretary Mellon, labored and brought forth less than ■ mouse, but in the main little comic relief was given us. Finally, it is a fact that the bulk of the correspondents assembled here were, with the exception of ■ few men who are passionately working for Mr. Hoover, more cynical and sharper in their private comment and more generally disgusted than I have ever observed them to be. They are beginning to be revolted by the whole circus.

As I suggested in my dispatch of last Monday, what we have been witnessing has been the inevitable flowering of the Coolidge leadership, so called. After his seven years in the White House the party is bankrupt of leadership and had really no one to put forth except Mr. Hoover, and it was equally destitute of policies or of a genuine program. As William Allen White has said, there is not one line in the platform to suggest the progressive policies of 1912, or anything else that smacks of humanitarianism. Mr. White was glad that he had ■ hand in putting into the platform the phrase granting to labor the right of collective bargaining through leaders of its own choosing—a phrase which some said was Mr. Hoover’s own. Beyond that there was nothing to which a former Progressive could “point with pride.”

As for Mr. Coolidge, his stock with the delegates tumbled as rapidly ■ did values on the Stock Exchange in New York after the joyous news reached it that Hoover was the certain nominee. The allies laid at the President’s

door the fact that the uncertainty in which he left them as to whether he would or would not accept the nomination prevented their coming together to oppose a united front to Hoover. They felt that if he really wanted the nomination to drift into Hoover’s hands he might just as well have said so months ago when the outside candidacies would have ceased—instead of which he was quoted as having wished one of the other candidates “all luck” when that gentleman was about to take a train for Kansas City. Again, the delegates felt that as he had got them into a mess by vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill he should have helped them out by suggesting, if not a compromise plank, then one which he wished to have accepted. Instead, they felt he had just washed his hands of the whole thing, turned them adrift to work out their own salvation without help from him, the leader of the party; and had then even departed from Washington in the middle of the convention so that he could not be reached by telephone, if that should be deemed necessary. One of the highest officials of the government, whom I have never before heard in criticism of the President, laid the whole mess at Mr. Coolidge’s door. There are, of course, those who see in the President’s course tactics of remarkable shrewdness. Thus, Mr. White declares in print that it has elevated the President to “heroic stature,” and he insists that it is now clear that this was precisely what Mr. Coolidge wished to achieve when he uttered the famous “I do not choose to run.” But where Mr. White thinks that that was shrewd politics, there are hundreds of delegates who are cursing the President for his selfishness and his refusal to use plain words in the Black Hills last summer, or to tell them this spring that he wished Hoover to succeed him.

There were others besides Mr. Coolidge who were unveiled, first of all poor, dear Mr. Mellon, and then Governor Lowden. I had thought that the ex-Governor of Illinois offered real possibilities of leadership. When he got to Kansas City he crawled under his bed, from which point he would occasionally emit a statement that he was for the farmers first and last. He stayed there and said nothing else until he suddenly withdrew from the race when he was plainly beaten, and he did it so precipitately that none of his own supporters, not even the leaders of the Illinois delegation, were allowed to know that he was contemplating this step until it was announced from the rostrum. Mr. Lowden’s career is over. Mr. Mellon still remains in office, but he is absolutely deflated—as thoroughly as were the farmers after the war. Bill Vare trumped his hand, or rather he took every card away from him by the simple threat of coming out for Hoover. I was one of a group of a couple of hundred newspapermen who stood around waiting to get Mellon’s all-inspiring message. After an hour of being packed to suffocation in the Secretary’s parlor and the halls of the hotel we were first given Mr. Vare’s message, and were then told that the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton had absolutely nothing to say!

There were only one or two bright spots. There was the nearest to a real debate on the agricultural plank that

I have ever heard in a national convention. Young Senator La Follette won the honors, and the cheers of a hostile crowd, by the ability with which he presented his minority platform, prefacing it with the proud boast that of the thirty-five planks which the heretical Wisconsin delegation has offered to the party since 1908, always amid contumely and hissing, thirty-two have been enacted into law. He spoke with such good temper and once with such real wit that he easily won his audience. There was no dissent in the chorus of praise and general agreement among the newspapermen that his skill and poise in facing those unfriendly delegates have proved him to be worthy of his seat in his own right, quite aside from his heritage. There is a general belief that he will be a big factor in the party in the years to come. Of the others, ex-Governor Franklin Fort of New Jersey and Senator Borah stood out. The latter did not distinguish himself otherwise, except that he did get his bone-dry plank, and pleased nobody when he stooped to nominating Charles Curtis. The proponents of the McNary-Haugen bill were uneven in their speaking and attempted no analysis or justification of the equalization fee. One of them warned the delegates gravely of the danger which the party was in. "The elephant," he said, "is on the edge of the precipice. One more shove, and she will go in." "That," said Richard Hooker of the *Springfield Republican*, "shows how low the party has sunk. It is now resorting to sex appeal."

Humorous, indeed, were the nomination of Charles Curtis and his speech of acceptance. Infinitely more popular at the convention than Mr. Hoover—and this was by no means wholly due to the fact that so many Kansans sat in the galleries—he was his new chief's vigorous opponent until the die was cast. Four days before the nomination he issued a statement to the press attacking Mr. Hoover and declaring that "the convention cannot afford to nominate as the head of the ticket anyone for whom the party will be on the defensive from the day he is named until the close of the polls on election day. . . . Our party can win the coming election if the candidate is a man for whom no apologies will be required." When offered the Vice-Presidency he told those who bore the message to go to the devil; two hours later he accepted it. Then he got up and told the convention that he had come there to get the Presidency, believing that he would win it. But as he could not get it he was thankful for the Vice-Presidency and he was now sure that he and Mr. Hoover would be successful next fall. He did not specify why he had changed his mind or who is to do the apologizing for Mr. Hoover this summer. The truth is that what has gone on here has cut deep, and that the bitternesses and disappointments are not to be assuaged easily. No one who saw this convention meet and depart can pretend for an instant that the delegates are going back with their fighting clothes on. There was no cheering in the streets after the convention, no parading of joyous enthusiasts, no beaming delegates in the corridors of the hotels.

In brief, the delegates folded their tents and stole away like the Arabs of the desert; they came and made a desert and then left it. Their one hope was that the Democrats in Houston would make bigger fools of themselves than they had here. They knew that Senator Moses, the chairman, told a monstrous falsehood when he telegraphed Mr. Hoover that his nomination had been made unanimous amid great enthusiasm. It was not made

unanimous, in the first place, because there were a great many delegates who voted "no" on the motion. In the second place, if he had not written his dispatch, as he confessed that he had, in advance of the happening, he could never have penned those words about the great enthusiasm. It was no greater than the applause given to Senator Curtis's charming daughter when she tactfully and gracefully seconded her father's nomination in a dozen words.

There were other elements of humor, but none better than that exhibited by an intoxicated gentleman who entered the lobby of the Hotel Muehlebach, which was the center of the convention gathering, slipped a dollar bill to a bell-boy and had him page Harry Sinclair among the high Republican worthies that filled the lobby. There was a prompt exodus of distinguished citizens. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, daughter of the lamented Mark Hanna, exploded with indignation because her opponents, the Hooverites, operated a steamroller in the best manner of her distinguished father. This led to the easy retort from one of her opponents that her indignation was due to the fact that the Hoover side was Ruth-less. There were all sorts of dilapidated Ford cars parading the streets; one bore the ribald legend "Hoover for Dog-Catcher" and no Hooverite complained to the police.

As to the farmer revolt? Well, there is no doubt that the demonstration of the embattled farmers was an absolute fizzle. Only a few hundred came—it was almost the worst time of year for farmers to leave home, and their demands for Lowden were given an amusing turn when a delegation of Pullman porters joined the procession carrying banners demanding justice—Governor Lowden is the son-in-law of George M. Pullman himself. Yet, it is by no means safe to underrate the intensity of feeling that underlies the protest. I have met a number of unbiased observers here. They admit that there are spots like Kansas where there is not much trouble, but they unanimously assert that there are many great stretches of the country where the farmers are in despair, where the bitterness is intense. The price of wheat, if it goes up, and bumper crops before the election may bring the farmers back into the fold, as happened in 1924, but the farmers are eternally right in demanding that they shall not be submerged in the effort to industrialize the country at their expense. They justly protest that they are outside of the protective system. Unfortunately, they do not yet see that they should aim their guns at protection itself, for it is the greatest source of corruption in our public life.

Nowhere was there any sign of force and vigor and power in this gathering, or of unanimity. It is a party that is plainly dying at the top. One fairly yearned to see a Penrose, or a Henry Cabot Lodge, or a Quay reappear. If they were political pirates, they were business-like and professional. If they wanted a man to walk the plank they designated him quickly, and tipped him overboard to the sharks without loss of a moment. They used their snickersnees with skill and speed. They were good at their trade. These, their followers, are the worst of bunglers. It used to be the favorite boast of Elihu Root that the Republican Party alone was fit to rule. Not even he, had he been here this week, could have maintained that it had any of the attributes that a party ought to have which governs by divine right and masterful leadership. It has shown, however, that it is still brazen and unashamed; that it stands by its own, and does not disavow its rascals.

Clown Show

By H. L. MENCKEN

Kansas City, June 16

DO people still struggle and intrigue for tickets to hangings and electrocutions? Do they yet pour out their gold to see and hear the Rev. Aimée Semple McPherson and Will Cook? If so, it is only because national conventions are held but once in four years, and then in but two cities of this glorious realm. If connoisseurs of the obscene and the inordinate only knew what they were missing there would be conventions going on all the time, and great cathedrals to house them would be springing up from coast to coast.

I defy anyone to find a show on earth as exhilarating as the historic bout between the Hon. Andy Mellon and the Hon. Bill Vare, fought out in an upstairs corridor of a Kansas City hotel last Tuesday night. It had all the makings of comedy in the grand manner, including a hero who fell beneath a pie as big as Lake Erie and a villain who got the money and won the girl. Old Andy went into action as one of the great ornaments of the American race; he came out like an alley cat with a singed tail. Bill went in as a pariah and almost a felon, and came out as a king-maker. A few short months ago he was heaved from the United States Senate as unfit to associate with Fess and Watson, Heflin and Smoot. But on March 4, 1929, if he gets his deserts, he will be sworn in as Secretary of State.

The whole episode was racy and full of humors. The entire corps of correspondents, including your humble slave, crowded the corridor outside Andy's door. Anon Dave Reed emerged, or some other velvet-footed retainer of the great man, and a whisper thrilled through the dark. The clock crept on toward eight. At the stroke of the hour the fate of Lord Hoover was to be decided. No one jested, for Washington correspondents know greatness when they see it, even through three inches of mahogany door. Many scarce durst breathe. And then of a sudden, with no more warning than an earthquake or apoplexy gives, someone was on a chair and reading Dr. Vare's statement.

At one stroke Lord Hoover was nominated, the out-cast garbage-hauler grabbed his niche in history, and the Mellon legend blew up with a bang. It took Dave Reed ten minutes to recover sufficiently to face the crowd of journalists. His mien was the painfully jaunty one of a gunman facing the Baumes law. He tried to smile, but achieved only a horrible wink. Old Andy, it appeared, had nothing whatever to say. His portentous and long-awaited announcement had gone into the waste-basket, and he was awaiting patiently, as a sincere believer in democracy, the free and unfettered action of the Pennsylvania delegation.

The convention itself took the cue from that grotesque but instructive scene. From end to end of it I can't recall seeing a chief actor who looked honest, even in the modest sense that a police sergeant looks honest, or hearing a sensible word. It was all unmitigated bilge, discharged in roaring streams from red, raw throats, and projected into the ether by the faithful radio. Old boozers moaning and slobbering for prohibition, slick corporation politicians sobbing for the downtrodden farmer, eager candidates for this or that first damning Hoover and then leaping to em-

brace him: I name only a few salient types. From the bombastic opening harangue by the illustrious Fess, Anti-Saloon League hired man and self-confessed liar, to the last feeble huzzahs for the Hon. Sacco-and-Vanzetti Fuller of Massachusetts, it was in the key of small-time vaudeville.

From all this, to be sure, I must except two performers: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who made a cogent and dignified appeal for honest dealing with the prohibition issue, and young Bob La Follette, who read the minority report on the platform, and argued for it eloquently and with good humor. But why should young Bob, if he is not a zany, make up as one? I protest bitterly, as one of his oldest customers, against his tonsorial aberrations. The hair-cut he affects should be prohibited by law, and his sideboards would be getting off easily if they were rooted out of his gills by the common hangman. Let him go to a sound barber before the next national convention and I'll give him a better notice.

All the rest were clowns inside and out. Every tattered phrase in the lexicon of political balderdash was in their speeches. They roared, fumed, and sweated, but all it came to in the end was sound and fury, signifying nothing. Was Borah eloquent? Then it was in the manner of a hack Republican politician, not in that of the frank and candid man he could be if he would. How far his horror of corruption fell short of actually embarrassing such hacks as Smoot, Watson, and Moses, and how magnificently silent he was about the kind of corruption propagated by the Anti-Saloon League, kept mistress of the Ohio gang!

The choice of the preposterous Curtis as the virtuous Lord Hoover's running mate rubbed in the fraud and fustian of the whole proceedings. Until Thursday night Curtis and his Wet-Dry yokels from Kansas were shaking the town with warnings that the nomination of Hoover would insult every self-respecting Republican, and bring down disaster in November. But bright and early Friday morning he and they were laboring frantically for second place on the ticket, and presently he will be on the stump for Herbert, hymning him as the farmers' one true friend.

Among various other ludicrous scenes and episodes, I recall with particular delight the heavy, steady lushing of some of the great heroes of the Anti-Saloon League. One of these heroes has gone home with the boozing championship of the convention: surely no light achievement. Most of his feats were performed in a quiet House of Mirth maintained by a Kansas City gentleman whose moral principles forbade him to let guests go Dry. To this House of Mirth the prairie Savonarola resorted every night, and there he exhibited such prodigies that the very bartender was all agog. He was the first to appear as the dark came down and the last to go when the lights were put out—and it was necessary to give him a bottle of Bourbon to get rid of him! How much he got down during the week I don't know, but God knows it was enough. Today he is on his way home, his thirst assuaged at last and the capillaries in his temples leaping like eels. Anon he'll be heard in awful, Christian tones, demanding law enforcement up to and including the neck.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,

June 16



WITH his modest retinue of eighty-eight secretaries, chauffeurs, cooks, butlers, valets, flunkies, errand-boys, and servants, reenforced by a company of picked soldiery from Fort Snelling, the simple Green Mountain boy, who came into the Presidency by lamplight in the old Vermont farmhouse, is off to enjoy the

solitude of the Wisconsin wilds. Already evidence of the fickle public's forgetfulness is deplorably abundant. No longer hordes of newspapermen eagerly pursuing him, deifying him, glossing over his blunders, and glorifying his achievements. Only the press associations and one or two newspapers will have correspondents with him this summer—a tattered remnant of the gallant host of journalists surrounding him last season in the Black Hills. Cal, as a news source, is already as dead as a smelt.

* * * * *

PERHAPS this is not an inappropriate time to glance backward over Calvin's Administration and examine the accomplishments which are to engrave his name upon the rolls of immortality. Nothing, of course, has ever been as near and dear to the President's heart as his economy program. If he has any claim to fame, it must rest upon that. The press has diligently labored to have its readers believe he is the man who invented economy. Not even Ben Franklin was ever so successful in sanctifying thrift. The nearest the President ever came to displaying enthusiasm was when vetoing a bill allowing extra wages to underpaid postal workers for nightwork or a measure for compensation of disabled army officers in order that he might thus be able to shave a little more off the tax burden of our impoverished rich.

* * * * *

AND yet even his adored economy, which he loved and fondled and called his very own, must be carried out and dumped into the trash basket. Figures just published in the post-mortem editions of the *Congressional Record* (still issuing from the press and read by less than .0005 per cent of the American people) reveal that, despite Cal's widely ballyhooed savings on pencils, pens, and drinking cups at the executive offices, there has been a steady increase in expenditures each year since he assumed the Presidency. In the December, 1923, session—immediately following the accession of Mr. Coolidge to the Presidency—the appropriations totaled \$3,863,645,208.12; \$764,399,826.97 more

was appropriated at the session just ended, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the annual interest on the public debt is \$270,000,000 less than in 1923.

* * * * *

CALVIN'S defenders say that the increase has been due to unexpected emergencies, like the Mississippi flood disaster. But although an authorization of \$325,000,000 was made for flood control, the appropriations only carry \$15,000,000 for that purpose this year. Neither is it due to the merchant-marine bill, for, although there was an authorization of \$250,000,000 in that measure, no appropriation was made to carry it into effect this year. Nor can it be attributed to the extensive building program projected, for the session's appropriations carried only \$36,000,000 for that purpose. Nor can it be blamed on disabled soldiers; the appropriations for the Veterans' Bureau are \$7,000,000 less than last year. Congress slashed Cal's budget bureau's estimates more than \$9,000,000 during the last session, and, according to Representative Byrns of Tennessee, a conservative Democratic member of the Appropriations Committee, Congress has reduced the President's estimates more than \$367,000,000 since the budget system was established.

* * * * *

THE real explanation is not so hard to find. Each year, under Coolidge, while we have been palavering about world peace, our outlay for war-making purposes has been climbing. During the past session of Congress the increase in the appropriations for the army and navy amounted to \$84,000,000 over those of the previous year. The completed official figures are now available. The army got \$398,000,000; the navy \$362,000,000. The total—\$760,000,000—probably represents the most enormous military budget ever provided by any nation in normal peace times. And yet it fell far short of the Administration's demands! To the credit of Congress must be added its refusal to sanction the navy's program for \$4,000,000,000 additional construction.

* * * * *

WITH the economy myth punctured, it seems wholly unnecessary to go into the rest of Cal's record: the World Court fiasco; the resignations of Daugherty and Denby forced by Congress; the failure of the Mellon plan with its outrageous proposals to relieve wealth and wipe out the inheritance tax; the rejection of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney General; the veto of the soldiers' bonus, afterward overridden; the repeated refusals of the Senate to confirm some of his most important nominations; his amazing silence in the face of corruption; his stubborn ignorance of the agricultural problem; the Senate's record-breaking action in passing three bills over his veto in one day; his deliberate destruction of the independence of quasi-judicial government commissions by packing them with servile Republicans and pliant Democrats; his pusillanimous pocket veto of the Norris Muscle Shoals bill; his nullification of the anti-trust laws; and—the glorious, still unfinished chapter on Nicaragua. Goodby, Cal, take keer yourself.

Utopia—Made to Suit

By CHARLES J. FINGER

UNINVITED I come, like Cloutz who represented the unrepresented, to say that the world I would like to live in is the world that I do live in. But it is a world within a world, a system within a system, and my chiefest regret is that I may not live in it as long as I choose.

I like it, you see, because I made it to suit, just like the man who, discovering his bed to be ill made, gets up and remakes it; or like the coral worm, which, in shaping its cell, gets rid of awkward corners that threaten friction, and keeps within comfortable hailing distance of its neighbors while seeing to it that the stone-wall of separation prevents too frequent invasion.

I wish the contributors to *The Nation's* Utopia series might see this world of mine as I saw it last evening an hour before sunset, just when the slanting sunlight touched the meadow where the sheep grazed, and lit the roses and irises and peonies to a new beauty; just at the moment when a small breeze made the house flag float lazily. I mention the house flag because of its design, which is properly symbolic—a white arrowhead on a field of blue—a design I used years ago as my Argentine horse-brand. A-flutter, it may be said to indicate an independent way of life which neither oversteps the bounds nor invades the privacy of others. Were the arrowhead a thing of iron, solid and fixed, it might signify immurement among conventions and received opinions. But fluttering it means a sort of easy adaptability, a kind of buoyancy and freedom of expression. It means effort ceaselessly renewed. It means a mood vigorous and adventurous.

But to go on with my special world. I say nothing of its natural beauty of hill and vale and bloom, nor of the health-giving spirit of it, nor of its blue skies and bad whiskey; nor of its environs in which a streak of fanaticism exists that occasionally runs into political and religious bigotry. None of those bear on the case in hand. What does bear is this—on that particular Sunday evening there were four playing tennis; I was walking up and down playing the bagpipes by the fountain; three others were at golf on a course that is not a subject for panegyric, but sufficient. Two were boxing, lads of many inches, stripped to the waist, preferring energetic ineptitude to sitting in a moving-picture theater to look at a bad representation of the latest pugilistic event as revealed by Hearst-Pathé. And as the dinner-bell rang three girls came riding in on horseback, dropped to the ground lightly as feathers, nor troubled to powder their noses.

Well, you say, what of it? How can that be a world—which, on the face of it, is nothing more than a week-end country party?

If you could see into the past, going back eight years or so, you might get a perspective which would make things clearer. You would have seen me engaged in affairs that kept me away from a growing family; have known me as one who worried considerably about the millions belonging to other men of which I had charge. You would also have seen me anxious because five youngsters were being carried

away by the glitter and blatancy of a city. They were in process of being plastered by well-meaning but mistaken people with notions about hundred-percentism. They were losing that individuality which is in almost every young person until teacher and preacher and relative commence to trim and clip. They were growing up full of disarrayed ideas. They were incapable of walking ten miles, or of chopping down a tree, or of shooting straight at a mark with a revolver, or of locating the trouble in a car's machinery, or of passing three days without yearning for a moving picture. They could not hear the words "Red," "I. W. W.," "Socialist" without a shudder.

Then came my luminous idea. Why not try the experiment of making a new world? Why not find an unspoiled corner, seize it, take to it the best that civilization offers, and so make a spoon or spoil a horn?

So I abandoned my affairs, as the French say, and started anew. Of the material and superficial aspect of the experiment, nothing need be said. There were no end of trivial and menial things to do, but all went well enough. The main thing, the big mission, was the establishment of an environment in which each member of the family should have an opportunity to develop individually. There had to be a little world in which the younger children could find outlet for their inexhaustible energy. And young and old had to have separate apartments, and separate exits and entrances, and separate libraries, and separate activities—all these while the family as a social and educational center remained firm. That involved building problems, and furnishing problems, too, because there were individual tastes and preferences.

But it had to be a world in which love for the dramatic and theatrical would result in doing rather than in merely seeing and hearing, even though that meant crude presentations on home-made stages in the open air, or puppet shows. It had to be a world in which new friendships were established on a birds-of-a-feather basis. It had to be a world in which there could be no suppression of opinion and in which thinking aloud was possible, even though it might mean high controversy at table. It had to be a world in which existed no fear of that specter—criticism by other people of ways and customs. It had to be a world without affiliations of lodge, church, fraternity, sorority—except such affiliations as appealed to the individual after consideration. (None have actually been formed.)

Also in that new-made world independent verification had to take precedence of authority, and theories of philosophy and religion had to be accepted or rejected according to individual experience; the familiar phrases of pinchbeck orators had to be discounted, and rhetorical dealers in catchwords had to be recognized for the hollow frauds they were. It had to be a world in which there was place for jazz as well as for other music, and where the value of both was known; in which were no prohibitions and censors in literature, but where the difference was well recognized between honest cakes and ale on the one hand and slush-mush on the other. Nor could the newest be taken for the best

because of its newness, while the old was scorned because of its antiquity. And in this new world minds could not pretend to be unconscious of the fact that mankind was possessed of clamorous passions, and the fact had to be recognized that prudishness and hypocrisy were very nearly synonymous. Very important, too, it seemed that in the world of reading, those editorials in which conclusions were reached by a process of serious reasoning should be distinguished from mere word-spinnings.

As for those of mature years, they also had lessons to learn and adjustments to make. They had to know that marriage was not to be regarded as a state of ideal bliss, but rather as a hard-and-fast business arrangement and partnership for the furtherance of the welfare of the young. They had to know that there could be no thwarting of the young where happiness was concerned; and that hopes fade naturally as flowers; and that an understanding of points of view was necessary; and that often the same principles were called by different names; and that differences of opinion could not wisely be met by surliness; and that people who found enjoyment in trying to influence the lives of others were by no means saints. And both young and old had to understand that friendship could never mean eternal intimacy; and that true sociability necessarily includes a measure of seclusion and privacy; and that discipline of self is ten thousand times better than discipline by set rules and regulations.

So there, lightly sketched, you have something of that

compact little realm I choose to live in, and in which we all choose to live, and in which others have chosen to live as guests and friends. To be sure it is, after all, little more than a quiet backwater in a turbulent current. We all realize that and realize probable difficulties. For there is the State, and there is the nation, and there are other nations. And there are rulers and masters of men, both often the tools of those whose "foreign interests" sometimes lead to spoliation and buccaneer work. When such disturbances are afoot there is likely to be invasion of cherished privacy, that which has been gathered with toil and kept with care is apt to be swept away, and people are whirled into troublesome affairs in which they have no part. But there seems to be no way to avoid that kind of thing, any more than there is a way to turn aside the storms that sometimes sweep through the country tearing off roofs and uprooting trees. All that we can do is to build stronger.

Yet perhaps some day, when the many shall have made worlds for themselves stout enough to resist invasion, a new and sturdy individualism may arise, a thoroughgoing individualism of a kind to make every man a warrior in defense of his birthright. But that time is far away. Meanwhile, it seems well for me to enjoy my little kingdom, selfishly perhaps; and perhaps the enjoyment is heightened because of a growing independence and courage in those who share it with me.

[This is the fourth of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.]

The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

III. Eisenstein and Lunacharsky

Moscow, May 24

EISENSTEIN (the maker of "Potemkin") received me in his very modest lodgings littered with books and scraps of film. A large, heavy man, with a head of flying hair like that affected some years ago by the youth of Italy, his bearing and his conversation alike suggest very strongly the Italian futurists with whom, as a matter of fact, he was formerly allied; and they serve to prepare one for the fact that his communistic ideology is superimposed upon the futurism which was at its full tide in Russia when the Revolution broke. Lunacharsky, on the other hand, ensconced at his desk in the Commissariat of Education, might be any cultivated gentleman. Speaking excellent French, and carefully avoiding the paradoxes in which Eisenstein revels, he seems, indeed, the "good European" more than anything else. Both are friendly and accessible men, but it is evident that they do not think very highly of each other and they will stand conveniently as representative of two opposite tendencies in contemporary Russian art.

Eisenstein begins, like most people brought up in the futurist school, by sweeping nearly everything that is into the junk-heap with one wave of the hand. The theater, of course, is dead and done for. Art should strike with the direct impact of a physical blow, and only the cinema can do that. The only good play in Moscow is "The Humming of the Rails," and it is good only because it is killing the theater.

As a matter of fact, its perfectly literal naturalism is not theater at all—it is merely inferior cinema. The people of the future will want only actualities and the movie is much more actual than the stage.

The legitimate function of art is a purely practical one; its purpose is solely to produce convictions and to lead to actions. During the Revolution, for example, its duty was to provoke revolutionary acts. People went from the theater or the cinema to the barricades. Now that the Revolution is accomplished it has of course other work to do; religion, for example, has not been completely destroyed and for that reason the thing which he likes best in his new film "October" (shown in Germany and probably to be shown in America under the title "Ten Days That Shook the World") is the attack upon religion. Since the purpose of art is purely practical there is no such thing as a "permanent aesthetic value" and every work must be judged according to its usefulness at a given time in a given place. He himself is no longer interested in "Potemkin" which is more or less passé and not as purely cinematographical in its methods as he would like it to be. One can get an idea of what he wants to do from certain scenes in "October" where dynamic ideas are translated into pictures. The scene, for instance, in which the overweening Kerensky is shown, all alone, mounting up and up the successive flights of stairs in the imperial palace which lead to the throne-room, or that in which the downfall of religion is suggested by a series of flashes beginning with a picture of the fully developed God

on an icon and descending through a whole series of representations to the grotesque idol of a savage.

Warming to his theme, Eisenstein develops it to its simple logical conclusion. In the perfect state there will be no art. Bourgeois art is a vicarious fulfilment of unsatisfied desires; Communist art an instrument for social adjustment. But in the perfect state there will be no unsatisfied desires and no more social adjustments to be made. Art, therefore, will disappear. I remind him that in "Reason and Art" Santayana suggests that this is exactly what Plato meant when he said that poets would be expelled from the perfect republic; but Eisenstein, as one might guess, is not much interested in either Plato or Santayana. *The Nation's* Russian correspondent, Louis Fischer, who is acting as my interpreter, puts in a word: "The theater is already dead. Then I suppose you consider it your function to kill the cinema." Eisenstein smiles. The idea pleases him.

Though he is a brilliant director and the representative of one school of aesthetic opinion in Russia I doubt if that school is actually as important as it sometimes seems from the outside. To my mind his films are more impressive than his theories, and to assume that either he or a man like Meyerhold is truly representative of even the more extreme wing of the Russian masses is to forget the element of futuristic dilettantism which plays so large a part in determining the attitude of both of them. They were accustomed for so long to "épater le bourgeois" that it is hard for them to remember that it is now even less important than ever to do so, and it is to be feared that nowadays they sometimes merely "épater le prolétariat" instead. "Constructivism" (apparently less popular now than formerly) was the futuristic response to that enthusiasm for the machine of which I have previously spoken, and Eisenstein's theories are the futuristic response to that general tendency to socialize the arts which is, of course, fundamental in Communistic society. But neither the one nor the other is so deep, so genuine, or so significant as are the tendencies which they parody, and to my mind at least one gets much nearer to the real meaning of the whole Russian phenomenon in such relatively naive plays as "The Humming of the Rails" than one does in these sophisticated attempts to translate the impulses there expressed into somewhat dilettantish terms.

If, however, Eisenstein may (with the reservations just suggested) be taken as a representative of the extreme aesthetic Left, Lunacharsky will speak for those who are, on the contrary, anxious that Communist art should be a continuation of or logical development from the art of the past. As Commissar of Education he has all the state theaters under his control, and it is probably due more to him than to anyone else that the opera and ballet have survived. He has watched without enthusiasm the increasing tendency of the theater to devote itself to contemporary social problems to the exclusion of everything else, and he would certainly not look forward with pleasure to Eisenstein's perfect and therefore artless state. "I shall," he said, "be ready very soon to issue a protest against the growing neglect of the classics in the state theaters and against their tendency to produce no new plays except those which concern themselves with more or less minor details of social adjustment. What used to be called the 'eternal problems' were properly so called, and they are as important to the members of a Communist society as to those of any other. Sooner or later Russian art must return to a consideration of them.

"Of course," he continued, "I do not mean that I desire

any return to 'art for art's sake.' From the standpoint of a Communist, art must have its social function, but that function is a broad one. It includes the widening of the intellectual horizon as well as the discussion of sociological problems, and it is particularly important in an industrial state. The life of the workman is inevitably narrow if his experience is confined to the factory alone. He more than anyone else has need of those aesthetic experiences which will expand his range of comprehensions and appreciations. It is for this reason that I am even more interested in the music drama than in the ordinary play. Unfortunately we have not at present any new composers equal to the task, but I look forward most eagerly to the time when some Russian shall arise who will express the hope of the Russian people in a form not dissimilar, perhaps, to that in which Wagner embodied his Schopenhauerian pessimism."

It is obvious that there can be no peace between the representatives of attitudes so opposed. To Eisenstein, Lunacharsky is only a half-assimilated bourgeois; and to Lunacharsky, Eisenstein is only a new barbarian. From the standpoint of fanatical logic there is, of course, no doubt that Eisenstein would have the better of the argument. His theory is based upon one of the fundamental Communist postulates—that in a communistic state the ordinary processes of life will be all-sufficient in themselves—while Lunacharsky's assumption that the life of a factory worker is "narrow" does constitute a sort of heresy. I am told that once when he was explaining his theories at a public meeting some one rose to charge him with defending a kind of art which was, in effect, only another "opium of the people." That charge embodies the substance of a complaint often made against him. A cultivated man with a strong love of the past, he wept when he heard the false report that the Kremlin had been fired upon by the Bolsheviks, and he is less anxious to destroy what the old society created than he is to put the new masses into possession of whatever may be salvaged from it.

It is not, of course, worth while for an outsider to venture any opinion concerning the probable outcome of a conflict as fundamental as this one is, though it goes without saying that the ideas of Lunacharsky are far more easily comprehensible to such an outsider and must seem to him more reasonable, even if less simply logical, than those of his opponents. But like all that concerns contemporary Russian art, the question has connotations not purely artistic, and the conflict is only part of a much larger conflict upon the issue of which the future of the whole communistic experiment will depend. If communism is essentially only a new form of political and economic organization—if, that is to say, it is merely a logical continuation of the evolution from absolute monarchy through constitutional government and democracy—then its task is to rule a humanity not in itself radically different from the humanity we know, and Lunacharsky is right. But if, on the other hand, the coming of communism is, as to its more fanatical proponents it seems, a phenomenon of an entirely different sort—a reconstruction not merely of the social order but of human nature itself—then of course we as yet unreconstructed souls can know nothing of its future and can only conclude that whatever seems to us most incomprehensible is that which the future will probably choose.

[This is the last of three articles on the Russian theater. Mr. Krutch's next letters will discuss the theater in Budapest and Vienna.]

CLARENCE DARROW says:

"I READ the Haldeman-Julius Monthly diligently. I hear of it wherever I go. I really believe that there is no one in the country who is doing anything like the good for freedom of thought and action that you are doing."

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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Immoralities in Public Offices, by W. G. Clugston (August)

Putting the Screws to a Young "Sinner," by Zave Wolfe (August)

When the K. K. K. Invaded the High Schools of Kansas, by Leon N. Hatfield (May)

**About
THE MOVIES**

Why Writers Hate Hollywood, by Don Gordon (June)

Our Mad Movie Magnates, by George Pampel (June)

Will Hays—Ignorant and Dishonest, by Louis Adamic (August)

The Bedlam That Is Hollywood, by Don Gordon (August)

**About
JOURNALISM**

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal (A Fundamentalist Daily), by Pierre Martineau (August)

How to Grab Publicity, by Sanford Jarrell (May)

A Tabloid Crusades Vice in Philadelphia, by Louis P. Monte (June)

Why Are Editors Afraid of Their Readers? by T. Swann Harding (June)

Varieties of Literary Inspiration, by E. Haldeman-Julius (August)

**About
BUSINESS**

The Meaning of Success in Life by E. Haldeman-Julius (July)

No Tears for Babbitt, by D. Warren Ryder (August)

Putting Punch in Your Personality, by Ballard Brown (August)

Some Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising, by a Newspaper Publicity Director (July)

The Real Thomas A. Edison, A. L. Shands (August)

Henry Field—A New God in the Middlewest, by M. E. Stan (August)

**About
WAR**

War, What For? by Clay Fa (June)

The Next War, by Sanford Jarrell (August)

The Soldier's Return, by Ger V. Morris (August)

A FEW OUTSTANDING ARTICLES**Nan Britton and Harding**

A frank, candid discussion of the Nan Britton, President Harding affair is contained in the May, June and July issues of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. In the May issue two well-known critics, Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, give their opinions of the affair based upon Nan Britton's claims that her child was the illegitimate daughter of President Harding, as set forth in her book, "The President's Daughter." In the June issue an article by Fred Bair, special correspondent for the Haldeman-Julius Publications, tells of an exclusive, authorized interview with Nan Britton and her daughter, Elizabeth Ann, the child of President Harding. In the July *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* is the article "How and Why I Wrote 'The President's Daughter,'" by Nan Britton, herself.

Sacco and Vanzetti

W. P. Norwin, a Harvard man, has written a complete, thoroughgoing survey of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The story is appearing exclusively in the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* in six fact-giving install-

ments starting in the May issue. Mr. Norwin has made an exhaustive search for the facts and he has set down in his survey the results of his six months' work in the study of the case. The six installments are as follows: I. The Crime (May, 1928); II. The Trial (June, 1928); III. The New Evidence: The Judge and the Times (July, 1928); IV. Public Criticism (August, 1928); V. The Lowell Committee: Its Report (September, 1928); VI. The Execution and Persecution (October, 1928).

Upton Sinclair vs. Jim Tully

An article by Upton Sinclair, "Jim Tully, a Study in Ingratitude," will appear in the August issue of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. The great socialist in his strong, positive style answers Jim Tully's statements, quoted by Sara Haardt in her interview with him which recently printed in *The American Mercury*, with indisputable facts including letters to him from Jim Tully. Tully claimed in the interview that Sinclair refused to aid him while he was a young writer struggling for recognition. Upton Sinclair shows that he did go out his way to help Tully.

JULIUS, Scientist Says:

in magazine publishing. He feared in the country demurred to do that attacks on organized religion still, he acquainted large groups of economics and politics, not to mention that these people would never fly in the face of editorial, literary periodicals devoted to ideas on these

The DEBUNKING Magazine—

HERE is reading which will tell you facts you cannot learn elsewhere. Can did, fact-giving, sham-smashing articles appear in each issue of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. Nothing is withheld because it is controversial or "indiscreet" or because it might "tread on sensitive toes." Nothing is too sacred to be shorn of bunk. Nothing that smacks of hypocrisy, bigotry or intolerance is allowed to pass uninvestigated by the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. It is clear in its statements, light and humorous in its style and intelligent in its appeal. It is truly "The DEBUNKING Magazine."

WANT TO PRINT THE FACTS**About
RELIGION**

Roach Straton, the Witch Doctor of Ham, by E. W. Hutter (June)
ner with Billy Sunday, by William Ford (August)
hime of Church Liberalism, by Eric th (July)
Inge, an Honest Churchman, by s Adamic (July)
Fundamentalists Believe and Preach Illustrated by the Preaching of Roach Straton, by L. M. Birk- (August)
Wesley, Father of Methodism, by Haldeman-Julius (August)
eaning of Skepticism, by T. Swann ding (Forthcoming)
f God's Families, by Don Lewis gust)
ailure of Prophecy, by E. Haldeman- us (August)
fic Soul-Saving, by T. Swann Hard- (August)
Preachers Believe, by E. W. Hutter gust)
I Went to the Devil, by Clay Fulks ay)
Not So Wise, by E. Haldeman- us (June)
ion of an Agnostic, by John Mason ly)

**About
SCIENCE**

The Truth About the Tobacco Habit, by T. Swann Harding (May)
The Case for Science, by E. Haldeman-Julius (May)
Is Coffee Drinking Harmful? by T. Swann Harding (June)
We Meet Dr. Brown, M.D., C.M., F.R.C.S.E., by Maynard Shipley (July)
The Magic in Those Ultra-Violet Rays! by T. Swann Harding (July)
Shall We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex? by Isaac Goldberg (July)
Monkey Gland Bunk, by T. Swann Harding (Sept.)
Why Do Some People Resist Disease Better Than Others? by T. Swann Harding (Forthcoming)
I Debate with John Roach Straton, by Maynard Shipley (June)

**About
LIFE OF TODAY**

Gene Tunney Speaks on Shakespeare at Yale (June)
Miami's Reign of Violence, by Gerard Harrington (June)
The Decline and Fall of Poker, by Sanford Jarrell (July)
Are Americans Afraid of Sex? by E. Haldeman-Julius (May)
The Grandees of Puzzledom, by Fred Bair (May)
Small-Town Gossips and Their Ways, by E. Haldeman-Julius (May)
The Shame of Fort Scott, Kansas, by Marcet Haldeman-Julius (July)
"I'm a School Teacher, But Don't Tell Anybody," by William Cunningham (May)
An Hour With Joseph McCabe, by Earl Ludwig (July)
"You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada, by Ruben Levin (July)
Absurdities of Secret Societies, by Ben Moore (Sept.)
Southern Hospitality, by Sanford Jarrell (Forthcoming)

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"Studies in Rationalism" FREE

In addition to the saving you make by subscribing for *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* in advance we offer a book free to NATION readers who use the blank accompanying advertisement. The book, "Studies in Rationalism," was written by E. Haldeman-Julius, editor-publisher of the *Monthly*. It is 8 pages, 5½ x 8½ inches in size, neatly bound in an attractive blue stiff card cover.

A FEW copies of the May issue, containing the first installment of "The Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case," by W. P. Norwin, and the two discussions of "The Nan Britton, President Harding Affair," by Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, remain in stock. We will supply the May number as long as it lasts to new subscribers using the blank below. If the limited supply is exhausted we will start subscriptions with the June issue.

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In the Driftway

EVIDENTLY the demands of the correspondent in San Antonio for a hobby, which the Drifter blared forth to the public in the issue of June 13, were too exacting, for instead of a flood of suggestions only a few have been offered.

* * * * *

ONE of the Drifter's readers suggests what he calls "the sport of push pins." The Drifter isn't sure that he can correctly read his correspondent's handwriting and he is certain he can't understand the directions. There is something in them about putting two pins on a smooth table and flicking them so as to make one roll over the other. The Drifter experimented for ten minutes, during which he lost three pins in the waste-basket, two behind the desk, one in a pile of important papers which he hasn't disturbed in four years, and another down the back of his neck. Then he could find no more pins and gave up trying to learn the game. He doubts if it would suit a man living among the cattle ranges and oil derricks of the State of Texas.

* * * * *

NOR is the Drifter sure that there is more meat in the advice by a friend in Massachusetts:

Why doesn't your San Antonio correspondent, who wants a hobby that will absorb his interest two afternoons a week without strenuous exercise, try a reform? Nobody ought to lack for hobbies while so many things need correction. He might try spelling reform. It goes uncontradicted that the present spelling robs the average child of the effect of two years of school. Of course, the quantitative estimate varies, but I never heard of anybody's estimating less than one or more than three, and two is most usual. Obviously here is a reform worth two afternoons a week; and a reader of *The Nation* ought to be able to mention others.

Ordinary horticulture is so obvious that we must presume he has thought of it and rejected it. But he might be interested in some horticultural specialty such as originating new kinds of fruit. Or bee-keeping, with not too many bees.

Or try scientific investigation. Even if he starts at zero in knowledge of the science he takes up, by picking out some one point that he thinks is not sufficiently cleared up, and devoting himself to that one point and the matters that distinctly bear on it, he can soon work up to be a leading authority on his limited specialty, and it is very interesting.

You yourself suggest a handicraft. Obviously there are other handicrafts than the one you name.

* * * * *

IT may be that reform is a hobby but, in the Drifter's opinion, it is far from a recreation. And if our present spelling robs the average child of two years of school the only grudge which the average child (including the Drifter) will have against it on that account is that the larceny isn't of greater proportions. As for scientific investigation, that seems to run either to sterile theory or to the invention of unnecessary articles that cost us money. Bee-keeping, "with not too many bees," is the one suggestion that might entice the Drifter. Better, perhaps, would be bee-keeping without any bees—merely a good supply of hives and honey.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How to Write History

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that we have cleared ourselves of the charge that Nicaragua is under marine rule by pointing out that in a large part of the country there are no marines, might we not also refute the equally absurd charge that we are killing Nicaraguans, by figures showing the larger proportion to be still alive?

San Francisco, May 5

R. L. HARTFORD

Bill Haywood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say, quite truly, of William D. Haywood: "He was never at home in parliamentary politics." In 1904 I was officially associated with him in the Socialist Party. Haywood, Channing Sweet (father of William E. Sweet, ex-Governor), and I constituted the "local quorum" of the Denver branch of the Socialist Party of Colorado; but it was extremely difficult to get Mr. Haywood to attend the meetings. Mr. Sweet and I usually had to drag him in or conduct the business without him. Once, after I had gone to the office of the Western Federation of Miners to get him, I told Mr. Sweet: "Haywood isn't a Socialist; he is a labor man—first, last, and all the time."

In his utter lack of personal ambition and his absolute devotion to the working class Haywood and Debs were alike. I never heard him say in words, as Debs said: "When I rise it will be *with* the ranks and not *from* the ranks," but so far as I knew him every act of his life spoke that sentiment. And if Haywood had believed he could better serve the workers by going to prison than by fleeing to Moscow from an unjust sentence I think he would have gone to prison.

But, much as he and Debs were alike in their devotion to the working class, they differed profoundly in one respect: Debs had faith in spiritual force, while Haywood believed only in material means for accomplishing the emancipation of the workers of the world. Debs declared that "he never was in prison, because they could not imprison his spirit." Haywood, behind the bars, would have felt himself a prisoner—helpless to do anything for those to whom all his life he had devoted his splendid, tremendous energy. Constituted as he was, believing as he did, he could never have done the beneficent work carried on by Prisoner Debs. Nor could he have *languished* in prison; he would have raged, perhaps with results that would have hurt the cause he loved with all his great heart. And so it may be that, all things taken into account, he was wiser than some of us who, at the time, deeply regretted the course he chose. Perhaps he understood his capacities and limitations better than we. Peace to his stormy, troubled soul.

Denver, Colorado, May 7

CELIA BALDWIN

San Francisco Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A circle of *The Nation* readers is being organized in San Francisco for the purpose of furthering greater interest in *The Nation* as well as of promoting intelligent discussion of present-day problems. May I therefore invite San Francisco readers of *The Nation* to communicate with Michael M. Zarchin, 2010 Laguna Street?

San Francisco, May 29

MICHAEL M. ZARCHIN,
Temporary Chairman

Errata

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article *The Tailors and the Scientific Method*, in *The Nation* for June 13, I said that "During the last two years [Sidney Hillman] told the convention [of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers] the union has in three instances given financial assistance to manufacturers exposed to the danger of liquidation. These three firms employed more than one thousand workers." These three firms employed more nearly four thousand workers. I gave the resources of the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago as close to \$9,000,000. Its resources are about \$3,500,000. I mentioned an election quarrel in the "Buffalo Joint Board." It should have read the "Rochester Joint Board."

New York, June 13

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Jumping at Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To keep the record straight may I make a bit clearer the attitude of Indians re the Simon Commission, the advent of which has stirred all India into active and purposeful hostility?

Not since that ill-advised visit of the Prince of Wales, in the period immediately succeeding the Great War, have Indians shown such strong displeasure against manifest injustice. By public meetings, processions, and amazingly successful "hartals" the "Simon Show" has been boycotted everywhere and at all times—only the to-be-expected sycophants, self-interested folk, and strands of the fringe of officialdom having presented themselves now and again, to welcome the visitors who were universally greeted by posters reading "Simon, Go Back," "We Don't Want You," or, more politely, "India Does Not Invite You."

As to the "boycott" vote when one counts out the fifty official and nominated members whose bounden duty it is, generally speaking, to support the Government, the motion had a clear majority of 55 votes, with only 12 Indian elected members, against.

Mr. Garratt told nothing but the truth; but he was a number of jumps away from the whole truth in his *Nation* article.

New York, April 23

BLANCHE WATSON

The D. A. W. to the S. D. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As its secretary, I should like to introduce the Descendants of American Witches to readers of *The Nation*. Far more exclusive than the Daughters of the American Revolution, this organization is composed primarily of direct descendants of the four or five hundred persons who in Colonial days were executed, condemned, tried, or merely arrested as witches.

True to modern psychological explanations of behavior or personality this society has adopted as its motto: "Let us brush the cobwebs out of the sky." To the spider his cobweb is business equipment, the capital investment by means of which he secures a livelihood. To us cobwebs are simply rubbish that fills up dark and dusty corners of the human mind. When fresh they often appear beautiful. But when old and stale they are full of dust and their victims' remains. The society, therefore, is rendered still more exclusive by the fact that not all descendants of witches but only those who can recognize a cobweb when they see one, even if it is fresh and glittering, are eligible for membership.

Each member is allowed to choose the particular cobwebs he wishes to brush. The only restriction is that, in the judg-

ment of the other members, they must be genuine cobwebs and not electric fixtures, telephone wires, or other useful threads of modern progress. One of the first cobwebs chosen was the Daughters of the American Revolution. Practically all the so-called patriotic societies are now being brushed. But we try to keep our eyes open for other cobwebs, and each new member calls attention to some new variety. One member, for example, is brushing at the cobweb of preparedness, another at the cobweb of race prejudice, another at the cobweb of child exploitation, and another at the cobweb of class privilege.

The D. A. W. expects to hold its Third Annual Boiling on next Hallow-e'en. As the elder organization it wishes to extend to the Sons and Daughters of the Blacklist a cordial welcome and an invitation to assist in the great work of making the world safe for witches. Being already tagged as true cobweb-brushers by the Daughters of the American Revolution those whose names appear on the famous blacklist are, obviously, worthy inheritors of witches' brooms.

The Caldron, June 10

DESCENDANT NO. 4534 OF

WITCH SUSANNA MARTIN,

hanged at Salem, July 19, 1692

Machine-Age Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The old arts are decorative. Ever since the first savage painted the mastodon on the walls of his cave, and up to the time when the feudal lord hired a man to decorate his banqueting hall and cathedral, the aim of the artist was to decorate.

Machine-age art is utilitarian and not decorative, as Mr. Arens states in *The Nation* for June 6. Having no decorative traditions to follow (in view of the youth of these arts), the artist begins by investigating the objectives of his art and finds that they are to serve human needs. He analyzes the various uses they have to be put to, their relation to and effect on the life about them. He studies mathematics and science and, utilizing them, makes his art correct and adaptable to machine production—for use by the masses.

The works of the old arts are made and kept for the understanding and adoration of the select few. Machine-age art is for the many—to be used by the many—witness the skyscrapers, the laced transmission towers, the mogul locomotive, the massive dam; also the electric bulb and the bathtub. They are all correct, neat, and proportional, because based on science and mathematics; beautiful, because pleasing to the eye and beneficial to the body. The engineer is the new artist; so is the carpenter.

The principles by which this art is guided and by which it may be analyzed are (1) utility, (2) economy, (3) safety and effect on life. The first two govern line and form (whatever they are) as well as the material out of which the work is to be fashioned. The third principle is the most important, as it controls the design so as to make it safe and beneficial.

If I were asked to analyze the Macy exposition, I should try to suggest ways of increasing the usefulness of some articles, and would question the possibility of enjoyment of others by the masses (owing to cost). In accord with the last-mentioned principle of design, I would admit, on the one hand, the beneficial and pleasing effects of indirect lighting schemes, and would condemn, on the other, the lowering of furniture as unsuited to the structure of man's body; I would admire the harmonious combination and blending of colors in some rooms, while objecting to the use of dark tile in a bathroom, as having a negative effect on the human body.

Such criticism would be unorthodox from the old-art critic's point of view, but it would be sensible from the modern viewpoint. To criticize machine-age art one should not be an art critic but an engineer.

Brooklyn, June 7

L. TARNOPOLL

Books and Plays

Granite

By WILBERT SNOW

Lie on these rocks—perhaps to your surprise
Will spread the glowing comfort of their arms;
Lean on these rocks that lavishly devise
A resting-place where odors from the barms
Of ocean, floating in on either side,
Quicken your vision up and down the bay
Of medricks crying, ledges where the tide
Curves round the harbor in a long white spray.

Gaze on these rocks, and know how they are worn
Smooth by the iteration of the sea,
Like the smooth cheeks of aged toilers born
Along this coast whose buffetings may be
The secret of the granite hardihood
That makes them look on life and call it good.

Labor in American Civilization

American Labor Dynamics. Edited by J. B. S. Hardman.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

IT is both profitable and interesting to look into the nature of our post-war literature on labor and industry. The radical literature on the subject is either tractarian or Quixotic or both; compared to the prevailing scholarship of the radical economic literature in Europe it is infantile. Then we have with us the small but perennial quota of textbook hacks on "The Labor Problem," of the usual obtuse innocence and cautious ignorance. Of late years we have also developed a growing number of pseudo-sophisticated men of Big Business and affairs, who gratify their intellectual aspirations by hiring "ghosts" with the latest economic jargon to record their discoveries on men and management, profit-sharing, instincts in industry, and other such affectingly realistic themes. Closely allied to them we find the "open-minded" social-work journalists and a small army of industrial experts, "social engineers," personnel administrators, and other such fancy publicity men of peace in industry.

But the vast bulk of our responsible literature on the labor movement, significant as an index of our times, is done by the "newer" and usually younger economists, formally well trained and products of the liberal dissent in the higher learning. Some stay in the better universities. A few of them "break into" the labor movement as humble hired "experts," exercising a supposedly enlightening influence on the labor oligarchy. Fairly quickly, however, they join the majority of their kind and break out on the research staffs of government bureaus, of dizzily endowed foundations, research councils, conference boards, industrial study associations, modernist church secretariats, and "scientific" reform agencies of one kind or another.

It is this Research Magnificent which gives the tone to our economic literature, most of which, directly or indirectly, deals with the labor movement. In this research we lead the world, including Germany. Some of it, almost entirely statistical, such as the work of the National Bureau of Economic Research, is excellent and essential. Most of it is obligatory filing material. But it all has one central characteristic. It exudes, by implication, an atmosphere of complacent impartiality. It leans backward in hypersensitive "objectivity." It is highly specific, de-

tailed statistical, factual, carefully delimited, and refrains from drawing any conclusions beyond its zoned and artificial realism. It hides behind the aegis of the "scientific method," aping the objective zeal and interpretative humility of the bona fide scientist. And, conversely, its earmark is its anti-ideological hatred. Its greatest pride lies in its philosophical sterility. We are literally the only modern industrial country which has failed to produce a single interpretative study of the national labor movement as a whole, of its place in the national life. And yet the place of American labor in contemporary American civilization is very clear. In its present form it is dying.

All this objectivity and pseudo-realism in our social research in general, and in the labor problem in particular, is largely idolatry. Like all idolatry its premises are meretricious and its motives are based on fear. Of course, social "facts" are indispensable for social diagnosis. But, equally certainly, social facts are not given in scientific categories but are the phenomena of social struggle. Social facts are of social making. They are born of social politics. They have meaning only as social values. Social research, unintegrated by relevant interpretation, is, by definition, nonsense. Hence, paradoxically, the bulk of our economic research, far from being genuinely objective, is at bottom an apology for the controlling plutocracy which endows it. The more controversial a social issue, the more nervously it touches the ganglion of vested rights, the larger the "fact-finding" army, the fatter the appropriations of the research trusts to confound with ever more "data" the basic problems of social justice.

Few students of American labor have watched this philistinism in our labor literature with a more contemptuous and more brilliant skepticism than the editor of the volume under review. He feels that we have enough, more than enough, "material" to show what's wrong with American labor since the World War. He appreciates that what requires a great deal of social research is not the proof of the social *dementia praecox* of our dominant labor movement, which is obvious, but the interplay of social forces which corrupted and enfeebled it. Accordingly, he invited "thirty-two university men, teachers of economics, politics, and labor problems, practical labor leaders, and labor publicists and educators" to diagnose its sickness. This invitation was his fatal error. In issuing it he fell for the latest hokum of the professional open mind, for the theory that true understanding comes with "group discussion," that it is a by-product of the "technique of cooperative thinking." The result was inevitable. Instead of a critique of American labor we have another symposium on the subject. This "is not one more reference book," Mr. Hardman protests. Sorry, that's all it is! All one can do in a review of it is to separate the good stuff from the fair and to throw away the rest.

To my mind, the best article in this collection is Lewis Corey's study of the New Capitalism, in which he analyzes the relatively growing class distribution of our national wealth and exposes the "myth" of the "revolution" in national income. Mr. Corey's article is a model of statistical inquiry. Another excellent contribution is Mr. Hardman's own study of the way one of our most progressive and modern trade unions functions. Mr. Hardman does not name the union, he hypostatizes its policies and actions, refers to its leadership as XYZ, and walks through the whole story with false whiskers which fool nobody, for his references to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are so obvious that I break no confidence in naming the disguised organization. But aside from this somewhat irritating secret diplomacy, it is by far the best analysis we have of this interesting "labor union somewhere in the United States." Dr. Leo Wolman's statement of the general economic conditions since the war and their relation to the gradual collapse of the labor movement is written with skill and economy. Being the

sort of person who refuses to lose a night's sleep over anything he winds up with the totally irrelevant observation that "somewhere in the distance the sensitive eye can discern a ray of sunshine." Abraham Epstein, A. J. Muste, and Stuart Chase write with their usual competence on social legislation, factional fights in trade unions, and violence in labor conflicts. The section on the plight of cotton-mill labor is well done by Drs. George S. and Broadus Mitchell. The sections on coal, the building trades, the welfare offensive of the employers, the company unions, on labor and politics are fair jobs, though they tell us nothing new.

James Rorty rushes through twenty-two pages on The Post-War Social Mind, in which he collates labor, modern poetry, the novel, Keeping up with the Joneses, the new biography, and American imperialism. I know what he meant to do, but I do not think he did it. Dr. Sumner H. Slichter is all for being very, very "scientific" about the query: What is the Labor Movement? Most of the other essays cover the various conventional "new-union" developments, such as trade-union capitalism in its various phases, workers' education, industrial parliamentarianism, and such company-union schemes with union sanction as the B. and O. Plan, with the usual air of discovery which characterizes the "new-for-old" school of writers. Others deal with the psychological aspects of labor attitudes and leadership. Some of the contributions are competent enough, some read like the industrial idyls in an uplift journal. Probably the three worst essays are Joseph E. Kucher's study on labor organization tactics, John Brophy's fatuous "elements of a progressive union policy," and Professor Atkins's article on Labor Propaganda, in which latter I fail to find a single statement which is so. The three appendices—on labor opinion, on the labor press, and on labor's Who's Who—are not significant, which is what they were meant to be.

This book describes the protective coloration of American labor in the capitalist scene. It fails to analyze either the causes or the chemistry of this camouflage. It merely reflects the confusion of this process. But it is the best reflection of it which has yet appeared. Mr. Hardman is a skilful editor and the percentage of his skilled contributors is unusually high.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Adventuring in India and Cathay

Daughters of India. By Margaret Wilson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The Land of Green Ginger. By Winifred Holtby. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

THE adventurer is coming into his own this year. And that the missionary, like the social worker and the social crusader, is quite as likely to be an adventurer as a sick soul I think Miss Wilson's novel abundantly makes clear. To assess its merits as a novel it would also be necessary to assess Mrs. Humphry Ward, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Alice Duer Miller, and even, whisper it discreetly, John Galsworthy. It would be necessary, that is to say, to determine just what it is that makes the novelists who are most widely read by the educated, substantial, non-long-haired people of a generation, and who in many respects deserve to be most widely read, not read at all by the long-haired, and destined—for this is the sole revenge of the ragged artist over his sleek compeer—for the attic in the next.

Miss Wilson, like the others mentioned above, has a decided talent for the novel, a much greater talent than Dreiser, for example. Yet Dreiser comes very near to being a great novelist, and Miss Wilson is miles away from that coveted place. She can bring very charmingly into her pages the stir and movement of life. She can reproduce the accents of speech and remember the fleeting physical expressions of personality.

She can make us see and hear and touch her people. But she deals honestly with no single person, not even with the inimitable Miss Bhose, the sixty-five-year-old head of her girls' school, who "taught Sanskrit or Panjabi, as the occasion arose, Gurmukhi or English, Hindi or Hindustani, and now and then gave a helping hand to someone bemired in Arabic." Miss Bhose's little eccentricities and her big loyalties are amusingly exposed; Davida's little eccentricities and her big loyalties are amusingly exposed; John Ramsay's little eccentricities and his big loyalties are amusingly exposed. All of them are seen through the humorous, tolerant, and wholly unreal sentimental haze so dear to a host of readers. It is to be noted that it is much easier to criticize this literary weakness than to avoid it. The author who deals as honestly as God with his characters must be as ruthless as God. Weak flesh shrinks before the ordeal, the more so because these creatures the author must expose naked on the rocks of life are, after all, each one himself. Not until he himself has attained insensibility, or indifference, or a sublime sort of stoicism, can he do it. Insensibility and indifference pretty effectually rule him out as a novelist; and so there is still more room at the top than at the bottom of his profession.

I imagine that "The Land of Green Ginger" is a first novel. It is written with zest, with imagination, with opinionated honesty, with a hot love for life. If the author stacks her cards a little for Joanna and against Teddy it is because she admires courage, adventure, humor, and has read too much about the psychological sources of Teddy's idealism and his mystical religion. But even with Teddy she tries to be honest; and she kills him off more in sorrow than in hate. His swift reactions from his sexual abnegations are particularly well conceived, and explore a new stretch of fictional country. Throughout the characterizations are lively, and the prose often reaches a quite unusual distinction, almost worthy to be compared with the very beautiful passages from Sir Walter Raleigh that enthralled Joanna's imagination, and almost beautiful enough to make us forget the author's palpable unfairness to the Hungarian "Reds."

Yet the book seems to me important chiefly for its promise. I think this is perhaps due more to its lack of a consistent style than to any other one thing. The few books that get their heads above water in each generation usually do so because, in addition to other merits, their authors have succeeded in evolving an individual method of expression. Their prose is as straitly conditioned as poetry. Almost no sentence could be substituted by another hand without changing the tone and rhythm. The average writer just writes sentences, without regard to their relation to one another. Some may be very good. Some are mere passage work, put in to get over the ground. In spite of its many fine passages Miss Holtby's book falls into this class. But she could write a better one.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Emily Brontë

The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë. By Romer Wilson. A. and C. Boni. \$4.

OF the author of "Wuthering Heights" no biography has been written or ever will be. Not only was she inhumanly reticent but much that we might otherwise have learned from her correspondence was destroyed by the hyper-conscientious Charlotte. For the actual incidents of Emily's career we must rely, as Miss Wilson puts it, upon "a thin stream of inaccuracies weakly diluted with truth." On these inaccuracies Miss Wilson has not depended; she forswears the treacherous Mrs. Gaskell and casts a skeptical eye upon the dates and records of Charlotte. The result is not a biography and no claims for it as such are advanced. This book is a hypothetical spirit-

ual portrait, drawn with almost incidental regard to the laws of chronology.

Miss Wilson's sources are two in number: one is the depth of her own personality; the other is Emily's poems (which properly include "Wuthering Heights"). Miss Wilson really possesses what Herr Ludwig would like to think he possesses: a power of self-identification with her subject. Born, like Emily, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, she absorbed, in early childhood, the strange demonic spirit of the moors which permeated the soul of Emily Brontë. She has grown up among the gnarled and muttering peasantry which has not changed much since 1840. Her work, too, in "The Death of Society" and "Martin Schuler," betrays a kinship with "Wuthering Heights" that is more than fantastic. She has actually thought herself into her heroine; when facts about the childhood of Emily are lacking she digs down into her own early memories and by some astonishing feat of clairvoyant transference makes the child Emily live. To put it as simply as possible, Miss Wilson depends largely on intuition; she has perhaps written the first Bergsonian life.

In addition to this remarkable empathetic power Miss Wilson has had the poems to draw on. With their aid she reconstructs a woman who has up to the present seemed as mysterious as she was alluring. It is impossible here to summarize her findings or to follow her brilliant tracing of Emily's emotional life in the "Gondal Poems" and "Wuthering Heights." Her suppositions, whether true or false, seem remarkably illuminating. Very clever, for instance, is her hypothesis of a childhood claustrophobic experience to account for the almost mad delight Emily took in the sensation of freedom which the moors gave her. Miss Wilson is the first critic to show the complete spiritual connection between the poems and "Wuthering Heights"; she uses the fragmentary "Gondal Poems" to explain the puzzling emotional maturity of the novel, the sensation one gets that Heathcliff and Catherine had been part of their creator's soul years before a line was written.

Her main critical contribution lies perhaps in the constant exposition of "Wuthering Heights" as pure lyric self-expression on Emily's part. It has been thought by many others that in the figures of Catherine and Heathcliff (for, as Miss Wilson shows, they are, in a profound sense, the same person) Emily was dramatizing her own tortured and divided soul; but now, for the first time, this is made credible. Carefully she traces the construction of the Heathcliff image in Emily's mind, from its first inception as a compensation mechanism whose purpose was a fantasy-defeat of the envied and brilliant Branwell to its final gigantic projection where it became the Dark Demon of all the great satanic artists—Milton, Rimbaud, Melville, Dostoevski.

One is likely to take issue with Miss Wilson on only one point. In order to account for the constant series of poems dealing with revenge, sin, expiation, and death which seems to have started in 1839 and culminated in "Wuthering Heights," Miss Wilson supposes some dreadful occurrence in Emily's life during the years 1837-1838. This is perhaps unnecessary literalness; psychologically it is perfectly possible to assume that the merest trifle may have released in Emily's brooding soul a mass of repressed emotion which objectified itself in a revenge-fantasy.

There is no space here to mention the innumerable startling *aperçus* which gleam from every page: the fine insight, for example, which sees Charlotte as lacking and Emily as possessing that psychic hermaphroditism which appears to have distinguished all great artists; or which explains the otherwise puzzling affection of the wild, dark Emily for the doll-like Anne as based on their common sense of artistic defiance of the world. In the simpler realm of pure scholarship Miss Wilson is an equally brilliant guide; one of her most illuminating points is concerned with the literary origin of "Wuthering Heights," which she clearly shows to be "The Entail" of E. T. A. Hoffmann,

the German romanticist whom Emily had read during her Brussels period.

This is a book that you must either accept or reject; there is no compromise possible. Miss Wilson makes no bones about it; she admits constantly that her conclusions are the result of feeling and poetic sympathy. She may be totally wrong; but there is no one who can prove it; and there are many who will find her portrait of a greatly misunderstood genius marvelously convincing.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Jazz vs. the Jazz Question

The Appeal of Jazz. By R. W. S. Mendl. London: Philip Allan.

ONE reads some of the material in this book at a loss to know why it was included or why it was put in one place rather than another; and Mr. Mendl's own reasons are often worse than none. But though the book is badly put together and the pattern of its ideas therefore hard to follow, its actual contents are the first to deserve attention. Mr. Mendl has knowledge and understanding of music, which Whiteman had not; and he is not out to show off, as both Whiteman and Osgood were. In fact, he is so serious himself that he takes jazz much too seriously.

Mr. Mendl discusses, of course, the origin and characteristics of jazz, his views being the accepted ones. In due time he comes to its melodic poverty and the result thereof, namely, the jazzing of serious music; and on this he does his best writing. It is obvious enough that one may not object to the mere borrowing of a theme; what one may demand is that the borrowing be justified by the use made of the theme, as Brahms justifies his borrowing of a theme of Haydn or Handel. Osgood, after saying as much, found the borrowing so justified; Mr. Mendl, on the contrary, finds that the jazz versions of serious music "do not add anything of value to our experience, whether of a humorous or of a serious kind. . . . Instead of opening up fresh paths of delight they detract from the beauty of the original. They do not even aim at the gentle and subtle art of parody, much less do they achieve it." And whereas Osgood cited "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" as a successful example, Mr. Mendl refers to it as a wretched example and uses the term outrage to characterize, among other things, the altering of "Chopin's exquisite turn of phrase into the weakest and most banal of semi-cadences." This alone disposes of the usual argument, repeated by Whiteman and Osgood, that the jazz versions popularize the originals: a false notion of a piece of music cannot establish the true one; rather, once established it cannot be displaced by the true one; and the true one does not need such help.¹ All this is apart from the more important fact that the poverty of original jazz melody is not cured by melodies borrowed from serious music.

Another good chapter is the one in which Mr. Mendl disposes of some of the reasons with which some people justify their opposition to jazz. As for this opposition itself, he has already shown it to be unprecedented and unjustifiable in his opening chapters, in which he recalls the original and continued connection between music and the dance, and between previous dances and great composers. One may, that is, say no more against jazz than against the waltz. And I suspect that less would be said against jazz if less were said for it. Much of the unprecedented opposition may be attributed to the equally unprecedented claims of its advocates.² I am not aware that the waltz was ever treated as something that would alter the course of music; and I am sure that if it had there would have been the same attempts to put the waltz in its

¹ And yet Mr. Mendl agrees with them that an appreciation of jazz is an important step toward the appreciation of serious music.

² I am not considering the opposition aroused by some of the dances and other behavior associated with the music.

proper place as are provoked today by the ridiculous talk about jazz. The older dance music remained dance music (not necessarily to be danced to) even when it was written by a great composer; and it was recognized that while Brahms might write charming waltzes he would write quartets and symphonies with which his waltzes could have little to do. But if Mr. Mendl must cite the history of the waltz to establish the mere legitimacy of the new dance music, it is partly because he himself forgets its history sufficiently to treat jazz as something more than dance music, and to ponder over its present and future as though these were bound up with the future of serious music. Much of his book, much of any book, deals, necessarily, not with jazz but with the artificial issues of an unnecessary jazz question.

B. H. HAGGIN

Kerensky's Story

The Catastrophe. Kerensky's Own Story of the Russian Revolution. By Alexander F. Kerensky. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

IMAGINE that the Congress of the United States, aided by the army and navy, suddenly took it into its head to arrest Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and lock them up in the White House, then threw Messrs. Mellon, Hoover, and Kellogg into Sing Sing, and elected a cabinet or committee to run the government. That government, I dare say, would not be very different from the present one. But the revolution of March, 1917, which brought Kerensky to the top did something very similar. The Czar, if he had had any brains, might have appointed no less conservative a group of ministers than that which appeared on March 16 as the Provisional Government. Prince Lvov, the Premier, was branded by the populace as a representative of the "proper-tied zemstvos"; Miliukov, Foreign Minister, insisted on the conquest of Constantinople by Russia; Gutchkoff, chief of the War Department, was, according to Kerensky, an "intimate friend and adviser" of Stolypin, the champion executioner and reactionary in modern Russian history; Terestchenko, Minister of Finance, later, as we are told by Ambassador Francis, tried to reach and cooperate with Kolchak, the monarchist "dictator" of Siberia; Kononov, Minister of Commerce and Industry, was the Gary of Russia; V. Lvov, Procurator of the Holy Synod (an office no one thought of abolishing), is set down by Kerensky as a "big landed proprietor," and the others were no more revolutionary. Kerensky was really the only so-called "Socialist." But anyone reading this story of his catastrophe as a statesman will not escape the impression that he was about as red as Senator Borah, though far less upright and manly.

Kerensky believed that "some divine spirit" created the revolution and that "this immense upheaval . . . was made possible only by divine grace." By the help of God, then, a lively sprinkling of millionaires in the cabinet, and "I," "I," "I," Kerensky thought he could fashion a new Russia. The Russia of those days was remodeling itself. What happened is no credit to Kerensky. He was the pontoon bridge between the past and the present, and no sooner had the crossing been made than the pontoon was broken up and ceased to have value, interest, or significance.

Memoirs, especially those written by such conceited people as Kerensky, cannot be trustworthy history. If we were to accept this book as fact, everything the author undertook proved successful. Even that miserable, criminal July offensive in Galicia which cost him 50,000 to 60,000 lives was worth while. How is it, then, that after all these successes the hero had to escape from Petrograd in an official United States car bearing the Stars and Stripes on the radiator? This incident and others recounted in the last chapter do not testify to popularity or mass support. The auto episode as related by Mr. Francis differs in every detail from Kerensky's story.

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Kerensky has a good word for everybody, for the Czar, for Kornilov, Denikin, and Kaledin. He tried to keep Gutchkoff, the monarchist, from resigning. Only the Bolsheviks get his criticism—and in 1927 he explains their acts on the ground that they were German agents.

This volume is extremely self-condemnatory in effect. The only part contributing to a clarification of the March to November, 1917, period is that devoted to the collapse of the army. Kerensky saw and explains this well but he does not understand that such a condition could not be remedied by throwing hundreds of thousands of trench-weary mujiks into the mouths of fire-spitting cannon. The nation wanted peace and land and radical reform. Kerensky gave them hell. "I summon you not to a feast but to death," he declaimed before a conference of army representatives. Death, however, even when proposed in Kerensky's mellifluous voice, is not half as sweet as a farm and a vote in the soviet.

LOUIS FISCHER

Books in Brief

Public Welfare Administration. By Sophonisba P. Breckinridge. University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

Miss Breckinridge by skilful use of documentary sources shows how inadequately the field of public-welfare administration has been studied by the social or political scientist or the social worker, and what boundless opportunities it presents for further research.

Why Stop Learning? By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

After pointing out the pitfalls which beset the path of the half-educated adult, pathetically eager for culture, Mrs. Fisher shows the movements that are leading toward real education—such agencies as libraries, museums, women's clubs, child-study clubs. She foresees a future where poetry and essays will be advertised with the energy now devoted to cigarettes and oil, where the Tex Rickards of the twenty-first century will promote debates on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and the straphangers will sway to and fro, poring over pocket editions of the classics instead of the comic strips. Maybe so. In our own day we have seen a history of the world and a book on philosophy become best sellers and a champion pugilist who read Swinburne.

The Social Theories of L. T. Hobhouse. By Hugh Carter. University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

Dr. Carter fails to present an adequate picture of the political and social setting of Hobhouse's writings and to trace their influence on British, Continental, and American thought. Furthermore, reading a book on the social theories of Hobhouse without a thorough analysis of his philosophy is like eating an orange without juice. Dr. Carter has made an unsophisticated study of a difficult subject and has presented his conclusions with almost elementary simplicity. His book merits attention only as a preliminary discussion of the work of one who has been neglected personally but who, indirectly, has had a profound influence on sociological thought in America.

The Inquisition from Its Establishment to the Great Schism. By A. L. Maycock. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

An introductory study of heresy and of the methods employed by the Holy Office in eradicating it during an epoch when church and state were supposedly one and when heresy was a crime as well as a sin. The author has drawn much of his material from standard secondary accounts. His conception of the role of the inquisition in the Middle Ages seems to lie somewhere between that visualized by Bernard Shaw in "Saint Joan" and that depicted in the late Henry C. Lea's monumental work on the Holy Office.

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Lord Northcliffe: a Study. By R. Macnair Wilson. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.

Those friends and colleagues of Lord Northcliffe who did not quarrel with him fell under a spell that completely numbed their critical faculties. Mr. Wilson is an example of this, and his "study," consequently, is a piece of rather mawkish sentimentalism of very little value. Northcliffe's success was founded on the discovery that compulsory education in England had produced a vast market for popular reading matter. The press he created to satisfy this demand was a magnificent piece of newspaper organization from the technical point of view. If he had used it to promote a finer civilization instead of to stimulate jingoism and sweet-pea culture we might have subscribed to the halo Mr. Wilson has given him.

Brother John, a Tale of the First Franciscans. By Vida D. Scudder. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Unlike other stories of the Middle Ages, Miss Scudder's narrative of a thirteenth-century friar bears few of the wonted features of high romance—young ambition convoyed by adventure, caressed by love, and crowned by fortune. Here noble youth dons the gray garb of renunciation, carries the bare cross through lowly ways, serves but one mistress, Lady Poverty, and wins the long-pursued Naughting or Nothingness in a prison cell. In due accord with history the author visualizes the divisions and discords of the brotherhood and suggests virulent germs of disease that were later to sap its strength. Unhappily the reader cannot escape the impression that the truest son of Francis is the fictitious hero, whose zeal is rewarded by Franciscan leaders with confinement unto death.

Drama

TWO revivals have given a fillip to the dying New York season. At the Erlanger Theater an all-star cast has resurrected Sardou's "Diplomacy." Let it be said at once that the production is much marred by the failure to wear the costumes of the seventies when it was first produced in New York. It is so patently of a much earlier period, long before the world turned upside down, that, despite an occasional effort to modernize the text, the effort to pass it off as of today fails. The bride in her ultra-modern wedding dress is as incongruous as the beautiful legs of Helen Gahagan, who plays admirably the part of the woman spy, the Countess Zita. As a whole, the play has lost much during fifty years. It was forced and artificial enough when first produced; it creaks at the joints today despite many brilliant and witty lines. It is hard to think of a sane diplomat carelessly leaving about the dispatch-box which contains the secret document upon the safety of which his honor and career depend, and it is certainly most thoughtful of the international spy and thief to use so incredibly strong a perfume as to scent everything she touches. In the cast, whose performance is smooth and often delightful, Jacob Ben-Ami, Helen Gahagan, and Margaret Anglin stand out.

At the Hampden Theater for a week the Players' Club gave their annual revival performance, choosing "The Beaux' Stratagem," the last comedy of George Farquhar, first given in 1707 just before the tragic death of the young author. Introduced by a charming prologue, written by Edgar Lee Masters, and somewhat revised as to text to suit a time not yet free in its discourse as the Restoration, the whole performance was a delight, with James T. Powers as the servant, Scrub, keeping the audience in roars of laughter by his perfect Scotch brogue and by acting which could not be bettered. Fay Bainter, Dorothy Stickney, Helen Menken, Raymond Hitchcock, O. P. Heggie, and Fred Eric were others in a clever and brilliant performance.

Both performances must whet the growing appetite for a permanent revival theater.

O. G. V.

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International Relations Section

Indonesian Students in the Dutch Courts

By ARTHUR MÜLLER LEHNING

Amsterdam, April 1

AFTER the insurrections which broke out in Java in November, 1926, and two months later in Sumatra, had been swiftly and bloodily suppressed, with thousands imprisoned or deported to barren New Guinea, the Dutch government turned its attention to the Indonesian students in Holland, who had formed an association, the Perhimpoean Indonesia, to help win independence for their native country.

In June, 1927, the police organized sudden domiciliary visits in the Hague and Leyden. The rooms of the students were searched, and their books, pamphlets, and correspondence seized. So well was the raid prepared that the next day the bourgeois papers carried detailed reports of the subversive activities of the students. The semi-official government telegraph agency, Aneta, which maintains the intelligence service between Holland and her colonies, at once sent a column-long telegram about the discovery of a plot against the Dutch state. The houses had been searched, the papers said, because the members of the Perhimpoean Indonesia were suspected of belonging to a "forbidden association." For days the papers circulated news and rumors from government sources about the discovery of a "Communist plot."

Two months after this raid, with the public mind prepared, four leading members of the Perhimpoean Indonesia, all students, were arrested. After six months in jail without bail—in violation of the law—they were at last arraigned, in March, 1928. The charge was inciting to insurrection by articles in the organ of the Perhimpoean Indonesia—*Indonesia Merdeka* [Free Indonesia]. This paper appears in both the Dutch and Malay languages. This was the only charge. The enormous amount of material seized during the search, which it took a special judicial commission months to examine, furnished no basis for the charge of belonging to a "forbidden association"—meaning Communist—which the government had so loudly proclaimed.

This political prosecution obviously had the object of destroying the machinery of the Perhimpoean Indonesia, especially by discovering its connections with Indonesia. For their paper—*Indonesia Merdeka*—had not only asserted that the attempt of a small country like Holland despotically to rule 50,000,000 Malays must lead sooner or later to violent conflict, but it had also published from private sources startling facts which the telegraph agency, Aneta had suppressed. Eye-witness affidavits told of the bloody suppression of the insurrection, of brutalities by the Dutch soldiery, of wholesale arrests, of a reign of terror and torture. Among the accounts was a circumstantial story that innocent persons were bound to trees to be bitten by large and voracious ants in order to extort confessions. The desire to trace the origin of this material was probably a more urgent reason for the domiciliary visits, the confiscations, and the arrests than the suspicion of a "Communist plot."

On March 8 and 9 the case was brought to trial before the court at the Hague. All imperialist governments assume that nationalist insurrections in the East are due to conspiracies in Moscow, so the public prosecutor tried to prove a connection between the Indonesian students and European Communists. His attempt was a complete fiasco. The subversive character of the articles which the prisoners wrote was so unconvincing that the prosecution dragged in some articles published years ago, which had nothing whatever to do with the charges and which were, in any case, not actionable.

Counsel for the defense pointed out that if such press utterances were actionable the law courts would be working day and night. No public prosecutor in Holland, said he, thinks of taking action against articles opposing the present constitution which appear daily in the extreme radical papers.

Since the case ultimately rested not on a question of "incriminating articles," but on the revolutionary activities of the Indonesian nationalists, the public prosecutor demanded a total of nine and a half years' imprisonment for the four students. He attacked the secret activities of the association, but the defense showed that these were due to the illegal action of high Dutch officials who sent police spies into their circles and opened their mail. Mohammed Hatta, the leader of the accused students, in his speech for the defense, exclaimed:

We have been persecuted for years. . . . We believed that here in the land of Grotius, where so much is said about the constitutional rights of the free citizen, these elementary rights would apply to us too. It has been proved, however, that as we could not be legally prosecuted, other and immoral means were employed to strike at us. Members of our families in Indonesia were threatened with dismissal from the government service if they continued to send money to their sons who remained members of the Perhimpoean Indonesia. In this way the Christian Dutch government provoked conflict between fathers and sons, between the older and younger generations.

We do not make propaganda for violence. But an analysis of colonial conditions teaches us that the independence of Indonesia can be gained only by violence. This has been declared as a fact, not only by us, but also by members of Parliament and by missionaries. Two tendencies stand irreconcilably opposed to each other: Dutch imperialism, which will keep its colonies at any price, and the Indonesian nationalist movement, which aspires to complete independence. As with all other peoples, a day will dawn when the Indonesians will take their place among free peoples. The fight for this freedom has commenced. It does not depend on Indonesia, nor on us, but on Holland alone, as to whether or not this freedom will be won without violence and bloodshed.

The court exhibited a spirit of independence despite the government's demands for conviction and despite the agitation of the bourgeois press. The accused were acquitted.

In next week's International Relations Section will appear an article on Labor in the Belgian Congo, by Raymond Leslie Buell of the Foreign Policy Association.

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